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THE  
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

LECTURES ON POETRY, BY T. CAMPBELL.

LECTURE IX.

*Introduction.*

IN my last lecture, I took a summary view of the extent and variety to which Greek poetry was cultivated in its different provinces of epic, didactic, lyric, and prophetic composition. I forbore to speak of the drama of Greece, until I should have treated more fully of her lyrical bards. But, for reasons which I trust I shall be able to explain satisfactorily on a future occasion, I shall, for the present, drop the consideration of the Greek Lyrics, and proceed with no great delay to the Athenian drama.

To go at once into the central ground of this subject, would not be treating it with justice. Though most people may know, that Æschylus flourished at the era of Marathon, and in the glorious days of Athens; yet the bulk of readers have probably no very distinct recollections of the particular circumstances of the Athenian state, at that interesting period. Those circumstances are highly worthy of being placed in the clearest attainable view, before we venture to investigate the character and genius of the drama itself. It would be bad taste to cross the threshold of the Attic theatre, even in imagination, without paying some previous attention, to the age, the place, and the people, where that theatre arose, and without meditating on

Athens, the eye of Greece—mother of arts  
And eloquence, native to famous wits  
Or hospitable—in her sweet recess  
City or suburban—studious walks and shades.

*Milton.*

In these preliminary remarks on Athens, and on the general state of Greece, as it was connected with Athens, I would rather run the risk of being redundant to make sure of being perspicuous, than be concise at the hazard of obscurity. It is my main and specific object to give some idea of the beauties of the Greek Muse, to those who may have had few or no opportunities of otherwise attending to the subject. And barring distrust in my own competency, I can imagine no reason for considering this attempt to be impracticable from the nature of the subject. It is true that no conception of the harmony or expression of poetry can be conveyed to those who know nothing of the language in which it is written. Yet on the other hand let it be demanded, whether harmony and expression be the all in all of Poetry; and it will certainly be acknowledged, that, however important they may be, they are less essentially important attributes, than invention, passion, and the portraiture of character. These are to Poetry what drawing and





grouping are to Painting. Their effect is heightened by the colours of harmonious diction, but can still be enjoyed in the absence of the heightening charm. And if graceful fiction, generous sentiments, and flowing draughts of nature exist in any national strains, they are capable of being brought home to the sympathy and sense of all mankind. Either Greek poetry is nothing, or it has much that can be made interesting to the world at large. I feel, therefore, that I am undertaking a task, which, if it should have difficulties beyond my reach, is certainly not a fallacious shadow that would elude a stronger grasp.

I shall mention some of those difficulties, not for the sake of meanly bespeaking indulgence, but in order to account for some peculiarities which may appear in my manner of meeting the subject.

It is a subject, which I believe to be capable of yielding popular amusement; but being connected with research, and, at the same time, addressed to promiscuous readers, it evidently needs considerable management, to treat it accurately without being dry, and to make it entertaining without becoming superficial. The ground to be gone over presents, now and then, a thorny question, which must be removed before the path can be rendered clear and smooth. A writer of literary history is incompetent to address any class of readers, unless he has formed, and can account for opinions on important debatable points of literature, and unless he feels himself above both the ignorant debility and the falsified scepticism that would shrink from such investigation. He may be conscious that he is not ambitiously attempting to add to the knowledge of the learned, but, on the contrary, that he is repeating much which must be trite information to them—without forgetting that he is still eventually amenable to the ordeal of their judgment, and to their just condemnation, if he should be found giving publicity to false views, unweighed opinions, or inaccurate assertions, on a venerable subject.

A writer thus situated has the problem before him, of uniting, as far as it is possible, the solidity of truth with the lightness of popular attraction. In attempting the former object, he has to reason on opinions as well as to offer them. In matters of antiquity, as in most others, the opinions of the best informed will often be found to be at variance. He must make his election when he comes to such questions, and account for the side which he adopts. For even if his views should not have a general air of erroneousness to competent judgments, yet still they will appear dogmatical, if delivered without some justifying arguments. It is on this account, namely, from unwillingness to make unexplained assertions, that I have quoted my authorities, and entered into special pleadings on several contested points, to a length which may have tried the patience of my lighter readers. This is, no doubt, a drawback on my power of sustaining their attention, but it is unavoidable, though it may be alleviated by the drier discussions being thrown into separate notes. If the scholar should look into such passages, he will see what was meant for his contingent perusal; but he will please to consider my call upon his attention in no other light, than as an appeal to his arbitration, on points where I wish to shew that I am not misleading the less informed.

I have said that I would rather hazard being too full on my subject, than being unsatisfactorily brief. I shall not scruple to introduce a good deal of preliminary matter, which is not in itself the history of

Greek poetry, but which may nevertheless tend to throw preparatory illustration on the subject. There is no entering into the spirit of any national poetry with hearty sympathy, until we know something of the people whose passions it records. For though the passions of men are the same in all places and ages, yet the objects and the intensity of their enthusiasm differ very widely, according to circumstances, and manners, and religious belief. Poetry, as a dramatic or epic art, is nothing, unless it introduces us into a landscape of life peculiarized by locality, and by the forms and customs of the times. It should make us breathe, as it were, the moral atmosphere of the scene and age, and amuse us either with the moral lights, or dazzling electric prejudices, that rendered the scene and the age sublime. The Muse should cause us to dream for the moment that we are her countrymen and contemporaries; and her thoughts should be like odours reminding us either of the wild, or cultivated sweets of her native soil. It is not only easily, but involuntarily, that we enjoy this *native* spirit in our own true poetry; for *there* we are on hospitable ground, in our natural climate, amidst familiar paths, and prospects endeared by our earliest recollections. Every allusion of the poet is instantaneously caught,—every chord of prepossession which he would touch in our breasts, is prepared and strung. Universally speaking, there is no comparison between the *enjoyableness*\* of native and exotic poetry, though this, perhaps, like all general truths, may be exaggerated. Has nobody tasted from Homer, Virgil, and Sophocles, sensations which he would dare to put in competition, yea even with those which he has derived from Shakspeare? Many will undoubtedly reply with sincerity, that no creations in fiction can well be dearer to them than the images of Hector and Andromache, or of Dido and Antigone.

But allowing, in general, that exotic poems have less charms for us than those which are native, is the case the same with the critical history of poetry, as with poetry itself? In the first place, are we as curious to know about our own poetry as about that which is extraneous? Is a guide in the one scene as useful as in the other? Say that Sophocles could amuse us in description a hundred times *less* than Shakspeare; are we a hundred times *more* anxious to know what sort of poet Shakspeare was, than what sort of poet was Sophocles?—No, the genius of our own countryman is a feast open to all, and we can relish his spirit better from his own works than from the breath of his most intoxicated admirers.

A man of genius, and great sensibility to beautiful scenery, used to tell of his having visited, at daybreak, a mountain in Wales, that commanded peculiarly charming prospects, in order to view the effects of a sunrise. It was unfortunately necessary, however, to have a Welsh guide, and the Welshman thought himself in duty bound to explain all the beauties that lay around him. He concluded his long jargon by saying, whilst he pointed to the orb of day, "*and there you see the sun rising as naturally as possible.*" Was not this man a near resemblance to many critics on Shakspeare?

Real indigenous poetry is a sweet flower; the hand that recommends it to us, may be acceptable, or may not; but the very apparent

\* The word *enjoyable* is English, and seems to legitimate this substantive.

facility of criticizing native poetry, is the cause of much false criticism. The subject invites an overstocked competition of superficial judges to swarm upon it, merely because they can fasten on no other. The critic addresses the public on topics too popular for moderation; he speaks from the hustings, and must vociferate. In a country already enthusiastic for or against particular poets, his readiest resource for advantage over his hearers is exaggeration. In order to be popular, he must be ahead of popular prejudices in whatever direction they may march. What are the beauties which he can discover in a poet accessible to all hearts and eyes, but like those which the Welshman discovered in the naturalness of the rising sun? He is tempted to discover latent and minute beauties or faults, by hypercriticism,—to feign them when unobserved, to exaggerate them when discovered; or to give them a false novelty by new description. In short, if the dissertator\* on classical poetry is in danger of being dull over his prejudices, the critic of well-known works is under at least equal temptation to get riotously intoxicated with his subject.

But even dropping this view of the case, and supposing that pure sense and spirit were always brought to the criticism of our native poetry, still there would be no good grounds, for the history of foreign or ancient literature not being a popular subject. Because there is no spot on earth so sweet as the scene of our first loves and friendships, are we therefore to shut ourselves up for ever at home? and because we would exchange no country for our own, are we to be indifferent about all other countries? I have adverted to the truism, that it requires some attention to the history and manners of any people, to be able to enter with sympathy into the spirit of their strains. But let us not estimate too formidably, the knowledge required for giving the mind a considerable degree of such sympathy. Does any man need to study the whole history and heraldry of chivalrous times, in order to relish the best poems descriptive of nature in the days of chivalry? No, there is a luminous nature in poetry which illustrates its own subjects; and research far short of antiquarian will acquaint us with the forms of life in which Ariosto and Tasso have revelled, so as to understand and feel the force of their descriptions completely.—Nay more, a man would not seem to vaunt his own intellect, if he should say, that he believed he could kindle some interest in others, by describing the character of those poets. Surely, Greek poetry has some similar capability of being popularly explained, by a selection, rather than a compilation of the facts which throw light upon its characteristics. I shall confess what is a stale truth to those acquainted with the subject, in saying, that much less is known respecting ancient Greek life, than would enable any man's knowledge and industry to draw a picture of it at once complete, minute, and perfectly certain. There are no materials for such a picture in archæology. Barthelemi failed, with all his learning, in the overweening attempt to make the old world appear to us as familiar as the modern. His Anacharsis takes us into the theatre of Athens, and affects to look round him at his ease; but we soon discover that we are dreaming not with

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\* I am aware that I here bring a French word into English, *à meo periculo*; but I have bargained with the word to be turned out of doors in a moment, if its introduction be disagreeable to the company.

an ancient eye-witness, but with Mr. Barthelemi; and his remarks have not only the general vagueness, but some of the particular inaccuracies that are apt to creep into a dream. History and Romance ought always to have separate establishments. When they live together, the gay sister ruins the sober one by her extravagant housekeeping.

Nevertheless, (thanks to Athens,) there are many extant documents of Greek manners: and the way to make those materials most useful to the subject, is also the way likely to make them LEAST formidable to the reader. The character of an object is often more clearly defined by a few significant traits, than by a multitude of elaborate touches. The circumstances well chosen from history to delineate national character, will tell the better for being disentangled from irrelevant historical matter. Would we enter into the tragic situation of a hero in the Greek drama, we ought to understand the spirit of those legends and superstitions, which exalted his pride, overawed his fears, or aggravated his misfortunes. But it is not necessary that we should wade through all the described battles and bloodshed of Greece, or unpile the minute lumber of her mythology, or enter into all the dust of controversies respecting them, that would rather suffocate than refresh curiosity.

I wish to consult the spirit of Greek history, and not its bulky details. And if any people deserve to be thus spiritually studied, it is the ancient Greeks. I think, in the Homeric draught of manners, there are but few and faint, if any, traces of national difference between Greek and Greek. But at the period at which I resume the history of her poetry, viz. the rise of the Attic Drama, Greece exhibits a little world of diversified national character: a view of society certainly not at all points unrepulsive, but in many respects agreeable, and in all instructive. The most opposite institutions of government had indurated with time, and had left their correspondent and contrasted effects strongly impressed on the manners of different communities. The Arcadian addicted to song and indolence, with no towns nor arts nor sciences, and with little reputation for intellect or taste, except for his skill in making and playing on his lyre, or still sweeter flute—amidst streams too romantic for navigable commerce,—the Arcadian,—sensitive to music, and mixing, like the Swiss, as a mercenary in all wars, was as unlike the mercantile and polished and political Athenian, as the horrid Spartan was dissimilar to both. Feudal manners still lingered in the Doric states, whilst the public games, in which all the states partook, were a sort of prototype of modern chivalry. At the same time the Athenians had traits of policy in which England has the honour of resembling them more than is commonly imagined. A close parallel between the two countries is of course wholly out of the question. But the wooden walls of Athens; her naval empire; her colonial and commercial enterprise; her harbours crowded with the imports of all the world; her streets and quarters occupied with beautiful manufactures; her rich corporations, and her truly English-like charitable institutions; the importance attached to her manufacturing and trading class of society—these and other circumstances which could be mentioned, establish a certain resemblance between the first nation of Europe which established the rights of man, and the nation which, it is to be hoped, will be the last to relinquish them.

The Athenians were rich as well as free. They could not have been free for even the short time that they were so, unless they had been rich. And no history will better illustrate than theirs the reciprocal connexion between liberty and industrious wealth. The Solonian constitution gave birth to commerce, and the child when it grew up supported the parent.

It belongs to my subject to point out the influence of democracy on Athenian literature, but not to advocate a single defect of democratical government. And it is undeniable that the political system of Athens had great defects. At the same time, considering the coeval barbarism of the world, there are such traits of justice, humanity, and sagacity in their institutions, as may challenge not merely our indulgence, but admiration for their general character. Enlightened and hospitable views of commerce. A criminal code so fair and merciful as to redeem the honour of mankind in our estimation when confronted with the foul horrors of Gothic punishment. The equity of their laws instructed the Romans. The most civilized elements of the Roman code had been originally derived from that of Athens. The discovered copy of the Justinian laws that was dug up at Amalphi, when the spade of a peasant might be said to have changed the history of the world, threw a new light of jurisprudence over the darkness of Modern Europe; and thus, without speaking of other obligations, we may look upon Athenian civilization to be the remote, though still unquestionable ancestress of our own. I would not extenuate the errors even of such a people; but I must own that I should be still more loth to "*set them down in malice.*" It is the fashion (I am sorry to say) of courtly writers, who hate the popular part of our institutions, to treat those of Athens, merely because they are popular, with unsparing and unallowing disparagement. For the imperfection of modern governments, it is often a very just and applicable apology, that all human institutions are naturally imperfect, and that no wise man will scan them by the standard of abstract perfection. Were you to apply to writers of the above description for a share of this charitable consideration, in behalf of any fine old Gothic abuse, wearing a noble and imposing air of aristocratic or chivalrous descent, there would be no end to their munificent liberality. But claim the same candid allowance for the smallest excess of plebeian power—then the case is totally altered. No, their charity has nothing to do with low-born imperfections. "*Their candour dances only to the genteel of all tunes.*" Vulgar democracy is to be gauged in their hands by the rule of perfection, and its measures scanned by the laws of Utopian prosody. They therefore visit the errors of Athenian republicanism, with a reprobation as intense, as if that political system had ever produced a tide of the calamities and horrors, inflicted on mankind by the absolute governments, which those slaves in their hearts adore.

Whatever were the faults of her government, thus much can be said of Athens without risk, or at least without fear of contradiction; namely, that she shews most gloriously how far a comparatively small community of the free may leave the most enormous masses of slavish society behind them in the career of intellect and genius, even at a distance that is apt to make an incautious mind consider one part of the same species as naturally inferior to the other. There is no

probability that men's brains in Russia are physically worse organized than those in Greece. But consider what Athens did in literature in the space of a hundred years, and compute in how many centuries at her present pace of improvement Russia is likely to arrive at a Greek-like supremacy in the literature of the world. Empires more free than Russia may indeed despair of ever bequeathing a light of literature to posterity to be at all comparable with the constellations—with the starry firmament of genius that illuminates the night of Greek antiquity. But Russia is the best antithesis to Athens for illustrating the feeble intellect which slavery may perpetuate in a gigantic body politic, whilst Athens best shews what gigantic strength may belong to a small and free community\*. And the whole territory of Attica would not, in point of size, have made a large estate in Russia.

It is generally known how large a portion of extant Greek literature is Athenian, and how well our poet was justified in calling Athens the Eye of Greece. The Doric states had a literature peculiar to themselves, poets of different kinds, a drama, and a school of philosophy; and the works of Pindar, their chief and almost only relic, speak nobly, at least, for their poetry. Certainly the oblivion that has befallen their literature may have been accidental, yet it may still induce a suspicion that, if the Doric drama had been as good as the Attic, some of its masterpieces would have remained to us. But it is clear that no part of Greece could have competed with Attica in civilization from the period of the Solonian constitution being established. Indeed, Athens stood nearly alone among the Greek states, in the circumstance of not having changed the master population of her soil since the Trojan war. The other states of Greece had become more or less republican since that era; but their popular governments had no such favourable soil for yielding the fruits of improvement as that of Athens. Crete, where the first germs of civilization sprang up, fell, after the Trojan war, into comparative insignificance. Bœotia received new masters from Thessaly; and Argolis, the realm of the King of Kings, was split into petty states, and lost all primary importance in the affairs of Greece.

Athens never changed the race of her free population amidst the shock of warfare, except in as far as she augmented it by receiving fugitives from their desolated countries, or diminished it, by sending emigrants abroad. Her citizens, therefore, boasted that they were Autochthones, or sprung from the soil; and they had made themselves respected by repeatedly repelling invasion at home, before they took the lead in defending the common liberties of Greece. The rival power which they had principally to dread was Lacedæmon; and two states more opposite in institutions and character than Athens and

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\* There are well-meaning men, I understand, who look forward to the speedy growth of Russian literature, and they are right in predicting that it will be wonderful. Yes; literature in a country where truth cannot be spoken, and poetry where an author writes with the knout and Siberia in his imagination, will indeed be very wonderful!

But Russia must first change her government; and that is a serious matter. At present she looks more likely to terrify than encourage European intellect. Meanwhile, in the scale of science and letters, the numbers of her population are cyphers and zeros, that express, and will long continue to express, nothing. And if she should ever get hold of Greece, there are no circumstances that can immediately promise the Emperor of all the Russias something Panægur to his dominions.

Sparta certainly never existed in such vicinity. It was happy for the future world, that Attica, occupying scarcely a third part of the territory in Greece that Lacedæmon possessed, kept her illiterate enemy so long at bay. Happier still it would have been if the Greek states, improving on that dawn of federal union which appears in the Amphictyonic council, had early united against the Spartans, and disarmed or exterminated that atrocious community, the assassins of their slaves and of their own children. But the Amphictyonic states general of Greece, though they might have been the source of many blessings, were an ill-organized body; for the ancients knew little of representative government. The Amphictyons were a religious, and hardly a political institution. In fact, they could not have staunched the wounds of Greek civil war if they had wished it. But they took special care about the sweeping of the temple of Delphi, and, as far as they could, of keeping some fields around it uncultivated.

The ancestors of those sief-holders who now oppressed Laconia, had originally issued, with some other hordes of barbarians, from the territory of little Doris, a barren spot in the thirty-ninth degree of latitude. Their invasion was about sixty years after the Trojan war. They spread massacre and devastation over Achaia and southern Greece; and the country which Homer calls the "*vast and hollow Lacedæmon\**," from its lying between the ridges of Taenarus and Malea, that stretch from north to south, as its lateral boundaries—that territory embellished by the hyacinths of Amyclæ, and the swans and myrtles of the Eurotas—fell to the lot of the most savage of those hordes. Many of the old Laconians escaped by flight. The people of Helos were so situated that they could not fly. They resisted desperately, but in the end were doomed to a subjugation, which has made their name proverbial in the annals of misery.

Whilst grinding the Helots and old Laconians, the Spartans attacked their neighbours of Messenia; and the Scotch resisting the oppressions of Edward the First scarcely rival the recorded valour of the Messenians in struggling with Sparta, whilst their champion Aristomenes exhibits an interesting resemblance to our own Wallace. With manifestly inferior valour and skill, the Spartans prevailed in this warfare by bribing a king of Arcadia to betray the Messenians, and desert them on the field of battle. The subjects of that king very properly stoned his majesty to death when he returned amongst them. But Sparta thus acquired the richest corn country in Greece, and the power of gaining other victories by the like infamous means.

Books that exaggerate, or rather wholly misrepresent, the character of Sparta, and her supposed prince of legislators, Lycurgus, are too much put into the hands of schoolboys, and must tend to bewilder their first discriminations between right and wrong. In some sensible work, boys will be told that morals are essential to public welfare; but, turning back to their Greek History, they will find that eating black broth, taking athletic exercises, and enduring tortures inflicted by fapaticism †, constituted a wise and moral education among

\* *ὡς ἡν Λακεδαιμόνα κηρώσσαν*.—*Iliad*, B. 2.

† The Spartan child-floggings were surely not political institutions, but mere relics of superstitious immolation.

a people who encouraged thieving and commanded child-murder. Mr. Mitford's learned name is not to be confounded with the list of pedants, who have written of those matters with solemn and stupid approbation. But still I cannot help frankly feeling, that he writes about Spartan manners with an air of preposterous lenity. What he has said of them in other places I have not examined; but his chapter on the institutions of Lycurgus was the proper place to have introduced a reprobation of such depravities.

If I had the honour of knowing Mr. Mitford, and if he condescended to point out to me a hundred passages in the ancients, speaking reverentially of Sparta, it would not, in the slightest degree, alter my opinion on this subject. I have noted such passages; I know that Cicero and Seneca speak very calmly of the Spartans lashing children to death, and that Mozonius insists on the children having liked the ceremony\*. I am aware, also, that party spirit created Laconic predilections in Athens itself; and that children had the misfortune to be sometimes sent to be educated at Sparta from other parts of Greece. There are traces in the Pagan world of an infatuated respect for Spartan ferocity, similar to the sympathy of our own mob with the assassin Thurtell. But let us recollect that Pagans are not to teach modern and civilized Englishmen morality; and let the vile institutions of Sparta be dragged out to speak for themselves.

I cannot blame an error in others without acknowledging my own, in having spoken too respectfully of those savages when I had occasion to notice their war-songs. They were not, on the whole, superior to the other Greeks in courage: the vulgar account of Thermopylæ is to be taken with some allowance. Livy, at least, gives the Spartans credit for no sagacious valour in the event. Even if they had shewn unshaken intrepidity in their unprincipled wars, what was their object, but to preserve a body politic, which scarcely cultivated one art or science to mitigate human misery, and eagerly cultivated those pursuits which inflicted it?† What respect is due to a nation that left nothing to benefit posterity, and who were so illiterate that we owe to others the very history of their existence?

The constitution of Sparta was of anomalous form and equivocal generation; for that Lycurgus created all its peculiarities, cannot well be supposed. If it could be called an aristocracy, it had monstrosities by no means necessarily connected with that form of government. Little is really known of Lycurgus, and much that is related of him is improbable. He is said to have abolished the use of gold and silver money, at a period when there is no likelihood of metal, and, least of all, of gold, having been yet coined in Greece; and the first symptom of his original genius seems to be, that he servilely copied the institutions of Crete.

Even the praise bestowed by Thucydides on the permanence of the

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\* Euripides had very different sentiments; and well might he pronounce that honest anathema on their character which occurs in the *Andromache*, at line 445.

† I have said scarcely, because their savage institutions could not utterly exclude either manufactures or commerce. They expended some of their ill-got gains on handsome architecture. But though their own houses were stately, their temples never rivalled those of Athens, and in naval pursuits they were fonder of piracy than fair trade.



Spartan polity, need not stagger our opinion; for it is worse that bad polity should be permanent, than that it should be changeable: and the beauty of a constitution which oppressed myriads for the sake of thousands, I am at a loss to discover.\* True, the Athenians also had slaves, but what was slavery under them to Helotism? The free Athenians went unarmed in peace, which clearly shews that they were not conscious of meriting the revenge of their slaves; and one of their own philosophers even blames them (to his own disgrace, though to his country's honour,) with treating their slaves too kindly.

If the Spartan institutions had tended in the long run to benefit mankind, we might have held some parley with the apologists for those crimes, at the expense of which their supposed virtues and advantages were permanently purchased. But what were those advantages and virtues? Equal property! Why, the division of fertile or barren land on hill and plain into equal portions could not have secured equality. There was primogeniture, besides, to destroy it, if it had existed; and what becomes of Spartan equality in the time of Tyrtæus, when we find a sedition of the poor against the rich? Spartan sobriety! Their generals lost the battle of Leuctra by getting drunk. Bravery! They were often beaten—they succeeded always more by fraud than force, and by bribery seconding their fraud. Highly disciplined they certainly were, for they lived only to be drilled and to inflict and suffer cruelty; but their tactics embraced no skill in the art of attacking fortified places. As to policy, they fell beneath the power of Macedon by deserting the common cause of Greece; as to national honour, they were accused of being the only people of Greece whom Persia could corrupt; and they were swindlers to Persia when they took her bribes. Where, then, was the permanence of Spartan virtues? and at the price of what sacrifices to nature were they obtained? The men were shut up from childhood to mature manhood in military barracks; and, even if married, were not allowed to visit their wives, but by stealth and stratagem; and that too, although their passions (as we are told) had been stimulated by obscenities, which shall by and by be quoted in Mr. Mitford's own words.—But the men, in this unnatural (and it must have been pernicious) confinement to barracks, received an elaborate education. In what? They were taught the Pyrrhic dance, and scraps of poetry and music regulated by the police. In order to teach "*the young idea how to shoot*," they were taken out to hunt or to steal in the Lægonian farm-yards, or to waylay and murder the Helots. Yet Mr. Mitford tells us that Lycurgus wished to make them a nation of philosophers, and "*gentlemen in every sense of the word*"—philosophers who were certainly taught little of literature, and gentlemen that were trained to thieving.

But Lycurgus (says Mr. Mitford) prescribed mirth to his people, and they were merry. "The English proverb '*Be merry and wise*,' was his rule, and the Spartans were ever famous for mirth guided by wisdom."

\* Even what Thucydides says in his first book about the treatment of dependent states by the Lacedæmonians, proves their cunning much more than their humanity. They only introduced the oligarchy among those dependents. A precious only! They did not tear away the fruits of their prosperity, but only bored a hole into the tree to kill it altogether.

Plato and Aristotle assert that Lycurgus taught the Spartans the horrid policy of thinning their slave population by massacre. Mock declarations of war were made against those wretched and defenceless beings, ambuscades were laid for them, and even the infernal expedient was adopted of inveigling them to hospitality under the promise of giving them freedom, crowning them with flowers, and amidst the festival stabbing them to the heart at the foot of the Lacedæmonian household gods. Two thousand victims were thus disposed of in one day, by the hands of those "*gentlemen in every sense of the word.*" What wise or merry sayings passed at their common-hall supper after such an occasion, probably few would care much to learn.

Such was the male education of this atrocious people. It is not surprising to find, that their women were not famous for purity; and the judgment and penetration which Mr. Mitford ascribes to Lycurgus's views were certainly justified by the effects which his institutions produced on female character. Lycurgus (says Mr. Mitford) directed that the virgins should appear at certain intervals uncovered\* (i.e. naked), dance thus in presence of the young men, AND SING, PARTICULARLY ADDRESSING THEMSELVES TO THEM. These particular attentions of the virgins to young men in their uncovered state, Mr. Mitford owns, produced a considerable abundance of bastardy; but he gravely adds that, *while it was held shameful to be without children, it was indifferent who was the father, provided the child was a fine one.* And Lycurgus, (he adds,) *considering jealousy as a passion often mischievous and always useless, contrived to banish it from Sparta, by making it ridiculous.* Without for a moment suspecting the historian of Greece of really approving of such a system, I must say that I think he treats its abominations too complacently.

He tells us that women were free and respected in Sparta. Alas! what a mark of respect the laws of Lycurgus paid to women in the first moments after they had borne the pangs of parturition! Visits of persons appointed for the purpose, to examine whether her child was to live or to be exposed to wild beasts on mount Taygetus; and to take children from their mothers when new-born, in whom any defect, either of shape or constitution, appeared; the well-formed and vigorous only were preserved. Gracious Nature, what an outrage on thy dictates! Let us conceive the mother parting either willingly or unwillingly from her babe, and what a choice of horrors! The most natural supposition is, that she would wish to give the innocent the milk of her bosom; but if the child appeared weakly, it must go, the police was in waiting, and Sparta could only be supported by sturdy children.

If Lycurgus found child-murder and similar barbarities among his countrymen, and if he possessed any influence, it behoved him to have abolished them;—if he established such practices, he was a greater barbarian than the people themselves, and it is degrading the name of legislator to apply it to him.

\* If Mr. Mitford had any doubts about the absolute nudity of the women in these exhibitions, (which I own I have myself,) he should have explained himself; but he had just before spoken of the men appearing naked.

## HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.—SECOND SERIES.

At length it appears, to the gratification of us Southrons, that all the hopes of this novel-reading age are not bound up within the Scottish Border. At one period it seemed as if the success of the author of *Waverley*, like the serpent rod of Aaron, would swallow up all lesser adventures of the same species. His sweeping, masterly, and comprehensive outlines; the unrivalled ease and vivacity of his details; and the noble audacity with which he seized the most romantic portions of history and made them contribute to the grandeur and the vividness of his fictions, overcame all competition, and silenced the murmurs faintly raised against the want of proportion, arrangement, and connexion in his works. He seemed likely to rule the domain of modern romance not only without an equal, but without a second, and to make a vast chasm between himself and the scribblers of the *Minerva* press, whose efforts were still required by gentle loungers at Margate and Brighton, and sentimental milliners all over the world. Miss Austen, whose novels are the most feminine, the most true, and the most intense of all the compositions of her time, was snatched away from the world in the dawning of her honest and genuine fame. Miss Edgeworth, whose brilliant wit, admirable sense, and pointed sarcasm, might have maintained a show of rivalry with the Great Unknown, ceased to write, or directed her rare faculties to the purposes of education and moral guidance. Lady Morgan, too, chose to abandon the exercise of the fancy for the sober task of observation; and instead of veiling the sad realities of life in a drapery of alternately gay and solemn colouring, applied her powers to the detection of the varieties of national character, and the exposure of the hollowness of superstition and tyranny. Thus England and Ireland seemed left without a fair or strenuous asserter of their independent rights, and exposed without protection to the incursions of the great Scottish marauder. In his own country, indeed, a race of imitators started into existence, and acquired some reputation by gleaning in the fields over which he had hurried; but until lately, with the single exception of Maturin, England and Ireland could hardly boast a novelist.

The plan of the First Series of "Highways and Byways" was new, and possessed advantages which could hardly fail to render it popular. Its author assumed the agreeable part of an observant stroller through interesting countries, and professed to give the little histories which he incidentally discovered, with the fidelity of one who receives his intelligence immediately from the actors and sufferers. An air of truth was thus thrown over his narratives, which, to sustain the illusion, are given with the caution and earnestness of a witness. He seems to mingle unobtrusively among the interesting scenes to which his fortune conducts him, qualified to become a spectator and a party by an honest and unpretending sympathy with the joys and sorrows of his fellows. His sketches are obviously taken from life, and have all the vigour and freshness which a pedestrian traveller might be expected to confer on his pictures of objects which came within his personal review. There is no sickly sensibility; no vague indistinct dreaming; no moral paradox; but his characters are of real flesh and blood, and his incidents generally such as might well happen "in the broad highway of the world." Merits like these, set off by considerable elegance of diction,

conferred a speedy popularity on the former series of tales; and will, we think, be found more strikingly developed in that which we have now to introduce to our readers.

These volumes contain ample evidence, nay a direct confession, that the author is an Irishman residing in France. His continental associations give a flavour and delicacy to his Hibernian enthusiasm without reducing its strength. The gaiety, the innocent joyousness, and the blameless vanities of the French peasantry, have extended the sphere of his pleasurable sympathies, yet have not weakened his sad recollections of home. There are many *Irishisms* in his works; but they are chiefly those of feeling rather than of taste: for, excepting an occasional rotundity and plethoric fulness of style, there is scarcely any thing overstrained or extravagant in expression, through the whole series. He somewhat resembles the great novelist of Scotland in the healthful feeling which breathes through his delineations, in the vigour of his allusions to natural scenery, and in the absence of cant and exclusive prejudice. Both, whatever may be their political creed, are right Catholic of imagination, and free of every society where manly spirit, heroic self-devotion, and gentlemanly bearing, are permitted to flourish. Our author does not attempt to compass and to master so great and unwieldy portions of human affairs, nor has the same majesty of outline or breadth of colouring; but he fills up more completely the circle in which he is contented to move, and traces more continuously the inward workings of the soul and the gradual developement of character in action. There is an occasional lightness and airiness of touch, a vivacity in the relief given to his scenes, which is evidently inspired by "the vine-coloured hills and blue mountains of France." We have sometimes, in reading his works, fancied that they bear the same relation to the best productions of Sir Walter, which light Bordeaux wine does to strong Scotch ale; and who would quarrel with the first because it is not the very best thing in the world?

The first of these tales—*Caribert the Bear-hunter*—is perhaps the most perfect of the series. The scene is laid in the central Pyrenees, and the peasants of that magnificent and secluded region are its actors. Its plot is very simple, and, in part, can scarcely be considered as new. A young girl, whose exquisite sensibility gives to her a charm "than beauty dearer," is timidly wooed by a gentle mountain swain, whom she is beginning to esteem, when a daring untractable lad, the hero of the story, comes, looks, is smitten, and conquers. As the connexion is known to be hostile to the views of the old smuggler, whom the fair Aline honours with the name of father, it is prosecuted in secret, at all manner of risks, and at sad cost of honesty and honour. This is common enough; but the picturesque delineation of *Caribert the false friend and too faithful lover*, and the way in which he falls off from all which gave him distinction, till his very courage fails, or only breaks out in desperation and madness, are exceedingly affecting and real. Noble by nature, generous, and sincere, he is drawn by his fatal passion to dissemble with his friend, to affect love to that friend's sister (a very piquant little coquette), and, when poor Claude detects him at the pine-grove where he meets his mistress, breaks out into rage, and slanders the girl he had cheated! What follows seems to us very finely conceived, and executed with great power. During this

moral and intellectual estrangement, poor Caribert, once the most fearless of hunters, "has foregone all custom of exercises," and gradually, by disappointing, has enraged his father, whose every existence depended on his skill and strength in the chase. The day before the nocturnal encounter in which he is discovered to be treacherous and provoked to be unjust, he has suffered bitterly from the reproaches of the old man, who had been wounded in a solitary attempt to kill a bear in his den, and has promised the next day to accompany him as of yore, and give him vengeance over the tyrant of the wilds. He comes in fevered, aguish, with incipient madness obscuring his mind, and, after a night of terrible fancies, goes out clad in his hunting-dress, flushed with the excitement of disease, which the fond father mistakes for the glow of valour, and which the sonder mother trembles as she looks upon. The rest of this day's adventure must be told in the author's own words—for none other can do the least justice to his daring conception.

"Soon after Caribert and his father had quitted their home, the morning, which had only just broke, began to be more than commonly overcast. A snow shower, mixed with rain, assailed them ere they reached the Pic du Midi; and the piercing cold of the air, added to the sleet beating cuttingly into his face, brought on, with Caribert, repeated attacks of violent and alternate fever and shivering. When they arrived at the den of the bear, which was formed of a cavity in the western side of the mountain, close to that terrific precipice which I have already endeavoured to describe, they were both benumbed, and scarcely capable of exertion; but the old man, rousing up all his wrath and courage for the onset, approached the cave, and with loud shouts of defiance, endeavoured to stir up the savage animal's rage. The summons was no sooner heard than answered. A horrible growl sent out from the recess, was followed by the appearance of the bear, which rushed forth as if in conscious recollection of yesterday's triumph: At the appalling sound and sight, Pero, the faithful and courageous dog, unsupported by his former ally, and having his share of brute remembrance too of the late rencontre, hung down his head, dropped his tail, and fled yelping down the mountain. Old Larcole grasped his pike firmly, and advanced. The hideous monster reared itself up on its hind legs, stretched out its fore paws, and as, with its jaws yawning wide, its fearful tusks displayed, and growling with horrid energy, it was in the very act of springing forward, the veteran hunter stepped close up, and aimed a thrust, with no flinching strength, right at his enemy's heart. He was not far wide of that vital spot. His pike pierced the left breast, and went out clearly at the shoulder. Rendered frantic by the pain, the bear bounded up, flung itself full upon its undaunted assailant, and fell upon him to the earth. The old man, burying his head under the body of his foe, received on the back and shoulders of his doublet its unavailing efforts to penetrate the thick folds of armour with tusks and nails. He tugged at the pike to extricate it from the body, but his position was such that he could not succeed, and every new effort only tended to give issue to the thick stream of blood which flowed from the wound. During this frightful struggle, the yells of the bear were mixed with and smothered by the loud execrations of the old man. The latter, at length, gave up the hope of recovering his pike, but strove fairly next to get rid of his terrible burden. He succeeded so far as to get one leg clear, and with his nervous grasp, entwined round the body of the brute; he was rising on his knee, and called out, 'Now, Caribert, now! To his heart—to his heart the death-blow, now! strike, strike!'—but Caribert struck not! He stood gazing on the scene—panic-struck—fixed to the spot with emotions not inchoate to man,—a terrible but not solitary instance of the perilous risks run by mental courage, as well as by human virtue. I do not inquire into the mystery—but there he stood, its horrible and shuddering illustration!

## *Highways and Byways.*

"The old man was now getting clear, but the bear had his hold in turn. His huge paws were fastened with a dreadful force round one of his victim's thighs; and recovering from his sprawling posture, he began to draw him backwards, evidently in the design of regaining his den. The old man's courage rose with his danger, for he alertly drew his knife from his belt, opened the blade, and plunged it repeatedly into the body of the bear. The latter leaped and bounded with agony; and Larcole recovering his feet once more, succeeded in grasping the savage in his arms. But the trial could not be prolonged. He was drooping under the dreadful gripe. Breathless and faint, he could only utter some terrific curses against the recreant who had abandoned him; and while Caribert gazed, his brain on fire, his hands outstretched, his tongue cleaving to his mouth, but his limbs trembling, his heart sunk, and his feet rooted to the earth, he saw the white locks of his aged father floating over the neck of his destroyer; while the dying animal, in his blindness, not knowing what he did, had retreated to the very edge of the precipice, slipping at every backward plunge in the slough formed by the snow and his own heart's blood, by which it was dissolved. The old man, seeing his terrible fate, seemed to acquire for an instant the gigantic energy of despair. Throwing one glance across the horrid space on the border of which he stood, he screamed in a voice of thunder, 'Caribert! Caribert!' The terrible expression conveyed in this hoarse scream, struck on the mind of his son with an electrical shock. Suddenly roused from his stupor, he recovered for an instant all his recollection and his courage. He uttered a cry of corresponding fierceness,—swung his brandished pike—rushed forwards with open arms to seize his father, and snatch him from his destiny,—but it was too late! The monster touched on the extreme edge—lost his footing—plunged instinctively forward—took another backward step, and just as Caribert believed he had grasped his father in his outstretched arms, both man and bear were lost to his sight, and their groans came mingling in the air, as they went crashing down below."

Caribert, of course, becomes insane after this terrible catastrophe, and is watched with unwearied tenderness by Aline. But we will not further spoil the pleasure of our readers by disclosing the author's secrets. There are two comic parts in the tale, one of which is capital, and the other a blemish. The first is a young mountaineer, whom the writer drags out of his cave at night by the heels, and who, with a noble instinct amidst his stupidity, quaffs off a whole glass of brandy, and goes reeling and laughing about the mountain; the second an English dandy, with effeminate manners and a generous heart—a union which rather comes within Mr. Puff's favourite range of combinations—"which, though not met with every day, might, by possibility, happen." This fantastical gentleman, too, is out of place among the grandeurs of Nature, and breaks in on the deep and powerful feeling which the serious incidents are calculated to awaken.

The second and longest tale, entitled "The Priest and the Garde du Corps," is a history of an Irish Catholic Priest and a young Irish soldier; one enrolled among the French clergy, the other enlisted in the Royal Guards, during the early periods of the French Revolution. Our author's sympathy with the Royalist party, in their struggles and sufferings, was manifest in his former publication, and is here the vital principle of his narrative. But it cannot be regarded as a servile feeling, even by those who do not share it. Though its regrets chiefly follow the misfortunes of greatness, it is an independent and manly impulse, which does not induce its possessor to palliate the crimes of prosperous tyranny, or even to pass them over in prudent silence. He who enthusiastically admires the Queen of France, and extends his pity to her vacillating husband, execrates the invasion of Spain as a freeman

ought, and parcels out to the meanest of his villains a shameful death in the accomplishment of that great felony. There is something about the very name of the French Revolution which, at first, creates a repugnance to read or hear any thing connected with its events; for the world has "supped full of its horrors," and been wearied out with the eternal commonplaces to which its partial failure has given occasion in houses where dulness has a privilege, and in lower places where it has prescriptive right. But this natural disgust ought not to extend to our author; who has touched the subject lightly, and has chosen those scenes which were illuminated and softened by the beauty, the fortitude, and the weakness of Maria Antoinette, whom it pleased Burke to deify. His hero is desperately enamoured of the unhappy queen; fights a black captain for abusing her; pretends to be a Jacobin for her sake; exhausts all his fortune in plans for her rescue; and finally, after her execution, returns to his desolate home on the coast of Ireland, to see his father expire, and commit suicide. In spite of this last rash and somewhat unnecessary act (for he might have been disposed of in fifty other ways), he is a fine spirited lad, and does honour to his country. But we cannot extend our praise to the old Priest, whose name is Father O'Collagan, and who is worthy of the name—a divine with a tolerably flippant tongue and an intolerably warm heart; mixing up classical quotations with half-ruffian phraseology, and wearing us out with his noisy patriotism and riotous virtue. Ample amends are, however, made for this uproarious specimen of the Irish priesthood, in the scenes attendant on the downfall of royalty in France, which are sketched with a rapid, yet firm and dexterous hand.

The last tale, entitled "*The Vouée au Blanc*," is of a lighter character than the rest of the volumes, and forms an agreeable relief from the serious and ingrossing interest they frequently excite. Its scene is laid in Normandy, where it traces the history of a lovely little girl, dedicated (happily for a limited time) to the Virgin, up to that period when the romance of life ceases, and its real cares and struggles begin—and where, generally speaking, novel-writers end, much to the satisfaction of their readers. Its plot is not worth abstracting; but it has considerable merit, both characteristic and descriptive. Mons. Sukerville, a wealthy French manufacturer of inflexible honesty and invincible gratitude, and his jolly dame, are speaking portraits; and a dull and gross physician, with just glimmering of sense enough to be a rogue and a mayor, is worthy to sit beside them. We do not greatly admire the artifice by which a young American, who rather oddly falls in love with a lady whom he has not seen, wins the affections of the heroine, in the disguise of a gouty gentleman, of middle age, with a yellow complexion, matted hair, and green spectacles; nor the vagaries of Monsieur Hippolite Emanuel Mirasse de Chouffleur; nor the incident of the author being arrested for the murder of a man who turns out to be only dead drunk. It is not in the comedy of manners that our author can hope to succeed. He has humour, but it is chiefly excited in association with strong feeling, and always happily applied to the oddities of nature—rarely to the caprices of artificial life. Let him continue to grapple with the passions and affections as he has done in the far larger portion of these volumes, and his triumph will be signal and lasting.

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## THE FAMILY JOURNAL.—NO. 1.

*Family of the Honeycombs.*

—— Favis emissa juvenus.—VIRGIL.

The gallant issue of the honeycombs.

*To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,—Your publisher, the other day, in the benevolence of a mutual pinch of snuff, was pleased to repeat an invitation he once made me to write in his Magazine. I had recourse to the modesty proper on such occasions; but to no purpose. He protested, that he desired no better proof of my qualifications than the agreeable things he had heard me say in his private room; nay, than the manner in which I reciprocated the pinch of snuff.

I told him, that circumstances make a great deal of difference. There was a licence, I said, in conversation, which does not hold good in writing. It is impossible to put down on paper one's gesticulations, nods, winks, and other dashes and hyphens of the mind; company are often pleased with us, because they are friends or acquaintances, and are pleased with one another. In short, said I, there is often as much difference between a sprightly thing said in a room, and the quality of mind from which it proceeds, as between a jack-o'-lantern set dancing on a wall, and the poor piece of glass which furnishes the reflection.

Then, Sir, with regard to the snuff: I informed him, that the manner of that interesting movement was an amenity which I inherited from my ancestors; eminent snuff-takers in their time, and such as knew how to distinguish the sentiment of the action, from a habit of it. I carried a box, I told him, purely to gratify the polite shades of those my progenitors, and to indulge myself with the picture on the lid of it; thinking myself no degenerate descendant in wishing that a substitute might be found for the dust itself, befitting a gentleman's upper lip; especially since the re-appearance among us of mustachios. The miniature is worthy all he could say of it: but no deduction was to be drawn in my favour from that divine face. Not only is the lady no more; but if she were alive, no thoughts of her could be entertained by me. Sir, she was my grandmother. You know, that in the list of prohibited loves, a man is forbidden to marry his grandmother; which is the reason, I suppose, why nobody does.

My modesty, however, was overcome. I find it has wonderfully given way since the prospect of authorship opened upon me. To say the truth, I had always a great propensity to be an author, and have long speculated upon publishing something of my own, as well as specimens of a manuscript in my possession, of which I am about to make mention. But my inclinations have not lain towards prose. However, I have something to say for myself, which few writers are in the habit of adducing in their favour; namely, that if I have no great wit of my own to set up with, I have a good deal of other men's. You must know, Sir, that I have the honour to be the lineal descendant of the famous Will Honeycomb, of Spectator memory. With the exception of his uncle Dick, who was a wild fellow in Charles the Second's day, Will had a trick of sinking his ancestors, which was not handsome



of him. But you will see the reason presently, when you know who some of them were. This, together with no great turn for reading, and a particular hatred of manuscript, must account for the total silence of the Spectator respecting a huge Family Journal, which descended to his keeping, and which has now been in possession of the Honeycombs ever since the year 1538. I call it a family journal, and in many respects it is one; but it is rather a miscellaneous manuscript book, or books, (for it consists of several quarto volumes,) upon all sorts of subjects, personal and otherwise. The keeping it began by chance, but grew into a religion with us, as the family became speculative, and has never been given up. Will and his father wrote the least in it, of any. Your publisher had wondered already, how I could hesitate to trespass upon your pages: but when I told him of this collection, he became pathetic; and marvelled how I could withhold from the public a talent and a set of ancestors so truly legitimate.

Legitimate, Sir, we certainly are; my ancestors, because they begot one another; which is not the case with every body; and my talent, because it is nothing without my ancestors.

But I must give you an account of them.

"The Honeycombs, as you may see by the name, are of Saxon origin. Will Honeycomb's uncle, who was in love with the Duchess of Mazarin, (by the way, he might as well have attempted to draw us from Italy on that account,) would fain have given us a French one; but he made sad work with his *Honis* and *ecumes*. He was for turning the hives in our coat of arms into maidens' heads,—a strange fancy! The coat consists of a field Vert, with three oaks, and three lions rampant, holding beehives quarterly; the crest, a mural crown, with a swarm of bees over it; and the motto, *Ex forti dulcedo*. The allusion is scriptural. It is a tradition in the family, that the arms were given to a warlike Honeycomb, who, during the old wars in France, mounted a breach under circumstances of great gallantry, and brought away a large stock of honey, of which the king, his commander, happened to be fond. Will Honeycomb was for having a double allusion in it; one to the historical fact, and another to the urbanity and entertainment with which the race of the Honeycombs were destined to sprinkle this metropolis. But I believe we are not certain of any thing on the subject. A lover of the country, such as I am, would perceive a meaning in the oaks.

"The authentic part of our history commences in the reign of Henry the Eighth, when Edward Honeycomb, lord of the manor of Combe Tormel in Devonshire, had a good slice of the forfeited abbey-lands. It was some love-songs of his, written at the beginning of a great thick book with the arms of a monastery upon it (probably intended to be the Kitchen Journal) that gave rise to our family collection. He was much in favour with Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Edward was observed to be particularly active in effecting the dissolution of the female part of the monastic orders. 'Poor misguided souls!' exclaimed he, on opening the gates to a blushing sisterhood;—'I could marry them all.'

"Charles Honeycomb, his eldest son, was a violent anti-papist; but is suspected of having conformed during the reign of Queen Mary, the Journal saying nothing about us at that period. Under Queen Elizabeth, his brother Henry figured at court, and had like to have anticipated the famous edict which went out against the enormity of ruffs. The case was this: Harry once officiated as deputy to the Lord Chamberlain; one of whose duties it was, before the introduction of carriages, to ride double with her Majesty in processions. Whether the circumstance turned Harry's brain, or whether he had got it in his head that to imitate his mistress in any particular was to win her good graces, I know not; but certain it is, that he made his ap-

pearance on horseback in a ruff of such enormous dimensions, that her Majesty, for all her princely and lion-like nature, is said to have drawn back two or three paces at the sight. She then exclaimed before all the court, 'How now, Harry! which is the finer fool, the man or the horse?' for the horse was also bedecked in a more than ordinary manner. In the Journal there is a long paper on the subject, in which my ancestor does his best to defend himself. But he was too wise to present it at court. I only observe, from this period, a more than usual pensiveness in his manner of writing, and a tendency to complain of fortune and this unstable world. He concludes his defence with saying, that he leaves what he has written, in order to clear his character with posterity. It is a great pleasure to me, at this distance of time, to make a bow to his interesting memory, and assure him that there is no necessity. One of the passages, which is carefully blotted out, appears, by the context, to have intimated, that the finest fool of the three was the Queen herself. This hasty ebullition did not prevent him from having an awful sense of her Majesty's wisdom and perfections throughout the rest of the memoir. The defence is followed by ten different copies of verses, that were to be presented her on New-year's-day, accompanied by 'a faire round goblette, cunningly sculptur'd by the famous Italian, and conteyninge two paire of costly murrey-coloured silk hose, of marvellous subtilty, for her Majestie's faire legges.' The legs, I presume, were not mentioned eventually: but the courtiers of those times took a delight in trying how much in earnest they could appear to their own minds. We guess, from the circumstance of Harry's riding before the Queen, that he was a handsome man; but ruffs of that amazing circumference were confined by special usance to the fair sex; and he should therefore have been more than usually cautious of emulating the royal apparel. Besides, it must have threatened to overshadow her Majesty's approach. Harry, for all his foppery, had a shrewd wit, and was company even for the wits of that age. Reader, I tell thee no fable! He has left on record an account of an evening spent at the Mermaid, when he was first introduced to a set of men, the soles of whose shoes would now-a-days incite us to kiss the toes of them. He has described their several persons and behaviour, and even preserved some of their conversation; though I hardly know how I shall venture to repeat it, lest the reader should think it has lost too much in the setting down. However, I will see if I can take courage, when the time comes. Harry was judicious in his enthusiasm; but he had a sister, Melissa Honeycomb, who was so transported with the study of Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, that she was inclined to take every new female servant, that came into the family, for a hero in disguise. She married the son of the steward. Her brothers were very angry, and threatened extremities against the bridegroom, such as I know not how they reconciled with their disdain of calling him into the field. However, they were a good-natured race, and he succeeded in pacifying them. To be sure, he had taken to the law; not indeed to terrify them, but to make himself as much of a gentleman as he could by studying it in the way of a profession: and, what with this and his father's money, he profited so well, that in the next reign he gave rise to a race of peers. Even the old steward lived to purchase a baronetcy; which produced among us a great contempt for that honour.

Whether it was owing to any or to all of these mischances, or whether the family he married into were of the new opinions, has not been ascertained; but Henry's son Walter was a Puritan. The vivacity of the Honeycomb blood nevertheless contrived to shew itself. Walter married three wives; and wrote verses and even cracked jokes, in a style that Andrew Marvell himself would not have disdained. The Journal is very bitter, in his time, upon 'mankinde women,' 'womanish men,' 'horrid Adonises,' 'huffing cubbes,' 'ranting and divelish mummers,' 'strange outlandish oathes,' 'petite villains,' 'poisonous faire weedes,' and other mysteries, in which he carps at James and his court. By 'mankinde women' I guess he meant the late Queen. He was particularly fond of tobacco, probably out of spite to the

King. His dislike of his Majesty, however, assisted in making him fall in with one of the royal opinions; for he was a passionate lover of the country, and delighted to live on his estate. I know not how he contrived to reconcile the natural sprightliness of his disposition, and the family character for generosity, with the discontinuance of those rural sports and amusements, which his tenants must now have begun to miss; but I have no doubt he contrived it somehow. He gave them capital employment. The improvements which he made in the grounds at Combe Tormel were of such a description, as appears to have anticipated in some measure the taste for natural gardening, of which Milton is supposed to have given the first hint.

"My father taught me to consider our glory at its height in the person of Colonel Nathaniel Honeycomb, son of the preceding. Nathaniel was child of the second wife, Lætitia, daughter of William Bickley, Esquire, of Heron Hall, in the county of Bucks. She was an excellent woman; but died when he was a boy: which brought him under the jurisdiction of the third wife, Judith. This lady was not very young when she married, nor very charming at any time. How Walter came to marry her, was a great marvel. There was more drinking at her father's house, than became a man of his strict professions: my ancestor used to go there to drown his cares after the death of Lætitia: and it is thought that somehow or other he became hampered with Mistress Judith, in a way from which a man of honour could not well extricate himself. Certain it is, that he married her in great haste a few months after his introduction, and never held up his head afterwards. Judith insisted that his mind had been rendered light and frivolous by his two former wives, of both of whom he had a tender recollection. But nobody could discern any symptoms of the alleged frivolity, except that instead of psalms, my ancestor used to hum snatches of old songs, when he was more than usually uncomfortable. Every endeavour was made to form the young Honeycomb after the fashion of his stepmother's kindred; but the boy remembered his mother; he loved and pitied his father; and being of a vigorous as well as gentle temper, became, to their horror, one of that small but accomplished set of republicans, who with the graceful aspect of cavaliers, united the most ideal purity to which the other party aspired." His hair was suffered to flow down to his shoulders, like that of Milton and Hutchinson. A Cavendish could not have excelled him in the *manège*. He was a master of the small sword, and played admirably on the *viol di gamba*. Two ladies died for love of him; one a strange dull-looking creature, who appeared to have no understanding, and whose confession on her deathbed very much surprised every body. The other was all gracefulness and intelligence; and the death of this lady very much diminished his happiness for the rest of his life. Indeed his sorrow was not without reason: for though the firmness of his mind might have taught him not to grieve too long for misfortunes which he could not help, it is suspected, from certain remorseful passages in his Journal, that he had not been quite so prudent as he should have been in his attentions to Lady Grace (for that was her Christian name), and this too after he was contracted to the lady he married. A similar circumstance befel one of his descendants; but in the latter instance, the gentleman had the good fortune to be able to console the existence of his fair friend, without forgetting his love or duty towards her friend his wife: Colonel Honeycomb was not so fortunate. There is mention of both his female acquaintances in the Journal, but nobody would suspect that they bore him any particular good will. To the one in question he wishes a companion in the other world, such as it was not her happiness to meet with in this; to wit, a mind as noble and virtuous as her own.' He had much better have had her to wife than the person he married; who was a foolish giddy thing, always gadding abroad, and almost making love to any one that dressed well, or carried a rose in his hair. Her excessive lightness used to put him out of countenance before company; and the match altogether so disconcerted the grace and comfort of his life, that he took to solitude about four years after his

wedding, and only came out of it to do great and daring things for his country. He had the good fortune, however, to be among the few, whose disinterested conduct was acknowledged by all parties; nor has there been one of the family so loved and admired upon the whole by all the rest of us, though his patriotism greatly impaired the family estate. He was rather short of stature, like most of the great men of that time. He had brown locks, with a sanguine complexion, and an eye at once moist and sparkling. We have an excellent portrait of him by Vandyke. All his features admirably express a capability of happiness, overshadowed with a patient firmness at the want of it. But he was tranquil, if not happy, long before his death, which happened in the same field of battle with that of the excellent Lord Falkland, who had formerly been his friend. Two very touching circumstances are recorded of his last hour. The first is, that Lord Falkland and the Colonel were violently carried against each other in the heat of the battle, when they hung, as it were, for a moment, exchanging an earnest look. They then broke asunder in a kind of passion, and his lordship plunged into the thick of the colonel's men; and so perished. The other story informs us, that a few minutes before he put himself at the head of his regiment, the colonel (who was then a widower) removed from his heart a locket with some of Lady Grace's hair in it, saying to the friend, who has recorded the circumstance, 'There is no thought of foppery now, Richard; but this heart,' (for the locket was in the shape of a heart, and here the tears came into his eyes,) 'this heart shall never be unworthily touched again:—as if he were speaking of the real heart he had offended! 'But he was wonderfully exalted,' says his friend, 'at the time; and did surely look forward to his death; which not only befell accordingly, but as if his parting spirit had been prophetic, befell in the very manner which he plainly looked for; for he was shot right through the heart by my side, and fell dead without a word.' The locket was hung far round on the other side of his body, as if in excessive caution for its safety.

"Walter Honeycomb had three children besides the colonel, but all females. Their names were Anne, Deborah, and Rebecca. They were all by his first and second wives, excellent girls, of the very best Honeycomb natures, and loved their brother tenderly; who for his part returned their affection so well, that instead of keeping any one of them at home, (where they would have been a great consolation to him,) he married them, at an early age, to his best friends and connexions; being resolved to get what happiness he could, only from knowing that others had it.

Colonel Honeycomb, at his death in 1643, left four children, Melicent a girl, William-Bickley, William-Walter, and Richard, an infant. Melicent threatened to be as giddy as her mother; but she had her father's eyes, and about the age of fifteen took to being a very steady girl, and married a fine young fellow, who carried her away to a distant part of the country.

William-Bickley did honour to his father's memory. He took part against James the Second, and was slain, valiantly fighting under King William at the siege of Limerick. We are very proud of him, for he was a knight-banneret; the last, I believe, of that order, created, as bannerets ought to be, on the field of battle, by the king in person. We have lady James and lady Harriets without end; and perhaps should have been as proud of them as Will Honeycomb was, if it had not been for this cavalier in his own right. He led so busy a life, that we know little of his marriage and domestic circumstances; but he had a granddaughter, Cerintha Honeycomb, a delightful creature, for whom Congreve entertained a passion without success. Some interesting letters of hers on this subject are preserved, and shall be laid before the reader.

"William-Walter, the second son of Nathaniel, was a quiet lad, who married and died off, leaving an only child, who was afterwards the famous Will Honeycomb of the Spectator.

"Dick was a madcap professed. His look resembled his mother's, but was more sensible. In his portrait by Lely, the sleepy eyes of the painter

contrast swangely with the ingenuous air of the rest of the face. His mouth is good; a feature, in which all the Honeycombs excel. When the Restoration took place, Dick was at the University. Off he ran (with Lord Rochester, who stole a holiday, by his side), and plunged headlong into the follies of the time. He had a wild sort of wit, which was the habit, rather than the ornament, of his mind. One idea was sure to remind him of another; so that he abounded in similes, and might have been as great that way as Butler himself, if he had had judgment enough to know what to choose and what to reject. But out it all poured, bad and good. However, it did excellently well for two o'clock in the morning. He was intimate with the greatest wits of his time, both English and French, Waller, Dryden, St. Evremont, Grammont, La Fontaine, &c. having become acquainted with La Fontaine and others during a visit to the neighbouring country. Dick was thought incapable of seriousness; but this was a mistake. The women would not have been so fond of him, had he not been capable of seriousness on occasion. There are several papers of his in the Journal, very grave and reflecting; besides a few songs, both grave and gay; and some personal passages of so curious a nature, that I am tempted to anticipate a specimen. One of these informs us, that he 'saved a poor unwilling little soul from a parcel of rascals at three o'clock this morning, July the 4th—a piece of virtue,' says he, 'which I put in the book, in order that the other writers of it, *past* and to come, may not take me for the greatest scoundrel that ever was.' Another record is equally touching; not the less so, for being written in a hand still more drunken. It runs, or rather staggers, as following:—'Somebody said last night, that I resembled my father; yes, MY FATHER,' (these two words in text), 'Nathaniel Honeycomb, of blessed memory, Combe Tormel, Devonshire, England, I say. He was a MAN' (*man* very large.) 'Upon which, I, Dick of that name,—Credite, posteri,—Bacchus and all that,—blushed. Upon which Jack Ingoldsby said, 'By God, Dick, you blush for the old Puritan.' Upon which, I chucked a glass of wine in his face. And I DID blush: (*did* very large:) 'and so I rose up, and made a speech in dishonour, I mean honour, (but it's all one,) of my father's memory, and did a number of other foolish things, for all which I beg his pardon, especially the crying. But I was very drunk. And we are all good fellows too, except Jack Ingoldsby, who's a damn'd fool; only we are not such good fellows as he was—Oh if he could but see—But I can't see either, so I leave off—October the muddieth—one thousand six hundred towels and cold water.'

"After this, is the following;—'October the ——. Seen the above in my sober senses, and let it stand. There's bravery still in Beersheba.'

"Dick has run away with me. I did not intend to say so much of him in this number. There is a very serious paper of his, written nevertheless in the best temper in the world, which by and by shall be laid before the reader. It has no cant in it; no sort of affectation or whining; and yet forms a much more awful warning, in my opinion, on the subject of false enjoyment, than any account I have heard of the last days of Lord Rochester; for whom, by the way, Dick had as hearty a contempt as one man of wit could well have for another. I must observe, at the same time, that these serious passages in Dick's life were also towards the end of it, though he recovered his cheerfulness latterly, and died with great composure. The rest of his history was one unthinking round of pleasure, a series of careless designs and almost as careless successes,—triumphs of periwigs and rolled stockings over three-conquered stomachers,—intrigues in which every one deceived the other, and thought as much,—a kind of minuet-dance of existence, made up of pretty retreats and advances of bows, curtsies, and touching hands, of wonderful deferences without feeling any, and as grave receptions of them ending in a twirl; with an amazing sense of one's leg on one side, and a world of consciousness in the sinking petticoat on the other. It was drinking that ruined Dick. It spoiled the comparative innocence of his animal

spirits; and forced him upon reflections, the want of which had been his apology. When Charles the Second heard of his death, he exclaimed, 'Ah poor Dick Honeycomb! He had sweet blood in him. He ought to have lived with me and the women, and not with those drunken dogs my friends.'—I must not forget, that among other immortal things of my ancestor's doing in the polite world, he has recorded one to the following tenor, immediately after a handsome anecdote which he mentions of his elder brother. It is dated the same day, and bears import, that he had 'just introduced at court, to the gracious pleasure of his Majesty, and the satisfaction of all beholders, a new French piece of deportment, very ingenious, which has been entitled, the Wallow.'

"Little Will Honeycomb was unfortunately left in the care of a sister of his grandmother's, Lady Bab Windham, who lived to a remorseless age, and gabbled and painted to the last. By the side of this unthinking antique, Will heard nothing but of lords and ladies, and the court, and fine women, and the last new fashions; in short, he received that education which afterwards enabled him to exhibit so janty a decrepitude in the pages of the Spectator. There are several things of his in the Journal intended for that work, but left unfinished. His character has been so amply described, that little remains to be said upon it. I will notice but two points. In the fourth number of the Spectator, Will is made to utter an effusion, at sight of a 'charming virgin,' much too serious and romantic for his style of rapture. Will informs us, in the Journal, that the effusion was Dick Steele's, not his; confessing, that it was he that 'set Dick a going,' but owing to no more of the passage than the words *beauty, motion, good-nature, and spirit in the eyes*. He did say, he believes, 'Look upon her, Dick, if you dare;' but never thought of turning it in that solemn manner, 'Behold, you who dare, that charming virgin, &c.'—'Any man,' says Will, 'may dare to look upon a virgin, that can find her; but Dick Steele has a strange awe about women, which to me is unaccountable; for the rogue does not want words.' All the other accounts of him are admirably correct. But they puzzled him exceedingly. He hardly knew, at times, whether to be angry with them, or what. 'But,' says he, 'these fellows have a way of joking, when nobody would suspect it. They ought to be more clear with the public, and not let ordinary understandings be liable to be deceived as to their real meaning. People would sometimes imagine they wanted respect for me; whereas Dick Steele assures me it is quite the contrary, and that liberties like these are only to be taken with great men. *Mem.* An admirable story of Captain Sentry's about Marshal Turenne, but something too military for high breeding.'—Whenever the Spectators pleased him, he was pleased excessively. When he did not know what to make of them, he attributed it to their 'ignorance of the world.' His occasional absence of mind he inherited from his father. There is one thing, in which his friends really exaggerated his character; but he would have lost an eye as soon as told them of it. Knowing as they were, they were taken in more than they suspected by his stories of intrigues and gallantries. They believed him much worse than he was. Will had, to say the least of it, a constitutional tenderness, a physical sort of conscience, owing to his delicate health, and perhaps to an hereditary goodness of disposition, which prevented him from ever doing any thing very vicious with regard to women. I do not believe, for instance, that he ever had an amour out of the circuit of what were called *demi-reps*. Neither were the amours upon which he had ventured, a quarter so numerous as those who saw into his boasting imagined. Will had indeed a very reverend care of his health; and by this means it was, less to his own astonishment than to that of his friends, though not without a good deal of fluttering on his part, that my grandfather came into the world, puny enough, but still the veritable son of Margery Dobson and Will Honeycomb, then in the sixty-first year of his age.

"Margery, though a dairy-maid, as the Templar suspected, had a shrewdness of understanding far superior to her husband's. This, and the vigorous state of health which she brought for her portion, were the re-making of us. Yes; Margery Dobson, daughter of Ephraim Dobson, gardener, was the salvation of the ancient and gallant race of the Honeycombs, proud as they were of their lions rampant. My grandfather, as he grew up, besides taking as much care of his health as his predecessor, gave into none of his follies, real or pretended; by which means, and his marriage with my charming grandmother, Lucy Grey, he almost restored his son to the full possession of the old family honours in body as well as mind. I wish I could add, in estate; but what with mortgages and love-matches, the patriotism of some, and the imprudence of others, the Hive (for so we used to call ourselves) had been wasted to nothing. Even Will Honeycomb was only at his ease, by remaining so long a bachelor. The family-mansion has been seated for some time, not in Devonshire, but in Buckinghamshire; and as, with one or two exceptions, we have ever been great-lovers of the country, we have contrived to do with as little splendour and notoriety as possible. To be plain, (for out it must,) we have no longer a park, nor any other great possession; but we have recovered our health and spirits; and as Hume says, in his *Life*, the possession of these is better than being born to an estate of ten thousand a-year. —Will had another child, a daughter, who was not so strong as her brother. She became the kindest, gentlest, thinnest, tender-voiced old maid, that ever put shame on Fortune for so using her; but maintained her fragile existence long after her mother, who died of living too well and having nothing to do. Should I ever come in the way of such another, I shall infallibly marry her, if she will have me. I feel the spirit of my ancestor Edward Honeycomb upon me, when I think of it. One of the sights which I can least bear, is that of the daughters of gay and wilful parents, who have had all they desire in the world, condemned, perhaps for that very reason, to a lot in life, against which their own inclinations are not even to be supposed to remonstrate.

"Strong was the contrast between the situation of my dear grand-aunt Jemima, and that of her lively and somewhat impetuous cousins, the female Honeycombs of Dorsetshire. They were distant cousins, but genuine Honeycombs of the ancient stock: and I must make particular mention of their brother Apsley, because after the death of Will Honeycomb of the *Spectator*, he was allowed to write in the *Family Journal*, and has contributed some important papers. His sisters were intimate with the Lady Suffolks, the Bellendens, and Lepells, who figure in the court annals of the first Georges. Apsley was no less received among the Popes and the Swifts. He was the son of Joseph Honeycomb, Esquire, of Wotton Lodge, Dorsetshire, elder brother of the Simon Honeycomb who wrote a letter to the *Spectator* (No. 154), which put Will into a great taking.\* It was the letter of a penitent rake, returning to the early virtue out of which he had been shamed. Will was very angry. He said it was a poor-spirited ungentlemanlike production, and unworthy of the family. 'Our very name,' said he, 'will be thought to mean something low. People will take us for a parcel of bad laid-up artillery.' Apsley was introduced by his uncle to Steele, who introduced him to Pope, with whom he became a great favourite. He was in the habit of going backwards and forwards between Twickenham and his lodgings at Kensington, till he died; which was not long after. People wondered at the poet's extreme kindness for him, because a *penchant* was supposed to exist between him and Theresa Blount: but the truth was, that Pope had not a single inclination, with which his young friend did not entertain a sympathy. He had a real talent for poetry; he had wit and criticism, and a taste for the fine arts; and to crown all, wrote letters in the style of Voltaire. Pope said of him, that he was to that age, what the Oldham of Dryden had been to the preceding one; and that the town lost his successor, when it lost young Honeycomb. When asked why he had not written a copy of

verses to his memory, he replied that he had written twenty, but none of them good enough; 'partly for grief,' said he, 'for the poor lad; and partly, because I never liked to shew any thing but my best to Apsley. Spence,' he said, 'would object to a couplet now and then; Apsley never did, because he fancied himself too young; but I was more afraid when Apsley did not express himself delighted, than I was flattered by whole cart-loads of the other's homage.' Poor Apsley got his death by a cold and fever, caught in gallanting a set of court-ladies on the Thames. We have a portrait of him among us by Jervas, in a cap, *à la Prior*, very intelligent.

"My grandfather, Will Honeycomb the second, or rather fourth (for be sure he was christened after his father), led a very quiet and retired life for the sort of such a gallant. But he had the character of one who could shine out, if he chose. He was a thin earnest-looking man, with something of a warp in the back: which did not prevent his marrying one of the handsomest women of the day. Mr. Honeycomb had a passion for the theatre, and abounded in theatrical stories. He knew what striking touches were an actor's own, and what were handed down to him from his predecessors; which made him sometimes cry out, when Barry or Henderson were applauded, 'Well done, Betterton!' He was fond of a particular seat in the pit, which, during the last years of his life, became looked upon as his own: nor did the audience thereabouts well know what to think of a new piece or performer, if the old gentleman happened to be away. We have some pretty criticisms of his in the Journal. He was acquainted however with few of the actors, except Quin. Garrick's merits fairly took him by storm, rousing in him all the family sympathy with ease and elegance: and yet he never heartily forgave him for disturbing the old declamatory religion, and hurting his friend Quin. He would find fault with him when he could; and used to say he was too like. To be acquainted with him he always refused. The stories told of Garrick's parsimony and worldliness found a readiness of belief in Mr. Honeycomb, a little too quick for the family good-nature. But he had a great nobleness of disposition with regard to money; and contrived, in a wonderful manner, to unite a prudence, for which we have reason to be grateful, with a high gentlemanly tendency to bestow. He was prouder than most of his family on the score of birth and connexions, owing probably to a little soreness about his maternal scutcheon: yet when the story of Quin's kindness to Thomson transpired, he sought the acquaintance of both of them; and introduced himself with an address so exquisite, such a mixture of cordiality and delicacy, of respectfulness and implied right, that he afterwards used to make a third in their most intimate parties. Quin said, that he would drop into dinner with no man, except James Thomson and William Honeycomb. 'The two Jamies,' said he, 'the gross dogs,' (meaning himself and the poet) 'always get up something or other, at last; and as to Will, though we cannot play the bachelor so well where there is a lady, he and his wife put such a relish of urbanity and delight in every thing, that by God, I believe he would make me swallow his toasted glove.' A day or two before his death, which was sudden, he was proposed (though in truth without his knowledge) as a member of the Literary Club; the same to which Johnson belonged. His son, my father, was afterwards acquainted with Johnson on the strength of that circumstance. It was expected that the Doctor would have made some opposition; that he would have talked of the probability of disappointment; of the danger of meeting with a common-place old age, and being teased by a perpetual contrast with 'airy reminiscences.' But he was highly pleased. 'Sir,' said he, 'he shall reign among us, as Beauclerc does, by divine right, and correct our wild republican notions of the way of taking snuff. This was a hit at Beauclerc, who had just reproved him for using his waistcoat-pocket instead of a snuff-box. Beauclerc, who did not relish this summary of his pretensions to sovereign power, which seemed to imply that he had no claims of his own, uttered some sharp thing in a murmur: upon



which says Johnson, 'Nay, sir, be not offended. I carped at authority, because I was wrong; but who ought to be so patient with me, as he that knows so well how to set me right?' Beauclerc smiled and bowed, as Napoleon might have done when he thanked the Count de Fontanes for likening him to Cæsar. 'After all,' said Beauclerc, turning to my grandfather's acquaintance, 'Johnson, on his hind-legs, can outdo the politest of us.' Will died, to the great regret of the Doctor. He observed, that it was as if Addison and Steele had said they would come to see them, and had changed their minds. 'I would have talked my best,' added he; 'and if Mr. Honeycomb had been pleased, should have looked upon it as a nod from the Spectator.'

"Of my father I find it difficult to speak; my recollection of him still affects me so much, when I am obliged to set any thing down upon paper, respecting his virtues and his love of me. His name was Lionel. It was given him, I suspect, out of veneration for the lions in our coat of arms. He was a great reader from his youth upwards, particularly of the French authors, and of Horace and Virgil. When he was in France, in the year . . . he paid a visit to Voltaire, and afterwards corresponded with him. Latterly, he took to reading Greek, led to it, I believe, by his study of Plato's Republic. He regretted that he had not earlier been alive to its great superiority over the Latin. I lost my mother, a most excellent woman, when a child. Till that moment my father had been one of the gayest of the gay. He now wandered about, scarcely knowing what to do or to think. Sorrow was new to him, and the blow was heavy. The French Revolution found him in this serious frame of mind, and he was ever afterwards one of the most thoughtful of us. The natural tenderness of the Honeycomb blood, which had hitherto been generally confined to a sympathy with the fair sex and the graces of private life, suddenly assumed a warmth and an expansion unknown even to my great ancestor in the time of the Parliament. My father successively despaired with the financiers, looked forward with the revolutionists, lamented over the king, shuddered and died with the nobles, execrated the demagogues, but never lost sight of the rights and excuses of the people. 'They were driven mad,' said he, 'by despotism; and what can you say against madness? The only thing is, that the nobles were once mad themselves, and Mr. Burke would have them so still. Are we to think a whole people made only to furnish their neighbours with eternal jokes on their servility and wooden shoes?'—My father wrote some of the best anonymous pieces that advocated his side of the question. He lived long enough to be disappointed in the mighty visions which he had conjured up of human improvement; but his temper was too good, and his wisdom too modest, either to make him side with their overthrowers out of one sort of vanity, or to suffer him to pass from excess of expectation into the other self-love of despair. He thought the world could go on without him. Feudality had been done away. The Inquisition had been done away. Opinion, in the shape of the press, had publicly taken its stand in the world, as the rival of worldly power. 'We have done much,' said my father, 'and may hope every thing by degrees. You cannot send the earth's axis to your coachmaker, to be mended by next Thursday.' He died as he had lived, full of a manly gentleness and hope. Reason and enthusiasm found their meeting points in his character; and brought gravity and playfulness, the literal and the imaginative, to embrace and lean upon one another in a manner more charming than I can express. They were like sisters, even different, and yet ever loving. I could put them at this minute on his tomb, if I were a sculptor. He died of a fever, caught in rescuing a poor girl of the town from her death on a winter's night. A friend, who did not know that he was on his death-bed, said to him, as he lay suffering, 'This comes of endeavouring to put off one's nature, and getting out of bed for every cry of a wench.'—'No, no, Tom,' said my father; 'this comes of not putting on one's coat and waistcoat,—of making more haste and worse speed.' His friend seeming to think that he spoke too

lightly of a situation which alarmed every body, he said, in a tone I shall never forget, 'Would you have me kill the poor boy with melancholy?' For he saw how pale I was, and thought I had gone out of the room. I had slunk behind the curtain, half killed already with his good humour. Finding that I was there, he begged us to retire a little, saying he would sleep. His servant alone stayed behind. The moment he heard us shut the door, he blessed me, and expired.—The tears pour down my cheeks."

The character of the present representative of the Honeycombs, I shall leave the reader to gather for himself. He will probably be better acquainted with it than I am. I had two sisters who died in childhood. When I saw my father laid by the side of them and their mother in their last earthly home, my own home appeared none for me. I left it and made the grand tour, from which I have but lately returned. I have also been as far north as Petersburg, and am acquainted with some curious circumstances relative to the court there, and the history of the late emperor. I stayed in most places a good while, and became more intimate with manners and customs than is usual. My greatest passion is for poetry and romance; but there is one thing in my character, which is peculiar to me above all other Honeycombs, and which I find a great substitute for the want of other goods and superiorities which they possessed; and that is, that if the poetical tendency did not incline me upon the whole into shady places, and bowers, where I can dream of enchantment, I should scarcely know which I enjoyed most, the country or the town. Bond-street and the woods of Buckinghamshire, Covent Garden and the gardens of the East, the solitudes of Spenser and Milton, and the tea-tables and coffee-houses of Pope and Addison,—behold me scarcely knowing to which of them I return the happier.

But enough of myself for the present. I will only add, that my face not being familiar to the town, nor my name either, (in consequence of my long stay abroad, and of the latter quietness of the Honeycombs,) it is my intention, especially as I have disclosed the name, to keep myself as little personally known as possible. If I get any credit by my writings, I shall be content enough with it, as I am. If otherwise, I had better remain so.

You are aware, Sir, that the Journal thus introduced to the public, is not a mere journal, but a book of scraps and daily occurrences, but a collection of all sorts of writing; memoirs, verses, translations, adventures mirthful and pathetic, stories both true and imaginary, criticism, anecdote, &c. with a variety of essays on men and manners; which is a department, I fear, I shall be much tempted to increase. But I shall draw as much as possible on my predecessors. Sometimes my father will have an article for me, sometimes my grandfather, sometimes my wild ancestor Dick: and I shall endeavour to make every number I send you contain two or three different ones, for the sake of variety. We have all written more or less (Heavens! what a generation of authors did the nunnery-opener produce!), the ladies not excepted. My grandfather says, that if we had had a dumb one in the family, she would have been the greatest contributor of any. The others, he pretends, had not time enough to write and talk too. But I must observe, that my grandfather, good fellow as he was, dealt more in sarcasm than any

of us. Gentle great-aunt *Jemima*! he had no right to talk so—had he?—seeing that thou thyself, his sister, with all thy leisure for meditation, and even his provocations to boot, hast scarcely obliged us with a dozen pages of thine own. Much transcription is there from others in thy gentle hand, from poetical friends (female ones, I guess), from Bishop Barrow, and Archbishop Tillotson, excellent reasoning people; and even from seraphic *Jeremy Taylor*, who did not do thee too much good, I fear, on this side the stars. But thy wild cousin, *Betty Honeycomb*, has left memorials of thee after thy decease; for which I love her. Other ladies lurk here and there, with a sly article in a corner. Sometimes, I must own, it is no better than a receipt for a rheumatism or a college-pudding. In *James's* time, there is a long disquisition on yellow ruffs and the death of *Mrs. Turner*. In *Elizabeth's* reign, the ladies are most romantic; in *Anne's* and the first *George's*, the most sprightly. I hardly know how I could extract some of the gay things which one of the giddy creatures above-mentioned, *Betty Honeycomb* of the *Dorset* branch, ventures to send up to town 'From the Bath.' Yet my grandmother sets it all down. Dear *Betty*! She was lucky enough to marry an honest man, as gay and good-humoured as herself; or it might have gone hard with her. She had a great regard for my grandmother, who she thought (and indeed not without reason, considering the letters) could be as lively as any body, when she had a mind; "only," said she, "*Lucy*, you have the grace to make it doubly as gay as I do, by not giggling with every foolish fellow. Ah, my dear, (and here," says the *Journal*, "she heaved a sigh,) You are in the right: for then, you know, you are never suspected of being wicked except where you ought to be; which is a great thing, and what makes life so respectable."—"This is the way," says the *Journal*, "in which *Betty* runs on. Poor soul! *George Harvey* got bold of something she said; and out of spite, pretended to look sorry; which has sadly put her out. He! the coxcomb:—who thinks all women his humble servants till they refuse him, and hypocrites when they do."

But I am beginning my extracts before my time.

Allow me, Sir, if I am not trespassing too much on the laws of the *mascherata*, to subscribe myself, in gratitude for more than one publication,

Your obliged and obedient servant,  
*HARRY HONEYCOMB.*

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LINES ON A LADY,  
 WHO DIED IN CONSEQUENCE OF A SUN-STROKE

In the bright purity of worth—  
 Her spirit pass'd the ordeal given—  
 Like diamond, scorn'd the fires of Earth,  
 But vanish'd in the beam of Heaven.

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## SKETCHES OF INDIA.—NO. II.

At a considerable distance further down the river Ghoomtee, is situated the Dowlut Khaneh, a palace comprising a large extent of building, partly altered from, and partly rebuilt upon the site of a palace of Asoph u Dowlah, by his successor Saadut Allee. It comprised originally an extensive suite of apartments in the Native style, fitted up with every possible convenience, and calculated for the enjoyment of every Eastern luxury. There was a succession of courts and parterres, watered by tanks and fountains, and abounding with all the fruits and flowers most prized in the East; and summer-houses built of marble were placed among them, in which their inhabitants might sit to enjoy the refreshing airs of evening. An extensive range of baths, constructed of marble and adorned with mosaic work in coloured stones, was ever kept ready for use. And here the founder of this luxurious dwelling used most frequently to hold his revels. Saadut Allee, who affected every thing English, perhaps in flattery or gratitude to those who placed him on the musnud, transformed the greater part of this palace into a house upon the European plan, in which there are several large and comfortable rooms, and an excellent range of kitchens. A portion of the Native suite of apartments is still retained as they were, and the baths are kept constantly hot and ready for use. It appears, however, that in the present reign the palace has been neglected; and part has even been dilapidated, and the materials applied to other purposes. Among other things, a beautiful Baruh Durree, or pleasure-house, of white marble, has been pulled down to form a part of the childish and fantastic fabrics which his Majesty takes pleasure in erecting.

In this palace are several good pictures by Zoffani and other eminent artists. Among them, the original of a well-known print, representing a cock-fight held at the house of Col. Mordaunt, then resident at Lucnow, at which were present Asoph u Dowlah, with many of his court, and most of the English then at Lucnow. The fat flabby person of the Nawaub is represented in a light muslin shirt and drawers, with a little skull-cap on his head, in the centre of the room, having in his eagerness risen from the musnud on which he had been seated, and in the act of offering a bet with Col. Mordaunt on a cock then upon the boards. The expression of the Nawaub is admirable, and the likenesses both of his attendants and of the Englishmen present, who are all eagerly engaged in the amusement of the pit, are said to have been excellent. Zoffani had made his sketch of this picture as he came warm from the scene, and completed it while yet fresh in his memory; but it was like to have been his ruin, for the Nawaub hearing of it desired to see it, and was very ill pleased to see himself represented in so unbecoming an attitude: he, however, contented himself with ordering that it might be destroyed, which Zoffani promised, but carefully abstained from performing, and as carefully concealed the obnoxious morsel till after the death of his master. His successor was less fastidious; and the picture, after being engraved, has been carefully preserved ever since. There is likewise in the same place an excellent full-length portrait of Sirjah u Dowlah, in whose countenance there is much of lofty mind and high command.

Two old palaces, one the Houssam Bagh, and another of which I have forgot the name, the residence of Saadut Allee's Begum and Zenanah, form interesting objects in the course of a ride from the residency to the old bridge, which is itself a fine structure: there are attached to these a suite of apartments, with a Baruh Durree, and a large set of baths, remarkable for being built of stone, instead of brick, like every other edifice in Lucnow. The baths are handsomely ornamented with mosaic work or marble, and the floor of one is laid of red porphyry; the whole, however, is in a sad state of disrepair.

The masses of remarkable buildings in this part of the town, with their groups of gilt cupolas, lofty minarets, and mosques perched on commanding eminences, form a succession of views extremely imposing and characteristic; nor is that which is obtained from the top of the bridge less striking, when the eye wanders over the same maze of Saracenic domes and turrets reflected tremblingly in the slow majestic current of the river, till it rests upon the long range and arcaded walls of the Dowlut Khaneh. In truth, the cluster of buildings, of which we have now to speak, are of themselves sufficient to rivet all the attention of a stranger possessed of any taste. These consist of the Great Mosque, the Imaum Baruh, and the Chaudnee Chowk, with the Roomee Durwazeh. The mosque is of great size, adorned with three domes, and two lofty minarets of a light and elegant model, and built upon a raised terrace, so that the elevation of the court before it is much greater than that of the external ground. Close to it is the Imaum Baruh, erected upon the same terrace, and containing a prodigious arcaded hall, constructed without a bit of wood, in which the inhabitants of the Mahomedan faith celebrate the Mohurram: the tombs of Asoph u Dowlah and his Begum are in this place, still unfinished, but covered with rich brocaded cloth; incense and perfumes are constantly burnt before them, and many persons are as continually kept reading the Koran in the apartment near them. The Chaudnee Chowk is a broad market-place of considerable size, in which are erected booths for the sale of goods, and having at each end a lofty gateway, that to the West being built after the model of one at Constantinople, from whence it has obtained the name of Roomee Durwazeh: it is indeed a singularly rich and unique piece of architecture. The chief entrance to the great mosque is on the Southern side of this Chowk, a magnificent archway in a lofty screen with an extent of arcaded wall, and octagonal towers at either side. Opposite, to the North, a similar blind archway and wall answers to that, and completes the uniformity. The whole of these buildings are decorated with a profusion of gilt domes, turrets, cupolas, balustrades, and similar ornaments, producing an effect of richness and magnificence resembling that experienced on looking at a fine specimen of the florid Gothic, mixed with the more fanciful Saracenic style; and they compose a group, which for taste, as well as magnitude, can be equalled by few, if any modern works of the kind in India.

The late Nawaub, who resided chiefly in the more modern palaces built by himself, took great pains in laying out the quarter of the town nearest to them with regularity and beauty. He built a long street, extending in a straight line, for a considerable way, along the inclosure of his palace, having rows of small shops on each side for a certain dis-

tance, and being divided into compartments, at intervals, by arched gateways. It is also bordered by many respectable buildings, chiefly connected with the palace or with government, as stables for elephants and camels, the riding-school, and still further on by houses built in the English style, many of which are inhabited by English gentlemen in the service of his Majesty; so that this part of the town has assumed a symmetrical appearance quite unusual to a Native city. This road is further continued to the palaces of Delgousha and Constantia.

Delgousha, or "*the heart expanding*," is one of the king's numerous country-houses, surrounded by a large park, in imitation of an English place. The house is large and well situated, near the river, and contains several good rooms, ornamented with rich furniture, and a profusion of pictures and engravings, some of which, and particularly the former, are by no means indifferent; but they are hung ill, and so high that they cannot be viewed with any comfort. The park possesses a pleasant variety of ground, and is well stocked with deer, antelopes, peacocks, partridge, and quail.

Constantia is a curiosity in its kind, perhaps as great as any in Lucnow: it was built by General Martine, a French gentleman in the service of the late Nawaub, and his predecessor Asoph u Dowlah.

Martine was a native of Lyons, and came to India as a private soldier, where he served under Count Lally, and from his own activity and merit, advanced rapidly to a considerable rank; but having been disgusted or alarmed at certain threats which his commander let fall in the course of a negotiation entrusted by him to Martine once during the siege of Pondicherry, he took the earliest opportunity of making his escape and throwing himself on the protection of Sir Eyre Coote, who, doubtless glad to obtain the services and information of a man who had been very confidentially employed by his enemy, received him with distinction, and soon procured him a commission in the English army, in which he rose rapidly to the rank of captain; after which his brevet rank was by special favour permitted to go on till he reached that of major-general.

He accompanied Sir Eyre Coote to Lucnow, where he soon was established in the service of Asoph u Dowlah; and being a very ingenious mechanic, as well as an excellent surveyor and general engineer, he made himself so useful to that prince, that he could do nothing without his assistance, and in a comparatively short time he accumulated a prodigious fortune. Among the last of his undertakings was the building of Constantia, which was a speculation (like most things he did) in the hope of effecting a sale of it at a great profit to Saadut Allee. The place perhaps did not, under Martine's superintendence, cost above four lacs of rupees, but he demanded twelve as its price; which was refused, and the old man was so indignant at what he termed the meanness of the Nawaub, that he swore it never should be an habitation for him, and gave directions that when he himself died, his remains should be deposited within it, thus converting it into a tomb, which alone would prevent any Mahometan from occupying it as a dwelling.

It soon became necessary to obey these directions: the general only lived to see his future tomb completed; he breakfasted in it one day only, I believe, and was never after able to enter it. He died, and lies embalm'd in a vault which he had constructed: it is said to contain

specie. Lights are continually kept burning there, and two statues representing grenadiers, one at the head and one at the foot of the tomb, lean with their cheeks reclining upon the butts of their reversed muskets.

Martine was possessed of a very active and enterprising genius, and a strong and liberal mind ; if we are to credit report, he was far from narrow or avaricious, although he accumulated immense wealth. He traded and speculated in every possible way, but with so much judgment and knowledge of his subject, that he seldom failed of success. He was perfect master of the nature and rates of exchanges throughout the country, and united in large transactions of that description the shroffs and moneyed men in various quarters. He was an excellent judge of jewels ; and extraordinary stories are related of the sagacity he displayed in his dealings in this line, and the great profits he acquired by them. There was nothing he failed of turning to account ; and he was wont himself to declare, that were he turned adrift on the world without a shilling at the age of sixty, he would not despair of dying rich, if it pleased God to prolong his life to the usual age of man.

Neither the amount nor disposition of his wealth, I believe, is accurately known ; the former was, however, certainly very great, and the latter partook a good deal of the eccentricity of the owner's character. About fifty thousand pounds were left to his native city ; and he directed that the house of Constantia should be kept continually in repair, and that such strangers as should arrive at Lucnow unprovided with other quarters, should have the option of residing there for one month ; or longer if not claimed by fresh arrivals. For this purpose, thirty thousand rupees annually are appropriated, and the expenditure of them was entrusted to a person of Portuguese family in the king's service. Martine left one son, born of a Native woman, to whom, though I never heard any thing amiss suspected, his father, by some strange inconsistency, left but the paltry allowance of one hundred rupees a month.

Constantia is a vast pile, situated on the banks of the Ghoomtee, overlooking a rich well-cultivated country, and in an extensive inclosure, well wooded with mango and other fruit-trees. Upon the portico of entrance may be seen the motto of the General, "*Putrentia et Constantia*," to the spirit of which he fully conformed in his life. The building consists of a main body, and two wings rising in many stories of very fanciful architecture to a great height, and diminishing gradually to a fantastic look-out, resembling, at a distance, the crownlike steeples of some old churches, upon which is erected a flag-staff. The walls of the wings, and of each story in the main building, are balustraded, and surmounted with gigantic statues representing human beings and animals, in such multitudes that they appear to cover the whole upper part of the building with a fringe of filagree work, and thus produce a very singular effect. These statues, cast in clay, and painted, mimic almost every living thing to be found on earth. Among them may be discovered copies of the most celebrated statues of antiquity, figures of men and women in the costumes of almost every country, with birds and animals of all sorts : and the arrangement of them is at least as *bizarre* as the quantity is confounding. A *Venus de Medicis*, an *Antinous*, or a *Mercury*, may be seen close to a Dutch dairy-maid churning butter, a burgomaster, or a Swiss peasant, or a French

petit-maitre, exchanging civilities with a Chinese mandarin, or a solemn brahmin. Yet the effect, though ludicrous, is not so offensive as might be supposed. Grandeur is indeed lost, but amusement and interest remain. It is after the rainy season that these groups cut an unhappy figure: the materials of which they are composed not being of a description to support moisture, they become miserably injured; legs, arms, and heads drop off, the paint is washed away, and the whole assumes a very curious appearance; until the annual repairs take place, after which the statues recover their lost limbs, and the mansion resumes its gay dress.

The ground-floor of this building is calculated for coolness; the apartments are lofty and spacious; the floor is of marble; the high vaulted roof is fretted and adorned with cameo medallions, of white upon a blue ground: the walls are adorned with gold and silver work, mingled with various colours, in a rich and fanciful though somewhat tawdry style. There seems no end to the succession of chambers, small and great, of every form, and as variously fitted up, some with orchestra as for musicians, others with galleries all round. The second story is less lofty, but contains several apartments fitted up with fireplaces or stoves for the cold season, and more calculated for comfort; the major part is, however, divided into a wonderful number of multiform chambers, communicating with each other in extraordinary ways; and all carved, fretted, and painted like those below. The third story is in the same taste, but contains fewer rooms; and a succession of narrow staircases and ladders lead first to the balconies and terraced roofs, and thence to the lofty look-out above all.

The whole building is calculated to facilitate defence, and prevent surprises in case of attack in an insecure country, without carrying the appearance of a formal fortification: it is fire-proof, not having a piece of wood used in its whole construction; the roofs are all vaulted, and the doors and window-shutters are of iron. There is no grand staircase; a defect both in appearance and in convenience; but a vast additional means of security, for, the only means of communication between the stories being by narrow spiral staircases, a single man could defend them against an army. Many of the passages from one apartment to another have been made thus poor and narrow upon the same principle; and there are multitudes of secret places for concealment, formed in the thickness of the walls and in the corners of the house. It is indeed a place quite unique in its kind, and the grounds, considering the country, are almost as singularly laid out. A large garden in the old French taste, divided into numerous alleys, bordered with trees cut into various fantastic forms, stretches behind it; while in front has been excavated a large oval tank, in the centre of which rises a pillar more than one hundred feet in height, erected by direction and according to the plan left by the late General Martine, which serves as his monument.



## LONDON LYRICS.

*Christmas out of Town.*

FOR many a winter in Billiter-lane  
 My wife, Mrs. Brown, was not heard to complain;  
 At Christmas the family met there to dine  
 On beef and plum-pudding, and turkey and chine.  
 Our bark has now taken a contrary heel,  
 My wife has found out that the sea is genteel,  
 To Brighton we duly go scampering down,  
 For nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

Our register-stoves, and our crimson-baized doors,  
 Our weather-proof walls, and our carpeted floors,  
 Our casements well fitted to stem the North wind,  
 Our arm-chair and sofa are all left behind.  
 We lodge on the Steine, in a bow-window'd box,  
 That beckons up-stairs every Zephyr that knocks;  
 The sun hides his head and the elements frown,—  
 But nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

In Billiter-lane, at this mirth-moving time,  
 The lamplighter brought us his annual rhyme,  
 The tricks of Grimaldi were sure to be seen,  
 We carved a twelfth cake, and we drew king and queen;  
 These pastimes gave oil to Time's round-about wheel,  
 Before we began to be growing genteel:  
 'Twas all very well for a cockney or clown,  
 But nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

At Brighton I 'm stuck up in Donaldson's shop,  
 Or walk upon bricks, till I 'm ready to drop;  
 Throw stones at an anchor, look out for a skiff,  
 Or view the Chain-pier from the top of the cliff.  
 Till winds from all quarters oblige me to halt,  
 With an eye full of sand, and a mouth full of salt.  
 Yet still I am suffering with folks of renown,  
 For nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

In gallop the winds, at the full of the moon,  
 And puff up my carpet like Sadler's balloon;  
 My drawing-room rug is besprinkled with soot,  
 And there is n't a lock in the house that will shut.  
 At Mahomet's steam-bath I lean on my cane,  
 And murmur in secret—"Ah, Billiter-lane!"  
 But would not express what I think for a crown,  
 For nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

The Duke and the Earl are no cronies of mine,  
 His Majesty never invites me to dine;  
 The Marquess won't speak, when we meet on the pier,  
 Which makes me suspect that I'm *nobody* here.  
 If that be the case, why then welcome again  
 Twelfth-cake and snap-dragon in Billiter-lane.  
 Next winter I'll prove to my dear Mrs. Brown,  
 That *Nobody* now spends his Christmas in Town.

## INSUBORDINATION OF MODERN STOMACHS.

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,  
 Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye  
 When capital crimes, chewed, swallow'd and digested,  
 Appear ? SHAKESPEARE.

"SIR," said Dr. Longwind, beginning one of his usual periods with more than his customary pomposity, "No one can develop the inscrutable affinities which connect the moral and physical world, occasioning them perpetually to act and re-act upon one another: how do you explain, you who pretend to explain every thing, the mysterious union of mind and matter, whereby ——" "That is a matter which I have no mind to investigate," cried Mr. Snapton, interrupting him, "though I have no objection to attempt it, if you will expound the connexion between volition and muscular action, and tell me why, if I had a wish to tweak you by the nose, my finger and thumb would instantly prepare themselves for the execution of my purpose."—"Sir!" exclaimed the Doctor, drawing back his nose to a safe distance, "this is an illustration which I do not understand." "If I am only to talk of what you understand," cried Mr. Snapton tartly, "I shall not often be reproached with loquacity."—"Sir," resumed the Doctor, bristling with offended dignity, "your observation is rude without being witty."—"Then it has nothing but its truth to distinguish it from yours," retorted Mr. Snapton.

Now came the supercilious leer,  
 The scornful gibe, the taunting jeer,  
 The bitter bickering and wrangle,  
 Of those fierce casuists, who since  
 They cannot conquer or convince,  
 Resolve at least to tease and mangle,  
 Solving deep points of all complexions  
 By dogmatizing interjections,  
 Such as Psha! Stuff and nonsense! Pooh!  
 Why zooks! I say it isn't so.  
 "You set the matter right? what you?"  
 "Sir, you'll confess I ought to know."  
 "You ought," the other cries, "I own't;  
 The more's the wonder that you don't."  
 "Good Heavens! I really haven't patience  
 To see how soon, on such occasions,  
 Some folks forget all moderation,  
 And talk themselves into a passion."

\* Without participating in the irritable Mr. Snapton's amazement, we may be allowed to remark, that there is a more intimate sympathy between body and mind than is generally apprehended, and that our pathologists might do more good, in some instances, by considering the mental than the corporeal pulsations. We know that an impression received through the eye, may occasion such a sudden nausea as to reverse the whole economy of nature; but we do not sufficiently consider that the system may be equally deranged, without the external interference of the senses, by the invisible operation of the mind. This effect will of course be more sensibly felt in the immediate head-quarters of the intellectual faculty, than in the remoter parts; and in order that we may direct our attention to the proper region, it is necessary

to apprise our physiological readers, and the medical world in general, that the stomach, and not the head, is unquestionably the seat of thought in the human subject. Whatever may be our merit in having confirmed this fact, we do not by any means claim it as a discovery. Buffon long ago asserted the same thing, Persius had already dubbed the stomach a master of arts, and in spite of the craniologists, who look for the developement of the disposition in bumps upon the skull, and of the physiognomists, who seek the same thing in the visage, it is observable that in our proverbs and colloquial phrases, which may be termed the concentrated wisdom of nations, the defrauded stomach asserts its superiority, and is universally treated as the depository of reason and our intellectual citadel. What should we say of a people who should establish their capital upon an extreme frontier, instead of the centre and heart of the country, and why should we suppose nature to be less provident in this respect than men? We admit all the affections of our nature to emanate from the heart, which is coming very near to the stomach, and consequently to the truth; while we absurdly give the head credit for the higher exercises of an intellectual faculty, which we do not by any means admit in our vulgar parlance. The truth of the phrase may, perhaps, be hardly deemed a sufficient excuse for its coarseness when the common people familiarly say of a stupid fellow, that he has "no guts in his brains," yet it may be defended as a shrewd, sound, and pertinent expression, spite of its cacophony to fastidious ears polite. Nay, do not they who even affect purism in their discourse, almost unconsciously assign all our emotions to the intestinal region, when they habitually say of a coward, that he has no stomach for fighting, and of themselves when any thing lingers unpleasantly in their recollection, that it sticks in their stomach? and have they not warrant of authority from our best authors for making this important ventricle the organ of almost every human affection? Spenser could even read the expression of a man's stomach in his face—"Stern was his look, and full of stomach;" Shakspeare, wishing to give an idea of Wolsey's ambitious mind, tells us that he was a man "of an unbounded stomach;" and speaking elsewhere of two pugnacious adversaries, he exclaims, "High-stomach'd are they both and full of ire," whence in all probability arose our term of belly-gerent powers, applied to parties in a state of hostility. Butler talks of the trumpet and drum, "That makes the warrior's stomach come," thus using the word as synonymous with courage; and, in this figurative sense, it is obvious that the sick Hibernian perpetrated no bull when he consented to have a blister put upon his back, although, as he said, "it went quite against his stomach."

Do we not currently say of a person deficient in compassion, that he has no bowels? and when we sympathise with others in distress, is it not customary to make use of a very sensible phrase, and exclaim that our bowels yearn towards them? When we have laid our spirit in the Red Sea, or, in other words, when we have drowned our stomach, and consequently our reason, in Burgundy, we adapt ourselves to a vulgar error, and declare that the wine has got up into our heads, whereas it is notorious that it has gone down into the intestines. Such are the absurdities to which we are driven in our attempts to bolster up a preposterous and untenable system. In the good old republican times of Rome, we know that the limbs rebelled against the belly, which

they could not have done, had not the latter been considered the head ; and we are moreover told in history, that Menenius Agrippa appeased an insurrection of the populace, simply by reminding them that the senate was as much entitled to their obedience, as was the stomach to the implicit subserviency of all the members, including the head :—Happy the people who listen with such reverence to the dictates of the digestive ventricle !

But we have still higher authority for the opinions of the ancient nations upon this subject, some of whom seem to have invested it with divine honours, Philip expressly asserting, "There are many whose god is their belly." If we search the Jewish Proverbs again for the popular opinion as to the seat of the soul, we shall find it distinctly indicated in the following passage: "The words of a tale-bearer go down into the innermost parts of the belly, and wound the very bottom of the soul;" and in another place, "Preserve the lessons of wisdom; if thou keep it within thy belly, in thine heart, it will not break out upon thy lips."—Many people, perhaps, are not aware that they have a sort of Boa Constrictor within them, the great alimentary canal being generally six times the length of the body to which it appertains, though it always lies coiled up like a serpent; and if we reflect that the reptile which it so closely resembles, was in ancient times the great type of wisdom and subtlety as well as of eternity, we shall be the less surprised that they sagaciously domiciliated the soul in this snake-like intestine. With what contradictory reluctance do we moderns, affording justice by halves, make the stomach responsible for our melancholy thoughts, while all our "nimble, fiery and delectable shapes," must forsooth be emanations from the skull, a body in its very nature bulbous, inert, opaque. Heavens! what heaped-up libels are thrown upon the spleen, one of the most innocent of our viscera! for what fantastic and yet melancholy capriccios is it not indicted; Pope himself, no very credulous personage, not hesitating to accuse it of converting men into talkative goose pies, and maidens into bottles! And thou too, recipient of the liver, much-injured Hypochondre! have not maligners charged thee with gloom, wretchedness, horror, and every atrabilarious enormity with which we are afflicted, even up to madness itself, as if the stomach could deprive us of reason, without having the power to confer it? What infatuation possesses us? When we are deficient in virtuous courage we arraign our intestines, accusing ourselves of being lily or pigeon-livered and lacking gall; an insult sticks in our gizzard; we speak of learning as the food of the mind, of pedants who have swallowed more reading than they can digest; and although no metaphor can make the fumes of water mount into the head, we talk of a poet who has once tasted the Pierian spring, as having his imaginative faculty instantly inspired. We attribute to the stomach, in short, all the functions of the soul, and yet deny its residence where these its magisterial powers are perpetually exercised. Verily we are a fantastical generation:

Having, as we flatter ourselves, satisfactorily restored this demented ventricle to its due honours, we shall have the less to say upon the insubordination of modern stomachs, because it is to be feared there are very few of our readers sufficiently ventripotent to deny the fact. Our cannivorous ancestors, fearless of bile and defying indigestion,

made every thing disappear before them; the coats of their stomach were dreadnoughts, they had nothing to do but enact the words of the song which we can only quote, and "Masticate, denticate, chump, grind, and swallow," while victuals could be found and jaws would wag. How have we fallen off from the sprightly appetite and loyal viscera of the Emperor Clodius Albinus, who would swallow for his breakfast 500 figs, 100 peaches, 10 melons, 20 pounds weight of grapes, 100 gnat-snappers and 400 oysters—a meal which moveth Lipsius irreverently to ejaculate, "Fie upon him; God keep such a curse from the earth!" Our Danish Sovereign Hardiknute was so indiscriminate a gormandizer, that he was called by an historian *Bocca di Porco*, or swine's mouth; and our records are by no means deficient in instances of men to whom a similar compliment might justly be applied. But we pigmy-boweled performers of the present day are a squeamish and qualmy race, living in perpetual terror of the tyrant Bile, and in subjection to the night-mare Indigestion; poring over Peptic Precepts, Cook's Oracles, Accum's Poison in the pot, and Philip's Treatise on the Stomach, and yet after all unable to bring that eternal focus of revolt and disorder, that Ireland of our bodily system, into the peaceful performance of its peristaltic duties. Stomach-*ichs* for stomach-*aches* are by no means lacking: calomel we gulp in all its manifold modifications; and pills of all calibres and constructions, like so many balls and bullets, do we fire in successive volleys against our mutinous viscera, but all in vain. They "bear a charmed life;" the curse of the serpent is upon us, and all our miseries are condemned to go upon the stomach. Sir John Barleycorn, the liege lord of our sturdy progenitors, is proscribed and excommunicated by our modern anti-bilious doctors; one forbids solids, another liquids; fish, flesh, and fowl, are alternately under ban and prohibition; this sends us to Cheltenham, that to Harrogate, a third to Tunbridge; we pay all and obey all, and finally all return as bilious, blue-pillish, and blue-devilish as ever, while the birds and beasts that surround us are most provokingly gormandizing without the smallest necessity for calling in Abernethy, or consulting Wilson Philip. Ostriches, since that celebrated one of old who swallowed the key of the cellar, continue their ferruginorous propensities with impunity; fowls, for the purpose of triturating their food, swallow and digest small flints, which Mr. Macadam should look to, if, as it is rumoured, his pounding process is to be introduced in the Poultry; and Cormorants will swallow half a dozen times their own weight in a day without the aid of Lady de Crespigny's dinner-pills. It is really too much that we should be at the same moment half choked with bile, and ready to burst with envy.

And what is the hidden cause of this recent change in our system, of this inappeasable spirit of rebellion in our intestines? This is the question we must previously decide if we would apply an efficient remedy to the disease. Some have attributed it to the great increase of riches and consequent diffusion of luxury, whereby indolence of limbs and activity of jaws, perilous concomitants for the health, have been united in a greater number of individuals than formerly; some to the villainous adulteration of all our victuals; some to the lateness of our dinner-hours, whence the alimentary region is alternately irritated by inanition, and burthened with over-repletion. Shrewd and plausible surmises are these, perhaps true to a limited and subsidiary extent, but

still far from embracing the paramount cause of the evil. No; if we would fathom this mystery to the bottom, we must bear in mind what has been already so happily established—*videlicet*, that the stomach is the seat of thought; and if we only allow it the same power of sympathy as the rest of our system is known to possess, we shall be instantly furnished with a clue to the whole enigma. If we can tell from the odour or discoloration of a vessel what liquor it has contained; if the face of man is so modulated by his spirit as to become the index of his soul; if the inspirer, in short, invariably stamps its character upon the organ, we have only to inquire the mental peculiarity of the age, in order to know with certainty its effect upon the stomach, which is the seat of the mind. And what is the predominant passion of modern times, but rebellion, revolution, Radicalism, Carbonarism, and moral disorder, whence by sympathy we have the physical riots of bile, liver-complaints, sourness, grumbling in the gizzard, rejection of legitimate food, vomitings, nausea, stubbornness, and in one word Insubordination of the stomach? How can we have intestine commotions in our provinces without expecting them in our bowels? or hold ourselves entitled to digest our food, when we are daily violating some digest of political law? This is the secret of all our visceral derangements, from dysentery to constipation, from the pericardium to the peritonæum; and having pointed out the real seat and cause of the evil, we will not travel beyond our province, but leave to others the suggestion of the proper remedy. To us it appears a case that may especially come within the jurisdiction of the Constitutional Society, for the preservation of our bodily is surely not less important than that of our political constitution; and as our stomachs have manifestly been disordered by the action of our minds, so may our diseased minds be best medicated by re-action of the viscera. The Society has long gone against the stomach of the nation; and if they wish to take their revenge, at the same time that they render themselves really useful, they should henceforward go against the nation's stomach.

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TO ANNE.

THIS scene, fair Anne, this starry hour,  
Are like our loves should always be:  
The moonbeam seeks the fairest flower  
To smile upon—and smiles on thee.  
Thy clouds, that dimm'd the day, have ceased  
To veil yon brilliant, azure sky;  
Showing that Nature owns, at least,  
One tint that emulates thine eye.  
The Zephyr's breath, so like thine own  
In rosy sweetness, leaves its fair  
And limid aspen-leaf alone,  
To wanton 'mid thy lighter hair.  
The dews that on the hare-bells seen  
Like tears bedimmed Beauty's eyes,  
Beneath thy step no longer gleam,  
For, thou appearing, sorrow dies!  
Calm as thyself is all below,  
Pure as thyself is all above,  
Dear as thyself the world seems now,  
For all's like thee—and all in love!

C. L.

## LETTERS FROM THE EAST.—NO. XI.

*Alexandria.*

At an early hour on the following day, we quitted this Arab camp. The wilderness through which we travelled, afforded a variety of romantic scenes. In a few hours we came to a long and steep defile, and soon afterwards reached a well, the only one in the surrounding region: it was in the sand, and a flight of steps descended to it. The Arabs stopped to give their camels water here, and said we should soon be at their camp. It was near mid-day when we arrived at it. It consisted of fourteen tents ranged in a line, the chief's being at the end; he gave us the tent adjoining his own, and we took possession of our new abode. All these tents had only three sides, were flat at top, and quite open in front. Each contained a family, by whom these wanderers were received with joy; indeed they seemed to feel that they were now at their own home and their own threshold. But such a home as that Arab camp was, has probably been but rarely seen; it was a perfect prison of nature, and stood in the midst of a naked valley of white sand, about three hundred yards broad and a mile in length, and was inclosed on every side by black and lofty precipices: we had entered it by a winding and narrow defile, and it appeared to have no outlet. It was useless for our captors to keep a strict eye over our motions, as they had hitherto done, for every attempt at escape would have been in vain. They gave us some bread and dates for dinner, and we then strove to amuse ourselves as well as we could. But so destitute was this place of all resources, either for the imagination or the senses, and so dreary was its aspect, that our spirits sunk involuntarily, and the hours passed most heavily along.

Could the eye but have rested on one cheering object, a spot of verdure or shade, even a lonely palm-tree, there would have been something to have solaced our tedium; but from morning till night nothing was to be seen but the precipices and the bright sand, on which the sun glared so fiercely, that it was often painful to gaze upon. The other sheiks now parted from Hassan, and went to their homes. In the evening we sat round the fire at the door of our tent, drank coffee, and smoked a pipe to pass the time, and the Arabs sometimes joined us. The hatred these people bear to the monks is excessive; they made use of every oath in their language when abusing them, and a chief took a piece of brown bread from his vest and held it up—"Is this good," said he, "for us to eat, while in the convent they have it so white?" The sons of devils and of perdition, they declared, should not be feasting within their walls in that manner. Another cause of their hatred was the Book of Might, which they protested and believed the priests kept in the convent, and buried it for the greater part of the year in the earth. They said this book had power, whenever it was opened and exposed to the air, to bring rain upon the earth, so that their hearts were made glad, and their deserts refreshed. But the priests, out of the malice they bore to the Arabs, kept it in general buried deep; in consequence they were seldom blessed with any rain. The ignorance of these Bedouins was very great; they professed to be Mohammedans, but they never made use of prayer, nor was the least appearance of devotion ever

observable amongst them. Even in this secluded spot so inveterate is the force of habit, that the Arab women, whenever they made their appearance, had their faces closely veiled. Hassan had two wives, Amna and Mirrha, the one young and the other elderly, and we often heard their voices in the adjoining tent; sometimes they appeared to be in altercation, from the shrill and scolding tone of the senior bride. To vary the scene, I sometimes climbed up the rocks, and sat for hours, but the view was bounded by the narrow glen beneath, and the precipices above, behind which the sun sunk at an early hour; and when the gloom of evening fell, and the air became chill, we were glad to assemble in our tent round a fire. It is said that men in a state of extreme hunger often dream of banquets and tables of luxury:—the imagination was here perpetually wandering to scenes of verdure and loveliness; often Crusoe's lonely island floated before me, and groves of orange-trees, sweet fountains, and banks of perfume, became almost embodied in this scene of desolation. There was no water nearer to the camp than the well at which we stopped on our approach, and the camels were sent there every day. No situation could be better adapted to the Bedouins than this: it was scarcely possible for a stranger to discover it, and it was still more difficult to attack it. Yet their condition possessed few things to attach them to it, save its unbounded liberty: surrounded by lands of despotism, they were beyond the reach of power or pursuit, and might truly call these wild and waste regions their own.

In appearance these men were light and active, though very slender, and had all of them expressive dark eyes and beautiful teeth. The quantity of food they consumed was excessively small, little else than coarse cake baked in the embers, and a little coffee twice a day. They were not very cleanly in their way of eating; for their favourite dish, of which they invited us to partake, consisted of a number of warm cakes, broken up into a large wooden vessel, a quantity of warm water was then poured on them, and, some fat being also mixed, the whole was stirred well with the hand; and then the Arabs formed in a circle round the dish, and plunged their dark hands promiscuously into it. After they had devoured about half the contents, they rose, and another circle took their place and finished them. One evening, however, they killed a goat, which they procured from the mountains, for our supper, and we formed in a large party about it; and though the pieces of meat and bones into which the poor animal was dissected, were by no means sightly or delicate, the whole was devoured without ceremony. These people appeared to live on the most kind and amicable terms with each other, as if they formed but one large family. But the silence of the camp was very oppressive, the human voice was not often heard, and the tread of the foot was scarcely distinguishable on the soft sand. The women sometimes passed the door of our abode, but they dared not stop even to gaze. One evening, as we were sitting in the tent and engaged in conversation, the curtain of Hassan's tent was slowly lifted up behind, and a dark hand, the wrist loaded with massive bracelets of silver and horn, made its appearance, and, soon after, the countenance of the young wife of Hassan. The girl gazed earnestly at the Christians, of whose nation she had probably never seen one before, and then pointed expressively to her eyes, and waved her hand to and fro; she



imagined, no doubt, we were hakims or physicians, as the Arabs think every Christian is; and her eyes had been evidently injured, perhaps by the glare of the sunbeams on the sands. Mr. C. however, who had some knowledge of medicine, shook his head at the idea of meddling with the eyes of an Arab beauty; she looked very disappointed, but, the voice of Hassan being heard at no great distance, the curtain was instantly dropped, and she disappeared. Several times this interview was repeated: one or two parts of our dress attracted her extreme curiosity, particularly the frill of a shirt, which she pulled towards her dark eyes and examined minutely, and spoke earnestly in a tone of intreaty, and thinking it was removeable, strove to retain it; but the chief was at a distance on these occasions, or else his jealousy would have been excited.

Of all the evils that ever befel mankind, the confusion of tongues was surely one of the worst: it would have been a luxury to have been able to hold converse with this poor Arab bride, whose knowledge of the world was probably bounded by the rocks around the solitary encampment. But our companion's knowledge of Arabic was of little use on this occasion, as he stood in that singular apprehension of women, or of the consequences resulting from their presence here, that the moment the girl put her head into the tent, he fled over the sand as if pursued by a wild beast.

But our captivity was soon to be put an end to, and that by a singular and unexpected circumstance. In passing through Suez, we had an audience of the governor, and Ibrahim, a young Arab chief, had seen that we were courteously received: he was unwell, and begged some medicine, which Mr. C. gave him, and it proved of great benefit. One day, Mr. W. had strolled to the other end of the camp, and was astonished to meet with Ibrahim, who, travelling through the desert, had chanced to stop for a short time at this spot. The young man instantly inquired what could possibly have brought us there, and Mr. W. informed him of all the circumstances of our detention, at which he expressed great indignation, and the other offered him a present of some money on our joint account, if he would endeavour to procure our liberation. The prospect of the reward, and the gratitude which he really felt for the kindness shewn him at Suez, both conspired to induce him to use every effort to this end. He mounted his camel, and, though it was night, instantly rode off to the residence of his brother Saléh, who was the superior chief in the whole territory. Early the next morning, Saléh arrived in company with Ibrahim; and having sent word to the surrounding parts in the course of the day, above thirty sheiks had arrived in the camp, being an assembly, as Ibrahim expressed it in his Oriental style, of "all the great, the wise, and the glorious."

Their consultations now began; and it was very interesting to see them formed in a large circle on the sand, debating on the subject of our liberation: many of them were venerable men, with long beards descending on their breast. The dispute sometimes grew warm, and was accompanied with vehement action. Saléh, who was a man of mild and dignified aspect, had great influence over them: he was employed and trusted on some occasions by Mahmoud Ali, and was resolved we

should be set at liberty; and all the chiefs, except the tribe of Hassan, seconded his opinion. "I know well," said Saléh, "that the English are favoured by the Pacha; their Consul is his friend: and when he hears that you have taken some of this nation prisoners, he will send Turkish soldiers to attack your camp, and either put you to death or carry you and your families captives to Cairo." This chief spoke little, but seemed to listen attentively to the debates of the others, several of whom sometimes spoke at once in a loud tone of voice, at other times the whole listened with deep attention to the discourse of one of their number. During the heat of the day they assembled in a large tent, and formed two long rows, at the head of which one of the sheiks presided. For a long time Hassan and his people sullenly refused to consent to set us free; and it was not till the evening of the second day that they were obliged to accede, and we were informed that on the following morning we were to depart. It was delightful news to us. The sheiks seated themselves at the door of our tent at night, and we sipped our coffee, smoked, and conversed in good fellowship. The chiefs then mounted their camels, and departed. Ibrahim, our friend, lingered behind the others. The scene was now entirely changed; and we felt how much sweeter it is to have a little power than to be subject to that of others. Before their departure, the superior sheik requested us to write a letter to Cairo to the authorities, and to say, that whereas some persons, void of understanding, had taken us prisoners, the chief Saléh was resolved to have them punished. This, most probably, would never be done; or, at least, only on the young Arab who was about to give one of us the contents of his pistol at our first meeting them, and who was angrily menaced by Saléh. On the afternoon of the following day we left the camp, well mounted and attended; for Hassan, passing from one extreme to another, now resolved to conduct us himself to Cairo with his own camels and some of his people. We had not travelled many hours ere we arrived at a tent or two of a friend of the chief's, with whom we were to pass the night. Having supped, one or two songs were sung by the Arabs, and the evening passed pleasantly.

Franco had now joined us; and being relieved from all his fears, besides being refreshed by a good supper, commenced his German psalmody with great fervor, but was soon compelled to stop by the Arabs, who never could abide the music of his voice.

It was useless now to think of returning to Mount Sinai, as we must have retraced our steps again; so we resolved to proceed direct to Cairo. These Arabs sell their camels occasionally, and purchase corn and coffee at a cheap rate in Egypt. By their use of the brandy and sugar in our possession when they met with us, they would consume those articles with avidity, could they have them; but tea they disliked extremely. The camel of Hassan was a fine animal, much superior to any of the others. One day that Hassan was mounted on another camel, he was run off with over the desert at full speed, as far nearly as the eye could reach; and though a very strong man, he could not stop the animal. The only way on these occasions is to pass the bridle tightly over the nose, which instantly arrests their speed. On all occasions where swiftness is required, the dromedary is used, and very frequently

by the Tartar messengers, who will travel night and day with incredible diligence. In three days, travelling slowly, we reached the shores of the Red Sea: it is here a fine sheet of water, about ten miles broad. This is the place where the Israelites are supposed to have crossed. Directly opposite on the other side, the mountains, which above and below form a continued range, are divided; and, sloping gently down, leave a space or valley of about six miles broad, through which the Israelites passed on their way from Pihahiroth. Near the spot where we were, are the hot springs; they are several in number, and are warm enough to boil an egg in a few minutes. Our provisions had fallen very short; and two birds having lighted not far off, one of the Arabs shot them both at one fire with his matchlock gun, and Franco undertook to make a savoury stew of them; but, to our great disappointment, they had a flavour of carrion, and we were obliged to yield them up to Franco, who dispatched them both with considerable *gout*. A good part of next day we passed in the small valley of Hirondel, covered with stunted palm-trees, amongst which, and on the sand, a number of locusts were flying about. They were nearly as long as one's finger, very like a grasshopper, and of a light red colour. Michell joined us here with our effects from the convent, having quite recovered from his fever. The superior, who had bitterly bewailed our misfortune, exclaiming that no travellers would come again to the convent, if they were thus exposed to the rapacity of the Arabs, had spent several hours in his chamber every day during his illness, conversing with great avidity on the affairs of Grece. His solitude had not deadened his interest in the concerns of the world, with which he appeared to be well acquainted; and his manners shewed that he had not always led a monastic life.

Departing for Suez, we fell in at night with a small caravan; and, a number of large fires being lighted, we passed the night together, and supped on a small deer or antelope, which had been shot by one of the Arabs.

The next day we met with a small party returning from a pilgrimage to Mecca: they had travelled an immense distance. A Turk, the best-dressed of them, was seated in a houda. This is a light frame of wood, fixed on the back of a camel, with a seat on each side, and is a very easy and indolent mode of travelling. This Turk appeared to have been comforting himself in the howling wilderness with forbidden things, as we thought he was rather tipsy; but let not such a thing be lightly believed against one of the faithful, as it is certainly rare among them; though we afterwards met and dined with a rich Islamite merchant, who, if asked to drink wine, would be displeased at the mention of such a liquor, denied even to the Prophet; but when it was presented to him as rosolio, the name of a sweet cordial, he took off a large bumper with great heartiness.

In two days more we arrived at Suez, and again received a kind welcome from the Consul; and his good wine and dinner of Eastern dishes appeared uncommon luxuries to us, after such extreme privation. It being low water on our approaching Suez, we had forded the Red Sea on the camel's back about a mile above the town. The day after our capture by the Arabs, my servant had sent a camel from the con-

vent to Cairo with intelligence of the circumstance ; and the Consul being at Alexandria, as also was the Pacha, his secretary informed the Kiaya Bey, the chief officer of the latter, of the circumstance, and an order was instantly sent to the governor of Suez to dispatch some of his troops to the Arab camp, to attack it and bring the Arabs prisoners, with ourselves, to Cairo. Our liberation, fortunately, was too early for the execution of this order ; but the Arabs, who were eagle-eyed to discover all who pass on their deserts, would probably have been aware in time of the approach of the Turkish soldiers, struck their tents, mounted their camels, and fled with us into the heart of their deserts. The governor of Suez sent his son to wait on us, and to inquire into all the particulars, that he might transmit them to Cairo. In the former audience which he gave us, he had behaved very courteously ; but the firmaun of the Grand Seignior, he threw on the sofa, and pressed that of Mahmoud Ali to his lips and forehead. We had found, indeed, in Upper Egypt the Sultan's passport to be so useless, that we ceased to produce it ; for some of the Sheiks do not scruple to call him a great beast. This Aga was a handsome and mild-looking man : he had only one wife, and no mistress, and his son stood before him with his hands folded on his breast. Leaving Suez, we travelled on some hours ; and, after dark, saw the lights of a caravan, that had halted on the sand. We joined the travellers, and found the scene rather interesting. They were seated in various parties round fires scattered over the desert, around the embers of which they at last lay down to repose. On the tenth day after leaving the Arab camp, we arrived at Cairo. Hassan, the chief, had grown very fearful, during the last two days, of entering the city, and entreated us earnestly to intercede, that the Pacha's anger might not fall upon him, who, he knew well, would think as little of taking off his and his people's heads, as of taking a pinch of snuff. However, we took care that no harm happened to him, and parted from the chief, after all, with something like regret ; for the deserts had made us intimate. We made him a present—a poor substitute for the ransom he had expected ; and he went back again to his desolate valley. The transition from thence to our spacious apartment, garden, and fountain at Cairo, was very agreeable.

We had not the opportunity of making the tour of the whole of the region of Sinai, yet we traversed three sides of the mountain, and found it every where shut in by narrow ravines, except on the north, in which direction we had first approached it. Here there is, as before observed, a valley of some extent, and a small plain, in the midst of which is a rocky hill. These appear to be the only open places in which the Israelites could have stood before the mount, as on the fourth side, though unvisited, we could observe from the summit, were only glens or small rocky valleys, as on the west and south ; for the precipices opposite rose near and high. And a country like this can change little in the progress of ages. If water was not more plentiful of old than at the present time, it was impossible for so numerous a people to have been sustained without a constant miracle in their favour ; the number of wells is so small, and in summer so soon exhausted.

Having hired a *Cangia*, we parted from Mr. W. and went down the Nile to Alexandria. With some eccentricities, arising from ignorance

of the world, he was an amiable and excellent man. To his knowledge of Arabic chiefly were we indebted for our own liberation from the deserts. Mr. C. took passage for England. My stay at Alexandria was rendered more pleasant by the hospitality and attentions of Mr. Lee, the consul, which every traveller experiences in an eminent degree. Christmas day was celebrated at his house by a large party and an excellent entertainment, and it passed most agreeably. Yet the weather felt so chill in the afternoon, it being January, that we were glad to assemble round the fire. Intending to proceed to Palestine and Syria, I engaged a passage in a vessel of the latter country bound to Saide.

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SPECIMENS OF A PATENT POCKET DICTIONARY,

*For the use of those who wish to understand the meaning of things as well as words.*

NO. IV.

**Oak.**—A tree celebrated for affording concealment to King Charles, and illustration to Mr. Fitz-Gerald.

**Ode, Birth-day.**—See any Poet-Laureate but the present.

**Omen.**—The imaginary language of Heaven speaking by signs.

**Oracle.**—The same, speaking by human mouths, but both now become invisible and dumb.

**Originality.**—Undetected imitation.

**Ostentation.**—The real motive of many who wear the disguise of hospitality, and invite their guests—"To choke them with envy, and fill them with meat."

**Partridge.**—A bird to which the squirearchy are so strangely attached, that they will shoot, trap, and transport their fellow-creatures for the pleasure of destroying it themselves.

**Pavement.**—An old offender, now in the very act of being taken up and knocked on the head by Mr. Macadam, who may truly say with Macbeth, "The very stones prate of my whereabouts."

**Pawky.**—A Scotch word that deserves to be made English, denoting the character of the Scotch nation.

**Peace.**—A cessation of those wholesale murders which prevail during three quarters of every century in this enlightened æra, and which are sanctioned and inculcated by all Christian governments under the name of War.

**Pedant.**—A man so absurdly ignorant as to be vain of his knowledge.

**Pen.**—The silent mouthpiece of the mind, which gives ubiquity and immortality to the evanescent thought of a moment.

**Party-spirit.**—A species of mental vitriol which we keep to squirt against others, but which in the mean time irritates, corrodes, and poisons our own mind.

**Physiognomy.**—The character written upon the face by the hand of the Deity.\*

**Port-wine.**—According to Mr. Brummel's definition, "a strong intoxicating liquor much drunk by the lower orders."

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\* Or, of the Devil.—Editor.

*Press.*—The steam-engine of moral power, which, directed by the spirit of the age, will eventually crush imposture, superstition, and tyranny.

*Prize.*—Do not see Lottery.

*Prophet.*—One who in times past made us a present of the future.

*Quack.*—A man who only wants a diploma to make him a regular physician.

*Quart.*—Rather more than a pint, according to the bottle conjurors of the wine trade.

*Quaker.*—A drab-coloured Christian, who uses the second person in his discourse, but generally takes good care of number one in his practice.

*Quibble, Quirk, Quiddit, Quillet.*—See Law Proceedings.

*Reason.*—The proud prerogative which confers upon man the exclusive power of acting irrationally.

*Reform.*—An adaptation of institutions to circumstances and knowledge, demanded as a right by all who are suffering wrongs, and only abused by those who are fattening upon abuse.

*Renown.*—Being known to those who do not know us.

*Review.*—A work that overlooks the publications it professes to look over, and judges of books by their authors, not of authors by their books.

*Rhyme.*—Often a substitute for poetry, and an antithesis to reason.

*Ring.*—A circular link put through the snouts of swine and upon the finger of women, to hold them both in subjection.

*Romance.*—Using men and women instead of birds and beasts for the construction of an improbable fable.

*Royalty.*—Solitary imprisonment in a crowded court—selling yourself for a crown, and subjecting yourself to slavery in order that you may enslave your subjects.

*Satire.*—Attacking the vices and follies of others instead of reforming our own.

*Saw.*—A sort of dumb alderman, which gets through a great deal by the activity of its teeth.

*Scandal.*—The tattle of fools and malignants, who judge of their neighbours by themselves.

*Sceptre.*—The plaything of an imperial puppet.

*Sleep.*—The death of the living.

*Speculation.*—See *Peculation*.

*Spinster.*—An unprotected female, and of course a fine subject for exercising the courage of cowards and the wit of the witless.

*Taste.*—An imaginary standard, like that of Fashion, on whose capricious changes the most thoughtless bestow the most thought.

*Tavern.*—A house kept for those who are not housekeepers.

*Tinder.*—A thin rag, such for instance as the dresses of modern females, intended to catch the sparks, raise a flame, and light up a match.

*Tomb.*—A house built for a skeleton—a covering of sculptured marble provided for dust and corruption.

*Tongue.*—The mysterious membrane that turns thought into sound, supplying us at the same time with food for the body, refreshment for the mind, and music for the ear.

*Trustee*.—One to whom recent example shows us we should have an eye if we mean him to be trusty.

*Tunpikeman*.—Generally a wretch who either robs you on the king's highway, or makes detected knavery an excuse for brutal insolence.

*Vanity*.—Another word for the whole fleeting pageant of human existence.

*Vapour*.—An impalpable emanation from a simple fluid, which promises to be an eventual substitute for human and animal muscles, and to carry on the whole business of the world that depends upon physical power.

*Ugliness*.—An advantageous stimulus to the mind, that it may make up for the deficiencies of the body.

*Umbrella*.—An article which by the morality of society you may steal from friend or foe, and which for the same reason you should not lend to either.

*Vice*.—Miscalculation; obliquity of moral vision; temporary madness.

*Voice*.—Echo is the only instance of a voice without a body, whereas three parts of our unrepresented population are bodies without a voice.

*Usury, Law of*.—Punishing a man for making as much as he can of his money, although he is freely allowed to make as much money as he can.

*Watchmen*.—Old women.

“ The fittest they the peace to keep  
Who have not any power to break it,  
Who go their rounds, like tops asleep,  
And bear a staff, but never shake it,  
Except from palsy or affright,  
When they somnambulise at night.”

*Watering Places*.—Sundry barren, shingly, chalky spots upon the coast, disfigured with frail lath and plaster bow-windowed tenements, which being supplied with scanty white dimity curtains, a few rickety chairs and tables, and some knotty featherless featherbeds, are considered to be furnished. Hither thousands resort during the six weeks of an English summer, to ride in an improved species of wheelbarrow drawn by jaded donkies or ponies, to sit on the pebbles and pelt them into the sea, to catch cold by walking on wet sands, to lose money in raffles, and enjoy at least one pleasant morning—that on which they return to London.

*Wedding*.—A tragi-comic meeting compounded of favours, footmen, faintings, farewells, prayers, parsons, plum-cake, rings, refreshments, bottles, blubberings, God bless ye's, and gallopings away in a post-chaise and four.

*Wine*.—See British compounds.

*Yawning*.—An infectious sensation of weariness which a writer sometimes catches from the reader, when, if both parties desire to open their mouths leisurely, they cannot do better than shut the book.

WHEN I see a whole row of standard French authors piled up on a Paris book-stall to the height of twenty or thirty volumes, shewing their mealy coats to the sun, pink, blue, and yellow, they seem to me a wall built up to keep out the intrusion of foreign letters. There is scarcely such a thing as an English book to be met with, unless perhaps a dusty edition of *Clarissa Harlowe* lurks in an obscure corner, or a volume of the *Sentimental Journey* perks its well-known title in your face. But there is a huge column of Voltaire's works complete in sixty volumes, another (not so frequent) of Rousseau's in seventy, Racine in ten volumes, Moliere in about the same number, La Fontaine, Marmontel, *Gil Blas* for ever—Madame Sevigny's *Lettres*, Pascal, Montesquieu, Crebillon, Marivaux, with Montaigne, Rabelais, and the grand Corneille more rare, and eighteen full-sized volumes of La Harpe's criticism towering vain-gloriously in the midst of them, furnishing the streets of Paris with a graduated scale of merit for all the rest, and teaching the very *garçons perruquiers* how to measure the length of each act of each play by a stop-watch, and to ascertain whether the angles at the four corners of each classic volume are right ones. How climb over this lofty pile of taste and elegance, to wander down into the bogs and wastes of English or of any other literature, "to this obscure and wild?" Must they "on that fair mountain leave to feed, to batten on this moor?" Or why should they? Have they not literature enough of their own and to spare, without coming to us? Is not the public mind crammed, choked with French books, pictures, statues, plays, operas, newspapers, parties, and an incessant farrago of words, so that it has not a moment left to look at home into itself or abroad into nature? Must they cross the Channel to increase the vast stock of impertinence, to acquire foreign tastes, suppress native prejudices, and reconcile the opinions of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews? It is quite needless. There is a project at present entertained in certain circles to give the French a taste for Shakspeare. They should really begin with the English. Many of their own best authors are neglected; others, of whom new editions have been printed, lie heavy on the booksellers' hands. It is by an especial dispensation of Providence that languages wear out; as otherwise we should be buried alive under a load of books and knowledge. People talk of a philosophical and universal language. We have enough to do to understand our own, and to read a thousandth part (perhaps not the best) of what is written in it. It is ridiculous and monstrous vanity. We would set up a standard of general taste and of immortal renown: we would have the benefits of science and of art universal, because we would suppose our own capacity to receive them unbounded; and we would have the thoughts of others never die, because we flatter ourselves that our own will last for ever; and like the frog imitating the ox in the fable, we burst in the vain attempt. Man, whatever he may think, is a very limited being: the world has a narrow circle drawn upon it, the horizon that limits our immediate view: immortality means a century or two. Languages happily restrict the mind to what is of its own proper growth and fittest for it, as rivers and mountains bound countries; or the empire of learning, as well as states, would become unwieldy, and



overgrown. A little importation from foreign markets may be good ; but the home production is the chief thing to be looked to.

“The proper study of the *French* is *French* !”

No people can act more uniformly upon a conviction of this maxim ; and in that respect I think they are quite right. .

There was advertised not long ago in Paris an elegy on the death of Lord Byron, by his friend Sir Thomas More—evidently confounding the living bard with the old statesman. It is thus the French in their light salient way transpose every thing. The mistake is particularly ludicrous to those who have ever seen Mr. Moore, or Mr. Shee's portrait of him in Mr. Hookham's shop, and who chance to see Holbein's head of Sir Thomas More in the Louvre. Mr. Moore's face is gay and smiling enough, old Sir Thomas's is severe, not to say sour. It seems twisted awry with difficult questions, and bursting asunder with a ponderous load of meaning. The expression in Holbein's pictures conveys a faithful but not very favourable notion of the literary character of the period. It is painful, dry, and laboured. Learning was then an ascetic, but recluse and profound. You see a weight of thought and care in the studious heads of the time of the Reformation, a sincerity, an integrity, a sanctity of purpose, like that of a formal dedication to a religious life or the inviolability of monastic vows. They had their work to do ; we reap the benefits of it. We skim the surface, and travel along the high road. They had to explore dark recesses, to dig through mountains, and make their way through pathless wildernesses. It is no wonder they looked grave upon it. The seriousness indeed amounts to an air of devotion ; and it has to me something fine, manly, and *old-English* about it. There is a heartiness and determined resolution ; a willingness to contend with opposition ; a superiority to ease and pleasure ; some sullen pride, but no trifling vanity. They addressed themselves to study as to a duty, and were ready to “leave all and follow it.” In the beginning of such an era, the difference between ignorance and learning, between what was commonly known and what was possible to be known, would appear immense ; and no pains or time would be thought too great to master the difficulty. Conscious of their own deficiencies and the scanty information of those about them, they would be glad to look out for aids and support, and to put themselves apprentices to time and nature. This temper would lead them to exaggerate rather than to make light of the difficulties of their undertaking ; and would call forth sacrifices in proportion. Feeling how little they knew, they would be anxious to discover all that others had known, and, instead of making a display of themselves, their first object would be to dispel the mist and darkness that surrounded them. They did not cull the flowers of learning, or pluck a leaf of laurel for their own heads, but tugged at the roots and very heart of their subject, as the woodman tugs at the roots of an old oak-tree. The sense of the arduousness of their enterprise gave them courage to persevere ; so that they left nothing half done. They inquired *de omne sapiente et quibundam aliis*. They ransacked libraries ; they exhausted authorities. They acquired languages, consulted books, and decyphered manuscripts. They devoured learning, and swallowed antiquity whole, and (what is more) digested it. They read incessantly, and remembered

what they read, from the zealous interest they took in it. Repletion is only bad, when it is accompanied with apathy and want of exercise. They laboured hard, and shewed great activity both of reasoning and speculation. Their fault was that they were too prone to unlock the secrets of nature with the key of learning, and often to substitute authority in the place of argument. They were also too polemical; as was but naturally to be expected in the first breaking up of established prejudices and opinions. It is curious to observe the slow progress of the human mind in shaking off and getting rid of its trammels, link by link, and how it crept on its hands and feet and with its eyes bent on the ground out of the cave of bigotry, making its way through one dark passage after another, those who gave up one half of an absurdity contending as strenuously for the remaining half, the lazy current of tradition stemming the tide of innovation, and making an endless struggle of it. But in the dullest minds of this period there was a deference to the opinions of others; an imposing sense of the importance of the subject, of the necessity of bringing all the faculties to bear upon it; a weight either of armour or of internal strength, a zeal either *for* or *against*; a head, a heart, and a hand, a holding out to the death for conscience' sake, a stern spirit of proselytism—no flippancy, no indifferences, no compromising, no pert shallow scepticism, but truth was supposed indissolubly knit to good, knowledge to usefulness, and the temporal and eternal welfare of mankind to hang in the balance. The pure springs of a lofty faith (so to speak) had not then descended by various gradations, from their rocky cliffs and cloudy heights, to find their level in the smooth, glittering expanse of modern philosophy, or to settle in the stagnant pool of stale hypocrisy! A learned man of that day, if he knew no better than others, at least knew all that they did. He did not come to his subject like some dapper barrister who has never looked at his brief and trusts to the smartness of his wit and person for the agreeable effect he means to produce, but like an old practised counsellor, covered over with the dust and cobwebs of the law. If it was a speaker in Parliament, he came prepared to handle his subject, armed with cases and precedents, the constitution and history of Parliament from the earliest period, a knowledge of the details of business and the local interests of the country; in short, he had taken up the *freedom of the House*, and did not treat the question like a cosmopolite or a writer in a Magazine. If it were a divine, he knew the Scriptures and the Fathers and the Councils and the Commentators by heart, and thundered them in the ears of his astonished audience. Not a trim essay or a tumid oration, patronising religion by modern sophisms, but the Law and the Prophets, the chapter and the verse. If it was a philosopher, Aristotle and the schoolmen were drawn out in battle-array against you:—if an antiquary, the Lord bless us! There is a passage in Selden's notes on Drayton's Polyolbion, in which he elucidates some point of topography by a reference not only to Stowe and Holinshed and Camden and Saxo-Grammaticus and Dugdale and several other authors that we are acquainted with, but to twenty more obscurer names that no modern reader ever heard of; and so on through the notes to a folio volume, written apparently for relaxation. Such were the intellectual amusements of our ancestors! Learning then ordinarily lay in folio volumes: now she has come down to oc-

tavós and duodecimos, and will soon, as in France, shrink into single sheets! Poor Job Orton! why should I not record a jest of his (perhaps the only one he ever made), emblematic as it is of the living and the learning of the good old times? The Rev. Job Orton was a dissenting minister in the middle of the last century, and had grown heavy and gouty by sitting long at dinner and at his studies. He could only get down stairs at last by spreading the folio volumes of Caryl's Commentaries upon Job on the steps and sliding down them. Surprised one day in his descent, he exclaimed, "You have often heard of Caryl upon Job—now you see Job upon Caryl!" This same bed-ridden gouty old gentleman seems to have been one of those "superior, happy spirits," who slid through life on the rollers of learning, enjoying the good things of the world and laughing at them, and turning his infirmities to a livelier account than his patriarchal namesake. Reader, didst thou ever hear either of Job Orton or of Caryl on Job? I dare say not. Yet the one did not slide down his theological staircase the less pleasantly; nor did the other compile his Commentaries in vain. For myself, I should like to browse on folios, and have to deal chiefly with authors that I have scarcely strength to lift, that are as solid as they are heavy, and, if dull, are full of matter. It is delightful to repose on the wisdom of the ancients; to have some great name at hand, besides one's own initials always staring one in the face: to travel out of one's self into the Chaldee, Hebrew, and Egyptian characters; to have the palm-trees waving mystically in the margin of the page, and the camels moving slowly on in the distance of three thousand years. In that dry desert of learning, we gather strength and patience, and a strange and insatiable thirst of knowledge. The ruined monuments of antiquity are also there, and the fragments of buried cities under which the adder lurks, and cool springs, and green sunny spots, and the whirlwind and the lion's roar and the shadow of angelic wings. To those who turn with supercilious disgust from the ponderous tomes of scholastic learning, who never felt the witchery of the Talmuds and the Cabbala of the commentators and the schoolmen, of texts and authorities, of types and anti-types, hieroglyphics and mysteries, dogmas and contradictions, and endless controversies and winding labyrinths and quaint traditions, I would recommend the lines of Warton written in a Blank Leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon.

"Deem not devoid of elegance the sage,  
By fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled,  
Of painful pedantry the poring child,  
Who turns of these proud tomes the historic page,  
Now sunk by time and Henry's fiercer rage.  
Think'st thou the warbling Muses never smiled  
On his lone hours? Ingenuous views engage  
His thoughts, on themes (unclassic falsely styled)  
Intent. While cloister'd piety displays  
Her mouldering scroll, the piercing eye explores  
New manners and the pomp of elder days;  
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores.  
Nor rough nor barren are the winding ways  
Of hoar Antiquity, but strewn with flowers."

This Sonnet, if it were not for a certain intricacy in the style, would be a perfect one: at any rate, the thought it contains is fine and just.

Some of the *caput mortuum* of learning is a useful ballast and relief to the mind. It must turn back to the acquisitions of others as its natural sustenance and support; facts must go hand in hand with feelings; or it will soon prey like an empty stomach on itself, or be the sport of the windy impertinence of ingenuity self-begotten. Away then with this idle cant, as if every thing were barbarous and without interest, that is not the growth of our own times and of our own taste; with this everlasting evaporation of mere sentiment, this affected glitter of style, this equivocal generation of thought out of ignorance and vanity; this total forgetfulness of the subject, and display of the writer, as if every possible train of speculation must originate in the pronoun *I*, and the world had nothing to do but to look on and admire. It will not do to consider all truth or good, as a reflection of our own pampered and inordinate self love: to resolve the solid fabric of the universe into an essence of Della-Cruscan witticism and conceit. The perpetual affectation of effect, the premature and effeminate indulgence of nervous sensibility, defeats and wears itself out. We cannot make an abstraction of the intellectual ore from the material dross, of feelings from objects, of effects from causes. We must get at the kernel of pleasure through the dry and hard husk of truth. We must wait Nature's time. These false births weaken the constitution. It has been observed that men of science live longer than mere men of letters. They exercise their understandings more; their sensibility less. There is with them less *wear-and-tear* of the irritable fibre, which is not shattered and worn to a very thread. On the hill of science, they keep an eye intent on truth and fame:

“Calm pleasures there abide, majestic pains”—

while the man of letters mingles in the crowd below, courting popularity and pleasure. His is a frail and feverish existence accordingly, and he soon exhausts himself in the tormenting pursuit—in the alternate excitement of his imagination and gratification of his vanity.

————— “Earth destroys  
These raptures duly: Erebus disdains!”

Lord Byron appears to me to have fairly run himself out in this debilitating intercourse with the wanton Muse. He had no other ~~idea~~ left but that of himself and the public—he was uneasy unless he was occupied in administering repeated provocations to curiosity, and receiving strong doses of praise or censure in return: the irritation at last became so violent and importunate, that he could neither keep on with it, nor take any repose from it. The glistening orb of heated popularity

• “Glared round his soul and mock'd his closing eye-lids.”

The successive, endless Cantos of Don Juan were the fever that killed him—Old Sir Walter will last long enough, stuffing his wallet and his “wame,” as he does, with mouldy fragments and crumbs of comfort. He does not “spin his brains,” but something much better. The cunning *chie*, the old *canty gubertunzie*, has got hold of another clue—that of nature and history—and long may he spin it, “even to the crack of doom,” watching the threads as they are about to break through his fringed eyelids, catching a tradition in his mouth like a trap, and heaping his forehead with facts, and then will the old boy turn in his chair,

rest his chin upon his crutch, give a last look to the Highlands, and with his latest breath thank God that he leaves the world as he found it! And so he will pretty nearly with one exception, the Scotch Novels. They are a small addition to this round world of ours. We shall jog on merrily together for a century or two, I hope, till some future Lord Byron asks, "Who reads Sir Walter Scott now?" There is the last and almost worst of them.—I would take it with me into a wilderness. Three pages of poor Peter Peebles will at any time redeem three volumes of Redgauntlet. And Nanty Ewart is even better with his steady walk upon the deck of the *Jumping Jenny* and his story of himself, "And her whose foot (whether he came in or went out) was never off the stair." There you came near me, there you touched me, old true-penny!

Learning is its own exceeding great reward; and at the period of which we speak, it bore other fruits, not unworthy of it. Genius, when not smothered and kept down by learning, blazed out triumphantly over it; and the Fancy often rose to a height proportioned to the depth to which the Understanding had struck its roots. After the first emancipation of the mind from the trammels of Papal ignorance and superstition, people seemed to be in a state of breathless wonder at the new light that was suffered to break in upon them. They were startled as "at the birth of Nature from the unapparent deep." They seized on all objects that rose in view, with a firm and eager grasp, to be sure whether they were imposed upon or not. The mind of man, "pawing to get free" from custom and prejudice, struggled and plunged, and, like the fabled Pegasus, opened at each spring a new source of truth. Images were piled on heaps, as well as opinions and facts, the ample materials for poetry or prose, to which the bold hand of enthusiasm applied its torch, and kindled it into a flame. The accumulation of past records seemed to form the frame-work of their prose, as the observation of external objects did of their poetry—

"Whose body Nature was, and *man* the soul."

Among poets they have to boast such names, for instance, as Shakespeare, Spenser, Beaumont and Fletcher, Marlowe, Webster, Decker, and soon after, Milton: among prose-writers, Selden, Bacon, Jeremy Taylor, Baxter, and Sir Thomas Brown; for patriots, they have such men as Pym, Hampden, Sydney; and for a witness of their zeal and piety, they have Fox's Book of Martyrs, instead of which we have Mr. Southey's Book of the Church, and a whole host of renegades! Perhaps Jeremy Taylor, and also Beaumont and Fletcher, may be mentioned as rather exceptions to the gravity and severity I have spoken of as characteristic of our earlier literature. It is true, they are florid and voluptuous in their style, but they still keep their state apart, and there is an eloquence of the heart about them, which seems to gush from the "pure well of English undefiled." The one treats of sacred things with a vividness and fervour as if he had a revelation of them: the others speak of human interests with a tenderness as if man's nature were divine. Jeremy Taylor's pen seems to have been guided by the very spirit of joy and youth, but yet with a sense of what was due to the reverence of age, and "tears of pious awe, that feared to have offended." Beaumont and Fletcher's love-scenes are like the meeting

of hearts in Elysium. Let any one have dwelt on any object with the greatest fondness, let him have cherished the feeling to the utmost height, and have it put to the test in the most trying circumstance, and he will find it described to the life in Beaumont and Fletcher. Our modern dramatists with scarce an exception, appeal not to nature or the heart, but—to the readers of modern poetry. Words and paper, each *couleur de rose*, are the two requisites of a fashionable style. But the glossy splendour, the voluptuous glow of the obsolete, old-fashioned writers just mentioned has nothing artificial, nothing meretricious in it. It is the luxuriance of natural feeling and fancy. I should as soon think of accusing the summer-rose of ~~vanity~~ for unfolding its leaves to the dawn, or the hawthorn that puts forth its blossoms in the genial warmth of spring, of affecting to be fine. We have heard much of the pulpit-eloquence of Bossuet and other celebrated preachers of the time of Fenelon; but I doubt much whether all of them together could produce any number of passages to match the best of those in the Holy Living and Dying, or even Baxter's severe but thrilling denunciations of the insignificance and nothingness of life, and the certainty of a judgment to come. There is a fine portrait of this last-named powerful controversialist, with his high forehead and black velvet cap, in Calamy's Non-Conformist's Memorial, containing an account of the Two Thousand Ejected Ministers at the Restoration of Charles II. This was a proud list for Old England; and the account of their lives, their zeal, their eloquence, and sufferings for conscience' sake, is one of the most interesting chapters in the history of the human mind. How high it can soar in faith! How nobly it can arm itself with resolution and fortitude! How far it can surpass itself in cruelty and fraud! How incapable it seems to be of good, except as it is urged on by the contention with evil! The retired and inflexible descendants of Two Thousand Ejected Ministers and their adherents are gone with the spirit of persecution that gave a soul and body to them; and with them, I am afraid, the spirit of liberty, of manly independence, and of inward self-respect, is nearly extinguished in England. There appears to be no natural necessity for evil, but that there is a perfect indifference to good without it. One thing exists and has a value set upon it, only as it has a foil in some other: learning is set off by ignorance, liberty by slavery, refinement by barbarism. The cultivation and attainment of any art or excellence is followed by its neglect and decay; and even religion owes its zest to the spirit of contradiction; for it flourishes most from persecution and hostile factions.

The different styles of art and schools of learning vary and fluctuate on this principle. After the Restoration of Charles, the grave, enthusiastic, puritanical, "prick-eared" style became quite exploded, and a gay and piquant style, the reflection of courtly conversation and polished manners, borrowed from the French, came into fashion, and lasted till the Revolution. Some examples of the same thing were given in the time of Charles I. by Suckling and others, but they were eclipsed and overlaid by the prevalence and splendour of the opposite examples. It was at its height, however, in the reign of the restored monarch, and in the witty and licentious writings of Wycherley, Congreve, Rochester, and Waller. Milton alone stood out as a partisan of the old Elizabethan

school. Out of compliment, I suppose, to the Houses of Orange and Hanover, we sobered down, after the Revolution, into a strain of greater demureness, and into a Dutch and German fidelity of imitation of domestic manners and individual character, as in the Periodical Essayists, and in the works of Fielding and Hogarth. Yet if the two last-named painters of manners are not English, who are so? I cannot give up my partiality to them for the sag-end of a theory. They have this mark of genuine English intellect, that they constantly combine truth of external observation with strength of internal meaning. The Dutch are patient observers of Nature, but want character and feeling. The French, as far as we have imitated them, aim only at the pleasing, and glance over the surfaces of words and things. Thus has our literature descended (according to the foregoing scale) from the tone of the pulpit to that of the court or drawing-room, from the drawing-room into the parlour, and from thence, if some critics say true, into the kitchen and ale-house. It may do even worse than that!

French literature has undergone great changes in like manner, and was supposed to be at its height in the time of Louis XIV. We sympathise less, however, with the pompous set speeches in the tragedies of Racine and Corneille, or in the serious comedies of Moliere, than we do with the grotesque and extravagant farces of the latter, with the exaggerated descriptions and humour of Rabelais, whose wit was a madness, a drunkenness, or with the accomplished humanity, the easy style, and gentlemanly and scholar-like sense of Montaigne. But these we consider as in a great measure English, and as what the old French character was, before it was corrupted by courts and academies of criticism. The exquisite graces of La Fontaine, the indifferent sarcastic tone of Voltaire and Le Sage, who make light of every thing, and who produce their greatest effects with the most imperceptible and rapid touches, we give wholly to the constitutional genius of the French, and despair of imitating. Perhaps in all this we proceed by guess-work at best. Nations (particularly rival nations) are bad judges of one another's literature or physiognomy. The French certainly do not understand us: it is most probable we do not understand them. How slowly great works, great names make their way across the Channel! M. Tracey's "*Ideologie*" has not yet been heard of among us; and a Frenchman who asks if you have read it, almost subjects himself to the suspicion of being the author. They have also their little sects and parties in literature; and though they do not nickname and vilify their rivals (as is done with us), thanks to the national politeness, yet if you do not belong to the prevailing party, they very civilly suppress all mention of you, your name is not noticed in the journals, nor your work inquired for at the shops.\*

Those who explain every thing by final causes (that is, who deduce causes from effects,) might avail themselves of their privilege on this

\* In Paris, to be popular, you must wear out, they say, twenty pair of pumps and twenty pair of silk-stockings in calls upon the different Editors. In England, you have only to give in your resignation at the Treasury, and you receive your passport to the John Bull Parnassus. Otherwise, you are shut out, and made a by-word. Literary jealousy and littleness is still the motive; politics the pretext, and blackguardism the mode.

occasion. There must be some checks to the excessive increase of literature as of population, or we should be overwhelmed by it; and they are happily found in the envy, dulness, prejudices, and vanity of mankind. While we think we are weighing the merits of an author, we are indulging our own national pride, indolence, or ill-humour, by condemning what we do not understand, or laughing at what thwarts our inclinations. The French reduce all philosophy to a set of agreeable sensations: the Germans reduce the commonest things to abstruse metaphysics. The one are a mystical, the other a superficial people. Both proceed by the severest logic; but the real guide to their conclusions is the proportion of phlegm or mercury in their dispositions. When we appeal to a man's reason against his inclinations, we speak a language without meaning, and which he will not understand. Different nations have favourite modes of feeling and of accounting for things to please themselves and fall in with their ordinary habits; and our different systems of philosophy, literature, and art, meet, contend, and repel one another on the confines of opinion, because their elements will not amalgamate with our several humours; and all the while we fancy we settle the question by an abstract exercise of reason, and by laying down some refined and exclusive standard of taste. There is no great harm in this illusion, nor can there be much in seeing through it; for we shall go on just as we did before.\*

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LOVE.

O LOVE! what may thine emblem be?—

Thine is the Sibyl's branch of gold,  
Which gives us, even on earth, to see  
Elysium's glittering gates unfold;  
And thine the foot, of elfin power,  
Whose sight can make the spirit glow—  
Like the green ring that gems the moor—  
An emerald in a waste of woe.

Such art thou, when thy path is sweet,  
And leads o'er Hope's delicious plain;  
When youthful hearts in music meet,  
As summer winds the warbling main:  
Such is thy power, when thou dost come  
With wing of light and breath of flowers,  
And waken in thy votary's home  
The lyre that rung in Eden's bowers.

But, ah! far darker powers are thine—  
To bid fond hearts in vain to glow,  
No rose to bloom, no ray to shine;  
And lay young Hope in ruin low!  
O baffled Love! thine are the hues  
That shroud in gloom the march of years;  
And, as the glow-worm lights the dew,  
Thou glimmerest on the dark heart's tears.

J.

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\* Bonaparte got a committee of the French Institute to draw up a report of the Kantian Philosophy. He might as well have ordered them to draw up a report of the geography of the moon. It is difficult for an Englishman to understand Kant; for a Frenchman impossible. The latter has a certain routine of phrases, into which his ideas run habitually as into a mould; and you cannot get him out of them.



## THE CULTIVATION OF WOMEN.

*To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,—Turning over a bound volume of the New Monthly Magazine, I chanced the other day upon a paper On Education (vol. vii. p. 562) in which your correspondent arraigns the preceptors and parents of the present times, for their awkward and mischievous interference with the minds and bodies of the rising generation. To a superficial observer, the writer of that article will appear to have made out his case; for the error being in the premises, and not in the reasoning upon them, the conclusions are little likely to be questioned by those who content themselves with the surface of things. Admitting, what this gentleman seems to take for granted, that wisdom, virtue, and happiness are the ends which parents and preceptors propose to themselves in their multifarious attempts “to teach the young idea how to shoot,” they are, it must be confessed, out and out the very worst marksmen that ever “handled their bow like a crow-keeper.” But the point which is thus assumed as indisputable, is so manifestly false, that it vitiates the whole argument; and I cannot but wonder at the blindness that could so egregiously miss its way and trip against so obvious a stumbling-block. That wisdom or virtue ever entered the head of our education system-mongers, is utterly beyond all credence; cunning and hypocrisy having so generally superseded the real articles in the market, that very few indeed take the trouble of keeping them in their stock: and though more pretences are made respecting happiness, yet, if we look nearly into the matter, we find a thousand people, ay ten thousand, directing the whole efforts of their children to the acquirement of wealth, for one that looks to any other object. Not, however, to deal in personalities, let us examine the several national establishments for education, and see what are the ends they pursue in their systems of tuition. The principal design of all our public schools is notoriously to prepare the boys for—college; and that of our universities to prepare them for—obtaining a fellowship. With girls the matter is still worse: some schools prepare them for the drawing-room, some for the Indian market, and some for a more open, though scarcely less degrading prostitution at home. Military academies (to return to the boys) prepare their pupils for “eyes right;” commercial academies teach the art and mystery of flying kites; the masticatory courses of the inns of court prepare the students for the “whole practice” of “Life in London;” the medical schools prepare for passing an examination, and the theological for ordination. “*Virtus post nummos*” is the maxim of the best; and it is very well when *virtus* is not wholly forgotten. If your readers, Mr. Editor, are not satisfied with these examples, let them look to the great system of national education now going on in Ireland. This is precisely a case in which your correspondent would have fallen slapdash into error. Methinks I hear him, “good easy man,” arguing with himself from the customary object of the primary schools of other countries, and taking it for granted that the end in view is to teach the peasantry their A. B. C. “Surely,” I hear him exclaim, “reading can as well be taught in one book as another; and the wits are most perversely illogical in thus persisting to cram education down the

throats of the people, in the only way in which they will not receive it." If indeed he looked farther, and fancied that he discovered reading not to be the end in view, but, more specifically, reading the Bible, matters would not be much mended. In order to read the Bible at all, men must first learn to read; and a Catholic taught in a profane horn-book is surely much nearer to the possibility of Bible-reading than a Catholic whom you exclude from learning, by refusing to teach him on his own terms. Reading, however, either the Bible or any thing else, is a very secondary matter in this case; and your correspondent would be as much out in this as in his other speculations, if he proceeded in the way I suppose. The real object of the Irish Education Society seems to be neither to educate, nor to proselytize on the great scale. It is no wholesale system of national conversion, but a petty retail trade in seduction, a sort of spiritual swindling and getting of souls upon false pretences, with a view to private promotion rather than to public illumination;—and the means are admirably adapted to the ends.

That British education is generally well suited to its proposed ends, must be inferred from its notorious success. If it be acknowledged that the universal object of a mother's solicitude is to make her daughter a fine lady, it must be admitted that the present generation are the finest ladies that ever existed. If accomplishment be defined, as it ought to be, "shewy superficial acquirement," our female blue-stockings are the *ne plus ultra* of gaudy deceptiveness. No one in his senses will, I presume, dispute that the business of a man of rank and fortune is to distinguish himself by his polish (and when has the town known boots of more translucent jet?)—to exhibit the fineness of his taste in the propriety of his dress (and when were neckcloths better tied than now?)—to pride himself on the most unimpeachable honour (and when was duelling conducted with a more murderous precision?)—to be punctual with creditors (and when were debts more promptly discharged than since the invention of Insolvent Acts?) If we turn to philosophy, Stoicism is many miles behind Dandyism in apathy; and Epicurus was a fool, a mere child, and tyro, when compared with a modern Amphitryon. Archimedes could do nothing without his *πov, στῶ*, whereas the stupidest fellow "about town" will raise a mountain of debt, without the slightest basis of credit for his fulcrum. In the arts, the proof is still more positive. In a mercantile country, the arts, like every other pursuit, are subordinate to the great end of money-making, and must follow the demands of the market. Now, the reigning taste of the times being caricature, the perfection of modern art is proved to the extreme, in the blue and red faces commonly called "portraits of a gentleman," which abound in our exhibitions. A commercial population are necessarily but juddish judges of painting; and our painters know well how to please the public taste in that particular; the great majority of their pictures being in this respect perfectly "signs of the times." In music our success is no less; and surely nothing but an education happily directed to that end, could enable our best composers to shut their ears to Cimerosa, Mozart, and Rossini, to forget themselves into the "Woodpecker," "Henry is gone," and "Sweet little cottage" style of song-writing, and fit themselves for producing such melancholy and gentlemanlike ditties, as no other nation but England could endure. There is really great finesse in thus tickling

the fancy of their customers, to a nicety. But the *comble* of all perfection, the last touch of finish, of which education is susceptible, has been given within a few years, by the invention of a new profession, which has acquired the technical appellation of "cultivating a woman;" and those who know nothing of the effects of cultivation, but by an acquaintance with cauliflowers, seacale, and Mr. Knight's gigantic peas, have but a poor and inadequate insight into the full import of the term. To this art, the training men for "the mill" is in every respect inferior; and yet perhaps of all the departments of medical science, this is the only branch that has hitherto proceeded with any thing like certainty. Shame, shame upon the Galens and the Hippocrates! the Cullens and the Hunters! feeble and contemptible are the glimmerings of light diffused through their voluminous productions, when compared to the full blaze of day that illumines the doctors of Newmarket and the Fives Court. Without any other guide than their own empirical experience, these worthies will in a given time raise or reduce a man to the requisite weight, even to an ounce, contrary to an aphorism of the learned Gregory. They know better than Cornaro the means of raising the health to its maximum; they can tell what meat fattens, what nourishment turns to muscle, and what gives bulk without adding any thing to the strength. They clear the foggiest pipes, take down the unhealthiest potbelly, and do more for the wind by diet and exercise, than all the digitalis and squills in Apothecaries Hall could effect: and yet all this is nothing to the cultivation of a woman!

Hitherto women have chiefly been cultivated for the stage, and the art has consequently been confined within the narrowest limits; but now that it has begun to extend its operations into private life, its principles are acquiring a proportionate notoriety. The origin of all things is obscure, and that of "cultivation" among the rest: but it is possible that the first glimmerings may be traced to the Caribbee women, who educated their children's head to that flatness which in their eyes formed the *beau ideal* of external appearance; thus setting the great example to European mothers to sacrifice their children's brains, in favour of the outside of the head. The New Zealanders likewise educate their infant's ears to a great length, by the insertion of wedges; and the Chinese educate their wives' feet, as is known "*lippis et tonsoribus*." But the seeds of the most recondite philosophy exist in the instincts of the rudest savages; and this proves nothing against the merits of the professors who have raised this new branch of education to its present perfection.

The first object of a cultivator in taking in hand the raw material of his art, is to determine beforehand what *can* be made of her: for in this, as in other cases, a certain aptitude is necessary in the subject; and "There is no making a silk purse of a sow's ear." This first inquiry is, whether Nature has made her shoulders susceptible of symmetry; and whether she has predestined them for "a forehead," or "a back front." He examines attentively her build, whether it be susceptible of the voluptuous or the majestic,—better formed for the delicate elegance of the *svelte*, or the swelling richness of the "*en bon point*." Not but that an experienced artist can make any thing of a tolerable subject. If man cannot by forethought add a cubit to his stature, it is not the same with woman; at least, what comes to the same thing, the

artist by operating on her carriage, and adjusting her proportions, can give the appearance of height, when nature has refused it. Still, however, art is most successful when it dextrously avails itself of the bounties of nature; and as intellectual cultivation succeeds best when bestowed on a bright genius, and as all the ploughing in the world is nothing to a rich bed of manure, so bodily cultivation produces the most striking results when bestowed on a figure of some natural symmetry. Having determined by a close inspection, what are the laudable points in a girl's structure, or, to use Brown's well-imagined phrase, what are "*her capabilities*," the great object of cultivation is to make the most of them; to bring every attention to bear upon displaying what is good, and concealing what is defective; upon forcing nature in her favourable dispositions, and averting the mischievous energies of her misplaced bounty. In every variation of the human frame, nature has a specific aim, and the business of art is to conform to her views, and to develop her designs. To this end, the professor commences a series of operations "upon scientific principles," as he terms it, by which the most extraordinary changes are effected. By diet, compresses, and various other artifices, "too tedious to enumerate," flesh is absorbed from one part of the person, in order to be accumulated on another: and the emperor of all the conjurors is not more dextrous in conveying his balls from cup to cup, than our artist in removing a tumid angle, and transferring the peccant superfluity to some more desirable point of redundancy. If a young lady is destined to operate on the hearts of her admirers by a "*vis a tergo*," and like the Parthian, to shoot her arrows as she flies, the skill of the artist is exhibited in giving a plumpness and polished undulation to the shoulders, at the expense of a bosom, of which, perhaps, he can make nothing. At the same time, by a peculiar method of moving the body on the haunches, and by bandages well applied, all other fulnesses in front are repressed, while a jutting protuberance is favoured behind, which might put the Venus Callipygia to the blush of inferiority. If, on the contrary, the lady is not formed for "backing her friends," and it is not intended, in the language of the military martinet, that she should "front to the rear," that rear is abandoned without protection, and all the disposable forces accumulated in the van. The head is elevated, the chest thrown forward; a rich and succulent diet is brought to act *secundum artem* upon the bosom, whose form is either dipartited, or disposed in conglomerated magnificence, according as the osteology of the parts afford "ample scope and verge enough," or crib and confine the softer organs within a narrow compass. In these operations, the artist is much assisted by the milliner and the staymaker. Frills and flounces are added or taken away, as fulness is or is not desirable, or as concealment or exposure tend most to the effect in contemplation: gatherings of silk and velvet add to the natural developement of the favourite organ; while tight lacing and straight garments compress the wanton exuberance of an anathematized superfluity. But the great skill of the cultivator is exhibited in giving and maintaining the requisite rotundity to the mature charms of full-blown matrons in the meridian of life. The art bestowed in cooking cutlets and steaks, and in brewing ale expressly *ad hoc*, as illustrated in the elaboratory of the divine Miss Prescott of magnetizing memory, would alone suffice to set up an alchemist. The conciliation of high health,

with that quantity of indolence which is necessary to prevent a waste of the animal juices, requires a combination of skill and refinement, that, otherwise applied, might serve to discover the longitude. Yet I am told that it cost a celebrated beauty twenty years of steady application to bring her person to the vast development necessary for effecting her object. My design, however, in the present article is merely to announce the discovery,—not to demonstrate its details; and I refer such of your readers, as are curious either for physiological facts or mechanical illustrations of the system, to the professors themselves, who are to be heard of at the stage-door of the Opera House, and at the principal “genteel boarding-schools,” and fashionable dress-makers, west of Temple Bar. In the mean time I have the honour to remain,  
&c. &c. M.

PROVINCIAL BALLADS.—NO. I.

*The Children in the Snow.*

The incident upon which these lines are founded, is that, during the winter of 1819-20, two apprentice boys were lost in a snow-storm, in that part of Dartmoor, in which the scene of the ballad is laid.

Ye, who in childhood e'er have wept  
To hear the tale of melting power,  
Of that young orphan pair\* who slept  
The sleep of death in greenwood bower,  
Oh, list my lay—though over them  
Far sweeter dirge the redbreast sung—  
And be my meed the diamond gem  
From Pity's sacred fountain sprung!—  
Where over Devon's vales and woods  
Bleak Dartmoor lifts her summits stern,  
And rivers pour their infant floods  
Through granite wastes of furze and fern,  
Deep in a rudely cultured nook  
(Hard by where Dart's red waters boil)  
A peasant dwelt—in heart and look  
Well sorted with that savage soil.  
Beneath his roof two pauper boys  
Were bound to earn their daily bread—  
Poor exiles from domestic joys,  
Who scarce had where to lay their head.  
No parent's eye long, long had smiled  
On them, to own affection's claim:  
One was a homeless orphan child,  
And one the nameless pledge of shame.  
(Call it not love, that dark desire,  
Nor dream that shame can spring from love—  
The hallow'd and immortal fire  
That lights the shrine of bliss above!  
Love ne'er exhaled the meteor flame  
That gleams on buried virtue's grave  
It never fear'd the loved one's name,  
Or brook'd to curse the life it gave.)

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\* The babes in the wood.

In cloudless gold the morning shone  
 On Widdicombe's\* dark belt of hills,  
 And gilt her tower the winter sun,  
 And sparkled in her frozen rills;  
 The holy peal of Sabbath bells  
 Proclaim'd the solemn hour of prayer,  
 And, echoing o'er the moorland dells,  
 Aroused the straggling hamlets there.  
 And with the rest those children join'd †  
 The sacred work of praise and prayer,  
 Nor dream'd how few brief days might find  
 Their limbs beneath that cold turf there.—  
 As home they turn'd, at evening fall,  
 The heaven, erewhile so fair, grew brown,  
 And, glimmering through a misty pall,  
 The moon in sickly white shone down.  
 That night some sleep forsook the fold,  
 O'er the broad heath at large to roam;  
 And they must search the weary wold  
 At morn, to bring the wanderers home:  
 Their tatter'd garb they round them flung,  
 Their stunted meal in haste they took,  
 And o'er that gloomy threshold sprung,  
 Nor cast behind one parting look.  
 Even then some dense and drizzling flakes  
 Fell sullen from the swarthy sky,  
 And strange dead silence lull'd the brakes,  
 Prophetic of the snow-fall nigh:  
 Yet forth they fared—for well they knew  
 The wretch who bade them search the wold—  
 Though dun with plumes the throng'd air grew,  
 And numb'd their limbs and hearts with cold.  
 Vain was their search—yet on they past,  
 Though heavier still the storm closed round,  
 And, though the dizzy air shower'd fast,  
 The white fleece piled the wildering ground:—  
 Too late they seek the homeward way—  
 They blindly roam the waste forlorn!  
 Still side by side the pale boys stray,  
 With terror mute, with suffering worn.  
 With faint slow steps, the weary hour,  
 They toil'd through snows o'er down and dell,  
 While round them still the wavery shower  
 Shadowing the air, incessant fell.  
 It cover'd all the mountain floods,  
 It ermined all the dark-brown moor;  
 Soon choked were Spitchweek's‡ massive woods,  
 And soar'd in snow the Hazele Tor.§  
 At length, less dense the darkening cloud  
 Hangs, and the flakes relenting fall,  
 While, burning through his western shroud,  
 The blood-red sun illumines all.

\* Widdicombe-in-the-Moor, a few miles distant from the town of Ashburton.

† The day before their last they attended divine service at Ashburton.

‡ Spitchweek Park, a beautiful property of the Ashburton family, on the banks of the Dart.

§ One of the Tors in this district of the Moor.

Alas, for them he shone in vain—  
 Too late the clouds less fiercely pour—  
 Long had they sunk upon the plain,  
 To sleep, and wake to grief no more !  
 Where the lone Moor o'erlook'd a dell,  
 And shew'd the full Dart foaming by,  
 They wept to every hope farewell,  
 And laid them down alone to die :—  
 There did they sleep away their breath,  
 On that bleak death-bed, waste and wild—  
 There, stiffening on the wintry heath,  
 The snow-fall wrapp'd each friendless child. .  
 And deep their sleep,—though no fond eye  
 Was near to doothe the parting hour—  
 No mother's arm of love was nigh,  
 No father watch'd his fading flower.  
 Closed is their span of earthly years,  
 Their path of mortal care is trod ;  
 Life was to them a vale of tears,  
 And they have pass'd from it to God.—  
 Oh, glorious was the mournful hour,  
 When sunset lit their grave of snows,  
 And o'er the heaths of bleak Dartmoor,  
 The Torrs\* in blood-red splendour rose !  
 As, o'er consuming Beauty's hand  
 Of ivory pale, the dark veins flow—  
 So, through the white and glittering land,  
 The livid river swung below.  
 —But henceforth on each poor boy's ear  
 In vain the wintry stream may rave,  
 And all in vain, through green brakes near,  
 May murmur deep the summer wave.  
 Nought fear they now of want or scorn,  
 Of blows or wrongs, their only hire—  
 No more to hail the dear May morn,  
 Or crowd around the Christmas fire !  
 Sad was the sight, when, from their home,  
 Was slowly borne each coffin'd boy,  
 (To rest in distant Widdecombe)†  
 With many a pitying helper nigh ;  
 Strange was the scene, as, o'er the waste ‡  
 Of dazzling snow, the dark train wound,  
 Until each little corpse was placed  
 With pious toil on holy ground.  
 Ne'er with a tone so stern and dead  
 The burial bell its warning rung,  
 As o'er the snows, with sunset red,  
 It then its awful burthen swung ;

\* Few will need to be informed that the mountainous masses which rise along the extensive platform of moorland, are denominated *Torrs*.

† Widdecombe, i. e. wide valley. The boys were really buried at Ashburton ; as the author was desirous to confine his tale to the limits of the Moor, he has represented the interment as having taken place at Widdecombe.

‡ A party of twelve men carried the coffins over the snow, relieving each other turns. At Hazle Torr they were met by another party from Ashburton, who took the poor children to their last earthly home.

The winds, that howl'd o'er many a heap  
Of sleet-drift, drown'd the funeral prayer—  
But, oh, they slept so calm and deep,  
The blighted flowers reposing there!

Ye, who have heard these children's fall,  
Should any such your board maintain,  
Think, think how little is their all,  
Nor wring their hearts for guilty gain:  
Unfit their tender years to stem  
The tide of grief and hardship too;  
Then, oh, in pity smile on them—  
And Heaven in mercy smile on you!

J.

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MADAME DE KRUDNER.

BENEVOLENCE loses much, not only of its charm, but of its intrinsic merit, when it comes forth with ostentatious publicity; the character of true charity, more especially when exercised by women, ought ever to be qualified by humility. In vain do they tell us how much they regret obscurity, what sacrifices they are making for the welfare of mankind, in thus consenting to stand forth in the face of the world. All these phrases, worn and hacknied as they are by the female professors of philanthropy of the present day, convince us not a whit the more for their frequent repetition. The world cannot be duped for any length of time; for, however a plausible show or loud profession may gain its point for a season, truth, and truth only, is ultimately persuasive; truth alone can aspire to that noblest and most precious of all recompense—public approbation. In proportion as we blame those females who borrow the language of humility as a cloak for their vanity, are we ready to render the homage of justice and of admiration to those, who, contenting themselves with the exercise of domestic virtue, labour to promote the happiness of all around them, and who do not neglect their first duties—those of wife and mother—under the extravagant pretence of reforming society. Error concealed beneath the mask of religion, becomes doubly dangerous, making numerous proselytes, and spreading rapidly; while those who would endeavour to arrest its progress, are exclaimed against for their impiety. Its supporters appeal to their divine missions, to their inspirations, and even to passages from the holy scriptures, which they have either purposely distorted, or ill understood; religion, in short, is no more than a mask to cover the designs of ambitious dissemblers or converted sinners, to whom the excitement of intrigue and agitation is still necessary, and who think an ostentatious confession a full atonement for their former sins. Madame de Krudner is in the latter class. After having passed through the vicissitudes of a wild and irregular youth, a fancy to become inspired took possession of her; and she resolved to offer up, in sacrifice and expiation for her own faults, the reason of credulous multitudes, whom she would soon have driven as mad as herself, had she continued her pretended mission. Madame de Krudner having been much spoken of, although in reality little known, the following is a sketch of her life.



Juliana de Wittinghoff was born in the year 1766 at Riga, in Courland. She was daughter of the Baron de Wittinghoff, one of the wealthiest nobles of that country. At nine years old her father brought her to Paris, where his house was a rendezvous for all the celebrated men of that capital, so that the young Baroness found herself thus early thrown into the society of Diderot, Helvetius, D'Alembert, Grimm, &c. At nine years of age, with a very lively imagination left to its own guidance, without a single given principle whereby to direct its impulses, delivered up, in short, entirely to itself, it could only take its bias from what it saw and heard, destitute of all means of discriminating between good and evil. The philosophers of the eighteenth century were not precisely the most unexceptionable guides and instructors of youth of either sex, and ill indeed were they adapted to fulfil that office for a female. The cynicism of some, the immorality of most, were so much the more to be feared, as these men expressed their opinions with much eloquence, and directed their ridicule with so much address against all that opposed their opinions in society, that to combat them with success required very deeply rooted religious principles and much strength of mind. At the period of which we speak, such was the universal corruption of morals, and disorder had risen to such a height, that a strong crisis was become necessary; it was then already foreseen that an explosion was inevitable, and the Revolution of 1793 was the appointed catastrophe, and, as it were, the detonation of the accumulated vices of many preceding years. Assuredly Mademoiselle de Wittinghoff had never heard marriage spoken of otherwise than as a convenient ceremony, by means of which a female procures full liberty, with the privilege of entertaining her lovers, becoming thereby no longer amenable to any tie or duty. At fourteen she married the Baron de Krudner, of Liefland, then thirty-six years of age, a man of good fortune, and well informed. Madame de Krudner from her infancy had discovered a disposition to melancholy and meditation, which temperament, had she been early well directed, would undoubtedly have been gradually developed and regulated, and that ardent and restless imagination might have applied itself to the working of some essential good; but, plunged into the vortex of the world, surrounded by seductions, she had no refuge from her passions, but became their unresisting slave. Nothing, perhaps, can be more dangerous than the irregularities of people of genius; for the intellectual faculties double the strength and energy of man; and when they are not employed to restrain and moderate, they never fail to stimulate and impel; the physical passions are reinforced by the passions of the imagination, if we may be permitted the expression, and from thenceforth excess alone can satisfy; and a corruption often takes possession, no less of the intellectual than of the moral being.

Mons. de Krudner, having in vain endeavoured to restore his wife to virtue, demanded and obtained a divorce in 1791. After this event Madame de Krudner resided at Riga, where her style of living was brilliant, and where she enjoyed the homage of no inconsiderable number of admirers: nevertheless, becoming weary of a society so limited, she sought in Paris, whither she returned in 1798, a wider scope of gratification. Being captivated by a young Frenchman, she afterwards

retired with him to Leipsic, from whence she departed for Riga, and in the same year returned again to Paris. At this period it was that she wrote *Valeria*, the plan of which had been some years previously conceived. An idea has gone forth that this romance is a fragment of the history of *Madame de Krudner's* life. We are not inclined to give credence to this opinion. The hero of this romance, tormented by an unhappy passion for a married woman, falls the victim of remorse for his guilty attachment, his sufferings being still farther augmented by regret that it was not returned. Now, from our acquaintance with the character of *Madame de Krudner*, it seems to us hardly probable she would permit the death of a lover, whom the grant of a few favours might have preserved. *Valeria* is one of the best written of the French romances. If the story does not seem to us applicable to the life of *Madame de Krudner*, the sentiments undoubtedly depict her character; it contains such a mixture of vice and virtue, such force of conscience, together with such disorder of imagination, all too truly and powerfully expressed, to be the result of mere fiction; in short, this romance explains *Madame de Krudner* better than we could hope to do by the most laboured and ingenious description. Her hero, *Gustave*, has the same defects as are conspicuous in those of *Madame de Staël*, *Leonce* and *Oswald*: he is utterly deficient in manly dignity; he is nerveless and effeminate; weeps like a woman; and, so far from combating his weakness, delivers himself up to its intoxication without a struggle. May we not be warranted in tracing this literary relation between these two celebrated women to a very similar feeling? They beheld men always as lovers; in which character, therefore, they always painted them, confining their thoughts, words, and actions within the focus of a single subject—illegitimate love. But guilty love forms no heroes; its best productions are nothing but gilded vices, and inconsistent, contradictory characters; since man cannot with impunity quit the path of virtue, or prevent his conscience from acting as an incessant and irksome opponent to his actions. Nevertheless, *Delphine*, *Corinne*, and *Valérie*, have had great success; but, unhappily, we of the present generation can only be satisfied in the developement of the most extraordinary sentiments. Adultery, for instance, employed as a means of effect in our romances, is become so common and familiar, that it now awakens but feeble interest; in short, it is nearly out of fashion; something more exciting yet is requisite: thus we have had brothers enamoured of their sisters; next we shall probably be presented with sons languishing for their mothers; and who knows but even grandmothers may take their turn, in compliment to the corrupt and exaggerated taste of the age?

It is impossible, however we may blame the plan of the romance, to read *Valérie* untouched; its descriptions are very fine, and its sentiments are expressed with irresistible effect; yet, in spite of the premature end of *Gustave*, the work is no less immoral. Certain authors compound with their consciences, believing, it should seem, that by putting their heroes and heroines to death, they redeem all the millions of their irregular imaginations. Now, would it not be better to let these people live out their days honestly and rationally, than thus to dispose of them? These terrible expiatory catastrophes are of no use whatever

to society. All the deaths of these passionate personages are so affectingly described, and attended by circumstances of so interesting a nature, that they go nigh to awaken envy; so that the evil produced by the recital of their seducing vices, is not thereby in the least degree mitigated. Who can tell, if there are not amongst us some enthusiasts in this line, who would willingly commit a romantic suicide in order to emulate the heroes of these dangerous works? It is a well-known fact that Werther has been the cause of more than one tragical adventure. It should be the aim of the moral writer to excite the virtues rather than the passions.

After having written *Valérie*, Madame de Krudner retired to Berlin, where she was presented to the late Queen of Prussia, into whose intimacy she was very soon admitted. The misfortunes and reverses of the House of Brandenburg, and the death of the Queen, made a lively impression on the mind of Madame de Krudner, and diverted her thoughts into a serious channel. At this juncture, a perusal of the works of Jung Stilling, a celebrated German visionary, awakened in her a disposition to mysticism. She connected herself with Stilling, and became his most zealous disciple. In 1813 she began her religious career at Heidelberg, where she visited the prisons and preached to the condemned; and the following year she proceeded to Paris, actuated by the design of reforming the moral and religious ideas of the chiefs of the allied armies. She held mystic assemblies at her hotel, to which she gave numerous invitations, preaching and praying for the edification of her company. It is asserted that a great personage assisted sometimes in the prayers of this penitent Magdalene. At this crisis she published a pamphlet, entitled "*Religious and Military Feast of the Allies.*" Paris is not the properest of all places for the exercise of mysticism; and Madame de Krudner, seeing that her efforts were fruitless, and the number of her adepts inconsiderable, departed for Switzerland in 1815. Here she associated in her religious labours a Genevese named Empeytas, and Keller, a German; her daughter, who afterwards married the Comte de Berkheim, was likewise with her. She preached in the open air, and was followed by a multitude of beggars, whom she provided with food and lodging. Her audience sometimes amounted to from three to four thousand individuals; and, as the disciple of Jung, she announced to them the approaching end of the world, and the new Jerusalem. Her moral doctrine was that of the Methodists and Moravians, the efficacy of grace without works, and the necessity of regeneration. She was endowed with eloquence, and the power of persuasion; but her discourses, or inspirations, as she termed them, were destitute of reason, and consequently of truth, involving her in endless contradictions, from which it was impossible she could disentangle herself. She painted corruption like one well accustomed to her subject; but, as virtue was still rather a new acquaintance, and as her imagination rather than her heart was converted, she had no means of instructing her proselytes how to extinguish or eradicate their vices: she terrified her congregation by a description of the torments of Hell; but never spoke to them of the benevolence and mercy of God, nor of the consoling promises of Jesus Christ. Methodists, it should seem, employ the doctrine of punishment for the same

end as Catholics use discipline : in scourging the imagination, they conceive they make compensation for their sins ; and, thereby satisfied, continue to commit them in security. This latter method is doubtless ingenious, and far more easy of practice than a true regeneration. He must be virtuous who dares deliver himself up to the hopes held out by Christianity ;—a trusting confidence and the faithful surrender of a pure heart bespeak a tranquil conscience.

Madame de Krudner, in her paroxysms of enthusiasm, sometimes so far forgot herself as to attack the conjugal union as inimical to religion ; wives and daughters abandoned their families, and bestowed all they possessed upon her poor disciples. Government at length, justly alarmed at the influence which this singular enthusiast was rapidly obtaining, obliged her to quit Switzerland ; she therefore left Basle, where she received the mandate, and repaired to Greuzacher Horn, on the other bank of the Rhine, constantly followed by the populace. Very soon, however, she received orders to depart hence also ; and when the officers of police came to signify to her the will of the Government of Baden, she preached to them, and endeavoured to enlist them among the number of her converts. She wrote in the moment of her departure to M. de Berkheim, minister of Baden, in order to justify herself from the accusations of which she was the object, her letter being dated from Greuzacher Horn, February 4th, 1817: as it is very characteristic, we will avail ourselves of some passages from it—it begins thus :—

“ Sir.—Finding myself publicly attacked as having resisted the authorities, a measure which would be contrary to the spirit of peace and meekness which I recommend to every one, and which ought to form the basis of my conduct, I am compelled, for the first time, to break the silence which I have steadfastly observed in the midst of all the injustice, all the outrages, and all the persecutions of which I have been the object, and which the Lord has given me grace to support with patience, and often even with joy. I declare, then, that I have never desired to oppose myself to the authorities, so long as those authorities have not, by their measures, stood in contradiction to commandments which I ought primarily to respect, as coming from God, and for which I ought to be ready to lay down my life.

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“ If, Sir, you were acquainted with the calamities which ravage these countries, you would easily conceive my situation.—Judge of it for yourself, and see, if in this moment of desolation, when thousands of destitute beings wander without work and without subsistence, when mothers, exhausted by hunger and grief, cast their poor children at my feet, telling me of the cruel temptations which have assailed them, and even shewing me the Rhine in their sombre despair, I ought to refuse them a refuge ! At other times, the sufferers were old men, dying of want and decrepitude, and who crawled with difficulty to that asylum where God, rather than man, is held in fear. Sometimes (for I appeal only to facts) the sick have come to me, labouring under the most acute sufferings, but knowing that through prayer in the name of Jesus Christ they would be healed. How then could I drive away those who came to seek me, or who arrived too late to journey farther ? Besides, Sir, you know that no one is received into your country without paying a large sum for admission, unless expressly exempted from the tax ; whenever I had time or power to do so, I have sent to request this exemption, but generally the distance has rendered this impossible. I repeat it, had I been crossing an uncivilized land, I should not, in order to defend myself, have been compelled to combat laws reprobated by the only code which I recognize,—that of

the Living God. You must be convinced, Sir, that I could not have avoided the faults which have drawn upon me the censure of your Government, without renouncing the religion in which I was born, and which is the rule of my practice; and so far, Sir, do I hold you in esteem, that I take it for granted, you would have acted as I have done in a similar situation."

In another place, Madame de Krudner, after having deplored the iniquities which seem to her portentous of the end of the world, thus expresses herself:—

"The time is arrived when all that is of flesh shall perish; when there shall be no more boasting of human inventions, nor of the works of the creature; for the heart of man, says the prophet, is desperately wicked. What can be expected then from this proscribed being, on whom the Fall has set the seal of reprobation? It is only regenerated man who recovers his title at the foot of the Cross; and those states alone which are founded on the eternal basis of the will of the Most High, and of the commandments given by Him, can hope for his protection.

"The time is arrived when the kingdoms of the earth shall cry aloud, and storms alone shall answer them!"

To terminate these extracts, we will here present the reader with some fragments of the brilliant confession of Madame de Krudner.

"Let those who will, be scandalized that the Lord has done great things through the means of a woman. Whether she be hated intensely, or be accused of being too much beloved, it is all indifferent. That woman prays for those of whom it is said, 'It were better that a millstone were hung around their neck, and they were cast into the depths of the sea, than that they should offend one of these little ones who believe in the Almighty.' She says, that in the act of loving, consists that powerful secret which ultimately nothing can resist, and that the greatest of all power is that which is conferred by belief in this word, 'Whatever you shall ask in my name you shall obtain.'

"Yes, I have every thing, for I have the love of my God! Restrain, if you can, by human force, those who know that every one of the prayers of this so persecuted woman, is granted. When, about six months ago, I would fain have obeyed the orders of the Government of Baden, which forbade the assemblies held at my house by different disciples of the Lord, I made all possible efforts to conceal myself on the appointed days in several houses in the country, yet, nevertheless, multitudes of people found means to discover me, in spite of the extreme desire I felt for a little repose.

"It is then for the Lord to ordain, and for the creature to obey.—It is for Him to manifest, why the feeble voice of a woman has echoed so powerfully in the ears of the people, as to cause the knees of so many wretches to bend at the name of Jesus Christ, to stay the hands of rude assassins, and draw tears from the eyes of ~~stagnant~~ despair. Why, through her prayers to Him, she has demanded and obtained sufficient food to sustain thousands and thousands of famished, like those in the desert of old, and has been permitted to announce, in this country alone, to more than 25,000 souls, this immense charity of a God of mercy, who has opened in her heart an asylum for those indigent, whom governments and men have cast forth and abandoned. It was only for a mother to assume the care of orphans, it was only for a mother to mingle her tears with mother's; it was requisite that a woman, educated in the dwellings of luxury, should tell the poor she was much happier, ministering to their necessities, seated on a wooden bench; it was necessary that a woman, humbled by her sins and her errors, should confess that she had been

enslaved and duped by the vanities of the world, and had learned that no one ought to be despised. A woman of simple faith, unblinded by false knowledge, capable of confounding the wise, by proving to them that she had been instructed in the most profound secrets, only in loving God, and in weeping at the foot of the Cross. There needed, in short, a woman of courage, who having enjoyed every thing this world can give, could proclaim even in the presence of kings, that all is nothing; unmasking the enchantments and idols of drawing-rooms, while she blushes for herself that she had once desired to shine among them by means of some despicable talents and a little worthless wit."

There is no small vanity in these avowals; Madame de Krudner thinks, apparently, that her wanderings had rendered her so much the more proper for the fulfilment of her mission; and one may infer from what she says, that, according to her opinion, a sinner is of much more use to society than a virtuous woman. This necessity of a return to virtue, or as it pleases some enthusiasts to term it, "the miraculous conversion," is more or less experienced by every feeling heart, which, having been drawn aside by violent passions, is become sensible of its errors, and seeks at length to expiate them by repentance and good works; but that conversion cannot be complete if man exalts it as an object of pomp and vanity.

Madame de Krudner, obliged to quit the Duchy of Baden, retired to Courland, without obtaining permission to enter Berlin, or proceed to Petersburg. She lives at present on one of her estates near Riga, appearing to be still more and more united with the Methodists and Moravians; Empeytas the Genevese, and Keller, were not permitted to follow her into Russia. During her route she was visited by many celebrated men; and at Leipsic, she gained a young Theologian, named Liedner, who wrote a book called "Macbenac," in favour of her opinions; she had likewise many interviews with the professor Krug, who published his conversations with her.

How unfortunate, that a being, gifted with so much genius as Madame de Krudner, should have employed it so ill! Her life has been hitherto a series of disorders of every description, and her pretended miraculous conversion is more dangerous than the sins of her youth, inasmuch as the latter were only detrimental to herself. Like the Methodists of Basle, she may be considered the cause of the crimes committed at Zurich by fanaticism and superstition.

It would be unjust to finish this article, without speaking of the good qualities of Madame de Krudner. She is very generous, her sentiments are noble, and it must not be denied that her disposition has a tendency to religion; but her intellectual faculties, though very brilliant, want that harmony, that agreement amongst themselves, which genius alone can never furnish, and which can only exist through the union of morality and reason.

A. D. T.

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## CŒUR DE LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.

The body of Henry the Second lay in state in the Abbey-church of Fontevraud, where it was visited by Richard Cœur de Lion, who, on beholding it, was struck with horror and remorse, and reproached himself bitterly for that rebellious conduct which had been the means of bringing his Father to an untimely grave.

TORCHES were blazing clear,  
Hymns pealing deep and slow,  
Where a King lay stately on his bier,  
In the Church of Fontevraud;  
Banners of battle o'er him hung,  
And warriors slept beneath,  
And light, as noon's broad light, was flung  
On the settled face of Death.

On the settled face of Death,  
A strong and ruddy glare,  
Though dimm'd at times by the censor's breath,  
Yet it fell still brightest there:  
As if each deeply-furrow'd trace  
Of earthly years to show—  
Alas! that sceptred mortal's race  
Had surely closed in woe!

The marble floor was swept  
By many a long dark stole,  
As the kneeling priests, round him that slept,  
Sang mass for the parted soul.  
And solemn were the strains they pour'd  
In the stillness of the night,  
With the cross above, and the crown and sword,  
And the silent King in sight.—

There was heard a heavy clang,  
As of steel-girt men the tread,  
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang  
With a sounding thrill of dread.  
And the holy chaunt was hush'd awhile,  
As by the torch's flame  
A gleam of arms, up the sweeping aisle,  
With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look,  
A dark glance high and clear,  
But his proud heart through its breast-plate shook  
When he stood beside the bier.  
He stood there still, with a drooping brow,  
And clasp'd hands o'er it raised;—  
For his Father lay before him low,  
It was Cœur de Lion gazed.

And silently he strove  
With the workings of his breast;  
But there's more in late repentant love  
Than steel may keep suppress'd.  
And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain.—  
Men held their breath in awe,  
For his face was seen by his warrior-train;  
And he reck'd not that they saw.

He look'd upon the Dead,  
And sorrow seem'd to lie,  
A weight of sorrow, ev'n as lead,  
Pale on the fast-shut eye.  
He stoop'd—and kiss'd the frozen cheek,  
And the hand of lifeless clay,  
Till bursting words—yet all too weak—  
Gave his soul's passion way.

“ Oh, Father! is it vain,  
This late remorse and deep?  
Speak to me, Father! once again!—  
I weep—behold, I weep!  
Alas! my guilty pride and ire!  
Were but this work undone,  
I would give England's crown, my Sire,  
To hear thee bless thy Son.

“ Speak to me!—mighty grief  
Ere now the dust hath stirr'd!  
Hear me! but hear me!—Father, Chief,  
My King! I *must* be heard!—  
Hush'd, hush'd!—how is it that I call,  
And that thou answerest not?  
When was it thus?—Woe, woe for all  
The love my soul forgot!

“ Thy silver hairs I see,  
So still, so sadly bright!  
And, Father, Father! but for me,  
They had not been so white!  
I bore thee down, high heart! at last,  
No longer couldst thou strive;—  
Oh! for one moment of the past,  
To kneel and say ‘Forgive!’

“ Thou wert the noblest King,  
On royal throne e'er seen;  
And thou didst wear, in knightly ring,  
Of all, the stateliest mien;  
And thou didst prove, where spears are proved,  
In war, the bravest heart—  
Oh! ever the renown'd and loved  
Thou wert—and *there* thou art!

“ Thou that my boyhood's guide  
Didst take fond joy to be!—  
The times I have sported at thy side,  
And climb'd thy parent knee!  
And there before the blessed shrine,  
My Sire, I see thee lie,—  
How will that sad still face of thine  
Look on me till I die!”

F. H.



## THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEFUNCT.\*

"Nought but a blank remains, a dead void space,  
A step of life that promised such a race."—DRYDEN.

NAPOLEON has now sent us back from the grave sufficient echoes of his living renown: the twilight of posthumous fame has lingered long enough over the spot where the sun of his glory set, and his name must at length repose in the silence, if not in the darkness of night. In this busy and evanescent scene, other spirits of the age are rapidly snatched away, claiming our undivided sympathies and regrets, until in turn they yield to some newer and more absorbing grief. Another name is now added to the list of the mighty departed, a name whose influence upon the hopes and fears, the fates and fortunes of our countrymen, has rivalled, and perhaps eclipsed that of the defunct "child and champion of Jacobinism," while it is associated with all the sanctions of legitimate government, all the sacred authorities of social order and our most holy religion. We speak of one, indeed, under whose warrant heavy and incessant contributions were imposed upon our fellow-citizens, but who exacted nothing without the signet and the sign manual of most devout Chancellors of the Exchequer. Not to dally longer with the sympathies of our readers, we think it right to premonish them that we are composing an epicedium upon no less distinguished a personage than the Lottery, whose last breath, after many penultimate puffs, has been sobbed forth by sorrowing contractors, as if the world itself were about to be converted into a blank. There is a fashion of eulogy, as well as of vituperation; and though the Lottery stood for some time in the latter predicament, we hesitate not to assert that "*multis ille bonis febilis occidit*." Never have we joined in the senseless clamour which condemned the only tax whereto we became voluntary contributors, the only resource which gave the stimulus without the danger or infatuation of gambling, the only alembic which in these plodding days sublimised our imaginations, and filled them with more delicious dreams than ever fitted athwart the sensorium of Alnaschar.

Never can the writer forget when, as a child, he was hoisted upon a servant's shoulder in Guildhall, and looked down upon the installed and solemn pomp of the then drawing Lottery. The two awful cabinets of iron, upon whose massy and mysterious portals, the royal initials were gorgeously emblazoned, as if after having deposited the unfulfilled prophecies within, the King himself had turned the lock and still retained the key in his pocket;—the blue-coat boy, with his naked arm, first converting the invisible wheel, and then diving into the dark recess for a ticket;—the grave and reverend faces of the commissioners eyeing the announced number;—the scribes below calmly committing it to their huge books;—the anxious countenances of the surrounding populace, while the giant figures of Gog and Magog, like presiding deities, looked down with a grim silence upon the whole proceeding;—constituted altogether a scene, which combined with the sudden wealth

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\* Since writing this article, we have been informed that the object of our funeral oration is not definitively dead, but only moribund. So much the better; we shall have an opportunity of granting the request made to Walter by one of the children in the wood, and "kill him two times." The Abbé de Vertot having a siege to write, and not receiving the materials in time, composed the whole from his invention: shortly after its completion, the expected documents arrived, when he threw them aside, exclaiming—"You are of no use to me now; I have carried the town."

supposed to be lavished from those inscrutable wheels, was well calculated to impress the imagination of a boy with reverence and amazement. Jupiter, seated between the two fatal urns of good and evil, the blind Goddess with her cornucopia, the Parcæ wielding the distaff, the thread of life, and the abhorred shears, seemed but dim and shadowy abstractions of mythology, when I had gazed upon an assemblage exercising, as I dreamt, a not less eventful power, and all presented to me in palpable and living operation. Reason and experience, ever at their old spiteful work of catching and destroying the bubbles which youth delighted to follow, have indeed dissipated much of this illusion, but my mind so far retained the influence of that early impression, that I have ever since continued to deposit my humble offerings at its shrine whenever the ministers of the Lottery went forth with type and trumpet to announce its periodical dispensations; and though nothing has been doled out to me from its undiscerning coffers but blanks, or those more vexatious tantalizers of the spirit, denominated small prizes, yet do I hold myself largely indebted to this most generous diffuser of universal happiness. Ingrates that we are! are we to be thankful for no benefits that are not palpable to sense, to recognise no favours that are not of marketable value, to acknowledge no wealth unless it can be counted with the five fingers? If we admit the mind to be the sole depositary of genuine joy, where is the bosom that has not been elevated into a temporary elysium by the magic of the Lottery? Which of us has not converted his ticket, or even his sixteenth share of one, into a nest-egg of Hope, upon which he has sate brooding in the secret roosting-places of his heart, and hatched it into a thousand fantastical apparitions?

What a startling revelation of the passions if all the aspirations engendered by the Lottery could be made manifest! Many an impecuniary epicure has gloated over his locked-up warrant for future wealth, as a means of realising the dream of his namesake in the Alchemist,—

“ My meat shall all come in in Indian shells,  
Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded  
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths and rubies;  
The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels’ heels  
Boil’d in the spirit of Sol, and dissolved in pearl,  
(Apicius’ diet ’gainst the epilepsy;)  
And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,  
Headed with diamant and carbuncle.—  
My footboy shall eat pheasants, calvered salmons,  
Knots, godwits, lampreys; I myself will have  
The beards of barbels served :—instead of salads  
Oil’d mushrooms, and the swelling unctuous paps  
Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,  
Dress’d with an exquisite and poignant sauce,  
For which I’ll say unto my cook—‘ There’s gold,  
Go forth, and be a knight.’ ”

Many a doting lover has kissed the scrap of paper whose promissory shower of gold was to give up to him his otherwise unattainable Danaë: Nimrods have transformed the same narrow symbol into a saddle, by which they have been enabled to bestride the backs of peerless hunters; while nymphs have metamorphosed its Protean form into

“ Rings, gaudes, conceits,  
“ Knucks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats,”

and all the braveries of dress, to say nothing of the obsequious hus-

band, the two-footman'd carriage, and the opera-box. By the simple charm of this numbered and printed rag, gamblers have, for a time at least, recovered their losses, spendthrifts have cleared off mortgages from their estates, the imprisoned debtor has leapt over his lofty boundary of circumscription and restraint, and revelled in all the joys of liberty and fortune; the cottage-walls have swelled out into more goodly proportion than those of Baucis and Philemon; poverty has tasted the luxuries of competence, labour has lolled at ease in a perpetual arm-chair of idleness, sickness has been bribed into banishment, life has been invested with new charms, and death deprived of its former terrors. Nor have the affections been less gratified than the wants, appetites, and ambitions of mankind. By the conjurations of the same potent spell, kindred have lavished anticipated benefits upon one another, and charity upon all. Let it be termed a delusion; a fool's paradise is better than the wise man's Tartarus: be it branded as an *Ignis fatuus*, it was at least a benevolent one, which instead of beguiling its followers into swamps, caverns, and pitfalls, allured them on with all the blandishments of enchantment to a garden of Eden, an ever-blooming elysium of delight. True, the pleasures it bestowed were evanescent, but which of our joys are permanent? and who so inexperienced as not to know that anticipation is always of higher relish than reality, which strikes a balance both in our sufferings and enjoyments. "The fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear," and fruition, in the same proportion, invariably falls short of hope. "Men are but children of a larger growth," who may amuse themselves for a long time in gazing at the reflection of the moon in the water, but, if they jump in to grasp it, they may grope for ever, and only get the farther from their object. He is the wisest who keeps feeding upon the future, and refrains as long as possible from undecieving himself, by converting his pleasant speculations into disagreeable certainties.

The true mental epicure always purchased his ticket early, and postponed enquiry into its fate to the last possible moment, during the whole of which intervening period he had an imaginary twenty thousand locked up in his desk,—and was not this well worth all the money? Who would scruple to give twenty pounds interest for even the ideal enjoyment of as many thousands during two or three months? "*Credo quod habes, et habes*," and the usufruct of such a capital is surely not dear at such a price. Some years ago, a gentleman in passing along Cheapside saw the figures 1069, of which number he was the sole proprietor, flaming on the window of a lottery-office as a capital prize. Somewhat flurried by this discovery, not less welcome than unexpected, he resolved to walk round St. Paul's that he might consider in what way to communicate the happy tidings to his wife and family; but upon repassing the shop, he observed that the number was altered to 10,069, and upon enquiry, had the mortification to learn that his ticket was a blank, and had only been stuck up in the window by a mistake of the clerk. This effectually calmed his agitation, but he always speaks of himself as having once possessed twenty thousand pounds, and maintains that his ten minutes' walk round St. Paul's was worth ten times the purchase-money of the ticket. A prize thus obtained has moreover this special advantage;—it is beyond the reach of fate, it cannot be squandered, bankruptcy cannot lay siege to it, friends cannot pull it down, nor enemies blow it up; it bears a charmed life, and none of

woman born can break its integrity, even by the dissipation of a single fraction. Show me the property in these perilous times that is equally compact and impregnable. We can no longer become enriched for a quarter of an hour; we can no longer succeed in such splendid failures; all our chances of making such a miss have vanished with the last of the Lotteries.

Life will now become a flat, prosaic routine of matter-of-fact, and sleep itself, erst so prolific of numerical configurations and mysterious stimulants to lottery adventure, will be disfurnished of its figures and figments. People will cease to harp upon the one lucky number suggested in a dream, and which forms the exception, while they are scrupulously silent upon the ten thousand falsified dreams which constitute the rule. Morpheus will stifle Cocker with a handful of poppies, and our pillows will be no longer haunted by the book of numbers.

And who, too, shall maintain the art and mystery of puffing in all its pristine glory when the lottery professors shall have abandoned its cultivation? They were the first, as they will assuredly be the last, who fully developed the resources of that ingenious art; who cajoled and decoyed the most suspicious and wary reader into a perusal of their advertisements by devices of endless variety and cunning: who baited their lurking schemes with midnight murders, ghost stories, crim-cons, bon-mots, balloons, dreadful catastrophes, and every diversity of joy and sorrow to catch newspaper-gudgeons. Ought not such talents to be encouraged? Verily the abolitionists have much to answer for!

And now, having established the felicity of all those who gained imaginary prizes, let us proceed to show that the equally numerous class who were presented with real blanks, have not less reason to consider themselves happy. Most of us have cause to be thankful for that which is bestowed, but we have all, probably, reason to be still more grateful for that which is withheld, and more especially for our being denied the sudden possession of riches. In the Litany indeed, we call upon the Lord to deliver us "in all time of our wealth;" but how few of us are sincere in deprecating such a calamity. Massinger's Luke, and Ben Jonson's Sir Epicure Mammon, and Pope's Sir Balaam, and our own daily observation, might convince us that the devil "now tempts by making rich, not making poor." We may read in the Guardian a circumstantial account of a man who was utterly ruined by gaining a capital prize:—we may recollect what Dr. Johnson said to Garrick, when the latter was making a display of his wealth at Hampton Court,—"Ah, David! David! these are the things that make a death-bed terrible;"—we may recall the Scripture declaration, as to the difficulty a rich man finds in entering into the Kingdom of Heaven, and combining all these denunciations against opulence, let us heartily congratulate one another upon our lucky escape from the calamity of a twenty or thirty thousand pound prize! The fox in the fable, who accused the unattainable grapes of sourness, was more of a philosopher than we are generally willing to allow. He was an adept in that species of moral alchemy, which turns every thing to gold, and converts disappointment itself into a ground of resignation and content. Such we have shown to be the great lesson inculcated by the Lottery when rightly contemplated; and if we might parody M. de Chateaubriand's jingling expression,—"*le Roi est mort, vive le Roi.*" we should be tempted to exclaim, "The Lottery is no more—long live the Lottery!"

## THE FIRST DISCOVERY OF COLUMBUS.\*

"THE howling winds forbid us to trust the fatal main,  
 Oh turn our wandering vessel to harbour once again.  
 Why to this bold Italian our lives, our hopes confide?  
 No golden land awaits us beyond the shoreless tide!  
 How long shall he deceive us with boasting vain and loud,  
 And when we gaze for land, he can show us but a cloud!"

The gallant leader heard, but he listen'd undismay'd,  
 Though he saw their furious glances and their daggers half display'd,  
 No fear was in his soul, but his heart was wrung with woe:  
 Shall he yield before their murmurs, and his glorious meed forego?  
 Had he braved the ocean's terrors in tempest and in night,  
 And shall he furl his sails with the promised goal in sight?—  
 For he look'd towards the horizon, and mark'd the setting sun,  
 And by its ruddy light he knew that all his toils were done.

'Twas in the deepest midnight, as they cut the yielding wave,  
 When not a star was shining to guide them or to save,  
 As in awful hopeless silence their onward course they steer,  
 Far in the murky distance—lo! glimmering lights appear;  
 In breathless joy and wonder they watch the opening sky,  
 And with the morning rises their rapturous certainty.  
 Through the silvery vapour gleaming extends the welcome strand,  
 And trees and rocks and mountains before their view expand.  
 They breast the foaming surges, and shouting leap ashore,  
 While every echo answers—"God and Saint Salvador!"

M. E.

## CHARACTERISTIC EPISTLES.—NO. V.

WE are now, for variety's sake, to present the reader with a few epistles which owe some portion of their attractions to the names they bear; for it must not be denied that there is more in "a name" than the philosophy of Juliet could make out. It is true the illustration was a sweet one, by which that lovely philosopher sought to prove her position, touching the nothingness of a name. But if "a rose would *smell as sweet* by any other name," it would still not be "*a rose*," any more than "Romeo would be Romeo, call him what you will."

In fact, there is Midas-magic in a name, that can change in a moment all things to their opposites; nay, that can create all things for all the purposes for which they serve when created. There is nothing so powerful as an abstraction; and there is no abstraction like a name. What were those lovers themselves, but names? What was their passion, but a name? What their happiness, their misery, their life, their death, their story—what, but names?—What, in a word, is any thing

\* Friday, 3d August, 1492, Columbus set sail from Palos. They had high winds at first, which they considered ominous. On the 7th September they lost sight of land with sighs and tears, many fearing never to see it again: after some days the crew began to murmur against that "*bold Italian*," his prayers and promises. Suddenly he called out "Land! land!" but it proved but clouds. The murmurs were now very great, and the crew determined to wait but three days more before they would return; the first of those days he perceived by the sunset that land was near; in the night he spied light, and two hours after midnight Rodrigo de Triana descried land on the 10th October. They went on land when it was day, and termed it St. Salvador: called by the inhabitants Guanahani, one of the Isles Lucayos, 950 degrees from the Canaries.—See PURCHAS HIS PILGRIMES.

that we do not touch with our hands, or see with our eyes,—what but a name? The imagination of “Imperial Rome” fills the world;—yet what is it but a name? The thought of her Caesar and his power, stirs our hearts like the sound of thunder; yet what is it but a name?

“His very name  
Renews the springs of life, and cheers my soul.”  
“When the loved name of Theseus reach’d her ear,  
The raging tempest of her grief was calm’d,  
Her sighs were hush’d, and tears forgot to flow.”  
“My daughter! with thy name this song began—  
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end—  
I see thee not—I hear thee not—but none  
Can be so wrapt in thee!”

—that is to say, so wrapt in *her name*—for he was a thousand miles distant from her, and knew not that she was any thing else; or rather, she never *was* any thing else to him—nor was he to her,—even while he lived: but now that he is gone, and *can* be nothing else, *his* name will be her destiny while she lives, and the burthen of her epitaph when she dies. Oh, there is much in a name—at least as much as Mr. Shandy himself supposed.

But not the least power possessed by a name is that of changing a bit of blurred and worthless paper into a leaf more sacred than the Sibyl’s, and words that were otherwise nothing worth, into spells and charms. But let us *shew* the reader what a name can do; which will be a shorter as well as a surer way of convincing him of its efficacy, than a score of rhapsodies. Let him peruse the following words, copied from the little soiled scrap of paper on which they are scribbled:

Dear Eden,—I had promised Lord North for Hemsley before I received your letter; I tell you this because I would not make any false merit with you; but I certainly should have done it at your recommendation if I had not promised it before

I will contrive to call upon you soon, and talk over some of the other things in your letter. I am very sincerely yours.

Saint James’s, Aug. 27, 1783.

The reader will find but little to interest him in this, as it now stands. The utmost he will even fancy is, that he detects the hand of some favoured dispenser of “places and pensions,” exercising a piece of jesuitical candour in declining the credit that he does not deserve, but would fain appropriate. But we are greatly mistaken in our estimate of the value of a *name*, if, when he sees that of *Charles James Fox* affixed to the above, it will not be changed in a moment, into a pleasing and characteristic evidence of that amiable candour and unaffected simplicity, which was never elsewhere so intimately allied to true greatness.

Again—what would the following be, without the knowledge that it proceeds from no less a person than him whom many consider to be the proved author of *Junius’s Letters*? But with that knowledge it becomes curious at least; and, to our thinking, characteristic,—unless we are wrong in guessing that that very bitter person is fathering upon “her ladyship” the “*risus sardonius*” which was so peculiarly his own property.

Nov. 26, 1811.

Your letters are very ~~functions~~ and acceptable, at all of which ~~her~~ ladyship has been pleased to grin: a kind of *risus sardonius*, to which she gives way when she does not know how to find fault.

I shall be in town on Friday, and I hope you have no thoughts of abandoning the peninsula.

Your's,

PHILIP FRANCIS.

But we must have done with using our materials as mere proofs (at best superfluous) of the value of a name; and return to our plan of letting the epistles which we place before the reader, stand upon their own merits; first, however, begging a welcome for the two following, chiefly on the grounds just urged: unless indeed we may offer them, together with the foregoing, as "characteristic" of privy counsellors generally—who seem to have little else to think about but providing for their adherents.

Downing-street, Jan. 18, 1776.

Dear Sir,—A Lord of the Session in Scotland is dead. Be so good as to remember Mr. Ross and Mr. Mackenzie—the former to be a lord of Session, and the latter a clerk of Session in the room of the other.

I am, Dear Sir, yours most faithfully,

NORTH.

My Dear Sir,—Upon coming home I found the answer to the letter I wrote to the Resident respecting Sir Robert Keith. I wish to show it to you, and likewise to Lord Suffolk, where I can most conveniently see him.

Your's faithfully,

Saturday morning.

HENRY DUNDAS.

P. S. My conscience has checked me all night for concurring in such nonsense as your Indemnity Bill. Why, after negativing the amendment on the preamble, did not we ourselves vote it out altogether upon the last question—'that this bill do pass?' To have again negatived that question would have been a compleat commentary, and saved the house from the ridicule to which it is most perfectly open.

The reader will find that our next specimens have the rare quality of rising in interest above the preceding, in proportion as their writers rise in rank. In fact, we are mistaken if the three following epistles, from royal hands, will not be read with more than common interest, short and simple as they are. The first is from the late Queen Charlotte, addressed to the Dowager Lady Elgin, on the marriage of her daughter, and is tinged with that mingled piety and *bonhomie* (or rather *bonne-femme*, to create a word for the occasion) together rendered the writer far from one of the worst que t these realms have rejoiced in.

To My Dear friend, Dowager Lady ELGIN.

My dearest lady Elgin,—May every blessing attend your amiable daughter—believe me my true and fervent prayers attend her wedding, and I reflect with pleasure, that as you have been the means to make her happy by instilling such Christian principles in her mind as to her happiness and felicity both here and hereafter, she will also render you happy by following those principles through life—in which none can ever more sincerely rejoice than

Your affectionate friend,

CHARLOTTE.

\* Windsor,  
24 March, 1799.

The next is from the should-have-been successor of the above,—no-queen Caroline. Its occasion makes it interesting, if there were nothing else to do so; since, though without date, it is evidently written almost beside the cradle of that infant who afterwards became the hope of England. The place, too, of which it bears the name fixes its date to within a few months; for only so long was this most unhappy of queens, of mothers, and of women, allowed to possess a home.

The letter is addressed to one of the ladies in waiting, and displays evident symptoms of that *good-nature* which was the bane of the writer: for in a palace good-nature is not to be exercised with impunity: in all others it *covers* a multitude of sins; but in a queen it *includes* them!

We of course copy the letter verbatim et literatim, not presuming to meddle with the orthography or grammar of royalty; and moreover wishing to place on record *one* genuine and unstudied effusion of an anointed hand: for we know not where the reader can turn to another.

Carlton House, 7 o'clock.

Madam.—I was up stairs when my dear little Charlott was undressed, and stayed till she was in bed, and the dear little angle was remarkable well. I am much obliged to you for your great attention to her, and hope you will not return at Eight o'clock if it is not convenient to yourself—as I am quite alone with my ladies—so I can go upstairs if anything should be the matter, and then I will let you know. Hope to have the pleasure of seeing you much better tomorrow.

I am,

CAROLINE.

The last of our royal epistles (for we must not tax the reader's loyalty too much) shall be from the pen of the royal infant herself, whom, in the last, we saw—not to speak it profanely—"muling and puking in its nurse's arms;" and whom, if Time had spared, we *might* have seen, among the greatest monarchs that these realms have known; and whose loss England cannot look forward to the day when she shall cease to deplore.

There are two or three passages in this brief, yet we cannot but think most interesting epistle, which, if the reader's eyes are at all used to the melting mood, may chance to bring tears into them. It is written in a large, school-girl's hand, almost as large as *text*; and is addressed to the late Princess Royal of England, and Queen of Wirtemberg.

My dear Aunt,—I am very happy to find by Lady Kingston that you are so good to love me so much, and I assure you I love you very dearly—for I know a great deal about you from lady Elgin, who wishes me to resemble you in every thing. I am very anxious to write better, that I may let you know how I go on in my learning. I am very busy, and I try to be very good. I hope to go to Windsor soon, and see my dear grandpapa and grandmama. I love very much to go there and play with my aunts. Mama comes very often to see me, and then we play at all merry games—Colin Maillard—

I am much obliged to you for sending me so many pretty things, and wish you and the Elector were here, and would bring my cousin, Princess Theresa.

Adieu, my dear aunt, and believe me

Your ever affectionate and dutiful niece,

CHARLOTTE.

P. S. My duty to the Elector.

Shrewsbury Lodge, August 17, 1804.

The names of "dear grandpapa and grandmama," the sportings with the aunts at Windsor, and the rompings and "merry games" with



"mama" at home, carry us into the recesses of royal privacy pleasantly enough, and almost persuade us that happiness may be no greater danger there than elsewhere.

We shall now take an abrupt leave of greatness, and descend to some of the lower terraces on the hill of fame.

There are kings who have never been crowned; and such, in his way, was honest Tate Wilkinson—the most morose of managerial monarchs. His person and manner are as familiar to the town by Mr. Mathews's personification of them in his "youthful days," as if they had not passed away. We shall, therefore, add to the interest and curiosity of the picture by connecting it with one or two of his official despatches—and the rather as they refer to the "youthful days" of other persons, about whom the town is, in the present day, still more interested. It will be seen by the following that there is no such thing as mounting the ladder of distinction without treading the lowermost steps of it, however soiled they may be. We here see the most successful actor of his day, at the beck and call of a man who now only lives in *his* personification of him. The address will remind the reader of what Mathews relates,—that Tate scarcely ever called a person twice by the same name.

To Mr. MADDOX, or MATHEWS, Theatre, Carmarthen.

Hull, Feb. 10, 98.

Sir,—As a man in the mountains, and not known on change, added to your express desire of being here, convinces me you have misunderstood my meaning for engaging you in June next,—I shall want a comedian that can strike the audience well, as to say, "this will do," and then advance your situation. And as to coming out in a first situation, and the business you wrote for, no such thing can be complied with. Mr. Emery is in full possession of fame and characters—so suit your convenience as to staying away. If you are with me at York, 22d July, or Aug. 18, it will do. Mr. Emery will not quit me till the London theatre opens—therefore you can only play occasionally—but you will have full scope untill the end of October, and then I can judge of continuance or raising terms, according to your desert and success—for a good comedian only will do if I can get him. Your, &c.

TATE WILKINSON.

The following is from the same singular person; and to us it seems to present a no less curious than instructive picture of a half-broken mind in a body on the brink of the grave, but both still struggling on, and labouring in their vocation to the last. What can be more sad, at least, if not pathetic, than the passage about the "90% on Monday night at Leeds?" One would think that any body but a manager of a theatre, would have retired from the sight of "July Richards and Octavians," (even though they appeared under the form of Mr. Elliston himself,) and with the little he had saved by his life of labour, have betaken himself to some quiet corner, to "end his part in peace." But no—we are doomed, like hackney-coach horses, to die as we have lived, "with harness on our backs!"—with this difference against us; that we are willing slaves, and they are compelled ones.

Dear Sir,—I am truly pleased at your success, and think it a feather in the cap of the York Company—but you write to me as if I was in a recoverable state—instead of that, (to write) this is a violent fatigue. I had near 90% Monday night at Leeds—but I am not equal to be pleased, or to eat anything. I am worse than ever. Your letter is now before me. I cannot get through it, yet you write to me as if I was as gay as yourself. I want to see no July

Richards or Octavians—not but you may tell Mr. Elliston if he can come on the 7th Sunday in Trinity I shall be glad to see him. Tell him to write by return. He can play on Monday in London—monday, Aug. 12. I have no strength or time for compliments. Wishing you good health,

Yours in great pair,

TATE WILKINSON.

P. S. This is a great fatigue and pain to me.  
To Mr. MATHEWS.

The reader must look at the foot of the following for its merit. The name of Mrs. Abington crossed our path as we were thinking of nothing less, and the words that preceded it seemed as if they *would* be transcribed. But in truth that name is a spell which might “turn to favour and to prettiness” a greater portion of nothing than is here appended to it. Not that we are at all sure the familiar note of one pretty woman to another should ever be more pregnant of matter than that which we now present.

My lovely Lady,—Have you left me off? I think it long since I had the happiness of seeing either your pretty eyes, or improving from your pretty manners. I am quite unwell, or I should have ventured again to Leicester Square,—but hope you will call in Pall Mall on Your obliged friend,

F. ABINGTON.

As the following letters, of the celebrated author and actor of the Man of the World, have not brevity among their merits, we shall not usher them in by any long preface, but merely observe that *Love à la Mode* is evidently an object of no little importance in the eyes of its author. Here are two letters, to different persons, and written at five years distance from each other, and they treat of nothing else.

London, July 19th, 1773.

Dr Sir,—I this instant rec<sup>d</sup> your favor of the 16<sup>th</sup> and am sorry I cannot accept of your invitation. My affairs are so urgent in this part of the world that I am afraid I shall not be able to leave London this summer—not even to pay my respects at Methly. When you come to this town I shall be very glad to see you. You will find me in James-street, Covent Garden, at one Babels, a paper maché warehouse. I wish you would not think I am stricter with you than with any other person respecting *Love à la Mode*. I assure you I am not. You are the only one I ever permitted to play it. As to those around you who have illegally taken the liberty of treating it as their own, be assured nothing but the want of time to attend to them keeps them from the justice of the law, which they will certainly feel the first week that I can spare from my present avocations.

I am, Sir, &c.

CHARLES MACKLIN.

London, April 28, 1769.

Sir,—I have just rec<sup>d</sup> your's of the 26 inst. and take the first opportunity of answering it. You tell me that my real piece, of *Love à la Mode*, was never acted at York, Newcastle, &c. and I tell you that I know very well what kind of a farce called *Love à la Mode* was acted in those places, and how near in expression, fable, and character it was to mine. And I tell you besides, that there was enough of those materials mine to make the piratical use of them very troublesome, and a very expensive affair to you, to Mr. Baker, and to your whole company. Most men, when they set about invading another man's property, or to break a law, think they are so very ingenious and cunning in the manner of doing it as to elude the punishment of the law. But a Judge, a Jury, or a Lord Chancellor are generally as ingenious and as cunning as most men. And depend upon it that both you and Mr. Baker, if that

is the name of the proprietor of the York theatre, are fully within the power of the law from your acting my farce of *Love à la Mode*, notwithstanding any omissions, alterations, or additions that your design, or cunning, or ignorance of the true text may have caused to be the state of it when you acted it. And if this opinion of mine is founded in law, you ought to have apprehensions of the consequences—tho' you are pleased to tell me that the apprehension of the consequences from acting *Love à la Mode* was not the motive for answering my letter. But Sir—to cut this matter very short—I will not consent to your acting either the real or a fictitious *Love à la Mode*, as it may respect mine, at no time, nor upon any account whatever. Whenever I hear that you have done it after this letter, the next post, or as soon as legal forms will permit, you, Mr. Baker, and your whole company, shall hear from the law, without any farther notice; and then you know we shall soon learn the consequences, whether we apprehend them or not. You inform me that the first act of the piece in question was published in a magazine about two or three years since. I know it, and so do the publishers I believe by this time, to their smart—for they have learned the consequences of such piracy from the law: and as they tell me now, tho' they were as stout as you when I first applied to them about it, that they shall ever hereafter apprehend such consequences. I assure you it has cost them some hundreds already, and unless I make it up with them it will cost them many more. I tell you this as an instance that the pirating a man's work is not so trifling an affair (if properly prosecuted) as most men imagine. Mr. Foot at present is out of town. As soon as I see him I shall inform him of your postscript concerning him.

I am, Sir, your humble servt.

CHARLES MACKLIN.

Our next specimen shall be “characteristic” at least, if nothing else. It is from the most sentimental of single gentlemen. We wonder any one could venture to be a poet in the days of Mr. Pratt,—so impossible was it to escape the ardour of his admiration—which always, on each new publication, “gave rise to the enclosed.” Then he was the most amiable of enthusiasts, who never would let modest merit rest in its “retired spot called Belgrave Place, Pimlico,” but insisted on finding a patron for it in the person of a Sir John Carr! Mr. Pratt, “the amiable and admired author of *Sympathy*”—as he used justly enough to call himself whenever he caused the country newspapers to inflict premature death upon him in order that he might have the satisfaction of correcting the ingenious error under his own hand the week after—was also the author of a multiplicity of other meritorious works, none of which the modern reader ever heard of, seeing that it is at least a dozen years since they were in fashion. When they were in fashion, however, none was ever a greater pet than their author among “snug coteries and literary ladies;” and those who aim at, and deserve too, a much higher reputation than ever he dreamt of, might yet have envied that of “*The Hermit*.” The reader will find all his good qualities displayed in the following letter: and as for bad ones, he had none. In fact he was the most harmless of sentimental egotists.

Oct. 30, 1813.

My Dear Sir John,—I am anxious to be assured that health is restored to the interesting partner of your bosom; the *Hermit's* benediction ever attends her.

Having no progress to report in matters of business, I will hope to amuse you by engaging you in a little literary commission. Do you know the personal character and situation of Montgomery?—a poet whose “*World before the Flood*” I have recently read with such very high delight that my admiration of his talents gave rise to the enclosed. If you find that he is (what I

am persuaded he *must be* a very amiable man, though probably in humble condition, pray obtain his direction, and if you think my applause worth his acceptance, pray forward the enclosed to him in a *frank*. If you happen not to have seen the Poem it commends, you and lady Carr will feel obliged to me for leading you to the pleasure, which I am confident his poetry will afford you. It is published by Longman and Co.

Before I quit the subject of Fine Arts, let me ask you if you are acquainted with my friend Caroline Watson, the admirable engraver? She lives in a retired spot, called Belgrave Place, Pimlico—the street hardly containing more than a single house. I wish you would call on her in my name, as I think you will have great pleasure in surveying her drawings; and I wish you to patronise an engraving that she has lately finished from a sweet Holy Family of Raphael.

A Love for the fine arts is one of the best lenitives to sooth and cheer us under the vexatious chances of life. May they long afford you enjoyments unmixed with vexations—So prays Your ever sincere and affectionate friend,

THE HERMIT.

My Eyes (thank Heaven) are considerably recovered; but I am crippled by severe Rheumatism, in the Hip. Its pain, however, is not severe; unless I use the injured limb unmercifully.—My spirits are as cheerful as ever.

Adio!

The following is from the blue-est of spinsters. It has not much to recommend it; but as the public received its writer with favour under the portentous form of six posthumous volumes in octavo, they will not object to a dozen lines in addition.

Lichfield, Nov. 17, 1807.

Sir,—I cannot help thinking that the time has long passed away in which a publication of the sort you meditate can be likely to interest the public. Twenty-seven years are gone since it paid all the commiseration, respect, and attention of which its light and veering nature is capable, to the fate and to the virtues of the gallant and unfortunate André. To me he was dear as a brother, and I shall ever affectionately cherish his memory; but the general mind has not the constancy of personal friendship. Yet should you persist in attempting to rake up, in the hope of rekindling, the extinguished embers of public interest and pity, and continue to think my monody may encrease your chance of success by appearing in your work, you have my free consent to insert it. I cannot be repulsive to the request of a friend of the Mallet family.

I am, Sir, Your Ob<sup>t</sup> St.

ANNA SEWARD.

We shall close our specimens for this month with one of Robert Burns's prose extravaganzas. Considering the extreme delicacy of taste displayed in Burns's poetry, and its total want of any thing far-fetched and overstrained, his familiar letters present a singular anomaly; which, however, we must content ourselves with illustrating, without staying to discuss.

Dumfries, Dec. 1795.

Inclosed is the "address"—such as it is; and may it be a prologue to an overflowing house! If all the town put together have half the ardour, for your success and welfare, of my individual wishes, my prayer will most certainly be granted. Were I a man of gallantry and fashion, strutting and fluttering in the foreground of the picture of life, making this speech to a lovely young girl might be construed to be one of the doings of all-powerful Love. But you will be surprised, my dear Madam, when I tell you that it is not Love, nor even Friendship—but sheer avarice. In all my justlings and jumbings, windings and turnings, in life, disgusted at every corner, as a man of the least taste and sense must be, with vice, folly, arrogance, impertinence, nonsense, and stupidity, my soul has ever, involuntarily and instinctively,

selected as it were for herself a few whose regard, whose esteem, with a *miser's* avarice, she wished to appropriate and preserve. It is truly from this cause, *ma chere* Mademoiselle, that any, the least, service I can be of to you gives me most real pleasure. God knows, I am a powerless individual; and when I thought on my friends, many a heartache it has given me! But if Miss Fontenelle will accept this honest compliment to her personal charms, amiable manners, and gentle heart, from a man too proud to flatter, though too poor to have his compliments of any consequence; it will sincerely oblige her *anxious* friend and most devoted humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

#### TOKENS OF THE TIMES.

MANNERS, sentiments, feelings—sentiments, feelings, manners, are the never ending cant of the day. The very “soul is sick” of the pertinacity with which these misused words are dinned in the ear from all classes. From the noble to the plebeian, thousands give way to the infection without remarking the inconsistencies which a false application of the terms forces on the notice of such as coolly reflect or perhaps without understanding or caring to understand their true meaning—it is enough that the terms have become the “mode” in certain societies, and that a great portion of every-day society passes them currently. This is a full and sufficient reason for justifying much more extravagant errors, than calling things by wrong names, nicknaming God’s creatures, or conventionally twisting the truth into a lie! At the present rate we must soon bid farewell to the established meaning of words. Religion is become a current term for hypocrisy; feeling is to be understood as a sympathy with knavery and crime, and is to be used for what we once called pity; speculation from fine feeling, is, in robbers of the public chest, substituted for felony; sentiment is a puling affectation of opinions gathered from Leadenhall novels and the *bas bleus*; manners are an intermixture of the puppyism of the Brummel school, the prize-fighters’ blackguardism, and the post-boys’ insolence. The race of Chesterfield gentlemen is nearly extinct or grey with age—the race that in a beggar’s garb was instantly recognized for its inherent good manners. But the terms manners, sentiments, and feelings, have been perverted in other ways: scenes, where the low and profligate alone formerly felt a sympathetic pleasure, are now haunted by persons of unimpeachable morals, as far as common honesty is concerned, and with superfine coats on their backs. In past times we should have wondered at these things, but how the modern diffusion of intellect and knowledge has not produced a wider effect here, is a problem that can be solved no other way than by ascribing it to the reaction of the money-getting spirit upon our social system—that spirit which, in the sphere of petty accumulation, infallibly renders the mind callous and deceitful. Characters and conduct are become changed in proportion to that moral laxity which is generated by an admiration of wealth, the Dagon of England—the more favoured devotees of which are exonerated from virtuous obligation, and looked upon with unmingled awe and undisguised respect and admiration. Can truth in its severe beauty—can high and chivalric sentiments, generous feelings, and pure manners harmonize with sordid imbecility—with minds that, were they in Heaven, would have their thoughts bent downward,

——— admiring more  
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,  
Than aught divine.

Every thing great and good in the world is, according to them, visible in the subterranean treasury of the Bank. The Shylock of Rag-fair, who might live in worse than Israelitish covetousness and groveling of soul, and die in the pestilential cellar in which he first drew breath, if by some lucky hit, some well-managed usury, he become enormously rich, is at once the object of doating admiration—a Phoenix in the public eye; and the very hem of his garment is regarded with veneration by those whom, as well as their faith, he heartily abhors. Let the female, whose susceptible feelings and strong passions have forced her at last to a life of prostitution for her daily sustenance—let her be scoffed at and sent to the tread-mill to labour and to sorrow; but is this the lot of the coarse being who calculatingly sells her person to impotence or age—who, destitute of passion, is excited only by profit, and just knows how to acquire wealth by violating the dictates of nature? No, she is the idol of the money-getting mob, a gilded personification for thousands of all classes to extol, flatter, and admire; for talent (of a certain sort) to honour, peers to bow to, coxcombs to gape at, and for women, at least of exterior and reputed virtue, to make a companion. England is the only modern country among civilized nations where the untalented, unnobled, ungentle, and the vilest possessor of wealth is an envy and marvel with no small portion of its society. This almost religious veneration for riches is most prevalent among minds that are wholly employed in acquiring them for themselves. Among the high-minded, riches are coveted to increase luxury, but among the low they are coveted from the pride of outshining a neighbour, and by some of the latter, simply that they may die in the possession of the utmost possible amount of them. With the majority of money-getters, ostentation abroad, and niggardliness at home, is a fundamental principle; all that looks well and wealthy is good, all that looks poor and mean is evil. This rule governs absolutely with them, and is a sad picture of sordid spirit. What claim has he to attention whose coat is threadbare, whose shoes have been mended, whose hat is shabby, let his merit be what it may? In the Highlands of Scotland—among the wild and hospitable Irish, such an one might pass, but nowhere else in these kingdoms. In foreign countries they can believe virtue to be extant under a coat two years old, and the people are not ashamed of associating with the wearer of one. Let a botanist, a man of renown in his science, but meanly dressed, attempt to travel on foot through England, culling his plants on his way with his bag in his hand; however unoffending he may be, what will his scientific plea avail him? The treadmill would be his fate on suspicion of vagrancy—without crime but the being apparently poor, and not satisfying a country justice of the possibility of a man so devoting himself. The plain-garbed curate, perhaps a sincere and devoted representative of a minister of the religion he professes, with eighty pounds a-year his all, sedulous in his holy calling—who notices him but with pity as he walks at humble distance aside or behind his bloated, proud and rich vicar—the representative of luxury and this world—who is the great and admired man with the many? Even the twelve apostles, were they to

re-appear in England as fishermen, without more astonishing miracles than they have left upon record, would they be other than despised men by the idolaters of gold—the money-getters and wealth-worshippers of the nation? Alas, they must go again, as they did in their day, to the poor and lowly! to the wretched and the outcast!

I do not wish to disparage wealth; in itself it is a great and glorious advantage to the nation. The majority of our great merchants, who live “as princes,” and the industrious acquirers of fortune, with a view to competency and retirement and the respectability of their children, are an honour to any country. Of many in our Rome might have been proud in her glory. But it is the consequence of directing *exclusively* all the faculties of the soul to this object by a great portion of society, and particularly by the uneducated, and the infallible consequence ensuing, of the effacement of the finer feelings of the heart, and the generating a coarse mercenary disposition, that, destitute of real sensibility, substitutes for appearance; a cold superficial affectation, which such persons persuade themselves is refinement and humanity—it is of this evil I speak. This is the consequence of money-getting, so much to be deprecated, which taints the manners, and in despite of the wish to make all appear super-excellent, breaks out upon every occasion in which curiosity, apathy of feeling, rudeness, and even ferocity, make them inadvertently drop the mantle of deceit, which they put on to pass well in society. This money-getting spirit, this adoration of gain as the *summum bonum*, it is that neutralizes the effect of advancing mental culture. It is true, that of the moral evil of which I speak we may find instances in all communities, however constituted, but they are comparatively rare now in the higher, still scarcer in the cultivated, or in the genteel and independent ranks. What men of rank but those comparatively vulgar and brutalized attend cock-fights and boxing-matches? Who among the well-informed, the cultivated, and the better part of society, flock to Old Bailey executions? These ranks have their coarser exceptions, no doubt, but in general their’s are rather follies of inheritance and custom, like fox-hunting and play, which they do not pretend to conceal under the external covering of humanity—the affected robe of sympathy and commiseration. The vices or profligacy of the well-informed and better classes, are more those of the civilized and refined; they do not seek to be what they are not. But those of the class of which I speak, would be very sorry not to be deemed humane, generous, kind, and would be angry if the world did not deem them so. It must be confessed that many look the characters well, but if some exhibition take place that arouses the latent passion, they fling off the mask in a moment of forgetfulness, and appear *in puris naturalibus*.

I might pursue these kind of observations much further, and give instances in illustration; but I shall only remark that it is the abuse of wealth, a soul-ingrossing passion for it, which produces the consequences I deprecate; and that these consequences are more glaring in persons of a particular direction of mind and calling. Though money-getting in general has a tendency to contract the soul, and blunt it against the firmer sympathies of our nature—the better educated, and those of nobler dispositions, have that in themselves which neutralizes the evil. We have great and glorious examples of virtue and humanity, and it is not to the possession of riches, but to the spirit of accumula-

tion, in coarse minds particularly, to which I allude. These are unfortunately too numerous. Boast as we may, too many are far behind in refinement of manners and humane feelings—in matters which the passing stranger may easily observe. There is too much coarseness and ferocity among us, particularly among the lower classes, which some wiseacres call an exhibition of independence. Nothing can be a greater mistake. The insolence of the petty tradesman to his inferiors, and his fawning servility to those above him, the insults he will take from his customers when his interest is concerned, are but sorry tokens of independence in his class; and who are so mean and cringing as the peasantry, in their present state of demoralization to the overseer and the village-tyrant!

The recent execution of a great and unhappy criminal, in truth many circumstances in the development of the proceedings against him, prior to the moment when he expiated his crime with his life, afford a remarkable exhibition of coarseness and vulgarity of feeling, when, according to some accounts, nearly a fifth part of the adult population of the metropolis of England assembled to witness the expiring agonies of a fellow-creature, suffering under a law, the severity of which is justified on no other ground than by the possession of the power to inflict it. That the station of the sufferer in life, and the extent of his guilt, made his case a singular one, there can be no doubt: and if he had been pardoned, no one with any shadow of equity could be again executed under the existing law, his criminality being so notorious. But that the singularity of an offence should constitute a reason for gratifying a coarse ferocious curiosity—that it should make tens of thousands rise from their beds on a cold wet wintry morning, nay, some to remain on the Golgotha all night, for the purpose of witnessing the convulsions and throes of death of a fellow-creature under a punishment inflicted for such a crime in no country but this, seems most unnatural among a refined people. It can only be charged to an insensibility of feeling, an obtuse reckless sentiment of disregard for all but self-gratification—a weakened humanity, sacrificed without a thought to the indulgence of a useless and cruel curiosity. The low and vulgar have been in all times forward upon such occasions, but the mob which witnessed the execution of the before-mentioned criminal consisted of persons far above this class. Numbers of women too—of well-dressed women—of those with whom we usually ally ideas of tenderness and purity, of sensibility and feeling, were present. The house-tops in particular were covered with them, and though some, fond of sporting paradoxes rather than abiding by truth, have attempted to show that such an exhibition of female curiosity is produced solely by the love of excitement, it can only be ascribed to its proper cause, an utter destitution of those sympathies which adorn the female nature—an abandonment of those principles which elevate the sexual character, and a reckless want of regard to its reputation. It would be well if these dames could be marked out in future by a particular dress—a sort of prison uniform—that we might know them, avoid an approximation to them, and give them the ban of society. It may safely be alleged of the thousands of individuals present, a large proportion were of the money-getting vocation, in the less enlarged sense of the term;—these being always the most indurated. But what is to be said respecting the effect of



money-getting on manners, when we are informed that places in the houses in sight of the scaffold, which only afforded standing-room, were let out for heavy sums of money, and actually crowded with spectators—that a sort of blood-money was exacted—a fixed entrance price to a spectacle of death! What is to be thought of the payers and receivers at such a scene? Colour the matter any how—spin new theories to account for it, puzzle the mind respecting it as much as possible, the plain truth is at last found to be, that in the bosoms of such persons the better feelings of the heart were subservient to a base inquisitiveness, and that the greater part of the spectators had very little sympathy with human suffering. Their daily pursuits had never left them leisure to view it in any other regard under the like circumstances, than an exhibition interesting in proportion to the novelty of the incidents attached to the chief victim of the tragedy. Thus the last agony of suffering nature was turned to fiendish profit by one grasping party present, while another was running greater hazards by extracting theirs covertly from the pockets of the senseless multitude, both thinking, doubtless, what the amount of the exhibition would produce them, and wishing for a speedy repetition of it. Those who justify the frequent infliction of the punishment of death, on the ground of example, must have been highly gratified at the scene, as, according to their reasoning, there is very little chance of any of those who witnessed this execution committing the crime of forgery. It has been said, that could there be security given (which there cannot be) that those entrusted with authority would never abuse it, executions should take place in private, if to impress terror on society and to diminish crime by the fear of consequences were their object, and not in public, as the effect of public executions is not half as efficacious as the mystery of private ones would be. The effect of public executions, so notoriously common as they are in England, is always to diminish their horror. When death was an object of the greatest fear in society, gibbeting in irons, dismembering, and other inventions to strike terror might be of some utility; but in these days many things are deemed much more terrible than death, many disgraces, many penalties, many sufferings.

But I digress here upon a subject on which a great deal may and has been said. I must proceed to notice another “Token of the Times,” in which the money-getting spirit appears in a different form, hardening, brutifying, and rendering ferocious the national character, and which in the last thirty or forty years has risen up and spread like a mania among the coarse-minded and profligate as well as some of the *would-be* decorous and respectable, namely, prize-fighting. As a portion of the manners of the time, the journalist may be justified in noting it, that posterity may receive a picture of the disgusting manners of their forefathers, and avoid following their example. Duelling is a barbarism handed down from savage nations; and though nine times out of ten duellists are among the profligate and dishonourable, and go out to settle quarrels as men of honour, when they can lay no claim to the epithet, they are still the result of angry passion; and no one ever accuses the duellist of mercenary motives. The class in society presumed by the man of honour, as he styles himself, to have no claim to settling their quarrels by a duel, determine them with the fist. With respect to

these two classes I have nothing to say. Mr. Windham, of bull-baiting memory, used to talk of such scenes giving vigour and courage to Englishmen! Mr. Adolphus, of forensic note, will perhaps say the same; and an old luminary of the law was proud of contrasting the surpassing ferocity of our thieves, and their audacity at execution, with the villains of foreign countries, as a proof of British bravery!! Such reasoners need no sober reply. Fostered by a love of gain, prize-fighting has grown up within the last thirty or forty years, cherished by ruffians of all descriptions. It is peculiarly a creature of the money-loving spirit of the times, and has nothing to do with angry feeling—nothing but gain to qualify its immoralities. One of these exhibitions lately occurred almost in the centre of the kingdom, marked with some peculiar features to attract the attention and reprobation of the better part of society, and to draw down upon us the well-merited sarcasms of foreigners. It is true, as we get more remote from the coast, from large maritime cities, fashion, and foreign intercourse, we find the population less enlightened, and more attached to coarse and vulgar exhibitions. In the neighbourhood of the metropolis, and in all enlightened neighbourhoods, the magistracy check, as much as possible, open displays of a demoralizing and brutifying tendency; and the government seems very properly disposed to leave to their authority and the progress of better manners and feelings, the extirpation of these blots upon the national character. Unfortunately, most of the fox-hunting magistrates, in counties distant from the metropolis, are as much behind their brethren in the better-informed districts as the people. It is not long since the fight between Spring and Langan was tolerated by the magistrates of Worcestershire or of Worcester, close to that ancient and fine city. Stands were erected for spectators with every possible publicity of preparation; a fight of gladiators in Ancient Rome could not have been more pompously announced, but no effort was made to interrupt the proceedings, nor was the potent voice of magisterial opposition heard,—very serious accidents too occurred. A meeting of a few dozen radicals would have set all the Dogberries in the county in motion. The secret here, and in the scene of blackguardism which follows, was the gain made by the neighbourhood from the motley assemblage, that swarmed from all points to the scene of action. On a still later and more disgraceful occasion, on the race-course of an ancient town, not only was another exhibition of this kind tolerated; but, if the journals of the day are to be credited, constables were appointed, each with his staff of office, to keep guard on the ground—the authorities of England appointed to repress all breaches of the peace, absolutely attending an exhibition of coarse, vulgar blackguardism that was an open breach of it! What will the higher authorities say to this? Will they suffer the influence of the neighbourhood to stifle the just reprobation of such acts, or will they do their duty? Where is the national self-complacency that thanks God we are not as other men, but that we are the *beau-ideal* of refinement and human excellence? Let not these acts be saddled upon the poor, or upon the vulgar and worthless alone. In this astounding token of the times, it appears there was a London committee to conduct blackguardism by rule (composed of the prize ring, I presume, sitting in some flash public-

house), and a Warwick committee of good sober burgesses, no doubt calculating on the money the mob would expend in their good town. A large stand on their race-course was given up to the spectacle, and the profits divided between these two *honourable* committees. All this took place in a borough, where there is a mayor, right worshipful, and portly aldermen—in an assize town, where the county gallows and prison, the dungeon of the poacher, and the treadmill of the vagrant, stood warning examples to the vagabonds collected, to the inmates of which the spectacle was calculated to make no small addition. Every method of grasping an ill-gotten profit was seized, even the farmers let out their waggon to the spectators. The journals say that “Lords Clonmell, Anson, Muncaster, and other nobles, made their appearance, and were soon followed by the fighting men and a strong muster of patricians!” These “patricians” no doubt feel the force of the moral example they give in frequenting scenes with which they have such a congeniality of feeling; they best know the value of their countenance to such an assemblage, and the inferences drawn from it in this public violation of the peace and of good manners. When they are in a different situation, and hear impugned the character of peaceable assemblages in their county, meeting to consider of real or fancied rights, they will take care that the more praiseworthy meetings of the rabble of the prize-ring, with the pickpockets, knaves, and vagabonds, to whom they have afforded countenance by their presence, shall be specially exempted from the censures that may fall on the former to whom they may not alike afford their beneficial example!

But I have protracted my observations on a very copious subject to a length which will not suffer me to notice a tenth part of the “Tokens of the Times,” I had minuted, as promoted, if not originating in the money-getting spirit among the unrefined and vulgar in feeling. It is necessary, now more than ever, to be unsparing of our popular vices, to probe deeply for the sake of our high national character the wounds that are festering in our very vitals, to put down our egotism and self-complacency, and to expose the coarsé and ferocious part of the community of all ranks, who will cant fluently about manners, sentiments, and feelings, of which they know nothing.

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#### MADAME PASTA AND MADEMOISELLE MARS.

I LIKED Mademoiselle Mars exceedingly well, till I saw Madame Pasta, whom I liked so much better. The reason is, the one is the perfection of French, the other of natural acting. Madame Pasta is Italian, and she might be English—Mademoiselle Mars belongs emphatically to her country; the scene of her triumphs is Paris. She plays naturally too, but it is French nature. Let me explain. She has, it is true, none of the vices of the French theatre, its extravagance, its flutter, its grimace, and affectation; but her merit in these respects is, as it were, negative, and she seems to put an artificial restraint upon herself. There is still a pettiness, an attention to *minutiae*, an etiquette, a mannerism about her acting: she does not give an entire loose to her feelings, or trust to the unpremeditated and habitual im-

pulse of her situation. She has greater elegance, perhaps, and precision of style than Madame Pasta, but not half her boldness or grace. In short, every thing she does is voluntary, instead of being spontaneous. It seems as if she might be acting from marginal directions to her part. When not speaking, she stands for the most part quite still. When she speaks, she extends first one hand, and then the other, in a way that you can fancy she does so every time, or in which a machine might be elaborately constructed to develop different successive movements. When she enters, she advances in a straight line from the other end to the middle of the stage, with the light unvarying trip of her countrywomen, and then stops short, as if under the drill of a *fluegelman*. When she speaks, she articulates with perfect clearness and propriety; but it is the facility of a singer executing a difficult passage. The ease is that of habit, not of nature. Whatever she does, is right in the intention, and she takes care not to carry it too far; but she appears to say beforehand, "*This I will do, I must not do that.*" Her acting is an inimitable study, or consummate rehearsal of the part as a preparatory performance. She hardly yet appears to have assumed the character; something more is wanting, and that something you find in Madame Pasta. If Mademoiselle Mars has to smile, a slight and evanescent expression of pleasure passes across the surface of her face, twinkles in her eyelids, dimples her chin, compresses her lips, and plays on each feature: when Madame Pasta smiles, a beam of joy seems to have struck upon her heart, and to irradiate her countenance. Her whole face is bathed and melted in expression, instead of its glancing from particular points. When she speaks, it is in music. When she moves, it is without thinking whether she is graceful or not. When she weeps, it is a fountain of tears, not a few trickling drops, that glitter and vanish the instant after. The French themselves admire Madame Pasta's acting, (who indeed can help it?) but they go away thinking how much one of her simple movements would be improved by their extravagant gesticulations, and that her noble, natural expression would be the better for having twenty airs of mincing affectation added to it. In her Nina there is a listless vacancy, an awkward grace, a want of *bienseance*, that is like a child or a changeling, and that no French actress would venture upon for a moment, lest she should be suspected of a want of *esprit* or of *bon mien*. A French actress always plays before the court; she is always in the presence of an audience, with whom she settles her personal pretensions by a significant hint or side-glance, and then as much nature and simplicity as you please. Poor Madame Pasta thinks no more of the audience than Nina herself would, if she could be observed by stealth, or than the fawn that wounded comes to drink, or the flower that droops in the sun or wags its sweet head in the gale. She gives herself entirely up to the impression of the part, loses her power over herself, is led away by her feelings, either to an expression of stupor or of artless joy, borrows beauty from deformity, charms unconsciously, and is transformed into the very being she represents. She does not act the character—she is it, looks it, breathes it. She does not study for an effect, but strives to possess herself of the feeling which should dictate what she is to do, and give birth to the proper degree of grace, dignity, ease or force. She makes no point all the

way through, but her whole style and manner is in perfect keeping, as if she were really a love-sick, care-crazed maiden; occupied with one deep sorrow, and who had no other idea or interest in the world. This alone is true nature and true art. The rest is sophistical; and French art is not free from the imputation; it never places an implicit faith in nature, but always mixes up a certain portion of art, that is, of consciousness and affectation with it.

We English are charged unjustly with wishing to disparage the French: we cannot help it; there is a natural antipathy between the two nations. Thus, unable to deny their theatrical merit, we are said invidiously to have invented the appellation *French nature*, to explain away or throw a stigma on their most successful exertions.

Though that their art be nature,  
We 'll throw such charges of vexation on it,  
As it may lose some colour."

The English are a heavy people, and the most like a stone of all others: the French are a lively people, and more like a feather. They are easily moved, and by slight causes, and each part of the impression has its separate effect: the English, if they are moved at all, (which is a work of time and difficulty,) are moved altogether or in mass, and the impression, if it takes root, strikes deep and spreads wide, involving a number of other impressions in it. If a fragment of a rock, wrenched from its place, rolls slowly at first, gathers strength and fury as it proceeds, tears up every thing in its way, and thunders to the plain below, there is something noble and imposing in the sight, for it answers to our own headlong passions, and the increasing vehemence of our desires. But we hate to see a feather launched into the air, and driven back on the hand that throws it, shifting its course with every puff of wind, and carried no farther by the strongest than by the slightest impulse. It is provoking (is it not?) to see the strength of the blow always defeated by the very insignificance and want of resistance in the object, and the impulse received never answering to the impulse given. It is the very same fluttering, fidgeting, tantalising, inconsequential, ridiculous process that annoys us in the French character. There seems no *natural* correspondence between objects and feelings, between things and words. By yielding to every impulse at once, nothing produces a powerful or permanent impression; nothing produces an aggregate impression, for every part tells separately. Every idea turns off to something else, or back upon itself; there is no progress made, no blind impulse, no accumulation of imagination with circumstances, no absorption of all other feelings in one overwhelming one, that is, no keeping, no *momentum*, no integrity, no totality, no inflexible sincerity of purpose; and it is this resolution of the sentiments into their detached points and first impressions, so that they do not take an entire and involuntary hold of them, but they can throw them off from their lightness, or escape from them by reason of their minuteness, that we English complain of as *French nature*, or a want of nature, for by nature is only meant that the mind identifies itself with something so as to be no longer master of itself, and the French mind never identifies itself with any thing, but always has its own consciousness, its own affectation, its own gratification, its

own slippery inconstancy or impertinent prolixity interposed between the object and the impression. It is this theatrical or artificial nature, with which we cannot and will not sympathise, because it circumscribes the truth of things and the capacities of the human mind within the petty round of vanity, indifference, and physical sensations; stunts the growth of imagination, effaces the broad light of nature, and requires us to look at all things through the prism of their petulance and self-conceit. The French, in a word, leave *sincerity* out of their nature, (not moral, but imaginative sincerity;) cut down the capacities of feeling to their own narrow and superficial standard, and having clipped and adulterated the current coin of expression, would pass it off as sterling gold. We cannot make an exchange with them. They are affected by things in a different manner from us—not in a different degree—and a mutual understanding is hopeless. We have no dislike to foreigners as such: on the contrary, a rage for foreign artists and works of art is one of our foibles. But if we give up our national pride, it must be to our taste and understandings. Nay, we adopt the manners and the fashions of the French, their dancing, and their cooking—not their music, not their painting, not their poetry, not their metaphysics, not their style of acting. If we are sensible of our stupidity, we cannot admire *their* vivacity; if we are sick of our own awkwardness, we like it better than their grace; we cannot part with our grossness for their refinement; if we would be glad to have our lumpy clay animated, it must be with true Promethean heat, not with painted phosphorus; they are not the Frankensteins that must perform this feat. Who among us in reading “Schiller’s Robbers,” for the first time, ever asked if it was German or not? Who in reading “Klopstock’s Messiah,” did not object that it was German, not because it was German, but because it was heavy; that is, because the imagination and the heart do not act like a machine, so as to be wound up or let down by the pulleys of the will? Do not the French complain (and complain justly) that a picture is English, when it is coarse and unfinished, and leaves out the details which are one part of nature? Do not the English remonstrate against this defect too, and endeavour to cure it? But it may be said, we relish Schiller, because he is barbarous, violent, and like Shakspeare. We have the Cartoons of Raphael, then, and the Elgin marbles; and we profess to admire and understand these too, and I think without any affectation. The reason is, that there is no affectation in them. We like those noble outlines of the human face at Hampton-Court; the sustained dignity of the expression; the broad ample folds of the drapery; the bold, massive limbs; there is breath and motion in them, and we would willingly be so transformed and spiritualised; but we do not want to have our heavy, stupid faces frittered away into a number of glittering points, or transfixed into a smooth petrification on French canvass. Our faces, if wanting in expression, have a settled purpose in them; are as solid as they are stupid; and we are at least flesh and blood. We also like the sway of the limbs and negligent grandeur of the Elgin Marbles; with their huge weight and manly strength, they have the buoyancy of a wave of the sea; they have the ease and softness of flesh; they fall into attitudes of themselves; but if they were put into them by the

genius of Opera-dancing, we should feel no disposition to imitate or envy them, any more than we do the Zephyr and Flora graces of French sculpture. We prefer a single head of Chantrey's to a quarry of French marble. The English are a modest people, except in comparing themselves with their next neighbours, and nothing provokes their pride in this case, so much as the self-sufficiency of the latter. When Madame Pasta walks in upon the stage, and looks about her with the same unconsciousness or timid wonder as the young stag in the forest; when she moves her limbs as carelessly as a tree its branches: when she unfolds one of her divine expressions of countenance, which reflect the inmost feelings of the soul, as the calm, deep lake reflects the face of Heaven; do we not sufficiently admire her, do we not wish her ours, and feel, with the same cast of thought and character, a want of glow, of grace, and ease in the expression of what we feel? We bow, like Guiderius and Arviragus in the cave when they saw Imogen, as to a thing superior. On the other hand, when Mademoiselle Mars comes on the stage, something in the manner of a fantoccini figure, slid along on a wooden frame, and making directly for the point at which her official operations commence—when her face is puckered into a hundred little expressions, like the wrinkles on the skin of a bowl of cream, set in a window to keep cool, her eyes peering out with an ironical meaning, her nose pointing it, and her lips confirming it with a dry pressure—we admire indeed, we are delighted, we may envy, but we do not sympathise, or very well know what to make of it. We are not electrified, as in the former instance, but *animal-magnetised*.\* We can manage pretty well with any one feeling or expression (like a clown that must be taught his letters one at a time) if it keeps on in the same even course, that expands and deepens by degrees; but we are distracted and puzzled, or at best only amused with that sort of expression which is hardly itself for two minutes together, that shifts from point to point, that seems to have no place to rest on, no impulse to urge it forward, and might as well be twenty other things at the same time, where tears come so easily they can hardly be real, where smiles are so playful they appear put on, where you cannot tell what you are to believe, for the parties themselves do not know whether they are in jest or earnest, where the whole tone is ironical, conventional, and where the difference between nature and art is nearly imperceptible. This is what we mean by French nature, viz. that the feelings and ideas are so slight and discontinuous, that they can be changed for others like a dress or vizard, or else, to make up for truth and expansion, are caricatured into a mask. This is the defect of their tragedy, and the defect and excellence of their comedy; the one is a pompous abortion, the other a fac-simile of life, almost too close to be agreeable. A French comic actor might be supposed to have left his shop for half an hour to show himself upon a stage—there is no difference (worth speaking of) between the man and the actor—whether on the stage or at home, he

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\* Even her *J'eriste* in Valerie (when she first acquires the use of sight) is pointed like an epigram, and put in italics, like a technical or metaphysical distinction, instead of being a pure effusion of joy. Accordingly a French critic took up the phrase, insisting that *to exist* was common to all things, and asked what the expression was in the original German. Their treatment of passion is topical and extraneous, and seldom strikes at the seat of the disorder, the heart.

is equally full of gesticulation, equally voluble, and without meaning—and their tragic actors are solemn puppets, moved by rules, pulled by wires, and with their mouths stuffed with rant and bombast. This is the harm that can be said of them; they themselves are doubtless best acquainted with the good, and are not too diffident to tell it. Though other people abuse them, they can still praise themselves. I once knew a French lady who said all manner of good things and forgot them the next moment; who maintained an argument with great wit and eloquence, and presently after, changed sides without knowing that she had done so; who invented a story and believed it on the spot; who wept herself and made you weep with the force of her descriptions, and suddenly drying her eyes, laughed at you for looking grave. Is not this like acting? Yet it was not affected in her, but natural, involuntary, incorrigible. The hurry and excitement of her natural spirits were like a species of intoxication, or she resembled a child in thoughtlessness and incoherence. She was a Frenchwoman. It was nature, but nature that had nothing to do with truth or consistency.

In one of the Paris Journals lately, there was a criticism on two pictures by Girodet, of Bonchamps and Cathelineau, Vendean chiefs. The paper is well written, and points out the defects of the portraits very fairly and judiciously. These persons are there called "Illustrious Vendéans." The dead dogs of 1812 are the Illustrious Vendéans of 1824. Monsieur Chateaubriand will have it so, and the French are too polite a nation to contradict him. They split on this rock of complaisance, surrendering every principle to the fear of giving offence, as we do on the opposite one of party-spirit and rancorous hostility, sacrificing the best of causes and our best friends to the desire of giving offence, to the indulgence of our spleen and of an ill-tongue. We apply a degrading appellation, or bring an opprobrious charge against an individual, and such is our tenaciousness of the painful and disagreeable, so fond are we of brooding over grievances, and so incapable are our imaginations of raising themselves above the lowest scurrility or the dirtiest abuse, that should the person attacked come out an angel from the contest, the prejudice against him remains nearly the same, whether the charge is proved or disproved. An unpleasant association has been created; and this is too delightful an exercise of the understanding with the English public easily to be parted with. John Bull would as soon give up an estate as a bug-bear. Having been once gulled, he is not soon *ungulled*. He is too knowing for that. Nay, he resents the attempt to undeceive him, as an injury. The French apply a brilliant epithet to the most vulnerable characters; and gloss over a life of treachery or infamy. With them the immediate or last impression is every thing; with us, the first, if it is sufficiently strong and gloomy, never wears out! The French critic observes that M. Girodet has given General Bonchamps, though in a situation of great difficulty and danger, a calm and even smiling air, and that the portrait of Cathelineau, instead of a hero looks only like an angry peasant. In fact, the lips in the first portrait are made of marmalade, the complexion is cosmetic, and the smile is feebly engaging; while the eye of the peasant Cathelineau darts a beam of light, such as no eye, however illustrious, was ever illumined with. But so the Senses, like a favourite lap-dog, are



pampered and indulged at any expense; the Imagination, like a gaunt hound, is starved and driven away. Danger and death, and ferocious courage and stern fortitude, however the subject may exact them, are uncourtly topics, and kept out of sight: but smiling lips and glistening eyes are pleasing objects, and there you find them. *The style of portrait requires it.* It is of this varnish and glitter of sentiment that we complain (perhaps it is no business of ours), as what must for ever intercept the true feeling and genuine rendering of nature in French art—as what makes it spurious and counterfeit, and strips it of simplicity, force, and grandeur. Whatever pleases, whatever strikes, holds out a temptation to the French artist too strong to be resisted; and there is too great a sympathy in the public mind with this view of the subject to quarrel with or severely criticise what is so congenial with its own feelings. A premature and superficial sensibility is the grave of French genius and of French taste. Beyond the momentary impulse of a lively organisation, all the rest is mechanical and pedantic; they give you rules and theories for truth and nature, the unities for poetry, and the dead body for the living soul of art. They colour a Greek statue ill, and call it a picture; they paraphrase a Greek tragedy, and overload it with long-winded speeches, and think they have a national drama of their own. Any other people would be ashamed of such preposterous pretensions. In invention, they do not get beyond models; in imitation, beyond details. Their microscopic vision hinders them from seeing nature. I observed two young students the other day near the top of Montmartre, making oil sketches of a ruinous hovel in one corner of the road. Paris lay below, glittering grey and gold (like a spider's web) in the setting sun, which shot its slant rays upon their shining canvass, and they were busy in giving the finishing touches. The little outhouse was in itself picturesque enough: it was covered with moss which hung down in a sort of drooping form, as the rain had streamed down it, and the walls were loose and crumbling in pieces. Our artists had repaired every thing; not a stone was out of its place: no traces were left of the winter's flaw in the pendent moss. One would think the bricklayer and gardener had been regularly set to work to do away every thing like sentiment or keeping in the object before them. Oh, Paris! it was indeed on this thy weak side (thy inability to connect any two ideas into one) that thy barbarous and ruthless foes entered in!

The French have a great dislike to any thing obscure. They cannot bear to suppose for a moment there should be any thing they do not understand: they are shockingly afraid of being *mystified*. Hence they have no idea either of mental or aerial perspective.\* Every thing must be distinctly made out and in the foreground: for if it is not so clear that they can take it up bit by bit, it is wholly lost upon them, and they turn away as from an unmeaning blank. This is the cause of the stiff, unnatural look of their portraits. No allowance is made for the veil that shade as well as an oblique position casts over the different parts of the face; every feature, and every part of every feature, is given with the same flat effect; and it is owing to this perverse fidelity of detail, that that which is literally true, is naturally false. The side of a face seen in perspective does not present so many markings as the one that meets your eye full; but if it is put into the eye of French portrait, wrenched round by incorrigible affectation, and con-

ceit, (that insist upon knowing all that is there, and set it down formally though it is not to be seen,) what can be the result, but that the portrait will look like a head stuck in a vice; will be flat, hard, and finished; will have the appearance of reality, and at the same time look like paint; in short, will be a French portrait? That is, the artist, from a pettiness of view, and want of more enlarged and liberal notions of art, comes forward not to represent nature, but like an impertinent commentator, to explain what she has left in doubt, to insist on that which she passes over or touches only slightly, to throw a critical light on what she casts into shade, and to pick out the details of what she blends into masses. I wonder they allow the existence of the term *clair-obscur* at all; but it is a word, and a word is a thing they can repeat and remember. A French gentleman formerly asked me what I thought of a landscape in their exhibition. I said, I thought it too clear. He made answer that he should have conceived that to be impossible. I replied, that what I meant was, that the parts of the several objects were made out with too nearly equal distinctness all over the picture; that the leaves of the trees in shadow were as distinct as those in light, the branches of the trees at a distance as plain as of those near. The perspective arose only from the diminution of objects; and there was no interposition of air. I said, one could not see the leaves of a tree a mile off, but this, I added, appertained to a question in metaphysics. He shook his head, thinking that a young Englishman could know as little of abstruse philosophy as of fine art, and no more was said. I owe to this gentleman (whose name was Merrimee, and who I understand is still living) a grateful sense of many friendly attentions, and many useful suggestions, and I take this opportunity of acknowledging my obligations.

Some one was observing of Madame Pasta's acting, that its chief merit consisted in its being natural. To which it was replied, "Not so, for that there was an ugly and a handsome nature!" There is an old proverb that *Home is home, be it never so homely*; and so it may be said of nature; that whether ugly or handsome, it is nature still. Besides beauty, there is truth, which is always one principal thing. It doubles the effect of beauty, which is mere affectation without it, and even reconciles us to deformity. Nature, the truth of nature in imitation, denotes a given object, a "foregone conclusion" in reality, to which the artist is to conform in his copy. In nature real objects exist, real causes act, which are only supposed to act in art, and it is in the subordination of the arbitrary and superficial combinations of fancy to the more stable and powerful law of reality that the perfection of art consists. A painter may arrange fine colours on his palette; but if he merely does this, he does nothing. It is accidental or arbitrary. The difficulty and the charm of the combination begins with the truth of imitation, that is, with the resemblance to a given object in nature, or, in other words, with the strength, truth, and delicacy of our impressions, which is verified by a reference to a known and independent class of objects as the test. Art is so far the developement or the communication of knowledge; but there can be no knowledge unless it be of some given or standard object, which exists independently of the representation, and bends the will to an obedience to it. The strokes of the pencil are what the artist pleases—are mere blunders and caprice.

without meaning, unless they point to nature. Then they are right or wrong, true or false, as they follow in her steps and copy her style. Art must anchor in nature, or it is the sport of every breath of folly. Natural objects convey given or intelligible ideas, which art embodies and represents, or it represents nothing, is a mere chimera or bubble: and further, natural objects or events cause certain feelings, in expressing which, art manifests its power, and genius its prerogative. The capacity of expressing these movements of passion is in proportion to the power with which they are felt; and this is the same as sympathy with the human mind placed in actual situations and influenced by the real causes that are supposed to act. Genius is the power which equalises or identifies the imagination with the reality or with nature. Certain events happening to us naturally produce joy, others sorrow; and these feelings, if excessive, lead to other consequences, such as stupor or ecstasy, and express themselves by certain signs in the countenance or voice or gestures; and we admire and applaud an actress accordingly who gives these tones and gestures as they would follow in the order of nature, because we then know that her mind has been affected in like manner, that she enters deeply into the resources of nature, and understands the riches of the human heart. For nothing else can impel and stir her up to the imitation of the truth. The way in which real causes act upon the feelings, is not arbitrary, is not fanciful; it is as true as it is powerful and unforeseen, the effects can only be similar when the exciting causes have a correspondence with each other, and there is nothing like feeling but feeling. The sense of joy can alone produce the smile of joy; and in proportion to the sweetness, the unconsciousness, and the expression of the last, we may be sure is the fulness and sincerity of the heart from which it proceeds. The elements of joy at least are there, in their integrity and perfection. The death or absence of a beloved object is nothing as a word, as a mere passing thought, till it comes to be dwelt upon, and we begin to feel the revulsion, the long dreary separation, the stunning sense of the blow to our happiness, as we should in reality. The power of giving this sad bewildering effect of sorrow on the stage is derived from the power of sympathizing with what we should feel in reality. That is, a great dramatic genius is one that approximates the effects of words or of supposed situations in the mind most near to the deep and vivid effects of real and inevitable ones. Joy produces tears; the violence of passion turns to childish weakness; but this could not be foreseen by study, nor taught by rules, nor mimicked by observation. Natural acting is therefore fine, because it implies and calls forth the finest and best feelings that the supposed characters and circumstances can possibly give birth to: it reaches the height of the subject. The conceiving or entering into a part in this sense is every thing: the acting follows easily or of course. But art without nature is a nickname, a word without meaning, a conclusion without any premises to go upon. The beauty of Madame Pasta's acting in *Nina* then proceeds upon this principle. It is not what she does at any particular juncture, but she seems to be the character, and to be incapable of divesting herself of it. This is true acting: any thing else is playing tricks, may be clever and ingenious, is French opera dancing, recitations, heroics, or hysterics; but it is not true nature, or true art.

## THE COMPLAINT OF AMANIEU DES ESCAS,

One of the Troubadours of Catalonia, who flourished about the end of the Thirteenth Century, under James II. King of Aragon.

WHEN thou shalt ask why round thee sighing  
My mournful friends appear ;  
They'll tell thee Amanieu is dying,  
And thou wilt smile to hear.  
They will reproach thee with my fate,—  
Yet why should they deplore ?  
Since death is better than the hate  
I suffer evermore !

Why chid'st thou that, in mournful numbers,  
I dared my love to own?—  
The kiss we give to one that slumbers  
Is never felt or known.  
And long I strove my thoughts to hide,  
Nor would my weakness show ;  
With secret care I should have died—  
I can but perish now !

Oh ! once I smiled, in proud derision,  
At love and all its pain ;  
The woe of others seems a vision,  
Our own the truth too plain !  
Mayst thou yet feel the chilling void  
My soul has known too long,  
When this brief life, thy scorn destroy'd,  
Is ended with my song !

M. E.

## LAY OF THE WANDERING ARAB.\*

AWAY—away ! my barb and I—  
Free as the wave, fleet as the wind,  
We sweep the sands of Araby,  
And leave a world of slaves behind !  
'Tis mine to range in this wild garb,  
Nor e'er feel lonely, though alone ;—  
I would not change my Arab barb,  
To mount a drowsy Sultan's throne.  
Where the pale Stranger dares not come,  
Proud o'er my native sands I rove—  
An Arab tent my only home,  
An Arab maid my only love.  
Here Freedom dwells without a fear,  
Coy to the world, she loves the wild :  
Who ever brings a fetter here,  
To chain the Desert's fiery child ?  
What though the Frank may name with scorn  
Our barren clime, our realm of sand ?  
There were our thousand fathers born—  
Oh ! who would scorn his fathers' land ?  
It is not sands that form a waste,  
Nor laughing fields a happy clime :—  
The spot the most by Freedom graced,  
Is where Man feels the most sublime !—  
Away—away ! my barb and I—  
Free as the wave, fleet as the wind,  
We sweep the sands of Araby,  
And leave a world of slaves behind !

J.

\* These lines were suggested by a notion of "The Bride of Araby."

## IRISH PORTRAITS.—NO. 1.

*Mr. Terence O'Flummery.*

THIS young gentleman, who has lately completed his twenty-fifth year, is justly vain of his family and pretensions. His family, even in Ireland, is allowed to be ancient. The O'Flummeries are generally considered to have come in with the creation, and are respected (by themselves) accordingly. It is equally certain that they acted a conspicuous part in former times upon the theatre of Irish history, but for want of historians, their exploits have not heretofore been celebrated beyond the firesides of their descendants. The omission, however, is now pretty well supplied by Master Terry, (as he is still called by the friends of the family,) who never fails, when a third tumbler has stirred up his pride of ancestry, to fill up that important chasm in the annals of his country. His accounts are not perfectly distinct, but they are full of novelty, and in the main extremely creditable to the heroism of his forefathers. The branch of the O'Flummeries, of which our hero is a sprig, are determined Protestants. Their conversion from the errors of Popery was effected about the middle of the last century, by a process of persuasion peculiar to Ireland. Mr. Brian O'Flummery, the grand-sire of Terence, was then in possession of the family estate, and, as he was a wealthy man, the state of his soul became a subject of public concern. Accordingly there was despatched to him, not a learned doctor of theology, to allure him to the paths of truth by the gentle methods of argument and remonstrance, but a more authoritative visitor—his Majesty's most gracious writ of *subpœna ad respondendum*, issuing forth from his Majesty's High Court of Chancery, signed by the then keeper of his Majesty's Irish conscience, and commanding the said Brian to appear on a certain day therein specified, in the said court, and then and there to declare upon his corporal oath, whether he the said Brian entertained those precise notions of another world, which alone could entitle him, according to the several acts in that case made and provided, to enjoy a landed property in this. The oath was taken, and the estate preserved, as I shall probably more fully and at large detail upon a future occasion.

The family mansion, Mount-Flummery, is situate on the banks of the Shannon.—The rent-roll is precisely a *cool thousand a year*, and the property considered one of the best-circumstanced in Ireland; for the incumbrances affecting it are somewhat less than its real value; and it is admirably situated for defence against the incursions of white-boys and process-servers. Besides this, Terence in his confidential moods assures his friends, that "upon his faith and honour the finest pothien in all Ireland is made; and may be had for asking, upon the borders of his father's estate." This young gentleman's occupations, when at Mount-Flummery, are miscellaneous. Upon fine days he is fond of taking a run across the country upon his elder brother's mare; for his own horse, Darby, who is "out and out the first saddle-horse in the county," can seldom be spared from the plough or the cart. He generally breaks in the family pointers, and has an old hereditary instinct for bringing down a grouse or partridge a few days before the term of the parlia-

mentary prohibition has expired, just to keep up a due impression in the neighbourhood, that an Irish Protestant gentleman, "born and bred on the banks of the Shannon," may take what liberties he likes with his old friend the law of the land. In general, however, the O'Flummeries are zealous supporters of established order, and some of Terry's domestic employments have immediate reference to the political duties of his house. He keeps the family-blunderbusses in order; and upon wet days, makes important additions to the winter-stock of slugs and bullets. He has also the credit of having suggested the outline of the present fortifications at Mount-Flummery, which are indeed so excellently contrived, that Captain Rock has hitherto been baffled in his efforts to surprise that loyal citadel. Three times last winter, the attempt was made in broad daylight, and while the family were sitting round the breakfast-table; but with so little success, that on each occasion the assailed had no less than five minutes notice of the captain's approach.

For the last two or three years, young O'Flummery has passed the spring months in Dublin. He puts up at the Hibernian, where he has, upon moderate terms, a snug bed-room at the top of the house, and liberty to lounge in the coffee-room on wet days, or, to speak more correctly, during the wet hours of every day. He seldom breakfasts, and never dines at his hotel; his finances as a younger brother would not allow it; but the O'Flummeries are numerous in Dublin. Many of them hold lucrative offices under the Government, and they all make a point of supporting one another, so that Terence by a little management contrives to secure a daily invitation to dinner—more particularly as he never yet has had the imprudence to ask one of his Dublin relatives to discount a bill.

O'Flummery's appearance is rather striking; and as on the whole he may be said to represent in his person and manners, a pretty numerous class among the rising generation of Irishmen, upon whom, according to some, the salvation of their country will mainly depend, I think it a just tribute to their merits, that a single sample should be delineated in detail.

In stature he approaches the height of Belvedere Apollo; but the contour of his features, and still more, their expression, differs in many respects from that model of masculine perfection. In truth, there is much more of the Devil than the God in Terry's looks; for in his moments of anger, he looks "devilish fierce," and in his equally violent paroxysms of politeness "devilish genteel." The character of his countenance in its neutral moods belongs to the purely physical. There is flesh and blood and bone in great profusion. High cheek-bones, a stout common-place nose, with a thriving plantation of whiskers to shelter it from the side-winds; a pair of eyes, each as plump and oleaginous and ogling as a Carlingford oyster; a mouth extremely well-adapted to the two great employments of his life, eating and talking; for were it less capacious and pliant, it would be quite impossible for the masses of viands that enter, or the still larger lumps of oaths and exclamations that come out, to force a passage; with a head of hair as bristling and bushy as brambles upon an undisturbed hill, and an expanse of cheek richly stuccoed with the small-pox, but still

arrayed in the most glowing colours of present health, form a general style of visage that may be not inaptly termed "the florid Gothic."

Of his dress I shall merely say that, when new, it is in the extremity of the Dublin fashion, which is synonymous with the London fashion "in extremes." His cravat, in particular, is greatly to be commended for the amplitude of its folds, and the variety of its congryations. In the centre appears conspicuously a glistening Irish diamond, like an inquisitive eye peeping out to see what the world thinks of the owner.

O'Flummery's gait and gestures have a considerable dash of the heroical—more especially when he is exhibiting upon his favourite lounge, from "Milliken's" to "Nelson's Pillar," and back again. In truth he throws out his limbs with a certain air of defiance, from which you can infer that he has too much punch in his blood to bear the shadow of a slight from any man; and as he has somewhere heard that "none but the brave deserve the fair," whenever he approaches a group of well-dressed females, the roll of his hips becomes peculiarly imposing. The back view of his figure is chiefly remarkable for those involuntary twitchings in the muscles over the blade bones, which his countrymen call "the brogue in the shoulders." But Terry has laboured hard to stifle the brogue in other quarters. His intonations were once rich and aboriginal; but he passed the summer before last at Cheltenham, and ever since he has evinced a most merciless disposition towards his Majesty's English. Some of his acquaintance attribute this to the effect of the waters, and cite many similar instances; but a friend who put up at the same boarding-house asserts, that on the very first day of his appearance there at the dinner-table, (they sat opposite to a rich Manchester cotton-twister's daughter,) he could perceive Terry making a violent effort to catch the English accent, but by one of those accidents attendant upon a hurried exertion, he contrived to lay hold of it by the wrong end. Whatever the cause, therefore, certain it is, that his accent and pronunciation, though they pass at Mount-Flummery for the purest Cheltenham, differ essentially from the rules recommended by Mr. Walker. Of the *u*'s and *e*'s, in particular, he makes strange work. He who before the memorable trip to Cheltenham, did not hesitate to extol Mount-Flummery as a part of Ireland where "bating was chape," (*Anglice*, where a man might get kicked and cuffed for the merest trifle,) will now offer to hand a *cheer* to a *leedy*; express his utter *disteesta* to *steel* bread, and praise an English *steedge*-coach as an admirable *convee-ance*. It is only when he is taken by surprise that *pase* and *banes* belt out in the old way. But besides these improvements upon the pronunciation of his forefathers, he has adopted a notion, not very uncommon among certain classes of his countrymen, that the pure English accent consists of a violent compression of the organs of speech upon the vocal sounds as they pass. Hence some words permitted to escape only through the interstices of his clenched teeth, rush out with a hissing noise like the riotous spirit of ginger-beer effecting a forcible enlargement; while others, half-strangled about the lower region of the throat, die away in a distant rumbling cadence, like the gurgling of a subterraneous bog-stream.

O'Flummery, though once a student of Trinity College, (his name is still on the books) was never distinguished by his progress in classic lite-

ratwre, and still less in the exact sciences. This is rather anomalous ; for to see him strut over Carlisle Bridge, no one would suspect that he could have ever been stopped by the Pons asinorum. To make amends, however, for his want of academic honours, he has lately graduated in an Orange Lodge, where he pledges the Glorious Memory with such surpassing zeal, that his friends expect to see him shortly rewarded by a comfortable provision under the last police-bill. Being the only gentleman in his lodge, he is treated there with great respect, and his opinions on most subjects are implicitly deferred to. Yet there are two or three of the older members, and, in particular, Brother Brannigan the Common Councilman, whom he has not yet been able to bring over to the doctrine, that William the Conqueror and William the Third were not one and the self-same man. It was under Terry's auspices, that the last attempt to dress "the statue" was conducted. He also makes it a point, whenever the Constitution is more immediately endangered by a rumour of Emancipation, or by a verdict against an Orange magistrate, to take a nocturnal stroll, with a suitable retinue, into College Green, and salute the glorious idol with a round of midnight yells, to the infinite edification of the Orange watchmen and the sore discomfiture of the Catholic slumberers in the neighbourhood. For these exploits our hero is regularly invited to the City feasts. Politics apart, however, the after-dinner thoughts of O'Flummery will often take a more genial turn. In the fine evenings of summer, he is fond of sauntering alone within the railings of Merrion-square, and indulging in those silent rhapsodies of sentiment which youth and health and punch inspire. Upon these occasions his step is more pacific, his eye emits a more tranquil fire. He hums a national air, and though a Protestant and an Orangeman, glories in the name of Irishman. He thinks of the O'Flummeries, of their past achievements, and their present importance. He speculates upon his own prospects in life. The wishes of his country have already assigned him a handsome income on the police-establishment ; but should this expectation fail, Ireland has many other resources for the loyal—her custom-houses, her stamp-offices, her post-offices, her penitentiaries, her corporations (which never repent), her collector-ships and deputy-collector-ships, and many other ships, exceeding in number the British navy ; or should his elder brother fortunately break his neck at a hunt, Mount-Flummery and its fair demesnes may yet be his ; or failing all of these, the splendid chances of a matrimonial hit are still in reserve, and then he thinks of Cheltenham, and the Manchester cotton-twister's daughter, and his own soft ways, and of all he might have done, and all he may yet do—until, kindling with "the fervour of youthful emotion," he determines, if he can only raise the wind, to be off again to England in the next day's packet.



## THEKLA'S SONG, OR THE VOICE OF A SPIRIT.

*From the German of Schiller.*

This song is said to have been composed by Schiller in answer to the inquiries of his friends respecting the fate of *Thekla*, whose beautiful character is withdrawn from the tragedy of "*Wallenstein's Death*," after her resolution to visit the grave of her lover is made known.

Ask'st thou my home?—my pathway wouldst thou know,  
When from thine eye my floating shadow past?  
Was not my work fulfill'd and closed below?  
Had I not lived and loved?—my lot was cast.

Wilt thou ask where the nightingale is gone,  
That, melting into song her soul away,  
Gave the spring-breeze what witchery thee in its tone?  
—But while she loved, she lived in that sad lay.

Think'st thou my heart its lost one hath not found?  
Yes! we are one, oh! trust me, we have met,—  
Where nought again may part what Love hath bound,  
Where falls no tear, and whispers no regret.

There shalt thou find us, there with us be blest,  
If as our love thy love is pure and true!  
There dwells my father\*, sinless and at rest,  
Where the fierce murderer may no more pursue.

And well he feels, no error of the dust  
Drew to the stars of heaven his upward ken,  
There it is with us, ev'n as is our trust,  
He that believes, is near the Holy then.

There shall each feeling, beautiful and high,  
Keep the sweet promise of its earthly day—  
Oh! fear thou not to dream with waking eye,  
There lies deep meaning oft in childish play.

F. H.

## LORD BYRON.†

It is well known that a series of letters were preserved, written by Lord Byron in the fulness of affection to his mother, replete with traits of feeling and of action, and well calculated to free the writer from some of the thousand-and-one calumnies which have been heaped on his head; and that these letters, by the operation of an injunction from the Court of Chancery, his friends—suppressed! Another friend, admitted into his palace at Pisa, took advantage of the opportunity to journalize his daily conversations, to give permanence to every word, the product of fun, fancy, or spleen, and to fix for ever those transient vapours of the mind, from which the best are not exempt, and which the wisest cannot always control; and this assemblage of the "*senda tacendaque*" the gentleman in question has published as an offering of friendship to the manes of the poet! But last and not least, Lord Byron gave the profits of some of his most popular works to another friend; and this friend publishes a book to insinuate that, if his

noble patron attained to literary eminence, "it was he taught the boy to read," it was he who pruned and petted him into excellence; while the son of this friend, (we have often heard of the *odium theologicum*, but never, till now, knew what was the *mens grata theologica*;) in remembrance of the benefits conferred on the father, adds a supplement to declare that Lord Byron was a child of perdition; and coolly consigns him, body and soul for ever, in fee-simple to the ——!!!

That many publications of an equivocal, not to say injurious, tendency to Lord Byron's reputation should come forth, is a natural consequence of the burning of the MS. memoir. The public were well acquainted with its existence; and by its mysterious destruction, that curiosity, which, under the circumstances of Lord Byron's life and death, must have been in itself so intense, was stimulated to a morbid excess. "What," it must a thousand times have been asked—"what could have been the nature of that communication, of which not one word was fit to meet the public eye,—of which not an iota was pure from scandal, from ribaldry, or from irreligion?" "What must have been the individual 'man or devil,' who could have written such a memoir? Can nobody tell? will nobody speak?"—It is, then, not very astonishing that a multitude of pens should have started from their ink-horns to answer this interrogatory. It was no unnatural desire for those who did, and those who did not, possess materials for replying to such questions, to aim at fame and remuneration by attempting to supply the loss of the MS. and to appease the public disappointment. It was no very unnatural error for Lord Byron's acquaintance, to presume, that any account, no matter what, that could be given of the "life, character, and behaviour" of the noble poet, would be more beneficial to his fair fame than the "horrible imaginings" floating on the public apprehension from this deplorable *hiatus*. We must repeat, likewise, what we have observed on another occasion, that Lord Byron himself would probably have been of somewhat the same opinion; and though there may be many things in Mr. Dallas's Recollections at which he would have smiled, and many in Capt. Medwin's which he would have corrected, he would in all likelihood have borne the additional twaddle and scandal, of which these publications have been the occasion, with much more philosophy than those to whom his memory is dear, and who are vexed at seeing such a concatenation of circumstances tending to prolong those angry passions of his enemies, which should have been buried in his grave, and not "recorded on his monument."

To the authors in question the public, however, have reason to be thankful. The public have strong appetites for anecdote. However ill-judged some things contained in these volumes may be, in respect to prudence and propriety, yet they contain matter from which the judicious may collect some tolerably correct notions respecting his Lordship's character, and satisfy that curiosity which every thinking and feeling person must indulge respecting the personage who has occupied so prominent a place in the literature of his age. After all, therefore, the greatest mischief has been done by suppression;—and why, in the name of common sense, has any thing been suppressed?

With respect to the injunction regarding the present letters, the case is clearly mischievous. If any confidence be due to the narrative

Mr. Dallas, (and it has the authority of a death-bed repentance,)\* the whole affair resolves itself into a matter of pounds shillings and pence; so that while declamation was loudest against Lord Byron's reputation, a document has been withheld, which would place his character in one amiable point of view, for the valuable consideration of a disputed copyright!! The injunction, however, seems to have proved unsuccessful. Mr. Dallas had, it should seem, already put the letters out of his own control, before the matter came under the cognizance of the Lord Chancellor; and the subject of another state, over which the press-suppressing dogmas of our Courts of Equity have no influence, has caused them to be translated into French, and given to the press. Thus, by a *bizarre* combination of circumstances, the French nation are in possession of a document of which the English have been deprived; and we are indebted to the freedom of the French press for information on a truly material point, which our own boasted liberties did not suffice to procure us.

In noticing this highly interesting publication, we shall chiefly confine ourselves to his Lordship's correspondence with Mrs. Byron. His letters to Mr. Dallas, which constitute the other moiety of the volume, relate chiefly to the variations and corrections made during the progress of printing his English Bards, and Childe Harold; and will be a valuable present to the critic, to the inquirer concerning the phenomena of mind, and to the literary gossip: but Lord Byron's correspondence with his mother possesses, we confess, a high place in our estimation. These letters were written during his Lordship's absence on his tour to the East, and contain numerous brief but sprightly sketches of those sites and scenes which he afterwards embodied in more lofty poetry. They are, in point of style, as far as that particular may be judged by a translation, eminently remarkable for the ease and simplicity which usually mark the epistolary effusions of men of genius. There is nothing in them affected, nothing strained; no laboured effort at wit, no pompous display of reflection, or of sentiment upon stilts. He writes merely because he has facts to relate, or feelings to communicate; and he is brief or extended, just as his matter happens to require. He is always, therefore, graceful and elegant; and though his letters will appear to be just such as any body would write, they are in reality such as very few persons indeed could produce. Somebody has said, "if I had more time, I should have written more briefly." Lord Byron required no time for this species of correction; for his letters, flowing from a full heart and a clear head, are totally exempt from that pedantic research, which is the occasion of tediousness and diffusion. At the period when this correspondence was committed to paper, Lord Byron had not arrived at his unenviable pre-eminence. It is a singular coincidence, that the youthful portraits of Voltaire exhibit the same playfulness, and have nothing of the sarcastic *diablerie* of expression, which, in the later representations of that wonderful man, imply at least as much malice as wit. To his mother, Lord Byron is tender, affectionate, and respectful. His anxiety for those immediately dependent upon him is evinced in frequent traits of sympathy, such as are little to be expected from the school of

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\* Mr. Dallas died at Havre a few weeks since.

aristocratic *hauteur* and cold reserve in which he was reared. His references to his servants are frequent. Speaking of one of his suite whom he had sent home, he says, "Pray shew the boy any kindness, as he is my favourite"—"Say this to his father, who may else imagine he has behaved ill." In another letter he returns to the same subject. "Pray take care of my boy Robert, and the old man Murray; neither the youth of the one, nor the age of the other, would have sustained the fatigues of travelling. It is well they returned." Again he writes, "Tell Rushton his son is well, and doing well; so is Murray." He speaks of Murray's leaving him, with regret, as his age would in all probability prevent their ever meeting again. Of Robert also he says, he likes him, "because, like himself, he seemed a friendless animal." With respect to his behaviour to his mother, let the Correspondence speak. From this it appears, that he fitted up Newstead on the eve of his voyage, exclusively for her convenience; and that he had made arrangements, in the event of his death, to assure her a life-interest in the manor, and a sufficient income. In a letter from Constantinople, when his property was in great disorder, he begs of her, if she has occasion for a pecuniary supply, to use his funds as far as they go, without reserve; leaving it to her discretion, how much, in the then state of his affairs, she may think proper to require. In doing this, we are well aware that Lord Byron did no more than most men, placed in his circumstances, and at his time of life, would have done: for if age be the epoch of wisdom, youth is the season of generosity and of warm affections. We should, indeed, be ashamed for ourselves, and for human nature, in dragging such a trait before the public as illustrative of character, if party-spirit had not taken some share in degrading it. Lord Byron had his faults: he must have had great faults; for his place in society, his defective education, and the neglect to which he was abandoned in the trying hour of adolescence, favoured the development of every weed; but these letters bespeak an affectionate and respectful son, a kind master, and a liberal friend,—and such he was in his pertniary relations with his companions.

As evidences of Lord Byron's state of mind, and of that morbid feeling which formed the basis of his poetical character, these letters are highly valuable. They exhibit frequent traces of that deep impression which his lonely destiny and narrowed fortunes had early made on his susceptible disposition. Disappointment and mortification had already done their work, a work which no after-flattery and success could undo. When Mr. Hobhouse left him, he describes himself as glad to be once more alone. He was sick of his companion,—not that he was a bad one, but because his nature led him to solitude. He returns, he says, in another letter, to England with the same feelings which prevailed at his departure,—indifference and apathy.

It had been circulated in private society, at the time of the injunction, that these letters (addressed to his mother!) contained a farrago of blasphemy and impiety: in this assertion there is not the shadow of truth. They are almost entirely narrative, and refer to the scenes through which the writer was passing at the time, interspersed with allusions to his domestic and economical interests, such as a son would naturally write to his mother. In a letter from Constantin-

tinople, he gives a sort of summary of his travels. He describes himself as neither disappointed nor disgusted. He had lived with the highest and the lowest; had passed days in a Pacha's palace, and many a night in a cow-house. He found the people inoffensive and kind. He remained some time with the Greeks in the Morea and Livadia; and, though inferior to the Turks, he found them better than the Spaniards, who, in their turn, excelled the Portuguese. Of St. Sophia he speaks as of a building of great interest, but not to be mentioned in the same page with St. Paul's. What he states of his servant Fletcher, is pretty nearly what most persons might repeat, who have taken English servants to travel. Besides his lamentations after beef and beer, and his contempt of every thing foreign, his incapacity for acquiring even a few words of a foreign language rendered him a heavy incumbrance. The plague of speaking for him, the comforts he wanted, the pilaws he could not eat, and the wines he could not drink, his endless calamities of stumbling horses, want of tea, &c. &c. were an endless source of laughter and of inconvenience. Of travel Lord Byron remarks, that he saw all countries with reference to his own. When he finds England superior, he is pleased; when otherwise, he is at least enlightened; no very strong proof, by the by of that inveterate dislike of his native country with which he has been so often reproached. If his pleasures in this particular were less frequent than his instruction, there are many of us who will not be inclined to think it altogether his Lordship's own fault. Lord Byron kept no journal; he had no intention of scribbling his travels, and *had done with authorship!* Speaking of a Bavarian artist, whom he had employed to take views for him,—This, he says, will be better than scribbling, a disease he hopes himself cured of.

As early as the year 1811, Lord Byron seems to have made up his mind to his future course of life. He says that if by circumstances he should be obliged to sell Newstead, he will at all events pass his life abroad. Newstead was his only tie to England; and that once gone, neither interest nor inclination would lead him northward. Competence in England, he observes, is ample wealth in the East; and the spot where he can enjoy a delicious climate and every luxury at a less expense than a college life at home, will always be a country to him. This then, he says, is the alternative. If he preserves Newstead, he returns; if he sells it, he will stay away: words remarkable for their prophetic import, and for their evidence of the deep fixedness of the notions of the writer.

With his return to England, which soon follows, his correspondence with his mother ceases. If we may judge from this specimen of his powers, we may assert, that Lord Byron's epistolary writings will, at some future day, take a prominent place among his other literary productions; unless an irreparable injunction against their future appearance in an English dress should be obtained.

The remainder of the volume contains a further correspondence with Mr. Dallas. These pages comprise some remarks upon the encouragement afforded by the great to mechanic and illiterate pretenders to poetry. Were a regular-bred author to write such verses, they would not be tolerated. But every one is in a state of admiration, that a cobbler of a tinker should be able to rhyme at all. Some applaud out of sheer bad taste; others out of pure humanity. This is injustice to men.

of education, who, when they have done their best, hear their own qualifications cited against themselves. The success of prodigies of this description, Lord Byron justly attributes to the vanity of patrons; who, because men of sense scorn their protection, look out for sparks of talent in cellars and stalls, and, having found something to their taste, stamp it with their own seal, that it may pass current with the world.—Another remarkable point in this Correspondence is, Lord Byron's protestations, from the very starting-post, against the identifying Childe Harold's character with his own. That, he says, is my second objection to my name appearing in the title-page.

Want of room compels us to refrain from dwelling upon many more particulars, of strong interest to the literature of the day; for these we must refer to the book itself: hoping that the prudence of those concerned in the injunction will induce them to take off their embargo, and enable the public to read the letters of their own poet in their own language.

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WRITTEN AT MONTMARTRE.

FAIR City of a lovely sky!  
 Home of the ardent, brave, and gay,  
 Long vanish'd in the buried past—  
 Once paradise of gallantry—  
 Image of glory in decay,  
 Of greatness overcast!—  
 Thou art to me a mixture strange  
 Of mean and great in every change  
 The day is dying in the west,  
 Gorgeous in hues of living light,—  
 Yet thou hast been in splendors drest  
 Transient, but as that radiance bright;  
 And not more black the midnight cloud  
 Than thou hast gloom'd with ill,  
 And yet in each vicissitude  
 Thou wert a marvel still;—  
 For ever joyous as the breeze  
 That plays along the summer seas—  
 Defeat or conquest on thy brow,  
 Ruled by thine own or foreign slave,  
 Thou seem'dst as mirthfully as now  
 Calamity to brave;—  
 As thy own sun and daylight gay,  
 Illustrious in frivolity.  
 Now in thy atmosphere of light,  
 The soft south wind voluptuous blowing—  
 Thy palaces half shade, half white—  
 Thy green Seine by its temples flowing—  
 Thy gold domes like the sunset sky  
 Flaunting in eve's tranquillity—  
 Thy towers, that in the midway air  
 Tell where religion's forms are kept,  
 That lamps and shrines are glittering there,  
 Where pleasure's satiate child has crept  
 Tired, or without power to sin,  
 Compelled to look at last within—

All crowd upon the feasted eye  
 Revelling in scenic luxury.  
 What column there lifts its dark head—  
 Like a tall cypress by the dead,  
     It mournfully appears—  
 A swarthy stranger of the East,  
     Darken'd by clime, or age, or years,  
 A palmer in a flowery waste?—  
 It is the trophied work of him  
 Who made the fame of others dim,  
     A being that once trod  
 On crowns and crowned heads, and shone  
     On earth a mortal god;  
 Whom elements were sent to tame—  
     For man too much alone;  
 Now laid afar, forbid a name  
     Upon his burial stone!—  
 But time hath graved it deep—and he  
     Sleeps on an island rock,  
 That owes an immortality  
     To every tempest's shock,  
 Thundering his ocean dirge  
     In billows sweeping from the pole,  
     Unbroken to their foaming goal,  
 And every western surge!—  
 Beneath that dome once lay reurn'd  
     The letter'd, sceptic, brave,  
 In ~~revolution's~~ <sup>revolution's</sup> whim—now turn'd  
     In ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> a fitter grave,  
 Beneath a prouder dome they lie;  
 And juggling priests their place supply,  
     With relics from the catacombs  
     Doom'd to be worshipp'd in *their* tombs!  
 What richness sunset flings below!  
     Palace, grove, cemetery, hill,  
 Streets crowded, through which myriads go  
     For business, pleasure, good, or ill,  
 As others have before my day;  
 While now I gaze my hour away,  
 And think what sights those city towers  
     Have seen of man in by-gone hours!  
 Fair City of a lovely sky!  
     Twilight is curtaining thy plain—  
 The sleepy night is hastening nigh,  
     And I must greet thy crowd again.  
 O mayst thou some day be as fair,  
     As free, as pure, as thine own air—  
 Purge off the taints that stain thy fame,  
 And of Troy's chief own but the name!

## THE CLUBS OF LONDON.

I AM just returned from visiting two of those magnificent edifices to which modern luxury has given birth, and which are certainly very notable signs of the times. I mean the Club-houses, of which the University and Union are the handsomest of the more recent ones, and indeed fairly challenge admiration as beautiful structures and highly ornamental to the metropolis. The interior does not deceive expectation; and the stranger who is conducted through these noble buildings is struck by the combination of elegance and splendor, comfort and luxury, which they undoubtedly display. In the University Club, more particularly, the eye of taste is gratified by the grandeur and magnificence of the design, the extreme beauty of the decoration, the tasteful and judicious selection of the colours, which produce such warmth and richness of effect; while the perfect harmony of the whole must completely satisfy the most critical observer that full justice has been done to this part of the plan. What a delicious place of resort is this Club! what a charm is comprehended in that library (which only wants the addition of books), where the very chairs seem to woo you to sit down—where the handsome inkstands of ample dimensions entreat you to be creative and to shed their contents, not upon the soft rich carpet which is spread for the student's feet, (and on which those feet fall with a tread as noiseless as upon the mossy turf,) but on the quires of gilt-edged paper which solicit his attention, peeping forth from the morocco-bound blotting-books which are profusely scattered around. Here indeed is space for study, room for thought. ~~Of~~ Does the student wish to beguile an idle hour with the lighter page of ephemeral production?—all the periodical publications court his choice, while newspapers in abundance offer him tittle-tattle, and politics of every kind and shape and shade, so that he cannot fail to suit his taste, on whatever pattern his political creed may chance to be cut. If we proceed to the drawing-room, we are struck with the luxurious elegance of its furniture. Those chairs, those sofas, those mirrors.—Heavens! for what order of beings is all this intended? Surely for the highest circle of male and female society that London affords—where the lady patroness is of the blood royal, collecting around her the *élite* of that society, and where the feast of reason and the flow of soul may be reciprocally enjoyed by both sexes: the one bringing to the common stock solid learning, elegant literature, and high breeding; the other contributing all the *agremens* of polished female society in the highest state of cultivation. Nothing is less intended than any such scheme. All this expenditure of money, all this display of architectural talent, and upholsteral taste, is solely dedicated to the use of a certain set of men, whose claim to election consists in their being sons of one or other of our two prolific *almæ matres*, and who have the privilege of paying for their dinner or breakfast at this club whenever disposed to do so. Such is the rage for luxury and expense in the present day, that it is difficult to meet with a man now who does not belong to one or other of these Sybarite temples; all classes of men, under all circumstances, are desirous of belonging to them, and as eager to have their names enrolled in the band of the privileged, as the first noblemen in the land. And yet the entrance, and annual subscription are in themselves no



trifles to a man of limited income ; but this does by no means prevent the country clergyman residing on a small living, from being fired with the ambitious wish of occasionally inhabiting those stately apartments on a footing with the highest ranks. He squeezes out the necessary ten guineas per annum ; in return for which he has the gratification of eating a plain dinner, and swallowing a small quantity of wine, within the precincts of a palace, and seeing Lord A. and the Hon. Mr. B. pass in and out before his eyes, or seated at their costly repasts in the same room with him ; and after a week or fortnight's expensive residence in London, for the advantage of frequenting the club to which he belongs (and where perhaps he has not half a dozen acquaintance to make it agreeable even as a rallying point) he returns into the country to his small parsonage, his homely parlour, and bachelor's fare, with feelings, I should shrewdly suspect, of no renewed contentment or invigorated cheerfulness. What do the ladies say to these expensive and exclusive establishments—these tempting resorts of idleness and *ennui*? Just what might have been expected : it is impossible that they should cast a favourable eye upon them, and they are accordingly, one and all, hostile to this new and fast-spreading mania for association amongst the men, and they look with a very jealous eye at the multiplication of these edifices, which they naturally consider the strong-holds of rebellion against female sway and petticoat influence. The matronly faction are loudly indignant, affirming that the direct consequence of these clubs is to corrupt the principles and unsettle the habits of their husbands ; while the spinster sect, in the violence of their alarm, frankly declare that the tendency of them is to prevent their getting any husbands at all. This is indeed a serious charge, and it must be confessed is not without colour of justice. A luxurious kind of life is by these establishments made accessible to persons who would, in any other mode, be excluded by the compass of their pockets from indulging in a species of refinement to which they have no just claim, and by means of this indulgence, tastes and habits of expense are created, which must be highly prejudicial to sober matrimonial views ; for the young man who has been accustomed to set a high value upon the enjoyments of his “ club ” will be hardly equal to the effort of foregoing them, should the sacrifice become necessary in the cause of matrimony. It must be allowed to be the worst possible school for bachelors, and for married men not less so ; and I think I may venture confidently to predict that their ill effects will become pretty evident at no very distant period. I believe no one will seriously defend these institutions on the ground, of their being friendly to the purposes of learning. It is hardly to be supposed that grown gentlemen, just emancipated from the trammels of the University, will come up to town to resume their studies and take further degrees in Pall Mall East ; or that members of a maturer age will recommence such a course of application as shall endanger the stability of the roofs of their new edifices, had they been constructed under a similar spell with the demolished study of Friar Bacon at Oxford. I understand that the clubs are considered as places of rendezvous, as points of union for acquaintance, and for the merest lounging and idleness. A friend of mine (a very singular and whimsical person) who belongs to almost every institution of the kind in London, and who has been on that ac-

count styled by his witty familiars the Knave of Clubs, honestly assured me that, as to reading being carried on within those precincts, he did not believe that a single individual of the whole community, in resorting thither, had it even in their remotest contemplation : that for his own part, he never could, in spite of the fascinating preparations, sit down to write so much as his letters there, but invariably adjourned to his lodgings for that purpose, situated perhaps in some obscure street, and most probably on very neighbourly terms with the moon. When I visited the University Club, the rooms were very empty, and in these noble apartments were chiefly to be seen groups of visitors under the guidance of some member, who was doing the honours with evident complacency. In the evening, indeed, I am informed, the attendance is by no means deficient, and for a pretty obvious reason : the attractions of play will always suffice to draw a multitude together, independently of the elegance of the place of meeting.

I could not for my soul help regretting, as we proceeded from room to room, the application, or misapplication rather, of so much money ; nor was it possible to avoid wishing that the wealthy confederates had combined their funds in aid of some useful or benevolent design—some charity which would endure to the end of time, a living monument of their liberality—imparting comfort and blessing to generations yet unborn. I could not refrain from imagining the widow, or the orphan, the deaf and dumb, or that benighted child of woe the indigent blind, or the houseless wanderer, rescued from misery, shame, and death, and living innocently and happily in an asylum built for their accommodation—or a refuge perhaps for the *innocent* destitute, who, I believe, are the only class of people unprovided for by the charitable institutions of London. I pictured their cheerful faces, and merry voices resounding through the building—a plain and unadorned structure. The reality before me was fading from my sight, and the scene of my fancy was growing more distinct upon the mental tablet, when the figure of a modern Exquisite, stretched upon a sofa, and reflected in a magnificent mirror opposite, dissipated my reverie, and so completely ruffled the current of my ideas that I could not resume them, but was fain to lament, like Alnaschar, over the brittle foundation of my visionary edifice.

With these feelings of hostility warring in my breast, it was almost with a malicious satisfaction that I witnessed the effects of the grand rout given by the University Club to the Duchess of Gloucester, who was invited to see the building, and in honour of whom about three thousand persons were also asked, being nearly three times as many as could be accommodated with any degree of convenience. It was a brilliant scene both within and without, and the company had ample leisure, during their long and tedious journey thither, to contemplate the *dehors* of the place they were so anxious to reach ; and never did greater anxiety appear to prevail than on this occasion to achieve the *impossible*, and to arrive at the door of the club-house. But eagerness and impatience were all thrown away ; the thing was only to be accomplished by sitting contentedly for hours blocked up by innumerable carriages, the helpless tenants of which were condemned to await their turn to approach a foot nearer to the object of their wishes, which glittering with

splendid light, and directing their course, shone upon them from afar "the cynosure" of every eye. And as they gradually approached inch by inch nearer to the desired goal, they had the mortification to distinguish plainly the figures of the happy mortals who by good fortune had arrived early, and whose plumes were seen to nod at each other, and diamonds to exchange their blazing glances, with cruel distinctness; whilst they were still doomed, though so near, to linger out the precious moments in an agony of inevitable delay; and many had the chagrin to find, when at length the blissful moment of admission arrived, that the Duchess had been gone some time. For myself, having played the humbler but more expeditious part of a pedestrian, I arrived at the club, and it was then only by dint of my utmost efforts that I reached the staircase, and had neither power nor ambition to get farther, but, placing myself on the steps, I saw and heard and suffered enough. The squeezing, the pushing, the fainting, the screaming, were abundant. Ladies lost their beaux, and were separated from their friends the whole night; some their ornaments, many of them various articles of their dress, which in every instance must have suffered irreparable damage by pressure and friction. "I will trouble you for my gown," cried a lady sharply to two gentlemen, who, in brushing by, had carried off between them the lace-train of their neighbour's petticoat, as unconsciously as the milkmaid sweeps away the cobweb from the dewy grass, as she steps briskly along at early dawn. The gentlemen (it was, alas! all they could do) restored the gossamer to the rightful owner, with innumerable apologies, while the lady folded up the remnants of her robe, and pocketed the disaster with tolerable composure. Nor was it the flimsy articles of apparel alone that suffered; flesh and blood had their full part in that evening's rude encounter. I saw a pretty young lady's plump arm actually excoriated and bleeding from the wounds inflicted by the ornaments of other females with which she had been brought into violent and involuntary contact. The confusion increased deliciously when the moment of departure came; and it was matter of no small amusement to see the contrast exhibited in the appearance of the same persons on their going in and coming out. What a change had the heat, the crowd, the suffocation, the jostling effected in the fairest faces!—the havoc of years had taken place in that short time, on the despoiled beauties who had gone up all brilliancy and youth and sunshine. But, if real charms suffered thus severely, borrowed ones had little chance in such a rout as the present. Rouge, wigs, curls, were all fairly *routed*. The confusion towards the last became general. Ladies, in default of their attendant swains, were to be heard bawling for their carriages: some worn out with the fatigue of standing for hours, took advantage of the company thinning a little, and the small space left thereby, to cast themselves down upon the carpet soft as moss, which must have been proud of its unwonted burthen. One lady who seemed almost frantic with the difficulties she had encountered, flew to me an utter stranger, and entreated me to assist her to find her servants and carriage, at the same time seizing my arm with the greatest eagerness. But all is permitted on these occasions. I jumped up at once from the steps on which I had thought myself happy to obtain a seat, and immediately put myself into active operation; fortunately my

zeal was crowned with speedy success, and, on seating my fair one in her carriage, was rewarded by so gracious an acknowledgment of my poor services that I felt them to be far overpaid.

I have thus avowed myself decidedly inimical to these modern innovations, which I denounce as the crying evil of the times, as a fatal and insidious snare for the more sober part of the community, who may probably enter them at first from a natural wish to connect themselves still more closely with their late associates at college, and a feeling of pride in being thus in some measure distinguished from the common mass of mankind. But when this feeling is carried beyond the dictates of prudence and propriety, when it induces men to quit the sphere in which Providence has placed them, in order to offer at the shrine of luxury, it becomes an error of considerable magnitude; and to push the mania still further and to fritter away time and money in maintaining a relation with many of these societies, is downright criminality. I almost sympathized with the rather indelicate indignation of a lady of rank with whom I was conversing on the subject, and who at once and most unreservedly declared her absolute abhorrence of the very idea of the new clubs. On my expressing my admiration of the architect's share in these edifices, and asking if she had seen them, she cut me very short, protesting that "nothing should induce her to go and see them, that she considered them as the greatest nuisance of the age, that she held them even in greater abomination than the gaming h—s (her ladyship pronounced with great energy and emphasis the monosyllable which I think proper to leave as a blank in my page), to which people of character were deterred from going by a sense of shame and regard for their reputations; but that she considered these 'clubs' as no other than 'painted sepulchres.'" Here I was amazed at her ladyship's acquaintance with Scripture phraseology, forgetting at the moment that a domestic chaplain resided in the house, who belonged to the Union, University, Alfred, Traveller's, and who hopes to be one of the Athénæum also:—"as painted sepulchres, which gape with open mouths for all those who escape the less reputable snares; that they were mere traps for the idle and extravagant; and that whilst the men were thus engaged morning, noon, and night, excluding themselves from the beneficial effects of female society, and herding together in places of such dangerous resort, there could be no other conclusion of such a course of life, but their becoming totally spoiled for domestic habits." Her ladyship's idea of domestic life most probably represented a gentleman's giving his local habitation and his name to a young person bestowed upon him for that *consideration*, after which their living, in all essential respects, totally asunder, though under the same roof, would not at all disturb Lady ——'s scheme of domestic economy. "In fine," continued she, "the young men of the present day, if this system prevails, will be entirely given up to luxury, selfishness, and sensuality, if not to drinking and gaming, and will always remain averse to any ideas but those of miserable celibacy." Here came "*the rub*;" and the pith of the whole tirade (like a lady's P. S.) was comprehended in the last word. Celibacy! of all the crimes for which these unhappy clubs will have to answer, this was evidently the gravest, in Lady ——'s opinion; and the murder being now out, I was enabled to interpret very correctly the

flush of *virtuous* indignation which a little too much heightened her ladyship's otherwise judiciously chosen complexion; and had I even been less acute, the glance of anxiety and suppressed mortification, which, in stopping to take breath at the conclusion of her speech, she cast upon five very unattractive damsels (who were so indiscreet as to be all old enough at the same time to "be out") would have betrayed the secret of her soul. These lasses stood to her in the relation of daughters, and it was incumbent on her to dispose of them to the best advantage; but her maternal cares were as yet unrewarded, she had found them heavy articles in the matrimonial market; and this failure had, no doubt, much contributed to clear her perception of the evil tendency of clubs, and had given additional acrimony to her remarks. I cordially agreed with her, and, following the train in which I perceived her sentiments to lie, I said it was no longer matter of wonder that young ladies of the highest merit remained single while such things were, and that, for myself, I heartily concurred in her ladyship's dislike of such institutions. The sympathy was graciously accepted, and I was treated in return with a little peep behind the scenes, respecting the maternal difficulties to be encountered in the pursuit of husbands. The badness of the times came in for a full share of the blame (by which I learnt that even a wife may be too dear). Quadrilles also bore a great proportion of responsibility, which, Lady —— assured me, were the worst speculation ever set on foot by matrimonial *intrigantes*. Many curious things I learnt on this occasion; but as I regarded the communication which passed as made in a moment of excited feeling, and in some degree confidential, I shall keep her ladyship's counsel, which, to say truth, was just beginning to be a little fatiguing, when I was relieved by the entrance of one of those "fortunate youths" who, being rich, independent, and unmarried, command at will the smiles of the *salon*. Lady ——'s countenance at once brightened; clubs, cares, complaints, were all forgotten in a moment, and her confidant into the bargain. Quickly perceiving therefore, but without the slightest chagrin, that like every dog I had had my day, I took the opportunity of bowing out, inwardly smiling, and not a little pleased that I owed to my want of metropolitan consequence this candid avowal of Lady ——'s opinions. Had I been a few degrees higher in the scale of eligibility, not a syllable of the kind should I have heard; and instead of carrying away with me some new idea, I might have become the innocent victim of a well-laid manœuvre to secure my name and property, for one of the personally substantial, but pecuniarily slender Lady Maria or Lady Julia \* \* \* \*. At the bare idea of such an escape, I was not a little rejoiced to find myself safe at my hotel again; and though *not* a member of the University, Union, United Service, Alfred, Traveller's, or Athenæum Clubs, I felt at this moment peculiarly happy to lock the door of my apartment upon my single-blessedness.

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## GIULIO, A TALE.

## AN IMPROVISATION OF BONAPARTE.

BONAPARTE, during the first year after he ascended the imperial throne, was in the habit of passing such evenings as he could spare from business, in the apartments of the Empress. Harassed by the fatigues of the day, he would throw himself on a sofa, and there, devoured by his ambitious projects, would lose himself in a gloomy silence, which no one had the boldness to disturb. But sometimes he would give the reins to his ardent imagination and to his taste for the marvellous,—or, to speak more justly, to that necessity for producing effect, which was, perhaps, his predominant feeling; and he would then recite histories which were almost always terrible, and which never failed to bear the impress of his character. The ladies in waiting profited by these narrations of the Emperor, and it is from the repetition of one of them (Madame de R.) that the following anecdote has been transcribed. “Never,” said that lady, “did Bonaparte appear to me more extraordinary than during his recital of the story of Giulio. Carried away by his subject, he traversed the apartment,—his voice varied with his characters—he seemed to multiply himself, and the terror he inspired was unaffected.” To excite alarm in his audience was delightful to him, and nothing gratified him so highly as the expression of horror which marked the countenances of those who surrounded him. Madame de R. committed to paper the anecdote of Giulio the night on which she heard it related, and shortly afterwards imparted it to one of her friends, M. Guizot, to whom we are indebted for its communication.

“A mysterious being, who pretended to unravel the secrets of the Future, had appeared at Rome. The sex of this being was a matter of dispute: some there were, who, in relating the strange predictions they had received, spoke of it as bearing the form and features of a woman; whilst others declared they had been confounded by the appearance of a hideous monster. This oracle resided in one of the suburbs, where she inhabited a deserted palace, sufficiently guarded from the curiosity of the populace by superstition and dread. No one could ascertain the period of her arrival; and, in short, whatever related to the existence of this individual, was wrapt in impenetrable mystery. Nothing was spoken of at Rome but the Sibyl, the name by which she was then generally designated; all were anxious to consult her, while few could muster courage to enter her dwelling. On approaching it, some were seized with a horror such as only a fatal presentiment could justify, and fled as though strongly repulsed by an invisible hand; in such cases they were never tempted to return.

“Camillo, a young Roman nobleman, resolved to explore the abode of the Sibyl, and engaged his intimate friend Giulio as his companion in the enterprise; the latter, being of an irresolute and timid temper, at first declined the proposal: it was not that the reports current respecting the dangers to be encountered on entering the dwelling of the Sibyl, caused him to hesitate; but Giulio shuddered at the thought of an unveiled Future: nevertheless the request of Camillo decided him. On the day appointed they departed together. On arriving at the door, it opened, as of itself: the two friends entered without pausing,—they

wandered over many apartments, meeting no one, till at length they found themselves in a gallery terminated by a black curtain, above which was inscribed—‘*If ye would discover your destiny, pass this curtain,—but, first, pray!*’

“Giulio was agitated: he threw himself upon his knees involuntarily and unconsciously. Was he already within the grasp of this mysterious power! A few moments passed, and the two young men raised the curtain, drew their swords, and entered the sanctuary. A female approached them:—she was young—she was perhaps even handsome; but her aspect defied examination: the ghastly fixedness of death, strangely combined with the mutability of life and its passions, formed its expression. It is beyond the scope of words to define or describe those supernatural beings, who, no doubt, inhabit regions where the language of man is unknown. Giulio, startled by her aspect, turned aside; Camillo cast down his eyes.’ The Sibyl demanded their business, and Camillo explained to her the motives of their visit. She did not listen to him, her attention seemed solely occupied by Giulio; she was agitated, she shuddered, she extended one hand towards him, as though to seize him, and suddenly drew back. Camillo entreated her to reveal to him his destiny,—she consented, and Giulio retired. After a short conference, Camillo sought his friend, whom he found plunged in a profound reverie: he told him, smiling, that he need not be discouraged, that for his own part he had learned nothing terrible: that the Sibyl had promised him he should marry Juliana (the sister of Giulio, a marriage, in fact, already decided on), but that a slight accident would somewhat retard his union. Giulio passed the fatal curtain, Camillo remaining in the gallery: very soon he heard a fearful cry—he recognised the voice of his friend, and, rushing forward, tore aside the curtain. Giulio was on his knees before the Sibyl, who shook over his head a blood-stained wand, pronouncing these words, ‘*LOVE WITHOUT BOUNDS! SACRILEGE! MURDER!*’ Camillo, seized with horror, approached Giulio, who, pale and motionless, was incapable of supporting himself. In vain he interrogated him; the only reply he obtained was a vague repetition of the words Murder! Sacrilege!

“At length Camillo succeeded in conducting him to his house, where he had no sooner lodged him in safety, than he flew to the abode of the Sibyl: he resolved to speak with her and to compel from her an explanation; but the palace was deserted, the curtain, the inscription, all had disappeared, not a trace of the sorceress remained, nor was she ever seen again.

“Some weeks elapsed, the wedding-day of Camillo was fixed, and Giulio seemed to have regained his tranquillity; Camillo forbore to interrogate him, hoping that thus the horrible scene with the Sibyl might gradually fade from his recollection. On the eve of the marriage, it happened that the Marquis de Cosmo, the father of Giulio, was thrown from his horse, and, although he received no important injury from his fall, it had the effect of delaying the celebration of the nuptials. Giulio, Juliana, and Camillo, surrounded the bed of the Marquis, lamenting the unfortunate obstacle to their hopes. Camillo, struck by sudden recollection, cried out aloud, ‘The prediction of the Sibyl is verified!’ This exclamation evidently produced great agitation in Giulio, who from that hour constantly secluded himself in his own

apartment, and shunned all society. He was only accessible to a worthy Monk who had educated him, and with him he held long and mysterious conferences: as for Camillo, he no longer attempted to approach him, perceiving himself to be most especially the object of his avoidance.

"The long-wished-for day at length arrived: Camillo and Juliana were united. Giulio did not appear, he had quitted home, and the most diligent search after him proved fruitless. His father was miserable; after the lapse of about a month he received the following letter.

'My father, spare yourself useless pursuit; my resolution is inflexible, nothing can change it. Dispose of your wealth; Giulio is dead to the world. It has cost me much to abandon you, but I must fly from a horrible destiny. Farewell! forget the unhappy Giulio!'

"This letter had no date; he who had brought it was unknown, and had disappeared. The Marquis interrogated the Monk, through whose means alone he believed there yet remained a chance of recovering his fugitive son; but question and threat were alike vain, the Monk was neither to be persuaded nor intimidated: he replied that he was not ignorant of the designs of Giulio, which he had long opposed; but that, on finding him firmly resolved, he had at length conceived it a duty to enter into his views: that he knew the place of his retreat, but that no earthly power should induce him to betray secrets confided to him under the seal of confession.

"Giulio had gone to Naples, from whence he had embarked for Messina, purposing there to enter a Dominican convent which his confessor had recommended to him. Father Ambrosio, the superior of this convent, was a man of too much real piety and too enlightened views, to take advantage of the disturbed imagination of a young man, and Giulio vainly besought him to dispense with the noviciate; he would by no means consent to it. Giulio was compelled to submit: his resolution nevertheless remained immovable; a strange superstition governed him, and he believed he could only find refuge from his fate in embracing a monastic life. He was persecuted by the recollection of the Sibyl, and incessantly haunted by the words she had pronounced over him—'Love without bounds! Sacrilege! Murder!' The cloister seemed to him the only asylum whither he might escape from passion, and from crime. Poor wretch! as if walls, rules, and vows, could rescue man from his destiny.

"The year of the noviciate expired. Giulio pronounced his vows, he believed himself happy, and felt as if at length delivered from the torments he had suffered; not once did an idea of the sacrifice he had made sadden his thoughts; but on the very evening of that solemn day, at the moment of retiring to his cell, he met one of the monks of the convent, who took his hand, pressed it affectionately, and said: 'Brother, it is for ever!' The words 'for ever' struck Giulio. The power of a word over a weak mind is wonderful; those now uttered, seemed to reveal to him his whole existence: he beheld himself as one already dead, and for whom time was no more; he fell from thenceforth into a sombre habit, and appeared to support the weight of life wearily.

"Father Ambrosio beheld with compassion the situation of this



young man : his sole knowledge of him was that he was unhappy, and he took an interest in him : it occurred to him that occupation might dissipate his melancholy. Giulio had much eloquence, and Ambrosio appointed him to preach : his reputation was of rapid growth, multitudes flocked from all quarters to hear him, he became the subject of a variety of vague rumours, he was young and handsome, and it is probable that the mystery which surrounded him lent an added charm to his words.

"The time drew nigh for the celebration of the feast of the Convent, at which the King of Naples and his whole court were to assist ; Giulio was selected to pronounce the panegyric of St. Thomas, the patron of the convent, and great preparations were made for the occasion. The day arrived, an immense crowd filled the church, Giulio was with difficulty pressing through it to go to his pulpit, when, in consequence of his efforts, his cowl fell back, leaving his face exposed : at that moment he heard the exclamation, 'Heavens, how handsome he is !' Surprised, agitated, he turned involuntarily, and beheld a female whose eyes were fixed on him with the most penetrating expression. A few moments were sufficient to revolutionize the existence of these two beings. Giulio pronounced his discourse, and immediately on finding himself at liberty, immured himself in his cell, but he was no longer free to deliver himself up to his ordinary meditations : pursued by the image of the unknown female, experiencing sentiments which were completely new to him, troubled, disquieted, repose seemed to have abandoned him ; nevertheless, it seemed to him as though he had only begun to exist from the moment when he heard the voice the accent of which had so penetrated his heart. He dares not hazard a glance towards the future : alas ! he cannot, his destiny is irrevocable ! Every morning he goes to perform mass, every morning he remarks a veiled female on the same spot ; he recognizes her, and has not even a wish to see her face, for then he must avoid her ; but he dares allow himself to gaze intently on the veil ; he follows all her movements, he feels, as it were, the pulsations of her heart, and replies to them ; too weak to tear himself from his danger, he trembles to examine himself, he starts from the truth ; his life is compressed into a few rapid moments—during these he exists, the rest of his days is annihilation. He would fain fly ; he promises himself, 'If she is there to-morrow, I will not return ;' and, armed with this resolution, he believes himself safe, and feels something like a return of tranquillity. The next day he went to the church somewhat earlier than he was accustomed ; she was not there ; when every one had retired, he approached her seat, and perceiving her prayerbook, he seized it, opened it, and saw written on the first page the name of Theresa : now, then, he could repeat, he could call upon her name. 'Theresa ! Theresa !' he murmured, in accents as low as though he feared to be heard, though he was quite alone. Since she did not appear, he had no scruple to return : days and weeks rolled away, and Theresa was absent.

"Theresa, the wife of an old man, whom she loved as a father, was happy in the fulfilment of her duties, and suspected no other species of happiness than that which was her portion ; she saw Giulio, and her peace of mind was gone. So ardent was the soul of Theresa, that her first real sentiment was doomed to form the destiny of her life :—she

adored Giulio. Until this crisis her husband had been the confident of her every thought, but she never mentioned Giulio to him : this mystery was painful to her, and seemed to accuse her of her fault ; she perceived there was danger to be shunned, and had the courage to abstain from attending mass. In the hope of calming her feelings, she had recourse to confession, and resolved, for that purpose, to return to the church of the Dominicans : she chose the hour when she knew Giulio to be engaged ; she approached the confessional, and on her knees acknowledged all she had experienced since the day of the festival of the convent, the happiness which the daily sight of Giulio had caused her, her subsequent remorse, and the courage she had exerted in avoiding him ; but confessed that she feared her strength would soon abandon her. 'What must I do?' she cried : 'have pity, my father, on a poor sinner!' Her tears flowed in torrents, her agitation was violent. Scarcely had she concluded, than a threatening voice pronounced the words, 'Unhappy wretch! what sacrilege!' Giulio, for it was he whom destiny had led thither, rushed from the confessional. Theresa, still kneeling, arrested his steps, she seized his robe, she supplicated him to withhold his malediction ; she implored him for her salvation, she implored him for her love. He repulsed her, but very feebly. 'Theresa, Theresa,' he cried at last, 'quit this place!—very soon my resolution will fail me.' At these words Theresa threw herself into his arms, enveloping him, as it were, with the atmosphere of her love. 'Say,' she cried—'Oh say that I am beloved before I quit thee!'

"Giulio, terrified, beside himself, shuddering with fear of a surprise, replied for a moment to her caresses, and pressed her to his heart ; but on a sudden, struck by the recollection of the prediction, he swore to fly from her for ever ; and without any explanation, he exacted from her that she would bind herself to the same engagement. Theresa, abandoned to her passion, scarcely comprehends his words, she consents to whatever he dictates. What, indeed, did they signify to her?—it is enough that he loves her. She feels assured that she shall see him again. At length they separate.

"Giulio, alone, surrendered to his own reflections, trembles to think of his imprudence ; but it is now too late to avoid the danger, he has not been able to escape his destiny. Of that love without bounds, he is already the victim ; the sacrilege is already committed. Has he not, in the very church where he pronounced his vows of holiness, confessed his passion? Still he has sworn to fly from it for ever. Strange inconsistency of heart! that which should constitute his punishment, forms his consolation ; but in this terrible conflict the wretched Giulio has only a choice of misery.

"Theresa is fearless ; Giulio loves her, he has pronounced it, and she defies the stroke of fate. With what delight she recalls the rapid moments she has passed! Such an hour leaves behind it more of remembrance than a whole loveless life. She does not even recollect her promise to avoid him ; she returns to the church, sees Giulio, who seems likewise to have forgotten his oath ; his whole existence is absorbed by his passion, and when he beholds its object, the universe disappears from his sight ; meanwhile they forbore to hold any conversation. Giulio never failed in her absence to be tortured by remorse, but one look of Theresa threw his soul into disorder ;

he determined on speaking to her, and on bidding her an eternal adieu.

"At the gate of the convent were a poor woman and her child, who were supported by the alms of Theresa—the little Carlo frequently followed her, carried her book, and prayed by her side. Giulio, who dared not approach Theresa, charged Carlo to tell her that father Giulio would await her in the confessional at seven o'clock in the evening. What a day! Giulio became terrified at the thought of finding himself alone with Theresa. He feared he should want the resolution to afflict her—he could not resolve upon it—he determined not to see her, but rather to write, and Carlo was charged to deliver the letter to Theresa as soon as she should enter the church. Theresa on receiving his message was troubled: 'What,' said she, 'does he wish of me! We were so content!' Nevertheless, she failed not to be at the church at the hour indicated. Carlo gave her the letter, she opened it with extreme emotion, but what were her feelings on reading the contents!

'Fly hence, imprudent woman, and come no more to pollute the sanctity of this place! Banish a remembrance which causes the torment of my life! I have never loved you,—I will never see you more.'

"This sentence pierced the soul of Theresa; his remorse she might have combated, but he no longer loved her, he had never loved her! She was attacked by a violent fever, her life was endangered; the name of Giulio was frequently near her lips, but she commanded herself even in her delirium, only murmuring in a low voice from time to time, 'I have never loved you.'

"Has Giulio meanwhile recovered his tranquillity? Has he silenced his remorse? No, his life is miserable; having once declared to Theresa that he loved no more, he surrendered himself wholly to this fatal passion. The sacrifice appeared to him sufficient; that letter had been indeed a dreadful effort. Oh, Theresa! could you have known what it cost the unhappy Giulio, your own grief would have been lessened by the consciousness of his sufferings, for the sorrow which is shared is always greatly alleviated. Giulio was a prey to the most heart-rending disquietude: three months had passed away, and he knew nothing of Theresa; time seemed only to augment his love, and more than ever he avoided the society of his fellow men. Under the plea of declining health, he persuaded father Ambrosio to dispense him from all external duties. Constantly was he shut up in his cell, or wandering the livelong night among the tombs, inebriated, as it were, by a sentiment which he had neither courage to resist nor to obey, for weakness starts at results, but uncertainty wears out life, affording neither memory nor hope.

"Theresa's long malady was succeeded by a state of alarming languor: she felt herself dying, and wished to perform the last duties enjoined by religion. Her husband, who loved her tenderly, saw plainly that some secret affliction was hurrying her to the tomb—he respected her silence, and did not permit himself a single question; he requested father Ambrosio, who was greatly venerated, to visit Theresa. He complied; but an unforeseen circumstance prevented the fulfilment of his promise; he employed Giulio as his substitute, and charged him to repair to the house of Signor Vivaldi: (the husband of Theresa), to carry consolation to the heart of an unhappy individual, and shed peace

on her last moments. Alas, what consolation had Giulio to bestow ! Himself a victim to the darkest despondency, he had tears to afford, but not comfort ! He endeavoured in vain to excuse himself ; Ambrosio insisted on his fulfilling the duty he exacted from him ; he obeyed therefore, and presented himself at the abode of Signor Vivaldi. He was led into an apartment, dimly lighted, where many persons surrounded a bed, on which lay a female ; on his entrance all retired through respect to his function, and Giulio remained alone with the dying stranger. Agitated without knowing the cause of his trouble, he stood irresolute. ‘ My father,’ said the dying woman, ‘ deny not your aid to a sufferer who will soon cease to exist.’ Scarcely were these words pronounced, than Giulio was on his knees near the bed of death. ‘ Theresa, Theresa !’ that name so intensely cherished, escaped from his heart. Who shall describe their mutual feelings !—with each other, explanation was unnecessary—they loved. Giulio expressed to her all he had endured for her sake, and accused himself of all she suffered. ‘ Pardon ! oh pardon !’ murmured he, ‘ Giulio is thine for ever !’ These fond words reanimated Theresa ; she could not speak, but she saw him, she heard him, she pressed his hand ; to die thus seemed bliss to her. Giulio pressed her in his arms, he would fain restore her to life : ‘ Thou shalt live ! Wilt thou not ? Thy friend is with thee ! Oh, Theresa, speak to me ! Must I not hear thee ?’ The sound of his voice seemed to restore her strength. ‘ I love thee, Giulio, I love thee,’ she murmured. These words contained, as it were, her life ; she had no more need of language. Quickly fled these moments of unbroken happiness ; the certainty of meeting again could alone have supplied them with resolution to separate.

“ Theresa recovered, Giulio saw her daily, a tender intimacy reigned between them, and Giulio apparently relinquished his scruples and his remorse : solely occupied by Theresa, he anxiously watched over her recovery ; he dared not afflict her, he felt that her life depended upon him, and seized that pretext as a duty. Two years had elapsed since he quitted Rome ; on the anniversary of the fatal prediction he sank into a gloomy reverie. Theresa would fain discover the cause of his sadness ;—she had never questioned him, but now, resolved on partaking his sorrow, it was necessary she should be acquainted with its source. Giulio related to her his interview with the Sibyl, and his consequent abandonment of his father’s roof : in the course of the recital, all his distracting remembrances awakened, and he repeated in accents of terror, ‘ LOVE WITHOUT BOUNDS ! SACRILEGE ! MURDER !’ Theresa was much affected ; but the words ‘ Love without bounds’ cast a spell over her heart and her imagination, and when Giulio, in a voice of dread, reiterated, ‘ SACRILEGE ! MURDER !’ she gently pronounced ‘ LOVE WITHOUT BOUNDS,’ thinking thus to calm his troubled spirit, since, for her, love was become every thing. Sometimes Giulio, carried beyond himself by the violence of his passion, gazed on her so ardently that she dared not meet his glance, her heart beat, her frame trembled, and a dangerous silence would take place of these turbid emotions. Still they were innocent, for they were yet happy. Giulio was obliged to absent himself, father Ambrosio having charged him with an important mission ; he had no courage to bid his personal farewell to Theresa, he wrote to her, promising a speedy return, but,

detained by a thousand obstacles, a long month elapsed ere he could retrace his steps. Instantly on his arrival he flew to Theresa, whom he found alone on a terrace near the sea, buried in thought. Never had she appeared to him so lovely, so enchanting; he contemplated her for a while in ecstasy, but he could not long resist the indulgence of speaking to her, of hearing her voice; he called her—she started, beheld him, and sank into his arms. Intoxicated by her tenderness, Giulio replied to it with transport, when all on a sudden he cast her from him in horror; he threw himself on his knees, his hands clasped, his eyes fixed, while his deadly paleness and the wild expression of his countenance rendered the scene terrible. Theresa dared not approach him, and for the first time was incapable of sharing his emotion. ‘Theresa,’ said he, at length, in a hollow voice, ‘we must separate! Thou knowest not all thou hast to fear.’ Theresa scarcely heard him, but she witnessed his agitation, and endeavoured to calm him;—he again repulsed her, ‘For mercy’s sake!’ he cried, ‘do not approach me.’ She trembled; she knew love only in its tenderness, its fury she could not comprehend. Giulio, impatient of her silence, rose, ‘To-morrow,’ said he, ‘my fate shall be decided;’ and he departed without leaving Theresa time for a reply. The next day she received the following billet:

‘Theresa, I can see you no more—I am unhappy with you—I am conscious you are incapable of understanding what I feel. Theresa, must be mine, but it must be by thy own will. Never shall I have the courage to abuse thy weakness. Yesterday I gave thee proof of this,—thou sawest it; I tore myself from thy arms, for thou didst not say, I will be thine. Nevertheless, reflect upon it. We are destroying ourselves. Oh! Theresa, eternal perdition! Those words are dreadful! Even in thy arms they will trouble my enjoyment. For us, peace is at an end, we have no choice but death! To-morrow, if thou wilt see me again, (and thou knowest the price,) to-morrow, I say, thou shalt send Carlo to the church. If he brings thy prayerbook, Theresa, then thou renouncest Giulio; but if he is not the bearer of that book, then thou art mine for ever. For ever is the word of eternity—it is awful to pronounce it. Adieu.’

“Theresa, gentle and timid, was terrified at this letter: the words ‘eternal perdition’ overwhelmed her with dismay;—‘Giulio,’ cried she, ‘Giulio, we were so happy! why did not our happiness suffice thee?’ She hesitated how to decide;—to see him no more was impossible,—‘and yet,’ said she, ‘incessant remorse will pursue him. Oh, Giulio, thou confidest to me thy destiny. I must be the sacrifice!’—Carlo was charged with the book; he placed it on the chair which Theresa commonly occupied.

“To Giulio, an increase of love—an increase of remorse, had become necessary; a state of calm enjoyment no longer sufficed him, yet, in spite of the violence of his passion, he would not decide on possessing Theresa, unless she voluntarily gave herself to him, unless she exacted from him her own ruin. Cruel through weakness, he would thus throw on her the whole responsibility of crime. The church had long been deserted, Giulio awaited Carlo, he saw him approach the seat of Theresa, and there deposit the book. No longer master of himself, he rushed forward, seized the book, returned it to the boy,

and bade him carry it back to his mistress. Long did he remain motionless on the same spot where he had awaited the decision of his destiny, and that of Theresa ; at length, starting from the confusion which enveloped his thoughts, ' I will see her,' he murmured.

" Theresa was overwhelmed in sadness. Carlo returned to her, and restored her book, telling her that father Giulio had sent it back to her ;—her emotion was extreme, she knew that he would come, and hastened to receive him on that same terrace where they had last met. At length he appeared, but gloomy, sombre, his eyes bent upon the ground, and scarcely daring to advance. Theresa read his soul ; she, who trembled at the thought of that interview, who had had the strength to refuse it, when she saw the chosen of her heart so wretched, had the courage to console him ; she was no longer timid and trembling, she approached him,—' Giulio,' she said, ' I am thine.'

Giulio, consumed by remorse, became sombre and savage even by the side of Theresa ; the most tender caresses were ineffectual to soften him. Meanwhile the love of Theresa increased, and she sighed in secret over the change which had taken place in him, but she dared not complain ; she feared to afflict, to alienate him, still deluding herself with the hope of making him so happy that he would forget all things but her. Giulio, far from replying to her affection, accused her of his misfortunes. ' Thou hast seduced, thou hast ruined me,' he said, ' but for thee my soul had still been unpolluted !' He saw her less frequently, at length his visits entirely ceased. Theresa inquired for him, went constantly to the church, wrote to him. Her letters were returned unopened, and Giulio was never seen out of his cell ; nevertheless, it was necessary Theresa should speak to him ; that she should confide to him her secret ; alas ! the secret of a mother ! What is to become of her if he persists in abandoning her ? But she cannot, she will not believe it. She learns that the following Sunday Giulio is appointed to officiate, and feels that she must not neglect the opportunity ; much more than her life is at stake, and that consciousness inspires her with fortitude. An important project meanwhile ingrosses her : the two days previous to that on which she is to see Giulio are spent entirely in arranging all things for a meditated flight ; her enterprise was rendered easy by the situation of the convent close to the sea-side : as for the place whither they should direct their flight, she had not thought of it, that was left to the choice of Giulio, for, save Giulio, all things were become indifferent to her. She had hired a small vessel, and had managed all things with such secrecy and prudence, that her design was unsuspected, and her excessive internal agitation saved her from even a momentary reflection on the difficulties she was about to encounter. The anxiously expected day at last arrived, and Theresa, wrapt in a long thick veil, placed herself close to the altar. Giulio could not distinguish her, while she watched all his motions, and when the congregation dispersed, she glided behind a column, near which he must necessarily pass in returning to the cloisters. As she advanced, she perceived that he was more than ever a prey to grief ; his arms were crossed over his bosom, his head drooped, he walked with the slow and heavy step of a criminal. Theresa beheld his despondency with deep emotion : she would have sacrificed her own life to his repose ; but she has no longer an alternative, the

innocent being to whom she must soon give life demands from her a father. She presented herself to Giulio, 'Stay,' cried she, 'Giulio, I must speak to you, and you must listen to me! I will not quit you till you have given me the key of the convent garden—I *must* have it. Oh, Giulio, much more than my life is dependant on you!'—At these words Giulio roused himself as if from a dreadful dream. 'Wretched woman,' cried he, 'what sayest thou? Begone! Fly far from this spot!' But Theresa threw herself at his feet, vowing never to quit him till he had granted her demand. Giulio's efforts to escape from her were in vain; a supernatural force seemed to animate Theresa. 'Swear,' said she, 'that this night, at midnight, we shall meet again.' While she thus persisted, a slight sound was heard. Giulio yielded the key to her.—'At midnight,' said he, and they separated.

"At midnight Theresa repaired to the garden; the night was dark, she dared not call, for fear of discovery; soon, however, she heard the approach of footsteps, it was Giulio. 'What wilt thou?' said he, 'Speak, the moments are brief! Cease, I charge thee, to pursue a wretch who can never render thee happy. Theresa, I love thee! Without thee, life is an insupportable burthen; and near thee, my remorse is beyond endurance, it embitters my happiest moments! 'Thou hast witnessed my despair! How often have I accused thee! Pardon, pardon, my beloved! It is right that I should punish myself—I have renounced thee, that sacrifice expiates my crime!' He ceased, suffocated by his grief. Theresa endeavoured to console him, to direct his views towards a happy future: 'Giulio,' said she, 'for myself only I should not have dared to seek thee. Like thee, I would not have shrunk from death, but this pledge of our love demands that we should live: come then, Giulio, let us depart! All is ready for our flight!' Giulio, in his terrible agitation, suffered himself to be led along by her;—a few minutes more, and they would have been united for ever. But, suddenly disengaging himself from the arms of Theresa,\* 'No,' said he, 'never!'—and he plunged his poniard into her bosom; she fell, and Giulio was covered with her blood. He stood gazing on her with a bewildered air. Day was beginning to dawn, the convent bell tolled; he raised the inanimate body of her who had so much loved him, and threw it into the sea. Then, with a wild and hurried step, he entered the church;—his blood-stained robe, the poinard he still held in his hand,—all told of guilt and death! He was quickly seized, he made no resistance—Giulio disappeared for ever!"

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\* When Bonaparte pronounced these words, he approached the Empress in the attitude of one who draws a dagger: so strong was the illusion, that the ladies in waiting threw themselves between him and his wife, crying out loudly. Bonaparte, as a consummate actor, pursued his narrative undisturbed, without appearing to notice the effect he had produced. The Empress pressed for some details respecting the fate of Giulio: the Emperor replied laconically, 'The crimes and secrets of cloisters are impenetrable.'—The story of Giulio is not a fiction; before the Revolution, an adventure similar to the one above related, happened in a convent at Lyons; the documents relating to it fell into the hands of Bonaparte, and furnished him, almost entirely, with the subject of Giulio.

## NOVELTY AND FAMILIARITY.

*Horatio.* Custom hath made it a property of easiness in him.

*Hamlet.* The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense."

SHAKSPEARE represents his *gravedigger* as singing while he is occupied in his usual task of flinging the skulls out of the earth with his spade. On this he takes occasion to remark, through one of his speakers, the effect of habit in blunting our sensibility to what is painful or disgusting in itself. "Custom hath made it a property of easiness in him." To which the other is made to reply in substance, that those who have the least to do have the finest feelings generally. The minds and bodies of those who are enervated by luxury and ease, and who have not had to encounter the wear and tear of life, present a soft, unresisting surface to outward impressions, and are endued with a greater degree of susceptibility to pleasure and pain. Habit in most cases hardens and encrusts, by taking away the keener edge of our sensations; but does it not in others soften and refine, by giving a mechanical facility, and by engrafting an acquired sense? Habit may be said, in technical language, to add to our irritability and lessen our sensibility, or to sharpen our active perceptions, and deaden our passive ones. Practice makes perfect,—experience makes us wise. The one refers to what we have to do, not to what we feel. I will endeavour to explain the distinction, and to give some examples in each kind.

Clowns, servants, and common labourers have, it is true, hard and coarse hands, because they are accustomed to hard and coarse employments; but mechanics, artizans, and artists of various descriptions, who are as constantly employed, though on works demanding greater skill and exactness, acquire a proportionable nicety and discrimination of tact with practice and unremitting application. A working jeweller can perceive slight distinctions of surface, and make the smallest incisions in the hardest substances from mere practice: a woollen-draper perceives the different degrees of the fineness in cloth, on the same principle; a watchmaker will insert a great bony fist, and perform the nicest operations among the springs and wheels of a complicated and curious machinery, where the soft delicate hand of a woman or a child would make nothing but blunders. Again, a blind man shews a prodigious sagacity in hearing and almost feeling objects at a distance from him. His other senses acquire an almost preternatural quickness from the necessity of recurring to them oftener, and relying on them more implicitly, in consequence of the privation of sight. The musician distinguishes tones and notes, the painter expressions and colours, from constant habit and unwearied attention, that are quite lost upon the common observer. The critic discovers beauties in a poem, the poet features in nature, that are generally overlooked by those who have not employed their imaginations or understandings on these particular studies. Whatever art or science we devote ourselves to, we grow more perfect in with time and practice. The range of our perceptions is at once enlarged and refined. But—there lies the question that must "give us pause"—is the pleasure increased in proportion to our habitual and critical discernment, or does not our familiarity with nature, with science, and with art, breed an indifference for those objects we are most conversant with and most masters of? I am afraid the answer, if an



honest one, must be on the unfavourable side; and that from the moment that we can be said to understand any subject thoroughly, or can execute any art skilfully, our pleasure in it will be found to be on the decline. No doubt, that with the opening of every new inlet of ideas, there is unfolded a new source of pleasure; but this does not last much longer than the first discovery we make of this *terra incognita*; and with the closing up of every avenue of novelty, of curiosity, and of mystery, there is an end also of our transport, our wonder, and our delight; or it is converted into a very sober, rational, and household sort of satisfaction.

There is a craving after information, as there is after food; and it is in supplying the void, in satisfying the appetite, that the pleasure in both cases chiefly consists. When the uneasy want is removed, both the pleasure and the pain cease. So in the acquisition of knowledge or of skill, it is the transition from perplexity and helplessness that relieves and delights us; it is the surprise occasioned by the unfolding of some new aspect of nature that fills our eyes with tears and our hearts with joy; it is the fear of not succeeding that makes success so welcome, and a giddy uncertainty about the extent of our acquisitions that makes us drunk with unexpected possession. We are happy not in the total amount of our knowledge, but in the last addition we have made to it, in the removal of some obstacle, in the drawing aside of some veil, in the contrast between the obscurity of night and the brightness of the dawn. But objects are magnified in the mist and haze of confusion; the mind is most open to receive striking impressions of things in the outset of its progress. The most trivial pursuits or successes then agitate the whole brain; whereas afterwards the most important only occupy one corner of it. The facility which habit gives in admitting new ideas, or in reflecting upon old ones, renders the exercise of intellectual activity a matter of comparative insignificance; and by taking away the resistance and the difficulty, takes away the liveliness of impulse that imparts a sense of pleasure or of pain to the soul. No one reads the same book twice over with the same satisfaction. It is not that our knowledge of it is not greater the second time than the first: but our interest in it is less, because the addition we make to our knowledge the second time is very trifling, while in the first perusal it was all *clear gain*. Thus in youth and childhood every step is fairy-ground, because every step is an advance in knowledge and pleasure, opens new prospects, and excites new hopes, as in after-years, though we may enlarge our circle a little, and measure our way more accurately, yet in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred we only retrace our steps, and repeat the same dull round of weariness and disappointment. Knowledge is power; but it is not pleasure, except when it springs immediately out of ignorance and incapacity. An actor, who plays a character for the hundred and fortieth time, understands and perhaps performs it better; but does he feel the part? has he the same pleasure in it as he had the first time? The wonder is how he can go through it at all; nor could he, were he not supported by the plaudits of the audience (who seem like new friends to him), or urged on by the fear of disgrace, to which no man is ever reconciled.

I will here take occasion to suggest what appears to me the true state of the question, whether a great actor is enabled to embody his part

from feeling or from study. I think at the time from neither; but merely (or chiefly at least) from habit. But I think he must have felt the character in the first instance with all the enthusiasm of nature and genius, or he never would have distinguished himself in it. To say that the intellect alone can determine or supply the movements or the language of passion, is little short of a contradiction in terms. Substituting the head for the heart is like saying that the eye is a judge of sounds or the ear of colours. If a man in cold blood knows how another feels in a fit of passion, it is from having been in a passion himself before. Nor can the indifferent observation of the outward signs attain to the truth of nature without the inward sympathy to impel us forward, and to tell us where to stop. Without that living criterion, we shall be either tame and mechanical, or turgid and extravagant. The study of individual models produces imitators and mannerists: the study of general principles produces pedants. It is feeling alone that makes up for the deficiencies of either mode of study; that expands the meagreness of the one, that unbends the rigidity of the other, that floats a man into the tide of popularity, and electrifies an audience. It is feeling, or it is, hope and fear, joy and sorrow, love and hatred, that is the original source of the effects in nature which are brought forward on the stage; and assuredly it is a sympathy with this feeling that must dictate the truest and most natural imitations of them. To suppose that a person altogether dead to these primary passions of the human breast can make a great actor, or feign the effects while he is entirely ignorant of the cause, is no less absurd than to suppose that I can describe a place which I never saw, or mimic a voice which I never heard, or speak a language which I never learnt. An actor void of genius and passion may be taught to strut about the stage, and mouth out his words with mock-solemnity, and give himself the airs of a great actor, but he will never *be* one. He may express his own emptiness and vanity, and make people stare, but he will not "send the hearers weeping to their beds." The true, original master-touches that go to the heart, must come from it. There is neither truth nor beauty without nature. Habit may repeat the lesson that is thus learnt, just as a poet may transcribe a fine passage without being affected by it at the time, but he could not have written it in the first instance without feeling the beauty of the object he was describing, or without having been deeply impressed with it in some moment of enthusiasm. It was then that his genius was inspired, his style formed, and the foundation of his fame laid. People tell you that Sterne was hard-hearted; that the author of *Waverley* is a mere worldling; that Shakspeare was a man without passions. Do not believe them. Their passions might have worn themselves out with constant over-excitement, so that they only knew how they formerly felt; or they might have the control over them; or from their very compass and variety they might have kept one another in check, so that none got very much a-head, and broke out into extravagant and overt acts. But those persons must have experienced the feelings they express, and entered into the situations they describe, so finely, at some period or other of their lives: the sacred source from whence the tears trickle down the cheeks of others, was once full, though it may be now dried up; and in all cases where a strong impression of truth and nature is conveyed to the minds of others, it must

have previously existed in an equal or greater degree in the mind producing it. Perhaps it does not strictly follow, that

\*“ They best can paint them, who have felt them most.”

To do this in perfection other qualifications may be necessary : language may be wanting where the heart speaks, but that the tongue or the pen or pencil can describe the workings of nature with the highest truth and eloquence without being prompted or holding any communication with the heart, past, present, or to come, I utterly deny. When Talma, in the part of *Cædipus*, after the discovery of his misfortune, slowly raises his hands and joins them together over his head in an attitude of despair, I conceive it is because in the extremity of his anguish, and in the full sense of his ghastly and desolate situation, he feels a want of something as a shield or covering, to protect him from the weight that is ready to fall on and crush him, and he makes use of that fine and impressive action for this purpose :—not that I suppose he is affected in this manner every time he repeats it, but he never would have thought of it but from having this deep and bewildering feeling of weight and oppression, which naturally suggested it to his imagination, and at the same time assured him that it was just. Feeling is, in fact, the scale that weighs the truth of all original conceptions. When Mrs. Siddons played the part of Mrs. Beverley in the *Gamester*, and on Stukely’s abrupt declaration of his unprincipled passion at the moment of her husband’s imprisonment, threw into her face that noble succession of varying emotions, first seeming not to understand him, then, as her doubt is removed, rising into sudden indignation, then turning to pity, and ending in a burst of hysteric scorn and laughter, was this the effect of stratagem or forethought as a painter arranges a number of colours on his palette ? No—but by placing herself amply in the situation of her heroine, and entering into all the circumstances, and feeling the dignity of insulted virtue and misfortune, that wonderful display of keen and high-wrought expressions burst from her involuntarily at the same moment, and kindled her face almost into a blaze of lightning.\* Yet Mrs. Siddons is sometimes accused of being cold and insensible. I do not wonder that she may seem so after exertions such as these ; as the Sibyls of old after their inspired prophetic fury sunk upon the ground, breathless and exhausted. But that any one can embody high thoughts and passions without having the prototypes in their own breast, is what I shall not believe upon hearsay, and what I am sure cannot be proved by argument.

It is a common complaint, that actors and actresses are dull when off the stage. I do not know that it is the case ; but I own I should be surprised if it were otherwise. Many persons expect from the *éclat* with which they appear in certain characters to find them equally brilliant in company, not considering that the effect they produce in their artificial characters is the very circumstance that must disqualify them for producing any in ordinary cases. They who have intoxicated and maddened multitudes by their public display of talent, can rarely be supposed to feel much stimulus in entertaining one or two friends, or in being the life of a dinner-party. She who perished over-night by the dagger or the bowl as Cassandra or Cleopatra, may be allowed to sip her tea in silence, and not to be herself again till she revives in

Aspasia. A tragic tone does not become familiar conversation, and any other must come very awkwardly and reluctantly from a great tragic actress. At least, in the intervals of her professional paroxysms she will hardly set up for a verbal critic or *blue-stockings*. Comic actors, again, have their repartees put into their mouths, and must feel considerably at a loss when their cue is taken from them. The most sensible among them are modest and silent. It is only those of second-rate pretensions who think to make up for the want of original wit by practical jokes and *slang* phrases. *Theatrical* manners are, I think, the most repulsive of all others.—Actors live on applause, and drag on a laborious artificial existence by the administration of perpetual provocatives to their sympathy with the public gratification.—I will not call it altogether *vanity* in them who delight to make others laugh, any more than in us who delight to laugh with them. They have a significant phrase to express the absence of a proper sense in the audience—"there was not a hand in the house." I have heard one of the most modest and meritorious of them declare, that if there was nobody else to applaud, he should like to see a dog wag his tail in approbation. There cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that singers dislike to be encored. There is often a violent opposition out of compassion, with cries of "shame, shame!" when a young female *debutante* is about to be *encored* twice in a favourite air, as if it were taking a cruel advantage of her—instead of the third she would be glad to sing it for the thirtieth time, and "die of an *encore* in *operatic* pain!" The excitement of public applause at last becomes a painful habit, and, either in indolent or over-active temperaments, produces a corresponding craving after privacy and leisure.

I wish the late Mr. Kemble had not written that stupid book about Richard III. and closed a proud theatrical career with a piece of literary foppery. Yet why do I wish it, if it pleased him, since it made no alteration in my opinion respecting him? Its dry details, its little tortuous struggles after contradiction, did not blot from my memory his stately form, his noble features, in which old Rome saw herself revived; his manly sense and plaintive tones, that were an echo to deep-fraught sentiment; nor make me forget another volume published and suppressed long before, a volume of poems addressed to Mrs. Inchbald, "the silver-voiced Anna." Both are dead! Such is the stuff of which our lives are made—bubbles that reflect the glorious features of the universe, and that glance a passing shadow, a feeble gleam, on those around them.

Mrs. Siddons was in the meridian of her reputation when I first became acquainted with the stage. She was an established veteran, when I was an unledged novice; and, perhaps, played those scenes without emotion, which filled me, and so many others, with delight and awe. So far I had the advantage of her, and of myself too. I did not then analyse her excellencies as I should now, or divide her merits into physical and intellectual advantages, or see that her majestic form rose up against misfortune in equal sublimity, an antagonist power to it—but the total impression (unquestioned, unrefined upon,) overwhelmed and drowned me in a flood of tears. I was stunned and torpid after seeing her in any of her great parts. I was uneasy, and hardly myself, but I felt (more than ever) that human life was something very far from

being indifferent, and I seemed to have got a key to unlock the springs of joy and sorrow in the human heart. This was no mean possession, and I availed myself of it with no sparing hand. The pleasure I anticipated at that time in witnessing her dullest performance, was certainly greater than I should have now in seeing her in the most brilliant. The very sight of her name in the play-bills in Tamerlane, or Alexander the Great, threw a light upon the day, and drew after it a long trail of Eastern glory, a joy and felicity unutterable, that has since vanished in the mists of criticism and the glitter of idle distinctions. I was in a trance, and my dreams were of mighty empires fallen, of vast burning zones, of waning time, of Persian thrones and them that sat on them, of sovereign beauty, and of victors vanquished by love. Death and Life played their pageant before me. The gates were unbarred, the folding-doors of fancy were thrown open, and I saw all that mankind had been, or that I myself could conceive, pass in sudden and gorgeous review before me. No wonder that the huge, dim, disjointed vision should enchant and startle me. One reason why our first impressions are so strong and lasting is, that they are *whole-length* ones. We afterwards divide and compare, and judge of things only as they differ from other things. At first we measure them from the ground, take in only the groups and masses, and are struck with the entire contrast to our former ignorance and inexperience. If we apprehend only a vague gaudy outline, this is not a disadvantage; for we fill it up with our desires and fancies, which are most potent in their capacity to create good or evil. The first glow of passion in the breast throws its radiance over the opening path of life; and it is wonderful how much of the volume of our future existence the mere title-page discloses. The results do not indeed exactly correspond with our expectations; but our passions survive their first eager ebullition and bitter disappointment, the bulk of our sensations consists of broken vows and fading recollections; and it is not astonishing that there is so near a resemblance between our earliest anticipations and our latest sigh, since we obstinately believe things to be to the last, what we at first wished to find them.

“Hope travels through, nor quits us till we die.”

Our existence is a tissue of passion, and our successive years only present us with fainter and fainter copies of the first proof-impressions. “The dregs of life,” therefore, contain very little of force or spirit which

—“the first spritely runnings could not give.”

Imagination is, in this sense, sometimes truer than reality; for our passions being “compacted of imagination,” and our desires whetted by impatience and delay, often lose some of their taste and essence with possession. So in youth we look forward to the advances of age, and feel them more strongly than when they arrive; nor is this more extraordinary than that from the height of a precipice the descent below should make us giddy, and that we should be less sensible of it when we come to the ground. Experience can teach us little, I suspect, after the first unfoldings of our faculties, and the first strong excitement of outward objects. It can only add to or take away from our original impressions, and the imagination can make out the addition as largely or feel the privation as sharply as the senses. The little it can

teach us, which is to moderate our chagrins and sober our expectations, to the dull standard of reality, we will not learn. "Reason panders will;" and if we have been disappointed forty times, we are only the more resolved that the forty-first time shall make up for all the rest, and our hope grows desperate as the chances are against it. A man who is wary, is so naturally; he who is of a sanguine and credulous disposition, will continue so in spite of warning; we hearken to no voice but that of our secret inclinations and native bias. Mr. Wordsworth being asked why he admired the sleep of infancy, said he thought "there was a grandeur in it;" the reason of which is partly owing to the contrast of total unconsciousness to all the ills of life, and partly that it is the germ implying all the future good; an untouched, untold treasure. In the outset of life, all that is to come of it, seems to press with double force upon the heart, and our yearnings after good and dread of evil are in proportion to the little we have known of either. The first ebullitions of hope and fear in the human heart lift us to heaven, or sink us to the abyss; but when served out to us in dribblets and palled by repetition, they lose their interest and effect. Or the dawn of experience, like that of day, shews the wide prospect stretched out before us, and dressed in its liveliest colours; as we proceed, we tire of the length of the way, and complain of its sameness. The path of life is stripped of its freshness and beauty; and as we grow acquainted with them, we become indifferent to weal or woe.

The best part of our lives we pass in counting on what is to come, or in fancying what may have happened in real or fictitious story to others. I have had more pleasure in reading the adventures of a novel (and perhaps changing situations with the hero) than I ever had in my own. I do not think any one can feel much happier—a greater degree of heart's ease—than I used to feel in reading *Tristram Shandy*, and *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Tom Jones*, and the *Tatler*, and *Gil Blas of Santillane*, and *Werther*, and *Boccaccio*. It was some years after that I read the last, but his tales

"Dallied with the innocence of love,  
Like the old Time."

The story of *Frederigo Alberigi* affected me as if it had been my own case; and I saw his hawk upon her perch in the clear, cold air, "and how fat and fair a bird she was," as plain as ever I saw a picture of Titian's; and felt that I should have served her up as he did, as a banquet for his mistress, who came to visit him at his own poor farm.

Mr. Opie used to consider it as an error to suppose that an artist's first works were necessarily crude and raw, and that he went on regularly improving on them afterwards. On the contrary, he maintained that they had the advantage of being done "with all his heart, and soul, and might;" that they contained his best thoughts, those which his genius most eagerly prompted, and which he had matured and treasured up longest, from the first dawn of art and nature on his mind; and that his subsequent works were rather after-thoughts, and the leavings and *make-shifts* of his invention. There is a great deal of truth in this view of the matter. *Poeta nascitur non fit*; that is, it is the strong character and impulse of the mind that forces out its way and stamps itself upon outward objects, not that elicited and laboriously raised into artificial importance by contrivance and study. An

improving actor, artist, or poet, never becomes a great one. I have known such in my time, who were always advancing by slow and sure steps to the height of their profession; but in the mean time some man of genius rose, and, passing them, at once seized on the topmost round of ambition's ladder, so that they still remained in the second class. A volcano does not give warning when it will break out, nor a thunderbolt send word of its approach. Mr. Kean stamped himself the first night in Shylock; he never did any better. Mr. Kemble is the only great and truly impressive actor I remember, who rose to his stately height by the interventions of art, and gradations of merit. A man of genius is *suu generis*—to be known he need only to be seen—you can no more dispute whether he is one, than you can dispute whether it is a panther that is shewn in a cage. Mrs. Siddons did not succeed the first time she appeared on the London boards; but then it was in Garrick's time, who sent her back to the country. He startled and put her out in some part she had to play with him, by the amazing vividness and intrepidity of his style of acting. Yet old Dr. Chauncey, who frequented Sir Joshua Reynolds's, said that he was not himself in his latter days, that he got to play harlequin's tricks, and was too much in the trammels of the stage, and was quite different from what he was when he came out at Goodman's Fields, when he surprised the town in Richard, as if he had dropped from the clouds, and his acting was all fire and air. Mrs. Siddons was hardly satisfied with the admiration of those who had only seen her latter performances, which were distinguished chiefly by their towering height and marble outline. She has been heard to exclaim, "You have seen me only in Lady Macbeth and Queen Katharine, and Belvidera and Jane Shore—you should have seen me when I played these characters alternately with Juliet, and Desdemona, and Calista, and the Mourning Bride, night after night, when I first came from Bath!" If she, indeed, filled these parts with a beauty and tenderness equal to the sublimity of her other performances, one had only to see her in them and die! Lord Byron says, that Lady Macbeth died when Mrs. Siddons left the stage. Could not even her acting help him to understand Shakspeare? Sir Joshua Reynolds at a late period saw some portraits he had done in early life, and lamented the little progress he had made. Yet he belonged to the laborious and climbing class. No one generation improves much upon another; no one individual improves much upon himself. What we impart to others we have within us, and we have it almost from the first. The strongest insight we obtain into nature, is that which we receive from the broad light thrown upon it by the sudden development of our own faculties and feelings.

Even in science the greatest discoveries have been made at an early age. Sir Isaac Newton was not twenty when he saw the apple fall to the ground. Harvey, I believe, discovered the circulation of the blood at eighteen. Berkeley was only six-and-twenty when he published his Essay on Vision. Hartley's great principle was developed in an inaugural dissertation at College. Hume wrote his Treatise on Human Nature while he was yet quite a young man. Hobbes put forth his metaphysical system very soon after he quitted the service of Lord Bacon. I believe also that Galileo, Leibnitz, and Euler commenced their career of discovery quite young; and I think it is only then, before the mind becomes set in its own opinions or the dogmas of others, that it

can have vigour or elasticity to throw off the load of prejudice and, seize on new and extensive combinations of things. In exploring new and doubtful tracts of speculation, the mind strikes out true and original views, as a drop of water hesitates at first what direction it shall take, but afterwards follows its own course. The very oscillation of the mind in its first perilous and staggering search after truth, brings together extreme arguments and illustrations, that would never occur in a more settled and methodised state of opinion, and felicitous suggestions turn up when we are trying experiments on the understanding, of which we can have no hope when we have once made up our minds to a conclusion, and only go over the previous steps that led to it. So that the greater number of opinions we have formed, we are less capable of forming new ones, and slide into common-places according as we have them at hand to resort to. It is easier taking the beaten path than making our way over bogs and precipices. The great difficulty in philosophy is to come to every question with a mind fresh and unshackled by former theories, though strengthened by exercise and information; as in the practice of art the great thing is to retain our admiration of the beautiful in nature, together with the power to imitate it, and not, from a want of this original feeling, to be enslaved by formal rules, or dazzled by the mere difficulties of execution. Habit is necessary to give power: but with the stimulus of novelty, the love of truth and nature ceases through indolence or insensibility. Hence wisdom too commonly degenerates into prejudice, and skill into pedantry. Ask a metaphysician what subject he understands best, and he will tell you that which he knows the least about. Ask a musician to play a favourite tune, and he will select an air the most difficult in execution. If you ask an artist his opinion of a picture, he will point to some defect in perspective or anatomy. If an opera-dancer wishes to impress you with an idea of his grace and accomplishments, he will throw himself into the most distorted attitude possible. Who would not rather see a dance in the forest of Montmorenci on a summer's evening, by a hundred laughing peasant girls and their partners, who come to this scene for several miles round, rushing through the forest-glades, as the hart panteth for the water-brooks, than all the *pinquettes*, *pied-a-plombs*, and *entrechats*, performed at the French Opera by the whole *corps de ballet*? Yet the first only just contrive to exert their heels, and not put their partners out, whilst the last perform nothing but feats of dexterity and miracles of skill—not one of which they could ever perform if they had not lost every idea of natural grace, ease, or decorum, in habitual callousness or professional vanity, or had one feeling left which prompts their rustic rivals to run through the mazes of the dance

“With heedless haste and giddy cunning,”

while the leaves tremble to the festive sounds of music, and the air circles in gladder currents to their joyous movements. There was a dance in the pantomime at Covent Garden two years ago, which I could have gone to see every night. I did go to see it every night that I could make an excuse for that purpose. It was nothing; it was childish. Yet I could not keep away from it. Some young people came out of a large twelfth-cake, dressed in full court costume, and danced a quadrille, and then a minuet, to some divine air. Was it that it put me in mind of my school-boy days, and of the large bunch,



of lilac that I used to send as a present to my partner? or of times still longer past—the Court of Louis XIV. the Duke de Nemours and the Princess of Cleves? or of the time when she who was all grace moved in measured steps before me, and wafted me into Elysium? I know not how it was, but it came over the sense with a power not to be resisted,

“ — like the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour.”

I mention these things to shew, as I think, that pleasures are not

——“ like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;  
Or like the snow-fall in the river,  
A moment white—then melts for ever ;  
Or like the borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place ;  
Or like the rainbow’s lovely form,  
Evanishing amid the storm.”

On the contrary, I think they leave traces of themselves behind them, durable and delightful even in proportion to the regrets accompanying them, and which we relinquish only with our being. The most irreconcilable disappointments are, perhaps, those which arise from our obtaining all we wish.

The Opera figurante despises the peasant girl that dances on the green, however much happier she may be, or may be thought by the first. The one can do what the other cannot. Pride is founded not on the sense of happiness, but on the sense of power ; and this is one great source of self-congratulation, if not of self-satisfaction. This, however, is continually increasing, or at least renewing, with our advances in skill and the conquest of difficulties ; and, accordingly, there is no end of it while we live, or till our faculties decay. He who undertakes to master any art or science has cut himself out work enough to last the rest of his life, and may promise himself all the enjoyment that is to be found in looking down with self-complacent triumph on the inferiority of others, or all the torment that there is in envying their success. There is no danger that the machine will ever stand still afterwards. Mandeville has endeavoured to shew that if it were not for envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, mankind would perish of pure chagrin and *ennui* ; and I am not in the humour to contradict him. The same spirit of emulation that urges us on to surpass others, supplies us with a new source of satisfaction (of something which is at least the reverse of indifference and apathy) in the indefatigable exertion of our faculties, and perception of new and minor shades of distinction. These, if not so delightful, are more subtle, and may be multiplied indefinitely. They borrow something of taste and pleasure from their first origin, till they dwindle away into mere abstractions. The exercise, whether of our minds or bodies, sharpens and gives additional alacrity to our active impressions, as the indulgence of our sensibility, whether to pleasure or pain, blunts our passive ones. The will to do, the power to think, is a progressive faculty, though not the capacity to feel. Otherwise the business of life could not go on. If it were necessity alone that oiled the springs of society, people would grow tired and restive ; they would lie down and die. But with use there comes a habit, a positive need of something to keep off the horror

of vacancy. The sense of power has a sense of pleasure annexed to it, or, what is practically tantamount, an impulse, an endeavour, that carries us through the most tiresome drudgery or the hardest tasks. Indolence is a part of our nature too. There is a *vis inertiae* at first, and a difficulty in beginning or in leaving off. I have spun out this essay in a good measure from the dread I feel of entering upon new subjects. This reasoning is necessary to account for the headstrong and incorrigible violence of the passions where the will is once implicated. So in ambition, in avarice, in the love of gaming and of drinking (where the strong stimulus is the chief excitement), there is no hope of any termination, of any pause or relaxation; but we are hurried forward, as by a fever where all sense of pleasure is dead, and we only persevere as it were out of contradiction, and in defiance of the obstacles, the mortifications, and privations we have to encounter. The resistance of the will to outward circumstances, its determination to create its own good or evil, is also a part of the same constitution of the mind. The solitary captive can make a companion of the spider that straggles into his cell, or find amusement in counting the nails in his dungeon door, while the proud lord that placed him there feels the depth of solitude in crowded ball-rooms and hot theatres, and turns with weariness from the scenes of luxury and dissipation. Defoe's romance is the finest possible exemplification of the manner in which our internal resources increase with our external wants.

Our affections are enlarged and unfolded with time and acquaintance. If we like new books, new faces, new scenes, or hanker after those we have never seen, we also like old books, old faces, old haunts,

"Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
Our pastime and our happiness may grow."

If we are repelled after a while by familiarity, or when the first gloss of novelty wears off, we are brought back from time to time by recurring recollections, and are at last wedded to them by a thousand associations. Passion is the increased irritation of the will from indulgence or opposition: imagination is the anticipation of unknown good: affection is the attachment we form to any object from its being connected with the habitual impression of numberless sources and ramifications of pleasure. The heart is the most central of all things. Our duties also (in which either our affections or our understandings are our teachers) are much the same, and must find us at our posts. If this is ever difficult at first, it is always easy in the end. The last pleasure in life is the sense of discharging our duty.

Our physical pleasures (unless as they depend on imagination and opinion) undergo less alteration, and are even more lasting than any others. They return with returning appetite, and are as good as new. We do not read the same book twice two days following; but we had rather eat the same dinner two days following than go without one. Our intellectual pleasures, which are spread out over a larger surface, are variable for that very reason, that they tire by repetition, and are diminished in comparison. Our physical ones have but one condition for their duration and sincerity, viz. that they shall be unforced and natural. Our passions of a grosser kind wear out before our senses; but in ordinary cases they grow indolent and conform to habit instead of becoming impatient and inordinate from a desire of change, as we are satisfied with more moderate bodily exercise in age or middle life than we

are, in youth. Upon the whole, there are many things to prop up and reinforce our fondness for existence after the intoxication of our first acquaintance with it is over ; health, a walk and the appetite it creates, a book, the doing a good-natured or friendly action, are satisfactions that hold out to the last ; and with these, and any others to aid us that fall harmlessly in our way, we may make a shift for a few years after we have exhausted the first transports of an eager and enthusiastic imagination, and without being under the necessity of hanging or drowning ourselves as soon as we come to years of discretion.

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TO THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND  
TWENTY-FOUR.

Thou portion of the perish'd past,  
Upon the shoreless ocean cast  
Of gone eternity !  
I see remote thy lessening sail  
Move on before the steady gale  
That bears thee far from me ;  
But I regard thee as a friend  
Laid where all mortal friendships end,  
And will not hail the new-born year,  
Ungratefully, while thou art near.

Thou wert my own—I grasp'd thee all—  
Now Memory can only call  
Her retrospects of thee—  
And she has stored up much for thought,  
From thy revolving seasons taught,  
And man's society,  
To profit, please, regret, enjoy,  
In meditation's high employ,  
If thy successor lead me not  
Where Memory is herself forgot !

Thou art a thing of shadows now—  
A land of hills, whose lofty brow  
Has melted in blue air,  
With every scene and landscape fled —  
Thou 'rt gone with ages vanished  
Our fathers told not where ;  
For thou wert but a fancied space,  
A step in Time's eternal race  
Dream'd of by man, as vainly he  
Thought to mete out infinity !

I never wish'd thee fast to fly—  
Youth might ; but Hope no more my eye  
With gaudy hues can cheat ;  
For I have lived enough to know  
A chequer'd life of weal and woe  
Is all allow'd by Fate ;  
And I would travel with my kind  
Throughout the path for man design'd—  
Not that my ties to life are great,  
For I have found it desolate.

How many a cheek of rosy hue—  
How many an eye of beauty, too,  
Hast thou seen chill in dust !

The great, the eloquent, the sage,  
Genius with its undying page,  
The vicious, and the just !,  
The knell of death proud names has rung,  
And thou hast seen them laid or flung  
In land or ocean—seen end there  
Their tale—all they have been, and are !

With heedless souls not fast enough  
Thy moments flew, and smooth or rough  
They hurried thee away,—  
When the full sum of all their time,  
From age back to their fleeting prime,  
Was but one little day ;—  
In which, while some had ages spent,  
And rear'd a deathless monument,  
Others had never lived an hour,  
But pass'd away like summer shower.

The consciousness with thee t' have been—  
The value of thy bygone scene,  
The present time beguile,  
And stamp thy value, parted year !  
For in the past alone appear  
Things that make reason smile—  
All that can strew its path with flowers ;—  
Can reason build on coming hours ?  
As well a palace think to rear  
Upon a sunbeam in mid air !

Oh, there is sadness round thy flight !  
With thee were cover'd o'er in night,  
To wither where they lay,  
A thousand sweets affection shew'd,  
A thousand little flowers that strew'd  
Deliciously thy day—  
Too frail and gentle to survive,  
Too lovely long on earth to thrive—  
Having exhausted round thy urn  
The fragrance that shall ne'er return !

Regret, and thought, and hope, and fear,  
Such as attend the dying year,  
Have waited upon thee ;  
For who could see thee die, nor feel  
That thou wert link'd to his own weal  
By closest sympathy ?  
That part of his own breath was gone—  
He had less time to live upon—  
That every moon thou wheel'dst away  
Bore him still nearer t'wards decay !

Farewell, thou evanescent beam !  
Thou seemest now a baseless dream  
Of vapour, sun, and shade—  
The parted name of nothingness !—  
Again farewell ! Oft shall I press  
Imagination's aid  
To call thee back to me, and tell  
Of scenes my heart shall cherish well—  
Not leaving thee neglectedly  
Like things forgotten where they die !

It was ten o'clock of the morning, the third day of term, and not a phantom, or rather not a substance, (for phantoms came and went in abundance,) of a client or a fee! I consulted with myself—a most unprofitable consultation, by the by, for a practising barrister—what to do? Should I go to Westminster,—sit for hours of dead monotony on a back seat in the King's Bench, playing off a cognoscent air of legal gravity upon the attornies, pending motions for new trial in *Stumps v. Jumps and Co.*, unrelieved even by a passing gleam of superior sense or sarcasm from Brougham or Scarlet; who, on common occasions, are very prudently but common men. There are two things for which I have a particular dislike—quackery and *ennui*; I accordingly ruled the point against going to Westminster. The next question was how to kill the time in chambers. I looked round for something to amuse myself with. My table was strewn with law tomes, some of which lay gracefully recumbent, in a certain half-open half-shutting *negligée*—not unlike Madame — reclining unzoned, in her *berçère*, of a morning—so as to give signs (the books I mean) of having been pored over *con amore*. There were besides a few briefs, in causes long defunct, carefully arranged, and so religiously undisturbed as to be a little dust-covered. Two friends of mine observing this latter phenomenon, a few days before, complimented me on my industry and prospects of success. "I see," said one, who is a classic wit and a fine gentleman about town,—“I see you have not forgotten our old theme of collegiate exercise, *non sine pulvere palmam*,” delicately rubbing off at the same time a little dust which his glove had contracted from too incautiously placing his hand upon the papers.—“No,” observed the other, a notorious punster—“he keeps those briefs to *throw dust in the eyes*—no uncommon mode of getting on at the bar in these times, witness —, and — and Co.” The names are omitted, out of delicacy. The reader, indeed, can be at no loss for the means of filling up the blanks at his own discretion. It may be easily imagined that I was not in a disposition to “consult the books” or derange the briefs. I was in a half-desponding, half-castle-building state of mind,—a sort of poetico-metaphysical, or it may be termed, Don Juan-reading humour. Don Juan! what mournful reminiscences in the name! Why did not Death innocently gorge himself on an Emperor, or an alderman—upon whole hecatombs of Turks, Tartars, tyrant minions, or crouching slaves—and spare Byron? But to resume: having already inbibed Don Juan to satiety, I looked about for something else; and was just taking down my old friend *Candide*, when my eyes were caught by a parcel which lay unopened. It contained two fresh-looking volumes, with a note from Mrs. —, recommending them to my perusal as the work of a learned judge. How is it, said I, that women will affect studies with which they have no proper concern? And who would have expected this confounded piece of *Staelism*\*, from one who has so much wit and taste as Mrs. —? I opened the book, and was not a little surprised by the title, viz. “*The Devil's Elixir*.” I passed in review the different

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\* The word is now somewhat stale (I disclaim a pun) but brief and expressive.

courts, but could not fix upon any one of the venerable and learned persons who preside over them, as likely to write a book with so strange a title. My fancy, it is true, rested for a moment on the Court of Chancery. Upon looking more closely, however, I found the book was written, by a Prussian (not an English) judge, and treated of matters very remote from jurisprudence. I regarded this as a treasure to me at the moment, took a light reading posture, leaning back in an easy-chair, my feet resting on the fender, and began communing with the Devil in the pages of the learned judge. How long I had been reading I know not, when a loud but ambiguous knock—it might be an attorney's clerk, or the postman—startled me. I heard my clerk open the door (his chief business), and after waiting a few moments, was surprised at his non-appearance. Impatient to know the cause, I went out to see what detained him. I beheld—how shall I express it?—I beheld him and the postman, face to face, at the door,—horror bristling in their hair, staring at their eyes, and gaping at their mouths. "What," said I, "in the Devil's name, is the meaning of this?" The expression must have been derived from the edifying book I had just been reading—for I am not a swearer. Both pointed, in speechless terror, to a letter lying between them on the threshold. It struck me that there was something indescribably queer in the appearance of the letter—and even that it stirred! I experienced immediately an oddly awful sensation, but mustered resolution to take it up, exclaiming at the same instant, "The Devil's in it." Scarcely had the words escaped my lips, when the letter flew violently open in my hand, and out jumped, or sprang, or flew, what might be man, or beast, or spirit—a strange, fearful, lank, long-limbed, comical, grinning creature, which suddenly expanding beyond the compass of the letter, to a whimsically indefinite form, went off in a cloud of brimstone, knocking out, by design or accident I knew not, the postman's eye. Poor fellow! he may be seen at post-hour any morning in the Temple, Sunday excepted, with his lacklustre-socket shrouded in a black patch. He is rather shy latterly of relating the adventure to strangers, because, as he informs me, a numerous and troublesome swarm of authors, Scots, Cocknies, Irishmen, and others, have been pumping the story out of him, in order to "get it up" for the stage, or "do it" into a romance.

I now ventured to look at the letter. It was written with a sort of "blue-blaze" ink, and in a wild, ghostly hand, which I remembered having seen before, though I did not particularly recognize it. To remove all uncertainty, I looked at "the tail" of the epistle, and "thereby hung" the sign manual of Harry Lackrhyme, the ingenious author of "*The Marquis of Caribbas, or Puss in Boots*," a romantic drama. Poor Harry had met with a heavy, though not uncommon affliction, the damnation of his play, and had never been seen or heard of since the "horrible catastrophe," as the newspapers called it. The letter began "My dear fellow," in his usual good-natured way, and was dated—I shuddered when I read—from Hell! The following is a copy.

Poetaster-row, Hell.

My dear fellow,—You and the rest of my friends must be anxious to know what became of me. It will, no doubt, be a satisfaction to you to be informed that I am here. This letter will reach you by favour of an acquaintance of

mine, little Belphegor, a devilish obliging good-humoured fellow, though, like the brotherhood in general, a little given to mischief. He however assures me, he will play none of his pranks upon you. Having business in the world above, he politely offered to execute any commissions for me, adding that his business lay chiefly among the gentlemen of the law. I instantly proposed to trouble him with a letter for you. Having no recollection of your name, he took out his memorandum-book, or it may be called his law-list, and ran his eye over the names beginning with the letter—"I am sorry to say," said he, "I do not find your friend down in my book, which contains the name of every gentleman who has any considerable share of practice in Westminster Hall." I thanked him for his concern, put in a word for you under the rose, and he has promised to do something for you with his friends the attorneys. Do not be surprised, if next term your business should improve. But let me narrate to you the cause and manner of my coming to this place.

You remember, as who does not?

"The great, the important day, big with the fate  
Of Lackrhyme's '*Puss in Boots*.'"

What splendid preparation in getting up the piece! Under the able direction of Messrs. Fawcett and Farley, upon whose genius as actors, judgment as critics, taste as scholars, and manners as gentlemen, I had already sketched the form of a panegyric, which should be prefixed to the printed play. Indeed I felt myself under such obligations to Mr. Farley, that if he had not objected to the thing as too hackneyed and common, I *should* have given him the dedication. I will say nothing of my own opinion. It is said, the best critic may in those cases deceive himself; and yet, should not a man be the best judge of his own work, with which he must be the best acquainted? But to pass this—how high and confident were the anticipations of my friends! You frankly told me, "*Puss in Boots*" would place me by the side of Shakspeare and Mr. —. How magnificently the illuminated garden of the Marquis of Caribbas opened upon an enlightened and admiring audience! What rapturous applause when Joe Grimaldi—the inimitable Joe—mounted and mewed upon the top of my Lord Marquis's gate! Yet was this the moment when the cabal in the pit, fired at the sublime trait of dramatic invention, commenced its operations, and barbarously hissed my very best scenes, until at last, amidst a terrific explosion, the curtain fell! Still, my dear friend, it was a glorious struggle: the cabal was strong, but the friends of genius and the drama were vehement in their applause. I moreover called to mind so many plays hissed quite as much as mine, which were announced, in the play-bills of the next morning, as having been received with enthusiasm by a delighted audience. Above all, I calculated upon having justice from the critics in the newspapers. Surely, said I, those liberal critics who have praised the plays of — and — and Co. and made the town swallow them nightly for a month, will discern and do justice to the merits of "*Puss in Boots*." But my spirits were chiefly, nay completely cheered by the temper in which I found my friends assembled, after the performance, to sup with me at *The Grecian*. I never saw you all in a merrier humour, which surely could not be the case, if you had the remotest idea of the damnation of your friend. We made a night of it, and parted, as you remember, at sunrise. Finding it impossible to think of sleep, I walked about; still in the neighbourhood of Covent-garden. At length my eye lighted on the joyful exhibition of the play-bill in a green-grocer's window. I went up and looked, and read, and read again, "*The romantic drama of 'Puss in Boots' is for the present withdrawn.*" It would have shocked me less to read my own name in the bills of mortality. One only hope remained—the newspapers. A little urchin, with a parcel, soon ran by me—I stopped him, obtained one, and looked with trepidation to the "THEATRE—COVENT-GARDEN."—"It is," said the critic, "extraordinary that managers, who, to our knowledge (the words were in *Italics*), have good plays

in their hands, should be so blind to their own interests, as to produce such execrable stuff as it was our misfortune to witness at this theatre last night." I could read no more of this inhuman barbarian, and determined not to venture upon another paper. Another, however, came, and I could not resist a certain fearful instinct of curiosity to peruse it. I approached gradually and by glimpses. Judge my delight when I read as follows: "It is truly refreshing to our critical sensibilities, when we can witness a drama in the taste of the good old times. Such is Mr. Lackrhyme's '*Puss in Boots*,' which was produced last night at Covent-Garden. This capital play had previously been read and commended by several of the choicest wits and most learned spirits of the age,—among others, by ourselves. We were more especially reminded by it of the venerable Middleton. Mr. Lackrhyme, like our old playwrights, is not ashamed to shew nature *in puris naturalibus*. He calls a pennyworth of butter a pennyworth of butter, and a tom-cat a tom-cat. It is true Mr. Lackrhyme's cat does not, like Middleton's, 'spit French and Latin,'—but his *puss*, like the cat in the elder worthy, 'sings a brave treble' in his own language.' This, perhaps, is as much of the simplicity of 'the olden time,' as a prudent dramatist should risk on the stage, until the genius and success of a few more such worthies as Mr. Lackrhyme, shall have completed their triumph over the false taste and spurious refinement introduced by the dandy wittlings and drawing-roomy poets of the age, so called, of Anne. Were we to select any particular scene of this inimitable drama for especial praise, it should be the catastrophe. The ogre, with a judicious adherence to the history, is transformed into a mouse, runs for refuge under his own throne, but is pursued, caught, and swallowed 'clean down,' by *Puss in Boots*. Here that excellent performer Mr. Grimaldi, surpassed himself," &c. This was balm to my wounded spirit, and I felt that I was on my legs once more. Suddenly I heard a shrill voice and the blowing of a horn. It was a news-boy running and blowing, to catch the passengers by the morning stage-coaches, and lustily crying before and after each blast, '*Melancholy catastrophe last night, at the Theatre-Royal Covent-Garden*.' How, said I, some accident, no doubt, from the crush to see the performance! I bought a paper and proceeded to ascertain. Judge my surprise and horror when I found the '*melancholy catastrophe*' was that of my own play! The cruel editor had caused execution to be done upon me, by his police-reporter! This was too much for human fortitude to bear. I wandered about for some time in a forlorn state. At last I found myself near my lodgings, in that favourite retreat of the suburban muse, Lisson Grove. I could not muster courage to knock at the door, lest the old lady of the house, to whom I had often read my play, should question me of its fate. I continued to wander about in the most sequestered haunts of Paddington, the awful cry of '*melancholy catastrophe*' still ringing in my ears, until at last—in short—in short, my dear friend—at last, I took my passage for this place by the Paddington canal. We made such quick way, that I can give you no account of our voyage, or of my fellow-travellers. Immediately on my arrival I was commanded to give an account of myself, as every one is, I can tell you, whatever certain persons may say to the contrary: they will find themselves woefully mistaken when they come. The judge before whom I was summoned to appear was old Rhadamanthus. He began by asking how I passed my time in the world above. I replied with the boldness of conscious innocence, in making verses, producing at the same time a copy of '*Puss in Boots*.' The judge frowned, the standers-by looked blue, and 'the awful sentence of the law' (you know what that is *here*) was solemnly pronounced upon me. The sin of scribbling, so authorship is termed, is here subjected to the last penalty. After recovering the first shock I mustered courage to say a word in remission or commutation of the sentence.—'May it please your lordship,' said I, 'it is the privilege of an Englishman that he cannot be twice tried and punished for the same offence. Now, my lord, I have been tried and damned already for my romantic drama of "*Puss in Boots*," at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, and surely, my Lord, one damnation—



Before I could finish my appeal, which evidently made an impression, a learned gentleman who practises with great distinction in this court, rose up and proposed to argue the point as *amicus curiæ*. Rhadamanthus nodded assent, and the learned counsel proceeded. Suffice it to say, that after a long and learned speech from him, and a patient hearing from the court, the point was decided in my favour. You will of course take every opportunity of making known this important decision for the comfort of the many ingenious gentlemen, who, like myself, have met with a mishap at Drury-Lane or Covent-Garden. Having now liberty to go where I pleased, and time to look about me, it struck me that there was more bustle than one might expect in this tranquil region. I enquired the cause, of the first person I met. Who do you think it was? No other than Dionysius, called the Tyrant of Sicily. He is here our chief journalist, and publishes a periodical work, entitled 'The Infernal Review.' I think it right to tell you that this worthy person has, like many others, been villainously slandered in the world above. He is, I assure you, a liberal of the first water, and has sometimes animadverted so freely on the government of Pluto as to be brought over the coals for it, which is no trifling punishment here, let me tell you, as you will find when you come. I told him the whole history of 'Puss in Boots,' and he recounted to me, in his turn, how scurvily his own tragedy was used by the Athenians. He has just at this moment made me a visit, and desires me to request, with his best compliments, that you will have the goodness to send down for his journal, some news of what is going on in the world above. He will do himself the honour, so he expresses it, in return, of sending for your acceptance, by little Belphegor, the forthcoming number of the 'Infernal Review.' But, to come back to what has excited this unusual stir here, and ruffled the habitual good temper of King Pluto. It is the old grievance. Her Majesty Queen Proserpine, who, according to ancient custom and her marriage-contract,\* still visits the world above for a few months each year, is just returned after passing the winter in London. Her head is so filled with plays, operas, routs, and *conversazioni*, that she insists upon having those entertainments in Hell. Pluto opposed this very firmly at first, and even took the opinion of the Judges upon it. But her Majesty stormed and wheedled alternately, and (the wisest thing after all a husband can do in such a case) he has permitted his household to be turned topsy turvey, for quietness' sake. The Queen, resolving to have her revenge upon the Judges, insists upon their providing and superintending the entertainments. They protested against the scandal of imposing such a task on grave and learned persons: but it would not do: her Majesty was peremptory, and charged Minos, the Lord high chancellor of this realm, with the direction of the theatrical department. Between ourselves, I have some hope of getting out 'Puss in Boots' again. You know *eadem sequitur cura tellure repostos*. His lordship finds the opera an embarrassing concern. Two of the principal performers are very refractory: these are Doctor Johnson and Johanna Southcote, who are to figure in the *corps de ballet*. The Doctor pleads his gravity, and some inconvenience felt by him ever since his arrival here, from having been tossed in a blanket as a punishment for his treatment of Pope and Milton. Johanna's excuse is of a delicate nature. She has declared herself in 'an interesting situation,' which would by no means comport with her appearing in the ballet; but she has no objection to sing as *prima donna* in the opera, if she is allowed to introduce a few canticles composed by her friend and follower Doctor Tozer. I shall take advantage of my friend Belphegor's next visit to give you some account of these fine doings of her Majesty. By the by, little Belphegor is just at my elbow, and I must conclude. Believe me, my dear fellow, in this world or the next—but I forget that I am already in the next,

Yours ever,

H. LACKRHYME."

"Door opens—clerk entering—"Mr. Lackrhyrne."—"Eh! who?"—"Mr. Lackrhyrne, sir." Lackrhyrne, entering—"Well, how do ye do,

my dear fellow?"—"Ha! how did you get back?"—"Get back! I have just been with the manager—he still keeps me in purgatory."—"How did you get away from Hell?"—"Hell! zounds you would not damn me before my time."—"Did you return by the Paddington Canal?"—"Why you are either mad or dreaming."—"Ah! egad I believe I have been, and the oddest dream about you. \* \* \* \* *Cetera desunt.*

LONDON PAVED WITH GOLD!

RUSTICS in former days were told  
That London town was paved with gold;  
They thought a gilt M'Adam  
Sate breaking ingots in the street,  
But, when they ran to share the treat,  
They found it all a sad hum.

In these Dorado days we seem  
Resolved to realise the dream;  
For highways, hedges, ditches,  
Proffer me gold at every turn,  
And all my kind acquaintance burn  
To smother me with riches.

Early or late, where'er I rove,  
In park or square, suburban grove,  
In civic lanes or alleys,  
Riches are hawk'd, while rivals rush  
To pour into mine ear a gush  
Of money-making sallies.

Haste instantly and buy, cries one,  
Recl Del Monte shares, for none  
Will yield a richer profit;  
Another cries—No mining plan  
Like ours—the Anglo-Mexican;  
As for Del Monte, scoff it.

*This* grasps my button, and declares  
There's nothing like Columbian shares,  
The capital a million;—  
*That*, cries La Plata's sure to pay,  
Or bids me buy without delay  
Hibernian or Brazilian.

'Scaped from these torments of the Mine,  
Rivals in Gas, an endless line,  
Arrest me as I travel;  
Each sure my suffrage to receive,  
If I will only give him leave  
His project to unravel.

By Fire and Life Insurers next,  
I'm intercepted, pester'd, vex'd;  
Almost beyond endurance;  
And though the schemes appear unsound,  
Their advocates are seldom found  
Deficient in assurance.

Last I am worried shares to buy  
In the Canadian Company,  
The Milk Association,  
The Laundrymen who wash by steam,  
Railways, Pearl-fishing, or the scheme  
For inland Navigation.

Bewilder'd, stunn'd, I cry in vain—  
 Avaunt! ye miserable train,

By thirst of gold tormented;  
 My little competence is wealth,  
 That gives both mind and body health,  
 So long as I'm contented.

Ye shall not ravage and infest  
 My bosom's holy temple, blest  
 With images of gladness,  
 Nor place my heart in Mammon's fangs,  
 To wrack it with the pains and pangs  
 Of Avarice's madness.

Oh! when, my peaceful cottage, when  
 Shall I exchange this strife of men,  
 This clamorous confusion,  
 For song of birds, the hum of bees,  
 The music of the brooks and trees,  
 And all the soothing harmonies  
 Of nature and seclusion!

#### LETTERS FROM THE EAST.—NO. XII.

##### *Acre.*

WE left Alexandria with a fair breeze, and the prospect of a speedy passage; the voyage to Saïde being often accomplished in three days. But on the second day the wind became adverse, and we were compelled to drive up and down off the Egyptian coast, as if we were never to lose sight of it. The captain had been imprisoned some days at Alexandria for some offence; and as the vessel could not proceed without him, I interceded with the consul, and procured his liberty. He was grateful for this, and gave me the best accommodations in the ship, which was no small advantage, as there were several other passengers on board. On the floor of the cabin was stretched a Jewish rabbi, in his last sickness; he was a very well-informed man, and was intimately known to Lady Stanhope. His chief desire, and the only object of his voyage, was to go to Palestine to die, which was very soon accomplished, as he lived but a few days after our arrival. He had travelled, and was well versed in the Scriptures, and all the traditions of his people; and related with great pleasure how he had foiled in a public argument in Egypt a missionary who was sent for the conversion of his brethren. The calms and baffling winds annoyed us exceedingly; the Jew bore them patiently, but not equally so with a Turk, who had laid his carpet on the deck, on which he continued seated nearly all the day, and stretched by night; his pipe in his hand, some very coarse provisions for his food, and those used very sparingly. He regarded the vicissitudes of the weather with perfect tranquillity, only uttering occasionally "The will of God be done." Had the vessel gone to pieces, he would have shewn, probably, neither surprise nor despair. On the tenth day, however, we were cheered by the sight of Mount Carmel, and drew slowly near its foot; and soon were landed in the boat at the small town of Caïfa, while the bark pursued its voyage to Saïde. Having gone through the ceremony of being examined by the Turkish officer, there being a war at that time in the country, we

were allowed to look out for a lodging. The town had but a sorry appearance, and consisted chiefly of one long street, with the governor's house at the end. There had been a Catholic convent in a noble situation on the side of Carmel; but it was destroyed not very long before by the young Pacha of Acre, and was now only a heap of ruins. The poor solitary priest who tenanted it was expelled his comfortable home, and at present occupied a small house in the town beneath, where he gave us a cordial reception. It was a sorry dwelling, and a wretched substitute for his roomy and delightful convent, where he was lord of the whole domain. He possessed two apartments; the dark kitchen conducted by a crazy flight of stairs into a small eating and sleeping apartment, with a large open window that looked over the whole bay. After a long delay he produced a repast, consisting of eggs, cheese, and some tolerable wine. On the wall the names of two travellers were pencilled who had lodged in this apartment, a Mr. Hyde, whose journeyings have been very extensive, and another Englishman. The old priest and Michel discussed their wine below in the evening very sociably; the former was full of some news lately arrived from Italy; of the Pope having had a long and particular conference with St. Peter, and of the wonderful revelations the apostle had made. In the night it blew very hard, and the rain and wind sadly invaded the privacy of the father's chamber. We were obliged to go very early in the morning to the governor's secretary to procure a passport for Acre. The Turk had just risen from his slumbers, and seemed much out of humour and uncomfortable, as the air was chill, and he had not had his cup of coffee. We at last left Caifa, remarkable for nothing but the beauty of many of the children in the streets, and proceeded towards Acre. The whole of the route is over the sandy beach, and it was crossed by a rapid stream, which, owing to the late heavy rains, was scarcely fordable. Having reached Acre about mid-day, we were compelled to wait three hours before any admittance could be obtained, as the young Pacha was in his seraglio, and they dared not disturb him. During this interval, some rogue stole my umbrella and a solitary bottle of rum, neither of which could be replaced, and the former was a serious loss in such a climate. At last, to our great relief, admission was granted, and we proceeded to the convent, and met there with Mr. A. the consul-general for Syria, but newly arrived from England, and my old travelling companion, Mr. W.

The next morning, in company with Mr. W. and a merchant of Aleppo, we left Acre for Tyre. The way led for some distance over the fine and extensive plain at the end of which the town is situated; it was varied, as we drew nearer the hills, by two or three chateaux of Turkish gentlemen amidst the trees, and about mid-day we halted at a rivulet, and made a pleasant repast. The merchant was a very unprincipled but agreeable fellow, and being a native of Aleppo, spoke Arabic and Turkish beautifully. We soon ascended a lofty hill, over which the path is exceedingly delightful and commanding. The plain of Acre was behind, and Tyre visible on the shore a considerable distance in advance; and the bold and craggy cliffs we were ascending repaid the toil of the way. Towards evening we came to a small and lonely khan, and resolved to make it our lodging for the night. Some Syrian peasants gathered round, and we took our evening meal under the rude

corridor, while the moon shone splendidly on the bay and shore, close to which the khan stood. Such moments as these are full of vivid enjoyment. Before day-break we quitted this spot, and in a few hours arrived at Tyre. This town, by no means so desolate as it has been sometimes represented, contains nearly two thousand inhabitants, and is surrounded by a wall.

We put up at the Catholic convent, if it deserves the name,—some wretched small apartments in the sides of a court ; in the evening the fathers disturbed us by their nasal singing in the church, which is open to the winds of heaven, having scarcely any roof. There are a few good houses in the place, and, visiting two or three families, we were made welcome with a pipe, a cup of coffee, or other drink. The island on which the ancient city stood, has of course long since disappeared. The next morning we set out for Sidon ; the weather was beautiful, and we enjoyed an agreeable ride. This town is very pleasantly situated, and surrounded with rich gardens. We took up our abode in some apartments belonging to the French consul, with naked walls and floor :—the traveller here, as throughout the East, must bring his own utensils and bedding with him ; but fatigue and novelty sweeten all things. In the evening we paid a visit to a merchant's family of Sidon ; and some sweet Oriental dishes, prepared by the lady of the house, with some excellent wine, were served up. The gardens of Sidon were full of fruit, and the cottages of the peasants stood in the midst of them. At about an hour and a half's ride from the town is the residence of Lady H. S. It is situated on the top of a hill, and called Marilius, from the convent of that name that formerly stood there, and out of part of which, with her own additions, she has constructed her present mansion. There are few trees round it, and it is very exposed ; in the back-ground are ranges of barren hills ; the prospect beneath of the gardens of Sidon and the bay is magnificent. Having two letters of introduction to her ladyship, one from an intimate friend, I made sure of an interview ; but, as ill-luck would have it, my servant in his haste left this letter in the apartment at Sidon, and the one which was presented would not avail me. In the small room where I was introduced was suspended an immense Arab lance. In a short time, the only English inmate, Miss W. brought a polite apology from her ladyship, intimating that she regretted she could not break her invariable rule not to see English travellers. Having afterwards understood from the consul that I possessed her friend's letter, she favoured me with two notes, saying that she should be happy to receive it and see the bearer if he came that way again ; but, being then at a considerable distance from her residence, the pleasure of such an interview was never enjoyed. This extraordinary woman no longer possesses the daring and chivalric spirit which led her to Palmyra and other perilous parts of the East. She is now become very nervous, and has for some time put great faith in nativities, and the productions of a venerable Arabian, who passes for an astrologer or magician, and often visits Marilius. Her habits of life have long been not to retire to rest till five in the morning, and to rise at two in the afternoon, and eat scarcely any animal food ; but her house contains a good store of choice wines, and the various conserves of the East. Although she sits on the floor, and eats with her fingers, her visitor is indulged with a table, knife and

fork, and a variety of dishes. Her household consists of three and, twenty Arab servants of both sexes, as her English ones have long since been dismissed. She scarcely ever rides now, although she has a stud of twelve fine Arabian horses. In conversation, as a friend of hers, who several times visited her, assured me, she is very agreeable, but it must be during the witching hours of night when her ladyship loves most to converse. Arabic she speaks pretty well, and with the natives and manners of the East she is of course thoroughly acquainted. Among Turkish women, she says, she has met many admirable and attractive characters, but among the Greeks not a single one. Woe be to the woman of her own nation, who should reside for a short time at Marilius ! she must expect to submit to all the seclusion of the land, as if any Sheick or Turk comes to the house, she must not only shun their presence, but be sure not to let a glimpse of her face be seen : no infringement on Eastern etiquette can ever be allowed there. The influence this lady has over the surrounding pachas and governors is truly singular. A merchant of my acquaintance from Smyrna was returning from Damascus to Beirout with some camel loads of silk : they were stopped in the way by the pacha of Acre, who intended to use no ceremony in making them his own. The merchant was in partnership in this concern with a rich moor at Beirout, who was intimately known to her ladyship, and immediately wrote to her requesting her interference. She sent a note to the pacha, and an order was speedily transmitted to his soldiers to set the camels and their cargo at liberty. Lady S. lived at Damascus for twelve months in a handsome house in the suburbs ; and often, when she rode out in her Mameluke dress, the people would flock around her in admiration. When on her "journey to Palmyra, she was pursued by a hostile tribe of Arabs for a whole day ; and on the day when the Palmyrenes hailed her as the Queen of the ruined city, she felt, no doubt, vivid and undissembled pleasure, being the first lady who had ever achieved such a journey ; and her excellent horsemanship and capability of enduring fatigue, soon made the deserts a home to her. The Orientals never speak of her but with the highest respect." It is certain that a belief is entertained of her being of the highest rank : some even say she is a queen. She distributes occasionally presents of rich arms to the chiefs ; and when an Arab courser is sent her, frequently rewards the bearer with a thousand piastres. She is generous, hospitable, and undoubtedly of that superior and commanding mind, which is sure to gain an ascendancy among the Orientals. Yet it is difficult to discover any attractions in her present way of life at Marilius. The romance and delight of exploring the East, and seeing its natives bow down to her, have long since given place to timid and secluded habits and feelings, and the dreams of superstition. She is, however, firmly resolved never to return to her native country ; her avowed contempt for her own sex, and their effeminate habits and feelings, is not likely to conciliate them. Although she refuses, from the real or supposed ill treatment of one or two English travellers, to see any of her countrymen, she has more than once been their benefactor. On one occasion she presented a traveller at Damascus with two thousand piastres, whose money had failed him in a journey from India. When an unfortunate Frenchman, a man of science, was shot by some Arabs from behind the rocks, as he was

sketching a scene in some of the mountains in the interior at a considerable distance, she was at great expense in recovering his papers and books for his relations, and procuring for them every intelligence.

On the following day we proceeded to Beirout, and in a couple of hours came to a miserable khan; then passing over a sandy tract, at the close of day we entered the pleasant and shady lanes leading to Beirout, which look very much like English ones. Being recommended to the house of M. Massad, a native, I proceeded there, and ascending a flight of steps, entered a small paved court, with apartments all round it. My abode here would have pleased the most fastidious taste; the apartment had three windows in front, which looked over the town and gardens, and Mount Lebanon at three miles distance, its interior summits covered with snow: and the window in the end looked over the bay. Massad was a respectable-looking old man; he had two sons and one daughter, who went about the house with a dozen strings of gold coins dangling about her ears and neck. Our table was provided with as fine beef from Mount Lebanon as could be had in England, and excellent wine. At least a dozen sorts of wine are produced from this mountain and its neighbourhood, red and white: among the latter the Vindoro is one of the best; they are all cheap enough. This town, the ancient Berytus, contains six thousand inhabitants: the situation is the most beautiful of all the Syrian towns; the environs are laid out in plantations of mulberry-trees, and a quantity of silk is produced and exported.

The war between the two Pachas of Acre and Damascus at this time disturbed the whole country, and rendered travelling very unsafe. The exactions and oppressions of the former harass the people excessively. An instance of this occurred at Sidon a week after my arrival. The Pacha sent to a Turkish gentleman of property there to demand a very large advance, which he refused to pay, but soon received intelligence that more summary means would be adopted. He knew there was no time to be lost; assembled his few faithful servants, and after taking a very affecting leave of his wife, whom he tenderly loved, rode off to Damascus, carrying with him the most valuable and portable part of his property. The day after, the Pacha's officer arrived from Acre and seized all the effects that were left behind, without, however, insulting the lady, who could not accompany the rapid flight of her husband. This young Chief of Acre is capable of any enormity, and has bribed the Prince of the Druses to assist him in his war with the Damascenes. The consul, Mr. A., had now arrived at Beirout; and, having procured an excellent house, I resided with him for a few weeks very agreeably. This house was built by a Greek merchant, at a considerable expense, for his own residence; when the Governor of Beirout, which is in the pashalic of Acre, sent to order him to deliver it up, as he wished to inhabit it himself. The merchant, terrified, fled to the interior of Mount Lebanon, where I afterwards met with him. Just at this time the Consul arrived; and, the house being unoccupied, he demanded it for his own use; and the Governor, after much altercation, thought proper to concede it. The poor merchant sent a most grateful letter to Mr. A. for preserving his house from the hands of the Governor.

A great number of granite pillars in a broken state, however, are to be seen along the shore beneath the tide, and part of the causeway on

the quay is chiefly built up with them. About four hundred years ago Faccardine, the Prince of the Druses, possessed a handsome palace and gardens without the town. This man's history has been written; for he was a remarkable character, and had spent some time in Italy, where he cultivated the sciences and built his palace after the edifices he had admired there. He was assassinated, and his beautiful domain laid waste; some of the ruins, however, still remain. The rainy season had now set in: scarcely a day passed without showers; and the roads were rendered so bad that travelling was impracticable. Rain in an Oriental country throws a traveller sadly out of his resources: books, of course, he has few, but must pass the evenings sitting on the divan with a vessel of lighted charcoal before him on the carpet, and his pipe and a cup of coffee. At last, however, the weather cleared up; the caravans, which had been stopped, resumed their passage, and we set out to visit the Emir Busheer, Prince of the Druses. The way was for the most part over the mountain; and in about nine hours we came to the town of Dalil Camar, and were fain to pass the night in a coffee-house. Early the next morning we went to the chief's residence, which is admirably situated for defence: it stands on a rugged cliff, and is approached by a winding path over low stone steps. Industry, however, has created a sort of garden on one side of it. Some apartments of the palace are rather elegantly fitted up, and furnished with glass windows. It is surrounded by extensive courts, around which are the rooms for the officers and domestics. The power of this prince is very considerable; extending all over Mount Lebanon and many of the adjacent parts. In a short space of time he can raise thirty thousand armed men: and these mountaineers are bolder troops than those of the lowlands; a large proportion of them are horsemen. He had brought several thousands into the field to aid the Pacha of Acre in his war with the Pacha of Damascus. On being introduced to the Emir, he was seated on the divan of a large apartment—a man about sixty, of a venerable appearance, with a long beard, almost white, in which he took great pride. Sherbet and pipes were brought, and we were invited to remain for the night at the palace. He dissuaded me from advancing to Balbec, in consequence of the war and the armies being out, which rendered the road insecure. The snow also had fallen in such quantities as to make any progress in that direction impossible. This man has a religion to suit the place he may be in: when he comes down to Beirout, he goes to the mosque; but in the mountain he is always a Christian. During my stay in the latter town I accompanied the Consul in his first visit of ceremony to the Turkish governor: after refreshments, the latter was presented with an English watch, which he at first made a show of refusing, but at last grasped at with no small avidity. The watch was of mixed metal, as the Turks will not accept any of gold or silver; the Prophet having forbid the use of those precious metals on some occasions. It was made, with five or six others, for the express purpose of presents to these chiefs. This governor took great pleasure in the idea of our being all, by and by, of one faith, and repeated several times with delight, "We shall all be Moslemen together in Damascus," as they have a tradition of long standing, that the Christians will advance with a mighty army to attack the sacred city, when the Prophet, in his mercy, will convert them all.



About mid-day, being invited to dine with the chief officers of the Prince, we formed a circle round a low table, on which were placed a number of dishes, with an immense pilau of rice in the middle, coloured with saffron; we were furnished with neat spoons for eating our food—a refinement not always to be found at Eastern meals. While at Beirout I dined one day with a rich merchant, a Moor, and a very handsome man: he possessed a young Circassian mistress, about sixteen years of age, for whom he had given six hundred pounds at Smyrna; this was rather a dear bargain, as she was not beautiful. We sat on the carpet, four in number, and drank tea in the first place, which was made by the Moor, and served without milk; immediately afterwards dinner was brought in:—first, a dish of soup was placed in the middle of the table; and, being each provided with a spoon, we helped ourselves out of the vessel in common; this being removed, an excellent hash supplied its place; and the spoons being taken away, we plunged our fingers in the dish, and carried whatever came first, meat, vegetables, &c. to our mouths, as there were no plates. Several other dishes succeeded, all very good; and the repast was closed by some delicious cakes, made, no doubt, by the hands of the young Circassian: a most diligent washing of the hands and mouth then took place; and indeed it was necessary.

Having quitted the palace or fortress of the Emir, we returned to the town of Dalil Camar to wait till the roads should become passable by the melting of the snow. Our lodging was a small room in the khan, in the upper story; several merchants occupied the adjoining rooms, and they set out their goods for sale during the daytime in the court below. This part of Mount Lebanon was very barren and craggy, and the houses rose in ridges on its sides.

There are a great number of Druses in and around this place. The belief and some of the rites of this singular race are but imperfectly known. They are a fine and healthy-looking people; particularly many of the young women, who have a complexion as ruddy as those of the Highlands of Scotland. The Druses never allow intermarriages with strangers, and not unfrequently marry their sisters and daughters. Several of their small houses of worship are scattered over the mountain, but no stranger is allowed to enter. It is computed there are eighty convents on various parts of the mountain, Armenian, Catholic, Greek, and Maronite; and they are often placed in situations of extraordinary beauty. It has been observed by some that the Syrian coast is very subject to fevers; but it is difficult, perhaps, to find a line of country more healthy and attractive than that from Tripoli to Acre. Lady S. has declared the climate to be the most salubrious that she has ever resided in. Having waited in vain for ten days, and the weather being worse instead of better, we resolved to bend our course towards Palestine; and, having procured horses, arrived on the evening of the following day at Sidon again. We passed the evening very pleasantly in the apartments of Mons. T. an Italian merchant, who has resided there several years with his lady—a dreary situation for an intelligent man; for what climate or scenery can atone for the want of society. In three days more the weather became fine; and we left the town with no small pleasure, being impatient to proceed, after so many delays. Soon after sunset we came once more to the gate of

Tyre, and found a warm welcome from the Tyrian family whom we had become acquainted with on our first visit. They were all seated on the floor round the supper-table, parents, sons, and daughters, and we felt no objection to join the party. How delightful was an animated scene like this—the soft cushion and the pipe after a long and fatiguing journey! No traveller in the East, accustomed to the indulgent and natural posture of sitting and reclining there, will ever wish to see a chair or table again. Continuing our journey, we were late on the following day a few miles from Acre, and were obliged to stop at an Arab village on a hill; and, entering the rude and dirty *khan*, found it filled with the inhabitants who were ranged, as thick as they could well be crammed, on the floor, with their backs to the wall, and every mouth filled with a pipe. A fire was blazing beside a pillar in the middle; but the place looked so suspicious and uninviting that we were at a loss whether to remain or not. In a short time the Sheick stepped up, and civilly invited us to lodge in his house, which we very gladly acceded to. His residence was close to the sea; and that we might not approach too near the persons of his women, he conducted us to a neat and lofty apartment a few yards from the house; the walls and pillars were whitewashed, and some mats spread on the floor. He asked if his women should prepare a repast for us, or if we chose to dress it ourselves. On our preferring the former, in about an hour a very decent meal made its appearance, round which we all assembled. The Sheick, to do me honour, took up the choicest pieces of meat with his fingers and placed them before me: to have declined eating them would have given offence. After supper, to entertain us, he placed his hands on his knees, and broke out into a most stunning and discordant song, and then got up and went through all his prayers and genuflexions with much appearance of devotion. We soon, however, lay down to rest, free from any intrusion or sound, save the dashing of the sea on the rocks beneath our dwelling.

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THIS IS LOVE.

To sigh for hours at Beauty's feet,  
 To start when rival steps draw near,  
 With ardent warmth her glance to meet,  
 And pour soft flatteries in her ear;  
 To kneel, till won by fairer forms  
 And brighter eyes, and then forsake,  
 And while new hope, new fancy warms,  
 To leave her trusting heart to break:  
 This passion haunts our earthly span,—  
 This is the wavering love of *Man*!

To seek one form in early youth,  
 To court no gaze, no vow beside,  
 To hold through life an holy truth,  
 Which firmest proves when deepest tried,  
 And like the diamond's sparkling light  
 Can halls and palaces illumine,  
 Yet shines more cheering and more bright  
 In scenes of darkness and of gloom:  
 This faith descends from realms above,—  
 This, this is *Woman's* changeless love!

M. A.

## ON CUNNING.

Optima nomina non appellando fiunt mala.

WHENEVER I hear, (and who does not every day hear ?) the world's outcry against cunning, I am irresistibly reminded of those selfish gormandizing little urchins, who bedaub their cake or their apple in order to have it all to themselves. Yet the simile is by no means accurate. For so far are mankind from wishing for a monopoly of this article, that they can rarely be brought to perceive that they employ it at all; but blindly persist in believing that they are themselves under the exclusive guidance of wisdom, while their neighbours alone act upon the principle in question. No, there is not in the reprobation, in which this very useful attribute is held, by every-day moralists, any such *arrière pensée*. It is but a part of that innate vanity and ingratitude, which distinguish the human species from "the beasts of the field;" and it is quite of a piece with that other glorious absurdity, of decrying the instincts and passions, to give supremacy to the traitor Reason. In these matters the French are more accurate observers than we are. A celebrated author of that nation, Champfort, has declared his conviction that nature gave us passions expressly as a compensation for reason, the most miserable of all her gifts; and that she removes us from this sublunary scene in pure pity, as soon as the passions begin to lose their power of amusing. So likewise with respect to cunning, the French have always placed the *savoir faire* before the *faire*; and they have been wise in so doing: for cunning

Which in fools supplies,

And amply too, the place of being wise,

has infinitely the most to do with success in life. If it were only inasmuch as that cunning is the wisdom of fools, it would deserve to be paramount; for the fools are the majority, and have the greatest influence in the conduct of affairs. Thus the author above quoted, observes on another occasion, "*Il y a à parier que toute idée publique, toute convention reçue est une sottise, car elle a convenue au plus grand nombre*;" a sentiment which, though perhaps a little exaggerated in its expression, is still by far too true, "to be put in a ballad." The fact, however, is, that this "left-handed wisdom," as it has most superciliously been called, is not confined to the fools, but is on occasions exercised by men of the greatest gravity and station (and who would ever suspect a grave or an official man of folly?). All great men, indeed, from Ulysses (not the modern Greek chieftain of that name, but the *αὐτὸς πολυτροπος*, the shuffling *οὐδαίς* of Homer) down to little Davy Garrick,

Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,  
If they were not his own by finessing and trick,

have had a touch of this quality. Nay even Prometheus himself, the Pagan antetype of providence, put more of cunning than of wisdom into the splendid theft, to which mortals are indebted, if not for existence, at least for broiling beefsteaks. Did not Jacob owe his birthright, or rather the enjoyment of his brother Esau's birthright, to cunning? Was not Carthage indebted for the very ground it stood upon to cunning? Are not the Cardinals and Monsignori of Rome to this day indebted to cunning for their Sabine maternal ancestors? Was it not the cunning of

our famous Protestant reformers, and their management of the *gynoccephalocoptic* propensities of Henry the Eighth, that procured for England the manifold blessings of its religion, "as by law established?" It was the cunning of a British minister in shifting taxation from the shoulders of the mother-country upon those of the Yankee tea-drinkers, that gave the world the example of American freedom; and the cunning of the French king in taking advantage of the circumstance, was the happy means of inoculating all Europe with a love of liberty. I say nothing of Darius and his cunning horsedcaler's trick to get at the throne; because the story has something of an apocryphal air; and because we have known princes, nearer our own times, who would have beat the Persian "out and out," in this branch of horsemanship. But why do I talk of princes? What are the mysteries of kingcraft to the mysteries of Capel-court, the true headquarters of cunning? or to the scarcely less profound policy of the Corn Exchange, that key which opens or shuts the ports of Great Britain to foreign grain, in spite of the dunderheaded agriculturists, in their own estimation "the cunningest little Isaacks" in all Christendom.

When I mention the word diplomacy, I speak of the very abstraction of cunning, an art from which cunning has banished even the pretence of wisdom. Yet how vast are the benefits which diplomacy confers upon mankind! How stupendous the intellectual powers put forth by those patriotic citizens, who, educated and accomplished for the task by instinct, go forth into foreign courts to lie, for the good of their country, for the poor consideration of an income not much more than twice as great as that of the President of the United States! Really when I reflect on these things, when I compare the tortuous intrigue of the means, with the dignity and importance of the ends, in all public affairs, I cannot but wonder that the Liturgy has not long ago been changed; and that instead of praying to endow the Privy Council "with grace, wisdom, and understanding," we do not in one comprehensive term ask for them the more necessary blessing of cunning.

Whichever way I turn my thoughts, the influence of this quality upon humanity is equally striking. What, for instance, can be more imposing and majestic than that happy union of church and state which triumphs in the Protestant ascendancy of Ireland, and lays six millions of Catholics prostrate at the feet of a handful of imbecile *faunéans*, who disdain all honest employment? Yet is this superb union of incompatibles, this happy amalgamation of all that is holy with all that is selfish and cruel, upheld entirely by cunning, and in the very teeth, as it were, of every dictate of political wisdom. Again, what can be more incomprehensible than that other anomaly in government, that *imperium in imperio*, the dominion of the Leadenhall (I was going to say Leaden-headed) merchants over fifty millions of Hindoos? or that other stupendous monopoly, the Bank of England, which hangs at least one man for forgery every six weeks, and breaks a private bank once a quarter? Who can contemplate these curious modifications of social order without ecstasies at the omnipotence of cunning?

But the favourite arena of cunning is Westminster-hall, and law, in all its departments, its chosen study. What in fact could be imagined in this *genre*, superior to the system of legal fictions with all the subor-

dinate contrivances to convert justice into a lottery, and to render property as insecure, as if it rested on a quicksand? Then listen to the pleadings of lawyers, the art with which they cross-examine, the ingenuity with which they cite inapplicable cases, and forge analogies without any parallelism! Or if we descend from generals to particulars, what can transcend the cunning of the game laws, the artful traps for litigation in the poor laws, the ingenious enactments for encouraging smuggling of the Excise laws? Can it be said that the smallest grain of wisdom animates any of these codes? Then again how admirable is the cunning of the law of libel, which avoids all definitions, in order to embrace all possible offences; and this too in the chosen land of freedom! Consider also the manner in which this law is administered and applied to the multiplication of infidelity and the manufacture of disloyalty. Yet who shall say that these are not the works of great men? But if no other proof were at hand to maintain my thesis, the triumphs of cunning would stand manifest in Jeremy Bentham's book of fallacies, which is a running commentary upon the cunning of orators and statesmen, and a record of all their feats. The superiority of cunning over wisdom is however, after all, most evident in the intercourse of the sexes. Cunning, from the beginning of time, has been the attribute of females, while man shines conspicuous in wisdom: at least all authors have agreed to say so; and as they are, almost *to a man*, of the male sex, they certainly ought to know something of the matter. Yet, after all, the cleverest husbands are but arrant nincompoops when they are weak enough to set their wits against their wives. When did wisdom indeed wear the breeches, if cunning but took a fancy to keep them for her own use?

The utility and practical applicability of cunning is endless; let us turn, therefore, without more loss of time, to its pleasures. Oh! the exquisite delights of cunning, in all its departments, from a fraud to a hoax! From the boy who cheats at marbles, to the statesman who undermines his colleague, the pleasure afforded by the triumph of the intellect is at least as great as the profit, a pleasure cheaply purchased by a clout on the head, or a pistol bullet. This is a point well worthy of the consideration of the legislature; for unless the laws lean heavier on swindling offences than on those committed with force and infraction, the superior temptation will be irresistible. In love and in angling by far the greatest part of the sport lies in the cunning; witness the transports of delight with which the fisherman and the rake "fight all their battles o'er again." Hence the ridicule which haunts an unfortunate cuckold, who, instead of being pitied for his domestic misfortunes, is despised as a dupe. Ask any loose "fellow upon town" of your acquaintance the question, and he will own that there is much more fun in marrying his cast mistress to a friend, than in the triumph over her virtue: while on the other hand, that honour which has resisted all the assaults of the tender passion, has many a time fallen the victim of a husband's jealousy; so superior are the transports of cunning in outwitting a suspicious coxcomb, even to those of our most natural appetites. Wisdom, the object of admiration with your transcendental dreamers, is not for every man's market. In fact nothing can be more rare. "*Que les gens d'esprit sont bêtes*," says Figaro; how few of those who make the proudest display of parts and genius, can soar above the

muddy atmosphere of prejudice, and view great questions in that wholeness and purity which is essential to wisdom in thought and action. Cunning, on the contrary, is within every body's reach. It requires but that greatness in little things, which a strong volition can give to the most ordinary mortals. The most ignorant slut of a kept mistress will lead a man of sense and feeling to the very devil, if she can but once bring her cunning to play on him; and a slatternly cook-wench will wheedle even a judge into matrimony, if she has only got the length of his foot. Not but that there are degrees in this as in all other qualities. There are those whose cunning is so superfine that they outwit themselves; just as the Catholic saint helped the invoking cavalier in mounting so potently as to fling him over on the other side his horse. But this is a bastard sort of cunning, no more like the real thing than Dovey's paste is to a real diamond. The true exercise of cunning consists in escaping detection; unless indeed, as in the case of the Ferdinands, the Francises, and the Louises, the artist is too powerful to suffer by it; and then the slightest film of decency is sufficient to save appearances. Thus a bishop may flatter the vices of the great, in his search of promotion, more openly than a curate; and an "unpaid magistrate" may fall foul of frailty in rags in a manner that would be quite unconstitutional in one of meaner degree.

The same reason will likewise excuse the coarseness of that artifice with which a certain assembly sought to pass off a one pound note and a shilling for a guinea, at a moment when no one in his senses would part with the coin under six and twenty shillings. It is, however, high time to stop, the amplitude of the subject is too vast for the compass of a single paper. But I forgot, "*Tresca con i fanti et lasciar star i santi*," is a wholesome proverb; and so no more at present from your humble servant,

M.

VESPER OF PETRARCH.

"I bless the happy moment, says Petrarch, that directed my heart to Laura. She led me to see the path of virtue, to detach my heart from base and grovelling objects: from her I am inspired with that celestial flame which raises my soul to Heaven, and directs it to the Supreme Cause, as the only source of happiness."

*Mrs. Dobson's Life of Petrarch, vol. i. p. 37.*

No! let my wreath be entwined and hid,  
Till around my brow in Heaven it glows,  
Where the living lily respires amid  
The bower of the bright immortal rose,  
And wave the leaves of the Paradise-tree  
In the silver winds of Eternity!

I will not seek for an earthly wreath,  
To entwine my brow with its fading light;  
There is nought that shines, in this world beneath,  
With a smile that lasts in the death-wind's blight:  
Then be mine a wreath from the blissful tree,  
Over which the zephyrs of Eden flee!

Yet, oh pardon, Heaven! if one pure flower  
I would bind and braid in the wreath divine—  
If the fairest rose in an earthly bower  
I would make, in the Land of the Fearless, mine:  
Alas! without it there scarce would be  
A charm in the garland of life for me!

HAD I my choice, I would pass my summer in Switzerland, my spring on the banks of the Loire, and my winter in Portugal or Italy ; but I know no *autumn* that I would put in competition with that amidst the woods of Upper Canada. The pleasures of a Canadian autumn, it is true, must seem poor and insipid to those who have never lived out of society, for they can be felt only by him who delights in contemplating the various aspect of Nature in the changes of the year. Nowhere are the changes of season so sudden and so wonderful as in the Western world. To behold them, to enjoy them in all their glory, one must be secluded wholly in the woods, with leisure to take interest in the ever-varying face of creation, and with so much philosophy (or the art of finding enjoyment in every object presented by a bountiful Providence) as to seize with avidity every novelty of appearance. The change from summer to autumn comes upon us gently, gradually, and delightfully, while spring bursts out from the gloom of winter like the sun from behind a cloud. One week all is bare, barren, and desolate ; the next, the fields are covered with verdure and flowers, the trees of the forest have put on their mantle of leaves, all living creatures seem to awake to light and life, and all is novelty, animation, and delight. Another week passes on, and we enjoy the splendid vegetation, feel the invigorating warmth of the torrid zone. Words cannot express the suddenness of the change—it must be felt and seen to be adequately conceived. It is, in fact, as if we were in a moment to be transported from the snows of Siberia to the genial shores of the Dardanelles.

“ So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,  
The bright and the balmy-effulgence of morn.”

Autumn, on the other hand, approaches with slow and timid steps. While the ardour of the sun's rays is abated, the parched fields and drooping maize are revived by the grateful shower. The wild vines present their fruit along every path that threads the woods ; and the orchard, the solace of the settler, offers to him its almost spontaneous bounty, as if it had enjoyed the watchful attention of a more industrious patron. In the wilderness of woods—the grand feature of the Western hemisphere—part of the trees retain their original verdure ; while others, according to their respective natures, present every hue of vegetable life, and render their variegated aspect delightful to the observer. If spring were a perfect and almost instantaneous creation, autumn seems a pleasing repose after the over excitation of summer. Animal and vegetable life, in the New World, proceeds by bounds, not by slow gradations, as in Europe : it is lively, vigorous, uncontrolled, rising rapidly to its highest perfection—and “ lo ! 'tis gone ! ” Rapid maturity indicates an equally rapid decay—or, as the geometrician would express it, “ the angle of inflection is always equal to the angle of incidence.”

To the dweller in crowded cities, and even to the inhabitants of the smiling fields of France and England, every thing in Canada must seem solitary and forlorn,—the dazzling brightness of summer equally with the frozen aspect of winter ; but to the emigrant living far from the “ busy hum of men,” the autumnal season presents peculiar advantages and peculiar pleasures. Depending upon his own exertions

during other seasons of the year, he must at this join in good fellowship with his brother settlers, that he and they may profit by the bounties of nature. When a corn-field is to be cleared, houses to be erected, fields to be inclosed, any thing to be done that requires speedy execution, the neighbouring farmers are invited to a *frolie*. Young and old, maid and matron, they muster to the "gathering." While the men are engaged in their hospitable labours, their wives and daughters are busy in preparing the plentiful repast that forms the commencement of the evening fête. Dancing, and music succeed; noise and gaiety make the hours pass unperceived along; and more than all, youths and maidens form matches with a rapidity most enviable to the spinsters of Europe, for here both look forward (as to a certain conquest) to the well-stocked farm, the smiling family, and that total absence of care unknown to other lands. Four or five years clearing of the woods gives every one the means, and almost the right, of passing the remainder of his days in ease and abundance, with luxuriant fields and a never-failing orchard to supply his wants, and a healthful progeny rising round him to follow in the steps of their father. Greater equality of ranks prevails here than even among our republican neighbours. Though the subjects of a monarchy, and sprung from a people amongst whom the aristocratical leaven is very widely diffused, the Canadian settler has launched out to an extreme of equality and independence that scarcely prevails amongst the hunters of the Missouri. Accustomed to live in a dependent situation in Europe, forced by circumstances and prevailing habits to pay respect to the feelings of those around him, he here bursts at once the bonds of dependence, of courtesy, and of civilization:—become a landed proprietor (an "estated gentleman," as the Irish emigrants term it), he loses those social feelings produced and fostered by crowded communities, looks to himself alone for aid or counsel, and, like the rude Indian, follows "the desires of his own heart, with none to control him." Let it not be thought that I blame the boisterous freedom of the Canadians, since it is, in fact, but the natural consequence of their situation. But they have other peculiarities not equally excusable. If, perchance, some unfortunate merchant should settle amongst them, some time-worn officer who has seen life in all its chequered forms, he is not only *not* received with the same good neighbourship as his countrymen of lowlier origin, but is hated, envied, persecuted,—because he *was* a gentleman. Knowing how obsequious they were wont to be to their superiors in Europe, they revenge themselves by insolence towards him in America. Knowing they are possessed of equal rights, and landholders like himself, they make him atone for his invidious superiority in birth and education by the petty contrivances of ignorance and envy. This hateful feeling prevails only (as far as I have seen) among the emigrants from Europe. Those who have come from the American side of the Lakes (who form the most industrious, enterprising, and successful of the settlers) possess all the equality of freemen, but none of the insolence of emancipated slaves. This difference of manners arises from a very obvious cause, though the extent of its effects is little credited in Europe,—I mean the *universal diffusion*\* of

\* As this must be understood in a general sense to be limited to reading and writing, it affords a very pleasing illustration of the benefits of instruction, to show the anti-educationists.



education. It is this, more than any advantages of climate, of soil, or of political institutions, that gives the American an immeasurable superiority over the unenterprising Canadian. Intelligent and well-educated men will doubtless be found in Canada, but the great mass of inhabitants is evidently behind the people of the Western country. With the latter, no sooner is a settlement formed, even in the remotest districts, than the intelligent enterprise of the New Englanders is awake, and schools, academies, churches, courts of justice, arise as if by enchantment. Wherever land is cleared, or villages founded, as teachers, clergymen, lawyers, and merchants, they regularly follow, and mould the rude settlers into an organized community. In the most distant countries on the Wabash, the Illinois, and the Missouri, whenever I came to a settlement, even to a village of the smallest dimensions, I uniformly found the intelligence, arts, and civilization of Europe. If I called on the clergyman or lawyer (and there is little ceremony in the Western woods), I generally found a number of the *Edinburgh Review*, or of the *New Monthly Magazine*, within two months after its publication in Europe. When nine hundred miles from Philadelphia, I met with an American edition of *Anastasius*, not more than three months after its first publication. I need scarcely add, how much I was delighted with that inimitable work in such a situation, with the beautiful expanse of the Ohio and the majestic forest around me. But into Upper Canada the benefits of literature enter most tardily and imperfectly. While libraries were forming in almost every village on the American side of Lake Erie, the Canadian shore presented no symptoms of knowledge, no marks of improvement. On landing at a solitary log-hut on the banks of the Ohio (in one of my wanderings) I was surprised to find in the window an American edition of *Richerand's Physiology*. The house was as wretched as the inmates seemed miserably poor, yet a lame, sickly-looking lad had nevertheless found the means of obtaining a small but select medical library. In Canada, the poor boy would have possessed neither the opportunity nor the inclination to surmount natural defects by mental cultivation.

*Revenons à nos moutons.*—The most singular period of the Canadian year is the *Indian summer*. At the end of autumn, the atmosphere becomes exceedingly hazy, and the sun for weeks is almost concealed from view, while the weather continues delightfully mild and agreeable, the roads remain in excellent condition, and though the dark brown of the forest and the falling of leaves give the melancholy warning of approaching winter, yet there are pleasures attending this decline of the year that render it most interesting, both to the traveller and the emigrant. The one finds the wonted solitude of the woods exchanged for noise and activity; the other hastens to the towns with the produce of his farm, and, like the sailor returning to the wished-for port, enjoys the pleasures of society with tenfold delight, on account of his seclusion through the remainder of the year. In the cities of *Lower Canada* he finds men of education and men of the world who can understand his feelings, and to whom social converse is one of the highest blessings of life. The reflections that had been for months pent up within his own breast, now burst forth in rapid torrents, like the fabled *thaw of words* that were suspended on their flight. Much as the Canadian settlers enjoy this renewal of intercourse with society, their social feel-

ings are far inferior in intenseness to the vehement longings that seize upon the luckless Frenchman whom fate has immured in the woods. Volney tells us of one of his countrymen at Vincennes (on the Wabash) who took an annual voyage to New Orleans—only fifteen hundred miles—to have *quelque conversation*. Many are the instances of this *maladie de silence* which I have witnessed in Upper Canada; and if the truth must be told, I too suffered like the Frenchman from the privation. When the *corn frolics* and other rustic amusements had disappeared, when the cider-press had disposed of the proceeds of my orchard, and the fields had been prepared for the harvest of another year, I was tempted to leave my home for a time to enjoy a “bit of chat” with my neighbours at York or Kingston, and to learn what the “old country” was doing amidst the conflicting interests of Continental Europe. Other causes combined to render this thirsting after society strong and irresistible. Bands of emigrants were daily arriving with the latest news of the old world, and my former recollections, after being almost forgotten since my departure from Europe, now came upon me with force uncontrollable. When the demon of discontent entered my breast, my former pleasures, my love of solitude, my philosophy forsook me in a moment; till, at last, determined no longer to bear this restless anxiety, I resolved again to become a wanderer, to sally forth from my retreat to view the progress of settlement and manners in my adopted country; and if this did not satiate my curiosity, to traverse the Indian wilds of Huron, Michigan, and Superior—or to turn aside to the more smiling features of civilization presented by the American Republic. Peace and contentment sprang up with my determination once more to rove the world, to see the features of new communities rising in the woods, to trace the infant footsteps of the origin of nations. I felt myself again a participator in the affairs of men, a traveller once more on the troubled ocean of life, again a citizen of the world.

My ideas of travelling were matter of mirth, not to say of derision, with my rustic associates; and not one of them but endeavoured to laugh or to reason me out of my “wayward fancies.” “Who ever heard of any one, (they told me) travelling without some object of business in view, without some money to make by the trip? ’Twas worse than absurd! Since you are so fond of rambling, why don’t you go to Mackinaw (Michilimackinac) to trade with the Indians?” Though I was desirous of seeing the Indians in their native wilds, the annual fair had gone by, which assembles on Lake Huron, the white traders from “the States,” and the Red men from the Rocky Mountains; and at any rate, in spite of my love of novelty and adventure, I did not at this moment feel particularly disposed to bury myself in the retreats of Indian hunters, even though received with more than Indian hospitality. The person most decidedly opposed to my removal was my nearest neighbour, partly because he became occasionally embarrassed in the exercise of his judicial functions, and resorted to my unlearned judgment for counsel, and partly because he loudly reprobated all useless locomotion. This gentleman—the Canadians are “a nation of gentlemen”—was a Dutchman, a miller, a colonel of militia, a land speculator, and moreover, a justice of the peace, in which latter vocation he

highly distinguished himself by the singularity, if not by the soundness, of his decisions. \*

In spite of the remonstrances of the worthy Dutchman, and the cautious advice of my Scotch and Irish neighbours, I adhered firmly to my resolution, left every thing prepared for a few months absence, and hastened to the shores of Ontario,—to the capital.

Though this is but a disagreeable village, the crowds of emigrants that over-ran the Canadas, gave it this season unusual animation, and offered a striking contrast to the solitudes I had lately been accustomed to. My curiosity was, for a short time, employed in ascertaining the various fortunes of the exiles, and my experience (such as it was) in pointing out to them the difficulty they had to encounter, the advantages of situation which different settlements afforded, and, above all, in warning them against the wily delusions of speculators. This may appear Quixotic enough, yet I believe my inquiries were not altogether fruitless, nor my exertions unwarded by the grateful remembrance of the strangers. I cannot, however, charge the inhabitants with any remarkable feelings of good-will, for I was an anomaly in such a matter-of-fact place, a *faulant*, who came neither to buy nor to sell, a suspicious character, who was travelling to spy out the nakedness of the land. Could I expect sympathy or social converse where the end of human existence seemed to be barter, where no thought but that of gain entered the minds of its care-worn inhabitants, where the hours devoted to (what is called) society were merely a continuation of the speculative habits of the day. I too was a speculator, but neither in produce nor in land; my notions were harmless, if they were not gainful; while the speculations of my present neighbours were more akin to the finesse of the Jew than the mercantile proceedings of long-established communities. "The Americans are the boldest of speculators (I now said to myself), but their republican habits and education must surely have added some portion of public spirit, some of the effects of intelligent society, to moderate the all-ingrossing thirst after wealth! *Allons aux Américains!*"—I left the place without regret, travelled to the foot of Lake Erie, was wafted in a steam-boat to the town of Erie on the American shore, crossed to French creek on the Alleghany River, descended that beautiful stream for five days amidst the most romantic scenery, and finally reached the source of the Ohio, where rises the capital of Western Pennsylvania, the city of Pittsburgh.

The crowded wharfs along the shore, the creaking of engines, the noise of hammers, the smoke of furnaces, and the confused tumult of this capital of the West, made me in a moment feel that I had at length emerged from the woods. The feelings of other times, the recollections of long-lost society came over me; and I experienced the same sensations on entering this bustling city as does the soldier after the labours of a hard-won campaign. It is not my intention, however, to describe the manners, scenes, or peculiarities of Western America; I have brought the reader from the Lakes to the Ohio, merely to show him the

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\* The following specimen of *bonhomme* was among those laid to his charge:—A young man was brought before him for committing an assault on a married woman, in consequence of which she made— not a *faux pas*, but a *fausse couche*, and our Canadian Solomon condemned him to pay the costs, and to make "the lady as good as she was."

contrast of intelligent society with the solitude of my retreat. On the 24th of December I landed at Pittsburgh, and on the 25th I sat down to a Christmas dinner, *à l'Anglaise*, with eight English gentlemen, the pleasures of whose society I shall remember to my latest hour. Three of them were visiting the United States from curiosity, others were settled in the fertile States of Kentucky and Tennessee, and were about to embark for their homes; and one luckless wight, a youth of twenty, had just returned from Colombia by way of New Orleans after a disastrous campaign under the Liberator Bolivar. We were from distant parts of the kingdom, of different ages and professions, yet the hours passed in the most delightful harmony and peace. Our American *citizens* drank with enthusiasm to the welfare of their father-land, each of us indulged in recollection of past scenes and events, eulogized the beauties of his native province, the mountains, the lakes, the green fields, and the pleasant companions that had endeared home to his remembrance, till, at last, the hour of repose called us off reluctantly from our delightful converse, and we parted with the melancholy reflection that each was to pursue a different course in the morning, and that we should see each other no more.

Y.

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 TO IANTHE.

THOU wert to me a morning dream  
 That vanishes with day—  
 Woven of an ethereal flame,  
 Alloy'd with mortal clay.  
 And now when thou all spirit art  
 In memory's treasury,  
 And I can bear with callous heart,  
 Griefless to speak of thee—  
 Thou seemest only to have been  
 A vision soft and bright.  
 That floated lovely o'er earth's scene  
 To glorify its night.  
 Yet from my retrospective gleam  
 Of bliss I'd take thee not;  
 Enough for me thy eye's mild beam—  
 Thy passion unforget—  
 Calling again long perish'd hours,  
 And bringing to me still,  
 Pleasures that were too briefly ours,  
 Regrets that almost kill.  
 For hadst thou lived, time cold had made  
 The love that now shall burn  
 Chasten'd by years; or thou hadst paid  
 Indifference in return.  
 Now thou art dear as at the birth  
 Of our long parted love,  
 Unchanged, when all beside of earth  
 Hath cloy'd, or ceased to move.  
 For I have well nigh run the round  
 Of frail humanity;  
 But have no treasure worthy found  
 To buy one dream of thee!

L.

## THE FAMILY JOURNAL.—NO. II.

## BEAUTIFUL OFFSPRING.—THE TOWN.

\* *Beautiful Offspring.*

My grandfather had a theory on the subject of beauty. He used to say it was no credit to a person to be beautiful, but a great one to be the author of that beauty. It would be nothing, argued he, to be a poem, however fine. We should have no reason to value ourselves on our verses and images. The great matter lies in being the poet. When I see a beautiful girl or fine handsome young fellow, I always say, "Shew me the father."

"The mother, I think, comes in for her share," said my grandmother.

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Honeycomb, "if she is not suspiciously handsome."

"How do you mean, suspiciously handsome?" said my grandmother, giving a look of good-natured triumph at the glass.

"I mean, my dear," said her husband, "if she is unlike yourself, who are handsome and clever too. A mere insipid beauty who produces another insipid beauty,—what is it? Such people are vegetables, who cannot help themselves, and are not worth the dressing at last. I speak of a face with a mind in it; a beauty with a soul. When I behold such a one, I say therefore, 'Shew me the father: shew me the poet.'"

"And the poetess," added my grandmother. "Positively, my dear Will, I do not see how you can leave out the poetess."

"My dear," said my grandfather, a little earnestly, "you must pardon us ugly fellows for taking as much merit to ourselves as we can. Had the boy resembled you rather than myself, it would have been all over with me. People would have said, 'See there, what a handsome boy Will Honeycomb's wife has brought him.' But as he happens to be more like me than you, and yet somehow or other very handsome, I am resolved to claim as great a portion in him as I can."

"Well," said Mrs. Honeycomb, with the prettiest lack-a-daisical smile in the world, "I give him up. I am patient Grizzel, and you are the Marquis. Dont send me home without my clothes."

Somehow, the smile of my grandmother with its perfect good temper, and the pretty despondence with which she lifted her eyebrows as she looked at him, brought a very tender emotion in her husband's face. Perhaps he thought of the old story. "I tell you what, Lucy," said he, "if it had not been for you, I am afraid the boy would have turned out but a crabbed fellow at last. He has your eyes, you kind-hearted—villain; besides an air, a completeness. Proud as I am to see my face in his, I would rather he should lose every part of the looking-glass but that."

My grandmother's eyes are very fine; deep and sweet, like a couple of wells of Paradise. I say "are," because I cannot help thinking that the soul which looked through them, must be looking through the same identical eyes in another world. They were archetypes of eyes; ideas, which Nature would not be willing to lose; not copies at second hand, like so many others. The artist who painted the miniature, said

to her, on her observing that she thought the cheeks would be found fault with if tinted so finely, "Only let me get your eyes, Madam, and I defy any one to find fault with the rest."

But these are "lights that do mislead" us authors.

My grandfather was wrong in calling himself ugly; and he knew it. But when a little pettish or uneasy, he delighted to make the worst of himself. A greater seriousness on his part, or a little tenderness on that of his wife, always made him ashamed of this infirmity, and willing to do his agreeableness justice. The truth is, he was naturally a little sore on the ground of that defect in his person, which I spoke of; and also (not quite so allowably) on the score of his maternal descent: and he would sometimes, though not in his wife's hearing, affect to speak like a lawyer, of the comparative nothingness of the female in matters of genealogy.

Now setting aside the errors and partialities in my grandfather's application of his argument (for his son had not that greater resemblance to him which he fancied) I cannot help thinking there is something in the argument itself. *Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis*; that is to say, people must be good for something, before they can carry on a race to advantage. Fools do not produce good books; nor a combination of foolish or untoward families a good offspring. The disappointment so often expressed at finding an unharmonious soul inhabiting a beautiful body, says nothing against it. On the contrary, either the sense of grace in the parents could go no farther, or the blood of some villainous uncle, cousin, or other kinsman, interposed. On the other hand, moral grace is often seen ennobling and smiling beautifully through a plain countenance; in which case the chances of every species of improvement are renewed. Mere beauty is nothing. It is even, to my taste, disagreeable, and not to be called beauty; being a hard or glistening piece of proportion without a meaning in it. Women with nothing better to shew for their souls than this, should act the part of Caryatides, and be stuck on our houses and doorways to support pediments. Such was not the handsomeness of my father, who carried in him the mental and bodily graces of both his parents. He had also merit of his own, of infinite sorts; so had my mother; and yet [for I feel that the reader will not have his proper house-warming in our family, till he knows something more of the present Honeycomb] and yet—how is it? tell me, ye uncles, and aunts, and great-grand-uncles by all sorts of sides, tell me, which of you have done me this mischief—that the son of Lionel and Mary Honeycomb, one of the handsomest and best couples of their day, should not be handsome?

My person would not be distinguished among thousands. My height, my shape, the turn of my nose and chin, the colour of my hair, have all a provoking mediocrity. The best thing I have to say for them, is that the mediocrity is English. My hair is a common brown; my complexion a common tint, neither brown nor fair; my nose a very common nose, a little turned up. I have been told, on particular occasions, that I have an eye; but as this is never mentioned to me on others, and those who have said any thing about it were particular friends, I do not fear being discovered by it under ordinary circumstances. Two ladies passing me in the street a year or two back, one

of them said to the other, "Eh—not so bad a looking man either. This was all she could say in answer to somebody, who appears to have thought it worth his while to abuse me.

I confess to something of the Honeycomb mouth, and to an hereditary gentlemanliness of appearance ; but these are advantages so common, that they rather tend to deprive me of a certain distinction as a man of letters, and confound me with multitudes of good and respectable people ; which to a person of greater ambition than myself, would be very shocking. I do not even look affected, nor likely to commit any eminent offences.

Nevertheless, by dint of reflecting on this matter, I have arrived at a theory of my own, equally tending to vindicate my father's fame and his son's. I have discovered, that if it is a merit to have a handsome child, it is a greater merit to originate one that promises to introduce a lasting improvement in the race : and such a one, I plainly acknowledge, I consider the present representative of the Honeycombs. The reader is aware, that the great secret of improvements of this kind lies in a certain mongrelism, or mixed breed, by which a race is rescued from the hazard of monotony, and the best qualities of those who have gone before, are secured to those who come after. Now this mongrel, or channel of preservation, am I. My grandmother by the mother's side was an Irishwoman : some of her relations were Scotch, and others American. The family have had remote alliances even with France and Italy. One of the ladies was a Pallavicini, with whom the Cromwells were connected. The French connexion was a Lavergne. I account therefore for the comparative nothingness of my appearance, by regarding the family as at a stand in my person, preparing for the many roads which its virtues are about to take. Beauties and good qualities, tried excellence and miscellaneous promise, have so poured into and concentrated themselves in my being, that they have become indistinguishable ; just as a mixture of all colours produces the no-colour of white. But only let me marry, and the world shall see. The fine sons and beautiful daughters that I mean to have, are amazing. I have already determined which of my ancestors characters are to be distributed among the children ; besides resolving, how much zest they are to have from a sprinkle of French vivacity, and a colouring of Italian gusto. I confess, that owing to a very tender reason which I cannot dwell upon here, I am arrived, without marrying, at an age when I should begin to call myself an old bachelor, did I not find it erroneous. I was sitting the other night near an old lady, who had a daughter with her ; and upon my calling myself an old bachelor, she protested against such an abuse of the term, observing, that I looked quite as young as the young lady by her side ; "and nobody," said she, "would suspect that my daughter was old enough to be the widow of a Scotch advocate." Why a Scotch advocate should not have a young widow, I cannot say ; but I am bound to say, that the young lady had a very agreeable *embonpoint*, and might be about my own age ; which has convinced me I am in the wrong.

The reappearance of my ancestors among their posterity, will surprise nobody who has looked about him. Going into the Exhibition in Pall Mall some years ago, I was startled with the apparition of my friend Jack Montacute in the likeness of a general officer in a wig and

cuirass, of the time of Charles the Second. It was his own ancestor of that period. The dullest would have sworn to the mouth. A race of men of the world (for such most of them were) seemed hardly entitled to preserve such a mouth; being an amenity, one would think, made exclusively to utter benevolent theories, and talk blandly against rum and water; which is what I remember Jack did that very day. But it is wonderful to consider how a whole generation can be twisted out of its natural course. I do not scruple to say, that there are hundreds of good fellows among bad ones, if they did but know it, and would but grow wise enough to shew themselves. They reappear now and then in their proper persons, and make amends for the character they sustained as fathers and grandfathers. We see, every day, families, in which the faces of the children marvellously exemplify this regeneration. The remotest streams of consanguinity dip up their heads again. My French ancestor will probably reappear on this side the water, as sparkling as ever; like the river that ran underground from Greece to Sicily. Grandfathers and grandmothers are every where hopping about us. A great uncle shall be dandled on your knee. I once saw a man give a box on the ear to his father-in-law; which I thought he did with a particular relish.

I have been led into these reflections by a threat which an old gentleman has held out, that he will discover me by my face; and I have spoken of my age, that I may not be thought to take too much upon me, when I come to give my opinions on men and manners. I hold myself to be very lucky in that matter, and not to have commenced writing too soon. My opinions will at least be matured ones; and I am at an age, at which I retain a great deal of the warmth of youth (to which my animal spirits naturally incline me), and yet can do justice to the more prudential notions of my elders. I am not afraid of the old gentleman. Nothing can discover me further than I have discovered myself; and I defy him to recognize me in public places. What perfectly assures me on that point is, that I myself have had a number of "lively writers" pointed out to me, whom nobody would suspect to be such by their faces.

*The Town.*—A metaphysical writer, speculating upon our mode of existence in a future state, has amused himself with a notion, that we are not to converse with one another by the present circuitous medium of speech, but by rapidly throwing forth a succession of the images, of which words are a symbol. For instance, a young fellow, reminding his friend of the time they rode together in a troop of horse, will ejaculate, *et armis*, a regiment. He will disburse, one after the other, a town, a set of trumpets, a ball, a tailor's bill, a campaign in the Peninsula. He will develop the Miss Joneses. In like manner, a sailor, in the twinkling of an eye, shall launch us a seventy-four; a curate shall eject his vicar; a mathematician rattle away like any kaleidoscope; and a defendant fling out a grand jury, bench and all.

I could not help thinking the other day, while taking my favourite round in the Metropolis, that if a fellow pedestrian could see what was passing in my mind, he would have been entertained with a succession of portraits upon the same principle; with this difference, that instead of dealing them on each side of me, as I went, I should have exhibited



‘them in my own shifting person, and “been what he beheld.” In St. James’s-street, I was the gallant Will Honeycomb, in my new peruke and silver-clocked stockings, taking my hat off to a lady in a flowered carriage, or leaning handsomely on my stick for the ostensible purpose of looking after a pretty milliner, but in reality to oblige my rheumatism. Turning into Piccadilly, I trod like a man, and became my high-minded ancestor the Colonel, going to the house and bowling-green in that quarter to speak with Hampden or Pym. A cavalier and I give a glance at one another in passing; he, with a would-be disdain, as if I took my tresses to an ill market, and a wonder how I could side with those crop-eared fellows; I, with a calm and more open eye, as if I valued my own opinion more than his, and had devoted myself in all things to the beauty of truth. Crossing St. Martin’s-lane, I look in at Old Slaughter’s coffee-house, and am my grandfather, Will the second, a gentleman of the first water, inquiring for Mr. Quin. Mr. Savage (Earl Rivers that should have been) meets me at the door, and takes off his hat with the best air in the world. I take off mine with no less perfection, moved by respect both for his misfortunes and rank; but wishing at the same time, that he would return me, not the money I lent him, which is much at his service, but the folio he borrowed of me, stamped with the arms of the Honeycombs.

Entering Covent-garden, I am again Will Honeycomb of the Spectator, coquetting with a lady in a mask, and wishing that I could tear myself piccemeal for her sake, my weakness with regard to her deluding sex being such, that I have already two assignations on my hands. Upon which she reproaches me for my fickleness. Upon which I cry out, with a happy anguish, “Egad, Madam, you must cover up that divine air as well as face, if you would not make villains of us all.”—But I am several other persons in Covent-garden. Sometimes I am my father, coming away, very thoughtful, from a Westminster election. Sometimes I am my cousin Apsley, making his first appearance at Button’s, and wondering whether he can attain to a pinch of snuff out of the box of one of the great wits. Sometimes I am my wild ancestor Dick, with his peruke over his shoulder, lounging about Bow-street, (the Bond-street of that period,) thinking of the lady with whom he means to be eternally in love till next Friday. Or again, I am a lady myself, my divine cousin Cerintha, coming to Tavistock-street to make some purchases, and handed from her carriage by Mr. Congreve amidst a crowd of wits. They know not which to admire most, the blushing beauty that affected him so gravely, or the delightful unaffected air with which she gives him her hand, and relieves the awkwardness of his situation by a respectful pleasure. I conclude with being Edward Honeycomb, in the time of Henry VIII. helping to undo the Convent that stood here. I strike his Majesty’s warrant on the place, and change every thing like a Harlequin. The convent becomes a playhouse. Monks and nuns turn actors and actresses. The garden, formal and quiet, where a salad was cut for the lady abbess, and flowers were gathered to adorn images, becomes a market, noisy and full of life, distributing thousands of fruits and flowers to a social metropolis. Who is this, coming this way, looking so earnest and full of frown? Is it a little Dominican friar, longing to denounce us all to the Inquisition? No: it is Mr. Kean in his great coat, who de-

lights us all, and does us good, in a profane playhouse. Miss Stephens and Miss Tree, instead of

Chaunting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon,  
raise their voices in delightful duetts, and have good warm benefits.

In the Strand, I shift me into my namesake of the time of Elizabeth. My plain unsophisticated modern hat becomes a Spanish hat, with feathers; my coat changes to a doublet as stiff as armour, with an embroidered cloak thrown over it: I have crimson galligaskins, and silk stockings to match; shoes tied with roses; and a love-lock hanging under my ear, delicately at play with a jewel in it, which was given me by my fur mistress. I have just alighted from my *caroch*, and am going to enter the premises of one of the great lords inhabiting the banks of the river. After paying my compliments, I return towards Pall Mall, and either continue the part of the gallant Harry, about to plant himself in her Majesty's eye at Whitehall, as she goes to chapel, or join the more familiar group in the Park about Charles the Second, with my ancestor Dick. But I am oftener Apsley Honeycomb than the former. I do not think so much of my remoter ancestors, when I am in London, as of those who come near to our own times. A literature and a set of habits, coeval with the houses and manners now existing, fall in better with our every-day experience. For this reason, pleasant as the recollection is, it does not transport me so much as it does some others, to think that Milton was born in Bread-street, and Spenser in East Smithfield. Milton, to my conceiving, is rather born among the oaks of Dodona. At least, I think of him oftener amid the woods in the country, than in any places in London, though celebrated by his name. Of Spenser I think the more, the farther I go from common life. Now the Strand always reminds me of Gay and Pope, as Fleet-street does of Johnson. *There* I go all lengths with our local enthusiasts, and am grateful for what they record. I can sooner think of Chaucer in Fleet-street, than of Spenser, though the latter has directly alluded to it in mentioning the

“ ——— brický towers,

In which the studious lawyers have their bowers.”

Indeed if it were not for Johnson, I could very well, during a walk down Fleet-street, make a modern good fellow out of old Geoffrey, his genius running more upon customs and professions than that of our other great poets. But Johnson, in that quarter, shoulders every body out of the way. Some of the book-shops, nevertheless, in Fleet-street as well as the Strand, have existed a long time, and connect us with Tonson and Lintot. But the Strand is oftener mentioned in the books of that period. Hundreds of times have I looked at the corner of Beaufort-buildings, almost expecting to see Lilly the perfumer, helping a customer to one of the Tatlers, or recommending a jambee. I think I see Sir George Brown (the Sir Plume of the Rape of the Lock,) trying one on the end of his shoe. Dr. Arbuthnot has just bought a clouded dragon. He is taking Gay to dine with him at his house in Burlington-gardens. They bow, out of the chariot, to Lord Oxford and Swift in theirs. Three or four generations are always before me, in this part of the town, all at once, but all suited to one another, all coat-and-waistcoated and witty generations; times of comedy and

satire, of wits and actresses, and French taste, and snuff-boxes, and coffee-houses, and tea-tables, and bookstalls; peaceable times withal, notwithstanding Marlborough and Peterborough, and when politics, fierce as they were thought, were pastime for ladies and gentlemen compared with the fiery divisions of our age. These were essentially town times. The two rival nations were not so much England and France, as London and Paris. If the country is spoken of; it was in connexion with the landed interest, with town jokes on the foxhunters, with the Bath, or Tunbridge Wells, or some tavern or assembly-rooms in the suburbs: or if a man seriously went there and indulged himself in groves and haycocks, he was thought to be taking a liberty with the claims of the metropolis. I speak of the general character of the period. Dryden had a regard for the country, but the greatest praise he ever bestowed upon it was in compliment to his "honoured kinsman," a country squire. He there laughs at doctors, and other sophistications, and tells people never to take physic, but to go and get draughts of vital air. Yet his genius led him to live in town. He was laughed at for taking physic systematically; and probably after finishing his panegyric on the fields, went to settle his spirits at the tavern.

"Supper and friends expect me at the Rose."

Pope was perhaps fonder of the country than any other of the wits; but his genius also lived in the town. He brought poetry into fashionable life, to wait upon ladies, and immortalize a toy. A drawing-room was to him what a desert island was to Shakspeare. He peopled it with suitable fancies. His body lived in the country; but that was because he had bad health. Addison's taverns and late hours were too much for him. Addison, Steele, Congreve, Rowe, Prior, Wycherly, Dorset, Garth, Arbuthnot, Vanbrugh, and twenty more, are all present to our imaginations as spirits of the town, rendering existing places the dearer, and the most fugitive manners immortal: and Johnson stands by himself at the end, almost absorbing the light of a host of minor wits, with their clubs, dinners, and *bon-mots*. Garrick sparkles about him, and Boswell ventures his little satellite, till

Heavy Saturn laughs and leaps with him.

Whenever I take the round I have spoken of, my imagination is entertained with a succession of these men. I also look upon it as a piece of good fortune, both for me and for posterity, that some of the living wits whom I most admire and whom I have the pleasure of being acquainted with, are conversant with the same part of the town; so that the warmth of it is continued by living bodies. The house is still inhabited.

But that I may not be wanting to any humane part of the metropolis, I confess to having an inclination for Bond-street. Instead of pitching into the ancient Will Honeycomb, I sometimes pitch him into a modern beau, and becoming a loungeur for his sake, turn up into that illustrious quarter, and commence bland eater of tarts, an indifferent possessor of two easy legs.

Bond-street, though a much admired, is also a much injured *paré*. As there are some uninitiated minds who take every loungeur to be on a par in the great world, so others with a precipitancy still more un-

philosophical, conclude that every loungee is, or ought to be, of no consequence any where. With the first description of persons, (consisting, I own, of minds extremely infant, such as college-recluses, young ladies at boarding-school, and apprentice-boys who occasionally gape and whistle towards the West End,) Bond-street is a kind of republic of one's betters ; where if all are not lords and ladies, all are hand and glove with those who are ; forming a peripatetic peerage of bib and stay, a yellow and white-gloved aristocracy, privileged, like that of Venice, to have a place of perambulation to itself. I doubt whether some of these persons think that any body else *could* lounge in that street, if he had a mind. They imagine him, in a new and unauthorized territory, forced to hop or hurry along in spite of himself, and hustled out, not by the calm and superior intelligences who wind their easy way to and fro, but by the agitations and fatal flaps of his own conscience.

The other class of persons who are yet to seek in this matter (consisting chiefly of credulous play-goers, wise men in villages and country-towns, and inconvenient old gentlemen in the city, who have sons) take upon them to pronounce every Bond-street loungee a fool and a puppy. If they allow him any sense, it is just enough to be a knave ; which is not much. They figure him to their imaginations as a thin helpless-looking young man, extravagantly dressed, and perpetually lounging along with a drag in his gait and a drawl in his utterance. He is dressed according to the last new play. He occasionally eats tartlets, for which he never pays ; and is the most ungrateful man in the world to him who was the making of him, to wit, his tailor. What aggravates this bitterness on the part of the citizen, is a persuasion that he is held in contempt by the fop at the West End ; for as it is counted the height of laudability to be praised by the praiseworthy, people draw an erroneous conclusion, that no contempt can be more provoking, than to be despised by the despicable. Which by no means follows. For the praiseworthy applaud in consequence of knowledge ; whereas the despicable scorn out of ignorance. But when any one class of men undertakes to have a contempt for another, it may be pretty sure it is wrong.

Loungees are divided into numerous classes, from the real dandy, who is badly imitated by the dandy commonly so called, down to the ambitious apprentice who dips into Bond-street in a flutter, and begins regulating his hands and his gait after the fashion of the glories about him. The various classes often know as little of, and think they have as great a contempt for one another, as the old citizen for them all. The true dandy has a name unworthy of him. He is nothing but a high-bred gentleman, somewhat ambitious in point of dress, but ambitious in the best taste, exquisitely clean and neat ; and is a wit, and a man of reading. The common exaggerated dandy is properly the jack-a-dandy, or jack-daw of the dandy, imitating him in a preposterous manner, and pluming himself on feathers not his own. Then there is the loungee mercantile, the turf-loungee, the tavern-loungee (known by the red gills against his bibs), the ladies' assistant or shopping loungee, the loungee from public offices ; besides twenty others, as numerous, and as little privileged among each other, as men of different reputations in other places, or as lords and ladies merely be-

cause they have those titles. I have been let into this knowledge by a friend of mine, a dandy *par excellence*, who has so much value for the solid part of his character above the ornamental, that he has not scrupled, among a knot of his most fantastical admirers, to take me by the hand, in full street, though I had so far forgotten Will Honeycomb, as to be carrying a parcel of books under my arm. I made haste to relieve some of the more distressed countenances by explaining that the parcel did contain books; but one of them still looked so disconcerted, that my friend, putting on one of his sarcastic smiles (which I have observed he oftener does in this street than any where else) said, "You will do nothing for him, Harry, unless you tell him what a book is." Upon which my adversary thought fit to laugh, and protest he knew too well, having just paid a large bill to his bookbinder. There was much humanity in this conduct of my friend. It would have been a more daring thing than it was in him, and a risk to his reputation, had he not been the man he is, but on all occasions he vindicates the dignity of wit and letters. Besides, on this particular one, he did not choose to see his friend at a disadvantage. With such a high hand does he carry matters in his circle, that I should not have been astonished had I met him with such a packet himself. The probable consequence would have been, that next day loungers might have been seen here and there with these mysteries under their arms. Fashion can do every thing, even sanction a bundle; which is a very difficult task with philosophy. If you wish to know whether any body is superior to the prejudices of the world, ask him to carry a parcel for you. Diogenes Laertius tells us a story of his great namesake, that being once requested by a certain young gentleman to teach him philosophy, he gave him a piece of cheese to carry; upon which the other declined his instructions on the spot. It was rather a hard commencement. I own I should have boggled at it, and requested some more urbane and liberal parcel. I should have argued, that I did not wish to be thought to care more for a piece of cheese than for the gracefulness of appearances. Diogenes would have said that this was idle, and that I ought to be perfectly independent of what others thought of me. I should have replied, with great submission, that my liberty of choice did not incline me to be a cheese-porter; and that I extracted a great many pleasures out of that reasonable regard to appearances, which gave him none, except in the contradicting. "Then why do you carry books?" "Because I am in a hurry to get home with them, and do not choose to wait for the bookseller. To be in haste to read books, and in haste to eat a bit of cheese, are two different things. Besides, I can buy a biscuit, which is more temperate and philosophic."—"Why not a penny-roll?"—"Well, a penny-roll, if you insist upon it, and I am excessively hungry; otherwise if the people are looking at us, I will content myself with a bun, and you shall have the glory of the penny-roll." [This is the way to have the advantage of an ancient philosopher:—to write the dialogue, and give one's-self the best of it. However, I do not think his cheese worth a better. Society is not to be changed by commencing lessons of philosophy in this manner.]

There are two sets of loungers for whom I have a regard; one, the very highest, of which the friend I have just mentioned is an ornament; the other, consisting of all the good-natured, gay young fellows

about town, in whom a little foppery is only one of the butterfly-varieties of their time of life. Nothing, except want of feeling, disgusts me with any man, but superciliousness and grossness, which are the two extremes of vulgarity. When I turn into Bond-street on a fine day; and see young and good-natured faces, handsome women, brilliant shops, lively and dashing carriages, and all that crowd of vitality and apparent content, which seems to exult and put forth its wings in the sunshine, like a stream of gay creatures in the air, I am content to grow warm and lively at the sight; and think myself no traitor to my father's republic, in wishing that a more equal division of wealth and labour might still leave us a similar exhibition. I must tell an anecdote to the honour of my friends in this quarter. Going up Wardour-street one night, I saw a blind man surrounded by a set of people, whom he was haranguing. He was very drunk, and had a flute in his hand. "Am I to be treated with contempt," cried he with a loud voice, and in very good style, "because I am blind and a beggar, and get my bread by playing the flute? I am no beggar, if I do that; and if I were, haven't there been the most glorious beggars? Wasn't Homer a beggar? And, wasn't he a wandering minstrel? And my sightless orbs! Am I to be abused on account of my sightless orbs; you rascals? Wasn't Homer blind too? Wasn't Milton blind? Wasn't the great Handel blind? Wasn't Painter blind?"—(Painter was a singer at one of the Hospitals.)—Here a man interferred, and told him to go home, for he was in liquor; adding two or three words more, very sententious on that point. Upon which, the blind man, turning at him with a torrent of abuse, denounced him by a kind of intuition; for he ended by saying, "Go along; you're a footman." The man had a laced hat on. This delighted the rest; the poorer part of the world naturally having a pique at those idlers out of their ranks, who set up for gentlemen on the strength of being menials. I inquired into the origin of the blind man's quarrel, and was informed that he had cavalierly requested somebody to help him to find out the street where he lodged. I asked him if I should help him; upon which he told me I was a gentleman, and he was afraid he should give me trouble, being, he must own, pretty nearly half seas over. I said there was so much the more necessity for helping him over the rest. We accordingly set out on a voyage of discovery for Mead's or Meard's Court, which was not far off; and I succeeded in landing him safely. He was profuse of his thanks. During the passage, I asked him where he got most money by playing his flute. He said in Bond-street.

In Bond-street lived, and I believe, died West, the friend of Gray; and there lived and died poor Yorick, who seems to have devoted his wits to the art of turning war into a benevolent hobby-horse, and setting the whole world upon repairing its losses. A strange fancy; but not to be despised, as the world goes. Neither of these persons, neither the quiet and amiable young man, nor the giddy sympathizer with his species, thought the lively crowd of Bond-street an unfitting scene for the heart to gaze upon, even in its dying moments. I fancy them going there to die, as others do in the sunshine of a summer garden. Life was going forward, and looking gay. The pulse beat well out of doors, to make amends for the faltering veins within. I like people who can live in this way, upon the strength of the life in others.

In short, when the inconsiderate abuse loungers and beaux by wholesale, they should be exhorted to reflect that youth is youth; that brilliancy and gaiety are in nature as well as art; and that some of the most staid and most solid of men have given into these fopperies for a time. I will whisper into the ear of those who can afford to hear it, that once upon a time, on a tennis-ground, Sir Philip Sydney himself was called "a puppy." My father remembered well, when Lord C., at present one of the plainest-dressing old gentlemen, and absorbed in his books, was a member of a small band of fops who made their appearance with red-heeled shoes and feathers in their hats. The same is related of Mr. Fox. And that the most romantic and poetical of modern times need not think they are going to lose all their relish for great things, by indulging themselves in a bib or a boot extra when young, let them know, what Johnson has not told them, that Collins the poet, whose appearance, when the Doctor knew him, was "decent and manly," and who "loved to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces and repose by the water-falls of Elysium," was in his youth a gay fellow about town, dressed in the extremity of the fashion\*.

These are my favourite places of perambulation in town. I am also a great explorer of the suburbs; of valleys four hundred yards wide, and woods which may be traversed in ten minutes. But there are images of greater things, and I am lucky enough to have an imagination. My greatest delights in London are the book-stalls, the theatres, and the company of some particular friends. They are too great, however, to be discussed at the end of an article; so I quit the town abruptly for the present.

POLITICAL SCENES.—NO. IV.

RAFFAELLE AND FORNARINA.

[SCENE.—A room in the palace of the Prince C——.]

[RAFFAELLE—JULIO ROMANO. (*The picture of "The Triumph of Galatea" unfinished.*)]

Julia. I do not like that head.

Raff. I am sorry for it.

Julio. It is too sleek,—too soft,—too—

Raff. 'Tis a woman's.

Wouldst have me paint each muscle starting forth?

Or play the anatomist with her delicate limbs,

As Michael doth?—Thou'rt wrong, friend Julio.

Here, in this brawny back, thou seest I have writ  
Strength and a life of toil:—but *this*—'tis Love's!

Julio. I do not like 't.

Raff. I have done better things;

But let it pass. I want *her* company,

Without whose smiles my figures turn to stone.

Now, look!

Julio. I'faith, that is a dove-eyed Triton.

With what a milk-fed glance he winds his shell!

\* See the Gleaner, by Dr. Drake; a selection from periodical works now obsolete.

I would have fill'd it like the North, and puff'd  
His broad cheeks out like the tempest-blown billows.  
This fellow, now, is like a loving shark  
And wears his spirit in his eye: 'tis good.

*Raff.* Dost thou not see that throughout all this story  
The spirit of Love prevails, in many shapes,  
In some most gentle, and in others warm,  
Whilst in one form bare lust alone is seen,—  
The blood's rebellion, the—

*Julio.* I understand not.  
Would all were such as he!

*Raff.* Pshaw! I had better  
Have drawn a herd of bulls lowing about  
One white Europa than another such.  
—Julio, I tire. I lothe this gaudy prison;  
I'll paint no more unless my love be present.

*Julio.* If thou darest trust thy Venus in my sight—

*Raff.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Julio.* Then why not bring her hither?

*Raff.* Hither?—I will.

She shall stand here before thee, plain as Truth;  
Less naked, but as white as untouch'd Truth,  
Whom slander never blew on. Brace thy heart,  
Lest she take all by storm.

*Julio.* What is she like?

*Raff.* Her eye is like a magnet.

*Julio.* What, is the Pole?

Is it set round with ice?

*Raff.* With blushing fire;

With crimson beauty, like the death of day  
At Midsummer. Her look—O Love! O Love!  
She treadeth with such even grace that all  
The world must wonder, and the envious weep  
Hopeless to match her ever. How I pined  
Through months and months (I was a fool and humble  
Till at the last—I won her! Dost thou hear?  
She's mine, my queen; and she shall shine a queen.  
I'll clasp her round with gems: Her train shall be  
As rich as a comet's—

*Julio.* Art grown mad?

*Raff.* I tell thee

I'll pave the way she treads on with pure gold.  
She shall not touch the soiled earth, and do  
The base dust honour. I'll have Cretan pinnons  
Wrought for her, and a bark whose task shall be  
To outstep the wind. Scarfs, fine as the air,  
And dipp'd in Iris colours, shall be wove  
In sunny Cashmere and the Persian looms  
To be her commonest 'tire. She shall be deck'd  
Forth, as she is, a goddess.

*Julio.* O rare love!

What a brave dream thou art! Great pity 'tis  
These rainbows which we weave from our dull thoughts  
Should perish in broad noon.

*Staff.* Once,—I despaired! (painting)

Ha, ha!—and saw through tears and cloudy dreams;  
What wonder that I cried? But now, 'tis done!

*Julio.* Ay, ay; 'tis what we wish it, day or night.  
We make our seasons as we make ourselves.



*Raff.* There,—now I toil no more. While I am gone,  
Do thou enrich this pannel with some tale.  
Let it be gaunt, and wild, dim as a dream :  
'Twill well oppose mine own.

*Julio.* I'll do't. Farewell !

*Raff.* I shall be with thee ere the sun's awake.  
Be busy, and farewell ! [*Raff. exit*]

*Julio.* I'll do't, I'll do't.

—Now, shall I paint a devil ?—Ah, ha !—or drag  
Mishapen Chaos from his dark abysm,  
And stretch him, like a giant, in the sun ?—  
Or shall I tear the blue from South to North ?—  
Or paint a comet plunging through the wind ?—  
—This "*Triumph*" of our friend's is wanton soft ;  
But there's high matter in the sea-nymph's story  
Which might become a painter's pencil well.  
He should have drawn the Cyclop,—as he sate  
Uplifted like a crag, and piped his songs  
Of Galatea to the watery shores.  
Some say that Orpheus-like he charm'd dull stones,  
Made ocean murmur, and the airy winds  
Took captive ; but 'tis *known* he sigh'd, and sang  
The deathful ditties which belong to love ;  
And call'd on Galatea :—She the while  
Lay mute, and closed—if e'er she heard his strains—  
Her soul against his passion. Day by day  
He sang, and like the mateless lark call'd forth  
The dawn, and underneath the burning noon  
Held mournful celebration, and at eve  
Fatigued by sorrow and strange song,—he wept !  
—I cannot fill this pannel as he bids. (*Sketching.*)

[*The Prince of C—— enters.*]

*Prince.* So, where is Raffaëlle ?

*Julio.* Gone.

*Prince.* Gone whither ?—gone ?

*Julio.* Ay, marry ; Cupid called him, and he went.  
You'll find him by the two great lemon-trees  
Which sleep beside the fountain in his garden.  
H'as brought his brown girl there for summer talking.  
(*paints.*)

*Prince.* 'Sdeath ! what art thou doing, sirrah ?

*Julio.* Um !—as my master bade me. I have tried—

*Prince.* Tried ! ay, and fail'd. Get thou to Raffaëlle, fellow.

Bid him sketch for thee each particular,  
The scene, the groups, the—all. I will not have  
My palace painted by a meaner hand.  
Bid him come here (if it *must* be) with his—girl,  
And paint with Cupid's colours.

[*Ereunt.*]

## SCENE II.

[*The garden of Fornarina, in the suburbs of Rome*]

FORNARINA and ATTENDANTS.

*Fornar.* Will he not come ?

*1st. Attend.* Be patient.

*Fornar.* He'll not come,  
The moon, the feigning, fickle, slander'd moon

Will surely come, and every trooping star  
Be present at his post in the dark sky,  
And not a wind that woo's the laurel leaves  
Will dare be absent: But ~~he~~—false, oh false!  
Mark, wenches, if ye love—but do not love.  
Yet, if ye do, fetter your lovers fast;  
Bind 'em in chains, for love will fail like ice  
In summer sunbeams: Trust no smiles, no oaths:  
Bury your hearts beneath demurest frowns;  
And tremble not, nor sigh if you'd be safe.  
—Sing me a song, my child: I am not well.

[2nd Attend. begins to sing]

1st. Attend. Hark! hark!

Fornar. He's here. Mother of love, he's here  
Come! come away! I'll fly him like a deer.  
Now if he finds me—Ah! thou faithless one,

[RAFFAELLE enters.]

Raff. Art come at last? I will not look on thee.  
Then I must punish thee. (*kisses her.*) Look up!  
Fornar. Thou false one!

Raff. Did I not hear the nightingale in the thorn,  
Just as I entered?—Why, what gloom is here?—  
No welcome?—none?—Ladies! who make our nights  
Starry as heaven when no cloud's upon it,  
Shine and smile sweetly as ye love us. Shame!  
What is this sullen sorrow, which so dulls  
Your brightness? Let rain fall, if rain must be,  
And strait grow clear again. Look up, sweet heart!  
Fornar. Ha, ha, ha, ha! What seest thou now I look?  
Raff. A world of mischief in those night-black eyes,  
And peril on thy mouth

Fornar. Now, art thou not  
A most false lover?—Thou didst promise me  
Thou would'st come long before the sun went down;  
And lo! he is departing.

Raff. The great sun  
Falls from his fiery strength!—This purple light,  
Traveller of the late sky, will soon—how soon!—  
Pass to another world. I love this light:  
'Tis the old age of day, methinks, or haply  
The infancy of night: pleasant it is.  
Shall we be dreaming?—Hark! The nightingale,  
Queen of all music, to her listening heart  
Speaks and the woods are still. Sorrow and joy  
Pleasure that pines to death and amorous pain  
Fill (till it faints) her song.—What sweet noise was 't  
Came up the garden as I enter'd it?

Fornar. The sweetest noise on earth, a woman's tongue;  
A string which hath no discord.

Raff. Let me hear it.  
Come! a soft song! a song!

2d. Attend. What shall 't be?

Fornar. Sing any thing, good girl. Beauty is beauty  
Whether it vie with the swan's-down or the rose.  
Sing!—yet not sadly, for the time is mournful,  
Nor yet too gaily, that were out of tune:  
But sing whatever tempts thee.

2d. *Attend. sings.*

SONG.

1.

O summer river!  
Why dost thou prolong  
Through cold nights for ever  
Thy sweet forest song?

2.

Thou hast some rich hours,  
Wherein thou may'st pine  
Underneath the flowers  
Which shall ne'er be thine.

3.

Through them may'st thou run  
Where green branches quiver;  
But when day is done,  
Sleep, sweet summer river!

*Raff.* This music falls on me like slumber,  
And crowns me now the toilsome day is over,  
With sweets that shame the laurel.

*Fornar.* Many thanks!—

I think Marcella's voice grows sweeter daily.  
*Raff.* She'll meet pale Philomel in her haunt, and try  
Whose tongue is fleetest. Where was't she did learn?

*Fornar.* Beside a river, when she was a girl,  
Mocking its music, as the cuckoo's tongue  
Is mimick'd oft by wandering urchin boys.  
Sometimes she cast her voice upon the winds,  
And then strove with the waters; till, at last,  
She sings as you have heard. Thanks, girls! now leave us.

[*Attend. exeunt.*]

*Raff.* How soft a prelude are sweet songs to love!  
I should be humble, but those sounds have crept  
Into my blood and stirred it. After music  
What should be heard but kisses? Take thy due.

*Fornar.* Tush! Tush!

*Raff.* Come nearer to me,—near. Mad Jove  
Ne'er loved white Leda with such amorous heat,  
Nor Dis (forsaking his Tartarean halls)  
Pale Proserpine, as I do rage for thee  
Come nearer, thou wild witch! nearer, I say.  
Be to me as the green is to the leaf,  
Crimson to roses, juice to the fresh plant,  
My life, my strength, my beauty—

*Fornar.* I am here.

*Raff.* I love thee—dost thou hear?—I languish for thee.  
Oh! I have left sweet praises for thee,—gold,—  
Scarlet ambition, and the crown'd delight  
Which waits upon great men who dare and do.  
Near, near,—I have left—ha, ha!—a Triton winding  
His brawny arms around a shapeless nymph,  
God Cupid without eyes, fish without tails,  
And Galatea naked as the dawn.  
What is it that I see in those black eyes  
Beyond all others?

*Fornar.* Love! 'Tis love for thee!—

But, what didst paint to-day?  
*Raff.* A team of dolphins,  
A brace of Tritons and a crooked shell,  
And some thoughts else,—which I forget. These things

Shine well enough for men below the moon :  
But *I* have taken horse for Venus' chamber,  
Where I must sleep to-night.—Our patron prince  
Will wax most wroth when he doth learn my flight.  
No matter; he must cool.

*Fornar.* But thou hast left  
Thy friend—thy pupil—him—what is his name?  
Thy uncouth—clever scholar?

*Raff.* Julio Pippi.  
Troth, he's as rough as winter. Here he is!

[*JULIO ROMANO enters.*]

*Julio.* Why, what has brought thee here? Oh! princely frowns,

A vulgar word or two, a Roman oath.  
—Rather than toil for these same well-fed dogs  
With a gold badge and a line which runs to Adam,  
I'll visit a wolf, and starve. Your lord, your prince  
Disdains my pencil, Sir—commands me stop.  
I'll paint him with a flaming robe in Hell,  
And give him a dog-fish's head.

*Raff.* Heed him not, *Julio*.

If he contemn thy labour, he's a fool;  
And so no more of him. Thou shalt paint for me.

*Julio.* I will. Shall't be an earthquake?—or a storm?

*Raff.* Neither: yet something which will suit thee well.  
Dost love a marvel?

*Julio.* Do I?—By the Gods,  
Who dreamt upon Greek clouds Olympus-high,  
I love a quaint, wild, wonder-stirring tale.  
Let it be Goth or Roman, what care I,  
So that each line be stuff'd with witchery.

*Raff.* Then this will suit thee. Now, mark well the story.

—'Tis said that in some land, I think in Spain,  
(Rising upon you like an awful dream)

A wondrous image stands. 'Tis broad and gaunt,

Tall as a giant, with a stormy front

And snaky hair, and large eyes all of stone;

And arm'd—or so it seems—from head to heel

With a crook'd falchion and enormous casque

And mighty links of mail which once were brass,

And spurs of marble, and marmoreal limbs,

All bent like one who staggers. Full at the East

It glares like a defiance, lowering, hold,

And scorn still lurks about its steadfast eye,

And on its brow a lordly courage sits.

—This statue, as 'tis told, was once a king.

A fierce idolater, who cursed the moon

And hated heaven, yet own'd some hellish sway:—

A strange religion this, and yet it was so.

Well,—he was born a king, as I have said,

And reign'd o'er armed millions without law:

He sold brave men for beggar gold, and stain'd

The innocent youth of virtue: He robbed altars;

Ate, like Apicius; drank, like Afric sands,

Rivers of wine; then fell to frenzy.—At last

Swarming rebellions (like the Atlantic stirred

To madness by the bellowing of great storms)

Rose up, and dash'd to wrath by horrid wrongs,

Hunted the tyrant from his brazen throne—  
 Hunted him like a wolf from cave to cave,  
 Through rocks and mountains and deep perilous glens,  
 Day after day,—night after night,—until  
 His soul burst out in curses.—On one dull dawn,  
 Which shew'd him lurking to relentless foes,  
 He flung some terrible reproach at Heaven;  
 Laugh'd at its God, 'tis said, and cursed the Sun;  
 Whereat the broad eye of the Day unclosed,  
 And stared him into stone!—

Julia

Oh! this is brave.

I'll strain my wit but I will do this for thee.

Farewell!

[Julio exit.]

Ruff:

Farewell!—Now, sweet, to Venus's chamber! [Exeunt.]

## MR. PLUNKET AND HIS INFORMATIONS.

NORWITHSTANDING the authority of Cardinal de Retz, as to the ease with which affairs of state are directed, we are often presented with proofs, that some who superintend the direction of important offices, however simple their duties, are inadequate to the task. This may arise from various causes besides want of capacity for situations, which, in most European countries, leave little more to do than to copy forms and imitate the examples of predecessors, whether such forms and examples be adapted to the present time or not. Let political chances produce a concatenation of novel circumstances around him, and what becomes of the individual whom the world had lately deemed a constellation in the official hemisphere? He is at a *nonplus* immediately—the mask is removed, and a mere common-place countenance is discovered to have been beneath it. He who looked a skilful equestrian in the management of his jog-trot hack—let him be placed upon a barb or hunter that has blood enough to curvet and prance a little, and he is speedily in the mire. The *rara artis* of our day is the public man whose sway, prompted by the ambition of honest fame arising from the success of well-directed efforts for the public good, finds testimony, under all circumstances, of the correctness of his views and the success of his exertions. But all men are not men of genius:—still it is reasonable to expect that those, from whose habits scarcely a greater exertion of intellect is required in public duties, than the shopkeeper or artizan displays in his daily avocations, shall be equally adequate to their business, especially if far greater things have been expected from them on the ground of past promise. Men of genius and talent may err as well as others—they may be great only in the pursuit of one absorbing object, and common-place in most besides; but they will never fail in matters intimately connected with what first fixed upon them the eyes of the world. In regard to official situations, men often accept them, when foreign to their natural habits, in consequence of not having virtue to resist the temptation of place, at the expense of past fame. Others are pushed or drop into offices through the casualties of life, to the fulfilment of which they can only pretend—honour is in a manner forced upon them. But it is a rare thing indeed when one, who has been looked up to in a particular character for a series of years—whose principles, talents, and judgment, have been highly estimated—who is elevated to an office, to which, from his former career,

he seemed perfectly well adapted, should run counter to the tenets of his past life, and egregiously blunder in his own every-day profession, so as to compromise his patrons and friends, annihilate his fame, and make himself contemptible to the enemies, in whose eyes he was but just before an object of respectful fear. The man so circumstanced is a melancholy illustration of the mutability of human destiny. Like a dethroned king, he is one of the most helpless and pitiable objects under the sun. He may continue to retain his nominal dignities, indeed, but his moral ascendancy is no more—he has fallen to the common level—a forlorn being, ruined by the possession of that power which renders other men great—a hidden shoal on which the hopes of a nation have been shipwrecked. A similar fate has been that of Mr. Plunket in his office of Attorney-general of Ireland. He has sunk to the level of his profession; he is now but a mere lawyer, of first-rate oratorical talents still; but he is no statesman—no man to fill a post in a pressing exigency, and gain fame from subduing difficulties—the impression he had made on the public mind is obliterated—the glory that had circled round him is extinguished:—he is an eclipsed satellite that can emerge no more.

In this work\* there is a sketch of Mr. Plunket's forensic character prior to his being installed into the office of Attorney-general. It is worthy of perusal at the present moment, if it be only to contrast the proud expectations lately entertained respecting him with his present depression—to read extracts of his own speeches (and there are others not given there infinitely more violent) and to estimate their value and tendency in Mr. Plunket's mouth at a moment when Great Britain was involved with foreign enemies and revolutionary feelings at home, and to compare them with what he now stiles sedition, at a moment when the country is flourishing, and fresh vigour has been infused into it by the enlarged policy of ministers. How could the Attorney-general, in the name of principle and consistency, and at such a time too, select words of the nature of those Mr. O'Connell used, and make them the plea for prosecuting a man of his character under pretence of sedition! There seems, indeed, to be no limit to the execrable abuse of the word "tendency" among lawyers. We are not taking up the cause of Mr. O'Connell further than that cause is in the present instance the cause of justice and common sense. We know that intemperate speeches cannot be beneficial to any party; but a speech merely intemperate, is not on that account alone to subject a party to the penalty of the law, while the shadow of freedom exists in the country. Mr. O'Connell we believe to be decidedly loyal to the government; but he contends, as every man of reason must, against the injustice of depriving twelve parts out of thirteen of his countrymen of civil rights on account of religious opinions. He has much of the rashness of the Irishman in his character; but would a generous government be over-nice with a man of unimpeachable attachment to it, even were he a little over-zealous in his efforts to redress, by legal means, the oppressions under which his countrymen labour? Would a politic government stop up an open and legitimate channel by which the sufferings of a people could reach it; thus detaching from the ignorant and uninformed, among the least educated people in the world,

who might lead them by their influence and keep them peaceable by their till now unchallenged devotion to peace and order?—we think not. Mr. O'Connel, when he puffs the grammars of Cobbet or the principles of that charlatan—when, in the effervescence of overwrought feeling, he uses strong language, cannot meet support, though we must allow a little blustering to the national character. The language which the Irish Attorney-general made his late attempt to prosecute by means that his brother officer in England would have subjected himself to well-merited obloquy if he had used in a like case\*—had it been prosecuted to conviction, (and it was not Mr. Plunket's fault the language was not,) must have put an end to free political conversation in Ireland, and have added silence in suffering to the miseries of that unhappy country. What Mr. Plunket's notion is of the office of Attorney-general, we have learned nothing from his conduct out of it. Upright lawyers have said that it is the Charybdis of the profession, that whatever good qualities a professional man may have before he accepts it, they are sure to be shipwrecked there—and this seems to be too truly the case. It is difficult to characterise the two acts which have immortalized Mr. Plunket in office. They were either the ill-judged efforts of an arbitrary desire to crush, destroy, and annihilate defendants at all hazards; or failures in judgment, which a law Tyro would hardly have committed. To the latter cause, therefore, we cannot ascribe them; while his reply on the trial of Emmet † seems to lead to the former conclusion, as to the severity of his character and the obtuseness of his natural feelings. There is no nobleness of spirit, no generosity of soul about him—he is one who will never spare a foe, even when fallen—*Væ victis* is his motto. But the exaction levied by the tyranny is so monstrous, that it is like

Vaulting ambition which o'er-leaps itself  
And falls on the other.

His prosecution of the Orange rioters was of this character. Insulting as they were daring, a noble and humane mind would have felt pleasure in discovering that no harshness of the law obliged it to send to the block unhappy men whose outrages, great as they were, were surely not of sufficient enormity to be expiated in blood. The noble Marquis, who was exposed to their insults, had seen too much of life and of dangerous services not to scorn them, and is too high-minded to have wished more than that proper and reasonable examples should have been made of them. This, however, was not enough for Mr. Plunket; he would not throw away a chance of the utmost possible exaction that might be levied. He completely lost sight of the vulgar word “discretion,” and could not believe that, being opposed to a powerful party, it would be better to proceed by the middle and humane path of firmness and moderation; he must be *aut Cæsar aut nullus*.

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\* The charge against Mr. O'Connel was taken from a newspaper violently opposed to him in politics,—it is presumed, on the oath of its reporter;—the other newspapers reported it differently. After arrest and bail, evidence was publicly beaten up for. This may be all strictly legal; indeed all things are legal with lawyers, unless contravened by the direct words of an act of parliament;—there never is impolicy, absurdity, or wickedness in acting upon this doctrine?

† See vol. v. p. 98. *New Monthly Magazine*.

He conjured up before his own eyes, in consistency with professional fictions, the phantom of a king; and then, like the Catholic, worked himself to believe a "real presence." His shadowy monarch is assailed by ideal conspirators, and their phantasmic high treason he will have atoned for by substantial flesh and blood. Thank God, Mr. Plunket was defeated in his attempt to make a party riot and a wicked assault high treason: had he not been, could he ever have reposed again soundly upon his pillow? Perhaps he might; but then, too, he might have thanked Heaven, with the Pharisee, that he was "not as other men!"

Mr. Plunket came into notice by his violent opposition of the union, and has been distinguished for the verbal support of a liberal course of acting towards Ireland. These have been the medium through which he has been known, where his eloquence in the Four Courts would never have availed him. What was Mr. O'Connell's seditious speech to many of his own? Not a tithe as violent; and yet he seems to have forgotten that they made him what he is. Now as he was never held to bail or censured for them, either his country has been retrograding in freedom ever since, or he has tried his best to make the world believe so. No one will compare the conduct of the present ministry towards Ireland with the oppressive measures once pursued towards it. Did Mr. Plunket never try back, look within, and consider this? His disdain for those popular feelings which raised him into notice is not singular; his guide is policy alone; he has no sympathy with the people. Yet his knowledge, out of his profession, would never have distinguished him, much less his learning. Destitute of imagination, in the poetical sense of the term, he has in consequence little or no sensibility "for another's pain;" yet he may at the present moment have that which "the unfeeling" suffer for their own.

When a change in his Majesty's councils caused an alteration of the futile system which had been persevered in for centuries towards Ireland, it was hailed with pleasure by every good man. Lord Wellesley's experience in office, and zeal for the welfare of Ireland, were universally acknowledged. Whether he has done all he could do, those in cabinet secrets best know—we are of opinion that he has gone as far as he is allowed to go by persons in this country, who have kindred feelings with the "enjoying and revelling" few in Ireland. But there can be no doubt that much good has been effected by him, and the noble Marquis best knows what obstacles have lain in his way to impede the progress of more extensive benefits. The British cabinet, to aid the new policy still further, nominated Mr. Plunket as a coadjutor in the work of conciliation; and, considering how that gentleman then stood in public opinion, no one better could have been named. His professional rank, his avowed principles, his high character, gave lofty hopes which have been since doomed to disappointment. The assistance which Lord Wellesley has received from him, has not been adequate to the exigency of the time, nor aided the extension of the principle of conciliation. Mr. Plunket has gained no disciples, and added no strength to the new system. He is not naturally an inviting, conciliating man—he always wishes to bear down and carry his object by sheer force; he ever seeks to do too much—he has no tact for governing men, nor, we should presume, much knowledge of human nature beyond its exhibition in law affairs.



His impatient overbearance pushes him to extremes, even to a trespass on truth, as in his allusion to the state of the Irish clergy in parliament, of which, perhaps, he was hardly conscious at the moment. Like the true lawyer, he will get a verdict any how, and would carry measures out of court in the same way. But he has not the judgment to make his ambition successful; and it may now be doubted, if he had, whether his ambition would be virtue. His lack of the qualities necessary to one in his situation at the present moment is most astonishing in a man of his standing. Even if government had determined to let the Catholics see there was a limit they must not pass, and that they must check every intemperance, some ground of attack might have been chosen, or some fallible point been waited for, which might have served better than the present to indicate its temper.

In his manner of proceeding, besides the harmlessness of the sentence uttered in the present times, and the want of regard to the very freedom of speech itself, and his own lapses, Mr. Plunket did the business ungracefully. He overlooked the depth he must sink in general estimation if he failed, and disregarded all consequences if successful. He passed by the want of unison in his measures with the policy of ministers—he saw not the false conclusions which urged him to the measure, nor observed that it would be a fatal drawback from the talent and intellect he had hitherto the credit of possessing. It cannot surely be, that eloquence alone and a stiff bow now and then before the public, have hidden deficiencies which were little expected in such an individual. His friends made many excuses respecting the affair of the theatre, but it is impossible that a second error of the same kind can be medicined by friendship, or purged by recollections of former professions. Not only his judgment, but his conduct in past life, is rendered more than suspicious—"What trick, what device, what starting-hole" can he now "find out to hide from this open and apparent shame!" How can the sarcastic and ironical Mr. Plunket, at whom the bar looked with awe, bear the caustic smiles and cutting innuendoes of his enemies a second time—he who would "bestride the world like a Colossus." A jury of Orangemen was, it is said, impanelled to defeat his high-treason charge; in the second instance a jury, not one of which is of the faith of the party arraigned, and therefore, according to appearances, admirably selected to assure the Attorney-General's triumph, (at least *his* party did not this time complain that they were all of one colour,) mortifies him by a second defeat.\* This jury was discerning enough to see that, if they put down under pretext of sedition, what was not really so, the evil might one day recoil upon themselves—they acted from a conscientious conviction that it was a monstrous attempt upon the freedom of speech; and if so, they deserve the thanks of every party.

The conduct of the magistrato in calling himself upon Mr. O'Connell, to hold him to bail, proves that he thought him incapable of any very notorious offence; his conduct in so doing was honourable to him; but can the conduct of the prosecution be so characterized? No copy of

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\* Notwithstanding the result of both cases, we cannot see why Catholics and Protestants are not eligible alike. Why was not this looked to after Mr. Plunket's last defeat?

the charge against him could be obtained by the defendant. *After* the latter is held to bail, witnesses supposed to be able to testify against him, are brought up in public before magistrates, to endeavour to fish out evidence in support of the charge. The prosecution compromises the dignity of the Government by the low and paltry manner in which it is got up. There is nothing that produces a worse impression of a powerful government, than a low and mean manner of transacting a similar affair—which must always affect magnanimity, even if it has no inclination to indulge it. When Great Britain is, as at the present moment, in the plenitude of power, and during a European peace, the most ignorant and disaffected man in Ireland must be conscious of her ability to put down revolt with a trivial exertion of her power. We are convinced that no persons possessing influence and consequence in Ireland, contemplate violent measures, but look to obtaining redress for evils which cannot be denied to exist, to the Government and the laws. The very effort of six millions of persons to relieve themselves from heavy grievances, is by the Orange party and its friends deemed little short of rebellion.—‘Why,’ ask these well-fed corporators and portly gentry, ‘are the Catholics not content under present disabilities? They shall get relief as they have got it in times past, if we can have our way. Plots and alarms shall not be wanting to shake the nerves of those in authority.’ But the Government, conscious of its own strength, must act with the public feeling at its back, and then the Rev. Sir Harcourt Lees\* and his organised rebels will sink into their natural insignificance. The body of the people of Ireland look to the Catholic

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\* Sir Harcourt, that meek and pious representative of a fox-hunting father of Christianity, has been so fearful lest the Catholic Association and Mr. O’Connell should bear away the crown of martyrdom, or Sir A. B. King remain a solitary example of devotion, that he has claimed it for the Orangemen in his own person! The following is an *address* to the Orangemen *from the pen* of this precious specimen of the ministers of the Protestant religion as established by statute in Ireland—of this meek divine, who has lately visited England to proselytize it in the Orange cause! Mr. Plunket has proceeded against him, but will the bill be found—the Orange jury may be refractory again? “In the event of the Irish government not being permitted by the infatuated and ignorant cabal in his Majesty’s cabinet (who have degraded the British empire, and nearly lost Ireland by their temporising policy) to adopt such immediate measures for the preservation of this country as the pressing exigency of the times requires, I will, at every risk, take the responsibility on myself of protecting this island for my venerated sovereign; and I will instantly recommend to the Protestants of Ulster to form a *great military confederation*. \* \* \* Should this despicable cabinet-system be persevered in two months longer, I will consider it to be my duty, as your *acknowledged protector*, to pass in review the entire Protestant force of Ulster early in March, by which period I shall arrange such a *military organization* for the province, as shall render it a matter of perfect indifference to me whether Mr. George Canning and the Popish Grenvilles choose to protect us or join the priests.”—This leader of the three or four hundred thousand Orangemen out of seven millions of Irish, leaves Mr. O’Connell at an immeasurable distance in the rear. He will be the Joshua of his injured tribes, and die at their head in chivalrous combat with the government of his country! he is the worthy Peter of the Irish church militant—he appeals to the sword—the sportsman, the divine, the merry joker, and the oracle of his band, which variety of character he is about to embellish farther by thus immortalizing himself as an Irish Catiline! What are the bench of bishops about with such a member of their cloth? Will they perform no *lustration*, to wipe out the deadly sin from their body?—But we forget, we were thinking of England;—the Irish bench of bishops, and the Irish church, are a very different affair!

association for the legal redress of their petty wrongs; and it was politic, while that body remained unimpeachable in its loyalty, and open in all its proceedings, not to interfere too nicely with it, for if the hydra of rebellion arose, the head of it was within reach. But when nothing offensive could be urged against it, was it either wise, honest, or politic, to attack a loyal individual looked up to by six millions of his fellow subjects, for uttering a sentence or two in the warmth of indignant feeling, which every man in this empire ought to keep engraven on his heart? We are neither Catholics nor advocates for the intemperance of any members of the Catholic Association. Irishmen always mingle a great deal of froth in their oratory.—Let it, when it comes to no more than it did in the present instance, evaporate. With lawyers, every speech and every writing is libellous which they can find a purpose for so denominating; and we fear that oppressive as this truth is as it regards individuals, there is no help for it;—but that they should be allowed the full operation of such notions—that they should contaminate statesmen with their professional sophistry, and by officious, ill-judged, ill-timed charges, risk the peace of a people, is going too far. Every honest man must admit that the *full* and *fair* meaning of the language spoken by Mr. O'Connell was such as our children should be earliest taught, and our aged die with upon their lips. Great bodies of men are not to be governed *en masse* by the dogmas that prevail for bringing criminals to the house of correction. The principles and practice of statesmen and lawyers are very dissimilar, and the less frequently the latter come in contact out of court with the interest of their country the better. In this country they smell too much of their grandmothers—they would rule all by the unmeaning and ferocious saws of antique barbarism, and make the world believe that reason and experience are to submit to their surpassing authority. They think only what has been done, may be done again, and do not trouble themselves if evil ensue, provided they can justify it upon an obsolete statute-book. Many will suppose that the act of prosecuting Mr. O'Connell originated in a different quarter—we can hardly conceive it;—but Mr. Plunket must still bear the *onus*, for his perfect approbation was the first and most indispensable requisite. Had he disapproved the measure, which the world would in any case attribute to him, what becomes of that high spirit for which he had obtained credit, even if he suffered the first authority in the empire to lay upon his shoulders a proceeding so pregnant with obloquy?—But some lawyers have different views as to high feeling and lofty principles from unprofessional men!

No one can at this moment characterize the English Government as weak or timid; but the proceeding of Mr. Plunket tends to give it this colouring. To pass by insignificant points to gain great results, overlook hasty ebullitions of feeling and occasional peccadillos in a leading individual among the numerous parties it rules, with a view to their ultimate amalgamation, is the policy of a powerful ministry, such as ours undeniably is at the present moment. The arraignment, therefore, of the leading member of a suffering body of people, on a charge groundless in itself and innoxious as to consequences, was utterly beneath it, and makes its good intentions towards Ireland, which we do not doubt, matter of suspicion to its staunch friends there among the suffering party.

Is Ireland for ever to be an anomaly among nations? The King of Great Britain has just proclaimed perfect religious freedom and equality of civil rights in his Hanoverian dominions; and still a party in the British cabinet—a party in the aristocracy of the country as blind and bigoted as our ancestors of feudal renown—together with a small and interested portion among the people, violently oppose it. Yet none talk more of the blessings of the English constitution, boast more of toleration (as if in these times men could not distinguish right from sufferance), and its surpassing eminence among nations, forgetting that their antiquated notions are the drags which prevent its running an even course with other countries in spiritual freedom, and that they themselves have seen the national prosperity encrease in proportion to their abandonment of their absurd hereditary notions.—Thank God! this great and glorious country has attained its present elevation in the midst of state anomalies, that would have kept others for ever in depression; and will continue to rise when the narrow opinions of such shall, with their dust, have perished in forgetfulness.\*

MARSHAL SAXE AND HIS PHYSICIAN.

FEVER's a most audacious varlet;—  
 Now in a general's face he shakes  
 His all-defying fist, and makes  
 His visage like his jacket—scarlet  
 Now o'er surrounding guards he throws  
 A somerset, and never squeaks  
 "An' please your majesty," but tweaks  
 The Lord's anointed by the nose  
 With his inflammatory finger  
 (Much like the heater of an urn)  
 He makes the pulses boil and burn,  
 Puts fur upon the tongue, (not ermine,)  
 And leaves his prey to die or linger,  
 Just as the doctors may determine.  
 Though this disorder sometimes seems  
 Mild and benignant,  
 It interferes so with our schemes,  
 Imparting to our heads a dizziness,  
 Just when we want them clear for business,  
 That it may well be termed malignant.  
 Of these inopportune attacks,  
 One fiercely fell on Marshal Saxe,  
 Just as his troops had open'd trenches  
 Before a fortress, (what a pity!)  
 Not only did it make his heart ache  
 To be condemn'd to pill, cathartic,  
 Bolus and blister, drugs and drenches,  
 But shock'd his military notions,  
 To make him take unwish'd-for potions,  
 Instead of taking, as he wish'd,—the city.

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\* Since the above was written, the Grand Jury have thrown out the bill filed by Mr. Plunket against Sir H. Lees for his inflammatory address.

Senac, however, his physician,  
 Soon gave our invalid permission  
 To be coach'd out, an easy distance  
 First stipulating one condition,  
 That whensoc'er he took a ride,  
 Himself should have a place inside,  
 Lest any syncope, relapse,  
 Or other unforeseen mishaps,  
 Should call for medical assistance.

Saxe gives consent with all his heart,  
 Orders the carriage in a minute,  
 Whispers the coachman, mounts within it,  
 Senac the same, and off they start,  
 Joking, smiling, and time beguiling,  
 In a facetious *tête-à-tête*.  
 The subject of their mutual chatter is  
 Nothing to us—enough to state  
 That Marshal Saxe at length got out  
 To reconnoitre a redoubt,  
 Projecting from a range of batteries.

Left in the carriage, our physician  
 By no means relish'd his position,  
 When he discover'd they had got  
 Nearly within half cannon shot;  
 Wherefore he bawl'd, with fear half melted,  
 "For God's sake move me from this spot—  
 Doubtless they've noticed our approach,  
 And when they recognise your coach,  
 Shan't I be fired at, pepper'd, pelted,  
 (When I can neither fly nor hide)  
 From some of yonder bristling masses!"—

"It's not unlikely," Saxe replied,  
 "And war, I know, is not your trade;  
 So if you feel the least afraid,  
 Pull up the glasses!"

#### REVIVAL OF CHRISTMAS MERRY-MAKINGS.

AN ingenious popular writer has made a powerful effort to revive the now almost obsolete customs of Christmas merry-making; and, in the indulgence of his warm imagination, has permitted his philosophy to sleep over the causes and concomitants of that oblivion into which the joyous festivities of this season are fast sinking. This fancy of a poetical mind, it must be admitted, was not more seducing from the picturesque imagery it conjured up, than for the sentiment of sympathy with the poor and lowly, in which it was clothed: yet is it not a little surprising, that habits of deeper scrutiny into the mechanism of society, did not suggest to the writer in question some doubts, both as to the expedience and the possibility of reviving habits, which are no longer in harmony with the spirit of the age. The noisy hilarity of the wassail bowl, the cheerful blaze of the Yule log, the distribution of food and clothing to the poor, and the *pro tempore* courtesy of the rich and powerful towards their humble dependents, paint well; but their chief effect, after all, depends upon their contrast with the misery and slavery of the work-a-day life, in those feudal times in which Christmas flourished in its gayest triumphs. Christmas, we are informed by Sel-

den, succeeded to the Saturnalia of Rome,—the festival of slavery, the short season of riot and revelry, which was destined to reconcile the unhappy bondsmen to a life of wretchedness and degradation;—and it lost nothing of its original character in the descent. The search after a compensation for permanent miseries, in a temporary paroxysm of extravagant mirth, is inherent in human nature. The theatres are never more frequented than in times of great national misfortune; and the visitations of earthquakes and plagues have ever been accompanied by excessive violence and debauchery in the people. In the immense and varied calamities which fell upon Europe, on the downfall of the Roman empire, the general condition of man was so much depressed, that whatever promised a transient forgetfulness of the evils of life must have been sought with avidity and realized with delight. The old pagan holidays were readily accepted as an excuse for relaxation; and, being baptised with a Christian appellation, and sanctified with Christian recollections, were observed with undiminished punctuality, during the long night which preceded the dawn of modern civilization. Even during the Cromwellian revolution, the people still resisted the ascetic spirit of the day, and clung with a fond regret to their miseltrees and their mince-pies, where they frankly rejected the surplice and the mitre. With the progress of refinement, however,—or rather, with the diffusion of comforts among the people; these customary rejoicings have very much fallen into disuse; and the last fifty years have done more for their abolition, than all the preachings of Calvinistic divines could ever effect. The reason is obvious. To those who habitually fare ill, a feast may be an object of importance; whereas it is regarded with loathing by those whose daily nourishment is palatable and sufficient. What, in fact, makes the Christmas plum-pudding so attractive to our infant gourmands, but the privations and hardships of school, from which they have just escaped? In times when salted mutton was the usual winter-fare, and garden vegetables were unknown luxuries, the Christmas turkey, roast beef, and pudding were sources of intense delight; but who in the present day, above the condition of abject poverty, looks to these objects, save as the ordinary instruments of sociality, served upon all occasions in decent abundance, and never required in the profusion of gluttony? This difference is still more decisive in respect to intellectual amusements. Every small town has now its theatre and its monthly assembly; and if his gracious Majesty, or the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, would not now find much amusement, in their “lords of misrule or masters of merry disports, ever contending who should make the rarest pastimes to delight the beholders,”—neither would their worthy subjects, the country puts, and the London cocknies, be more pleased with “mummers and morrice-dancers,” after a twelve-month’s satiety with Harlequin and Mr. Kean. Now-a-days the daily coach brings its newspaper to the remotest quarter of the kingdom; each month produces its magazine and review, and each quarter its half-dozen of new publications above the level of mediocrity, to cheer the winter’s fire-side; and even the students of the humble Mechanics Institution would stand little in need of traditional jokes and conventional antics as a refuge from *ennui*.

The extreme poor, it must be admitted, are no partakers in these luxuries; but there is no reason to suppose that at any period of society,

the extreme poor participated in Christmas festivities, beyond the small dole of food and flannel, which is still given to them by the Lady Bountifuls of the parish, as the "*mellis dulci flavoque liquor*," which induces the recipients to swallow their pious tracts and controversial discourses. To conciliate the rude but joyous festivity of the "olden times," with the every-day comforts and with the habits of calm reflection of the present age, is clearly impossible. The worn senses and practised imaginations of the civilized man will not lend themselves to periodical rejoicings, and to stated statutable amusement. We may observe the same fact in the different degrees of excitement produced by the carnival in the different Catholic countries where that festival is celebrated. The wretched populace of Rome still indulge in their old frantic extravagances; while in Paris the whole effort of the police can scarcely command the attention of the populace to the season, by the lifeless drabble-tailed masks that it disperses through the streets for their amusement.

It is a curious circumstance that while Mr. Leigh Hunt, in the *Examiner*, published his papers on Christmas in the interest of the humbler classes, Mr. Washington Irvine took the opposite side of the question. Mr. Irvine thinks Christmas admirable as a real saturnalia, as the season in which the feudal lord practises his well-simulated condescensions, the epoch of a cold and ostentatious charity, the time when the favourites of fortune sacrifice to Nemesis, and purchase the submission and gratitude of the poor by alleviating a little of that evil which the wisdom of the age now calls upon them to prevent *in toto*. Political economy does not exclaim to a race of degraded vassals, "*age, libertate Decembri utere*," take as a gift what you ought to obtain as the reward of your industry; it teaches not the poor to depend upon gratuitous pleasures and eleemosynary feasting; but demands that unrestricted freedom of labour which enables every man to provide for his own wants, and reduces abject poverty within the narrowest possible limits.

In his view of the thing Mr. Irvine is right, and Mr. Hunt clearly wrong. It would indeed be "a merrie time in Olde Englande" for the ultra-party, if they could, but succeed in persuading the people to return to that ignorance and privation which once gave such a charm to Christmas festivities, and made a fortnight's hilarity a great and important feature in the history of life. The lord of misrule, licentious and satirical as he might have been, was by no means so dangerous to legitimacy, as the president of a debating society; and the morrice-dancing fool with his bauble, was nothing near so expensive a means of amusing the people into quietness and subjection as many that exist for that purpose. But that the restoration is clearly impossible, it would have been doubtless attempted by our Ultras and Jacobites to bring in these ancient doings, with the rest of the old church and state machinery dragged from the dusty lumber of the property-room of the Holy Alliance; but, alas! like royal lyings-in-state, royal burials, royal coronations, and all other pageants prepared for the people to "shew their eyes and grieve their hearts," Christmas has lost its hold of the popular affections. So little indeed remains of these established fooleries, that very lately in Ireland (a Catholic nation too) when a parcel of morrice-dancers escaped from an isolated part of the country inhabited by the descendants of the Danes, and ventured into a civilized district, they were so

little known or understood, that they were taken up by the magistrates as Captain Rock's men, and committed to prison with as vigorous an activity as if they had been in reality a useful innovation.

This is much to be lamented. "Springs to catch woodcocks" was ever a favourite device with the partisans of legitimacy. "The Popes," says Selden, "in sending relics to princes, do as wenches do by their wassels on new year's tide. They present you with a cup, and you must drink of a slabby stuff; but the meaning is, you must give them money ten times more than it is worth." All this (*mutatis mutandis*) might be said in favour of the revival of Christmas: the people would gain a fortnight's frolic, and pay for it with a twelvemonth's subjection. It may, however, be some consolation to the parties affected, to know that there is no use without its abuse, and to learn that these convenient mystifications were sometimes turned against their authors. In Fabian's Chronicle we learn that in Henry the Fourth's time, upon such an occasion, "the Dukys of Aumarle, of Surrey, and of Exetyr, with the Earlys of Salesbury and of Gloucetyr, with other of their affynytic, made provysyon for a *disguysynge*, or a mummynge, to be shewyd to the kyng, upon twelfethe nyght; and the tyme was nere at hande and all thyng redy for the same. Upon the sayd twelfethe day, came secretlye unto the kyng the Duke of Aumarle, and shewyd him, that he with the other lordys aforesnamed were appointed to sle him in the tyme of the foresayde *disguysynge*, &c." This, it must be confessed, was no joke: and nothing can be harder than if the Emperor of Austria, escaping from the revolutionary propensities to science\* of his own subjects, and the Carbonari invasions of British tourists, political and literary, should some day fall a victim to an aristocratical *disguysynge*! Only conceive an Esterhazy and a Metternich engaged, not in the ordinary mummery of their calling, but going up and down the country concealing themselves, as Punch and Pantaloon. Fancy the "durchlauchtigste Fürst," that most transparent Prince Schwartzzenburgh, obscured beneath the garb of Pauliase, in a conspiracy to quicken the succession of the House of Hapsburg, or levying arms against his master under the semblance of Harlequin's sword. Such things, we have seen, in time past, and such things may be again; and if so, God give his imperial extinguishership "a good deliverance!" In the mean time, let the consideration have its weight and temper the repinings of all lovers of legitimacy after "mummynges and *disguysynge*s." For my own part at least, I would not give a pin to choose, whether I fell by the arm of a Jacobin, or was pinked through the lungs by an aristocratic conspirator; and if I was a king, much as I might regret the good old times, I should very readily dispense with the Dukys and Earlys who have disappeared with them. M.

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\* M. Pons, the astronomer, in Lucca, has been turned adrift in the Emperor's zeal for the suppression of science. He quitted Marseilles only at the urgent entreaties of Maria Louisa, to be astronomical professor at Lucca. He is well known in England. No charge of any kind has been made against this clever man: his removal is part of the Austrian system for preventing the progress of knowledge.



## STEAM.

— Magna veluti cum flamma sonore  
Virga suggeritur costis unda, ~~et~~ aheni,  
Exultantque æstu latices; fuit intus aquæ vis,  
Fumidus atque altè spumis exuberat amnis:  
Nec jam se capit unda: volat vapor ater ad auras.

A *Sors Virgiliana*, drawn on board a Steam-boat, in the  
passage from Dover to Boulogne, in 1823.

NEVER did wight, in ancient days,  
Of such sublime discoveries dream  
As Watt:—be his, then, all the praise  
Who taught us first the power of Steam.  
The hundred-hand Briareus' power  
To us no power at all would seem;  
Watt's hundred-horse one, in an hour,  
Can do the work of years with Steam.  
Would Archimedes, or Alphonso\*  
(Whose science led him to blaspheme,)  
So long with levers have gone on so,  
If they had guess'd the strength of Steam?  
Up comes a river from the mine,  
Exhausted its obstructing stream,  
And metals glow, and diamonds shine—  
The rich and rare results of Steam.  
On Delia's arm, on Chloe's breast,  
Gems, cheap as Bristol stones, will beam;  
O'erflowing be the miser's chest,  
With gold produced, and coin'd by Steam.  
Profoundest speculators puzzling,  
Well might it cause surprise extreme  
To learn that Hindoos wear our muslin,  
Wove, and embroider'd too, by Steam.  
To India in two months you'll sail,  
Should not the world-contracting scheme,  
For want of funds or fuel fail,  
The *primum mobiles* of Steam.  
What did the awkward ancients know  
Of navigation? Their Trireme  
Three knots an hour could scarcely row;  
A dozen we can run with Steam.  
That Frenchmen vapour well we know;  
But, in that faculty supreme,  
We clearly our advantage shew,  
By vapouring, as we do, with Steam.  
Brunel performs his tasks with ease,  
Though woefully his engines scream;  
Iron and blocks he cuts like cheese—  
Such wonders does *he* work with Steam!  
Five hundred balls, per minute, shot,  
Our foes in fight must kick the beam;  
Let Perkins only boil his pot,  
And he'll destroy them all by Steam.

\* Alphonso the Tenth, King of Castile and Leon, who said, "Give me matter and motion, and I'll make you a world."

But warlike arts now much less thought on,  
 Since those of peace we better deem,  
 We shall contend for silk and cotton,  
 And try who most can do by Steam.  
 Our fruits and flowers we need not owe  
 To sunshine; for, without a gleam,  
 Our fruits and flowers are made to grow  
 Luxuriant now by genial Steam.  
 All stoves and chimneys superseded,  
 The aspect south, and solar beam,  
 To warm your house there's nothing needed  
 But circling tubes to spread your Steam.  
 The newspapers your breakfast bless,  
 No dinner-talk unless you see 'em  
 Ten thousand, says the Times, our press  
 Strikes off in three short hours by Steam.  
 M<sup>c</sup>Adam, who such feats has done,  
 That we a statue should decree him,  
 Will see along our railways run  
 Stage-coaches hissing hot with Steam.  
 The horse and ox we want not now  
 To furnish out a set or team,  
 For we shall travel, cart, and plow,  
 Faster, and cheaper far, by Steam.  
 Your linen you may wash and dry  
 In Surrey, somewhere near to Cheam  
 The Washer-women's Company  
 Perform the process there by Steam  
 Tailors, no doubt, a coat will make,  
 As shoes are made without a seam \*,  
 Five minutes hardly will it take,  
 If they should do the job by Steam.  
 Abridged will be your household cares;  
 You'll skim your milk, and churn your cream,  
 And mend, believe me, your affairs  
 With this your steady servant Steam.  
 And if a spendthrift you have been,  
 Your income you may soon redeem,  
 As, from your bills, it will be seen  
 How good a manager is Steam.  
 Instead of incubation, ovens  
 Th' Egyptians hold in great esteem;  
 But why not hatch (the addled slovens!)  
 Their chicks, as we do ours, by Steam?  
 You've only to put on the pot,  
 You'll roast your pig, and boil your bream,  
 And have your dinner hot and hot,  
 So excellent a cook is Steam!  
 Physicians out of date will grow,  
 And you will rarely have to see 'em;  
 To Mahomet† at once you'll go,  
 Who'll set you all to rights by Steam.

\* At Battersea Bridge.

† At Brighton.

Our debt and taxes will be paid,  
 (This seems indeed a case extreme,)  
 And all you wish and want be made  
 By the omnipotence of Steam.

Dull as a post unless you be,  
 As Homer blind, or Polypheme,  
 From what I 've said, you'll clearly see  
 How much we owe to Watt and Steam.

No Muse have I had to invoke,  
 For so felicitous my theme,  
 That, certain as the piston's stroke,  
 Up comes some lucky rhyme to Steam.

My poem only fills a sheet,  
 Though I could spread it o'er a ream;  
 But keep my secret—be discreet—  
 'Tis manufactured all by Steam.

## LONDON LETTERS TO COUNTRY COUSINS.—NO. II.

*The Horse Bazaar.*

It is lucky for all parties, my dear Frank, that the proposed family visit to our Wen, as Cobbet calls it, is to be deferred for a year or so; for the inevitable consequence of your coming up just now could scarcely fail to be fatal to the sight-seeing propensities of all of us, since it would assuredly have the effect of restricting our daily rambles to the following routine—namely, from the hotel in the Adelphi, to King Street, Portman Square, and back again. I have always understood that you have no objection to your own way, whatever the matter may be. But in an affair of horses, I have good reason to know that you *will* have it. In short, where two or three horses are congregated, you must be in the middle of them; and here, on the above-named spot, we have just established a Mart for horses, and all other matters thereunto belonging, which will, I think, satisfy even *your* notions of the comparative claims of that noblest of animals. They say “England is the hell of horses.” If I concede this proposition, it must be in return for another which shall admit that, if it is the hell of horses, it includes (like the hell of the ancients) their Elysium also: for if there is no country in the world where horses (as well as every other living thing) are occasionally treated so cruelly, there is none where so many and such well-adapted means are taken to make them comfortable and happy. Sir Philip Sidney, in relating an interview he once had with an Italian professor of the art of riding on horseback, (as if, Frank, *an Italian*, or any but an Englishman—*some* would say a Yorkshireman—could by possibility know any thing about the matter!) describes this gentleman as so extremely eloquent on the merits of his and your favourite quadruped, that he (Sir Philip) “if he had not been a piece of a logician, should have wished himself a horse.” Now this I will venture to predict, Frank,—that if you, *not* being “a piece (even the smallest) of a logician,” should venture into London but one day before you arrive at “years of discretion,” and should once set your foot within the gates of the new Horse Bazaar,

you will not merely *wish* yourself a horse, but *fancy* yourself one, in effect; and I doubt whether ~~you~~ will not insist on instantly *installing* yourself within the walls of this equestrian palace accordingly.

Seriously, Frank, (for horses, I take it, are subjects on which you do not admit the propriety of joking,) you will be delighted to hear that we have at length got an establishment among us, worthy of that supreme reputation which we now so justly enjoy throughout the civilized world, as breeders, trainers, feeders, and riders of horses. In fact, this reputation is our one sole and unrivalled boast. When you hear people prate of our English liberty, you may take down the map, and shew them America and Switzerland. If they hint at our English riches, you may repeat to them the figures which make up the amount of that parallel at once to the plagues and the pyramids of Egypt, the national debt—as burthensome as the one, and as eternal as the other. If they hector of our English courage, you may venture to call in question *their* particular portion of it, without any danger of being obliged to tax your own. Nay, if they should even insist on the supremacy of our English beauties, you may (provided there happen to be neither examples nor antitheses of them present) ask if they ever spent a summer in Normandy. But if, baffled at all these points of national vanity, they inquire whether our English horses and riders, and all that concerns them, are equalled in the world besides, or ever were since the world began, you may fairly and joyfully give up the point. And I should be glad to know what nation ever reached *perfection* in more than one great point, or what *two* nations ever reached it in the *same* point? Or, to go still further, what nation ever *did* reach perfection in any one point, except the ancient Greeks in sculpture, and the modern English in the management of horses! Unless we are to include the French in cooking,—and (according to their own account) in every thing else!

Not to keep you any longer within that pleasing atmosphere of suspense which, you know, I am so apt to cast around the outward portico of my letters, let me now penetrate through it, and proceed to my subject at once; or rather, to *your* subject: for such it is, truly *par excellence*. Fancy yourself, then—by the by, I beg you will consider the following description as being even more deeply tinged with rose colour than mine usually are; otherwise I'm afraid that instead of *fancying* yourself, you will actually, within a week from this present writing, feel and find yourself, in your own improper person, in presence of the scene described—to the entire discomfiture of all the prospective plans in contemplation of which these pleasant epistles have been undertaken:—for the present, therefore, pray be content to fancy yourself in front of a great upright gateway, cut through the centre of a range of buildings which forms *one* side of King Street, Portman Square, and consists of the common dwelling-houses of that street. This outward face of the Horse Bazaar is as plain as brick and mortar can make it, and is scarcely distinguished from the rest of the street, except by the gateway I have just mentioned. You need no direction, however, to the immediate spot; for all about it, especially on Wednesdays and Saturdays, are stanhopes, tilburies, a cabriolet or so, and some led horses, always in attendance on the parties within; and just about the wicket you may generally see two or three knowing hands,

loitering about listlessly, in green single-breasted coats, drab or white corduroys, and cloth boot-tops; and whose movements I would have, not *you*, being Yorkshire, but every body else beware: for report says (with what truth I do not pretend to know) that even here an ignorant person may chance to buy horses and experience at the same time.

It must be confessed that there is one thing to be said in favour of the absolute no-pretension of our English style of architecture: you cannot accuse it of making promises that it does not fulfil. In Paris a splendid portico, running half-way up the house, and jutting out half across the street, is as likely as not to usher you into a paltry perruquier's shop twelve feet by twelve. Here, on the contrary, a plain gateway, cut through a plain brick frontage, rendered still more plain by a little stucco, ushers you, through a narrow dark passage, into a great square court, open to the sky above, and bounded on the four sides by the spacious buildings which form part of this really admirable establishment. As I know that nothing will keep you from coming up by the mail incontinently, on the receipt of this, unless I can in the course of it contrive to place you, in imagination, on the spot I am describing,—I had better try to do so at once, before I proceed to more important matters. Be pleased then to pass, arm in arm with me, through the narrow covered entry I have just mentioned—the wicket of which, by the by, is attended by what seems to be a dragoon, in a military cloak, cap, &c.—but this is only the porter, dressed in the costume, or livery of the place:—a little bit of quackery not exactly worthy of so almost *national* an undertaking as this: though I dare say some very specious reasons, apart from mere appearance, might be given for the adoption of this uniform dress by all the underlings engaged in the place. It is a bit of quackery nevertheless. But no matter. Passing through this gateway, let us stop at the verge of the great quadrangle, and look about us. Opposite to the point of entrance rises the principal elevation, the lower story of which consists of an archway projecting a little, and flanked by wings extending to the sides of the square, and pierced at the upper part by low open arches. Above this is a range of lofty windows running the whole length of this side. And above the centre rises a clock tower, surmounted by a vane. The lower of these ranges consists of the Riding-house; and the upper, of the great sporting Subscription-room. The sides of the court, to our right and left as we now stand, consist of low uniform ranges, of one story, with shelving roofs overhanging the front walls, and forming a sheltered walk on each side the square. These buildings comprise the principal ranges of stabling, and above them, the principal standing for carriages. They are each pierced, at uniform distances, by two archways, which lead to other ranges of stabling. To complete our view of the square, we may pass into the centre of it, and look back upon that side at which we entered—which consists merely of the arch of entrance, flanked by spacious glazed entrances on each side,—that on the right opening into the clerks' offices, and that on the left to the vestibule leading to the saddlery department: while each extremity of this side is bounded by a small arch leading to the staircase by which you reach the extensive carriage standings. Passing out of the great square through the arch opposite to that at

which we entered, we find ourselves in a capital Riding-house, extending the whole length of one side of the square; and crossing that, we again pass through a small arched way, and enter that department of the establishment where the Auction takes place. This consists of an avenue, running parallel with the Riding-house, but of greater length, and covered in about half way by a cast-iron skylight. This show-yard is partly bounded by ranges of stabling, and partly by the public coffee-rooms,—the windows of which look down upon the spot where the auction is taking place.—Passing up a narrow flight of stairs, and through these coffee-rooms, (of which there are three,) we shall find ourselves in the most striking part of this altogether unique establishment. This is the carriage department,—occupying three entire sides of the square, and consisting of an uninterrupted range of galleries entirely filled with carriages of every description, placed in double and treble rows, and with an eye to the most perfect uniformity of appearance.—The remaining side of the square, on a level with these galleries, is occupied by the sadlery department.

You have now, Frank, a general notion of the mere *locale* of this singular place. And am I to apologize for the dry description which has conveyed it to you? or am I rather to expect your chiding for not having carried it still more into detail? Waiting your reply on these important points, I proceed to put life and motion into the above scene; which has hitherto been one of perfectly still life.—The only animated thing we have yet seen is the porter at the gate of entrance. Let us now turn from the building to its inhabitants. We will suppose our visit to be paid on an auction day—Wednesday or Saturday; and an hour or so before the sale begins. The *cortège* outside we have noticed on entering. The first persons that attract attention within are the underlings of the establishment, looking all alike—in white duck trowsers, blue spencer jackets, and blue foraging caps with white bands and top-knots. These are passing to and fro in all directions, upon their various duties, and all as silent as the members of a Carthusian convent. Indeed the first general observation, that will strike you on visiting this place, will be the singular stillness and decorum with which every thing is conducted. There is not a sound to be heard, but the tramp of horses' feet, and their sudden stopping,—the loud single *smack* of a whip at intervals, from the spots where horses are out on show—and the occasional opening and shutting of stable doors:—no calling and shouting to one another—no noisy sportings, jokings, or ribaldry—no quarrelling, and swearing.—But you cannot conceive of all this, in what, as you will say, can be but a great *stable-yard* after all.—I must explain it to you, by an item from the rules and regulations of the place—which are included in a printed prospectus of fourteen quarto pages. "*No liquor is allowed to enter the bazaar.*"—You need seek for no other explanation of the mystery. A set of English ostlers and grooms would as soon think of talking without a tongue, as without liquor to set it in motion.

Your next general observation here will refer to the class of persons who visit the establishment as customers. In England the persons who particularly interest themselves about horses, consist of three distinct classes, the individuals of each of which have as marked and peculiar an *air* about them, for those who are quicksighted in such

matters, as if they wore a distinct costume. The first of these classes consists of the young bloods of family and fashion, chiefly military, with whom an acquaintance with horses is only one (though the principal) among their many personal accomplishments.—The second class consists of those of various ranks in life, from the highest to the secondary part of the middle, whose passion for horses absorbs and supersedes all others.—The third class consists of those truly knowing hands, who live by administering to the fancies and inclinations of the two former.

You'll find that the company at the Horse Bazaar consists almost entirely of the above three classes; and when you've been half as long "about town" as I have, you'll be able to distinguish an individual of each of them by his mere air, as well as if you could look into his heart or his pocket-book. The two last, indeed, have an express costume, that is scarcely at all amenable to the decrees of fashion, and has undergone very little change as long as I can remember—none at all indeed, with a single exception appertaining to the apparel of the legs—which we shall have occasion to notice hereafter.—The first class, however, is much too fanciful to answer the above description. It does not keep in the same mind for more than a season together, even in regard to the class of animal it chooses to patronize, or the mode in which it should be used;—now running all upon bony hunters—now scorning to be borne by any thing but full blood—and now infinitely contemptuous towards any thing but the managed graces of an ambling Arabian or a Spanish Jennet. These high-bred persons are scarcely less fickle, too, in the affair of horsemanship—patronizing the hunting seat, the military seat, and the knowing or slang seat by turns,—just as the *leader* of the season happens to be affected at the commencement of it. We can scarcely expect, then, that they should be less fanciful in regard to the attire of their own proper persons.

As you do not pretend to be a Londoner as yet, Frank, and as these Letters are intended to be London ones exclusively, and to meddle with those matters alone which cannot be learned elsewhere,—suppose I instruct you a little as to the distinguishing characteristics of each of the above classes of persons, by pointing out to your attention the best specimen we can find of each of them.—Look at that stable-door on the left, which has just opened to emit from within that sprig of English nobility. But let us not use any epithets in regard to him that can be construed contemptuously; for contempt is the last feeling his mere appearance is calculated to excite; and it is *that* alone about which we are concerning ourselves. In fact,

"His port I love—he looks as if  
He'd chide the thunder if at him it roar'd."

The truth is, that our young nobility of the present day are very noble-looking persons, and that their manners and habits, as well as their appearance, have undergone a striking change for the better, within a very few years: with their morals, of course, you and I have nothing to do; those we leave to their mammas. It was the fashion, a short time ago, to tax them with effeminacy; and is so still among a certain class of inquirers,—as if *that* were not the very last fault that can fairly be laid to their charge. Why even you, Frank, will be surprised, and perhaps pleased to learn, that a soft hand is a mere vulgarity now-a-days, and that the *real* thing is to ride on horseback without gloves!

But let us return to our example of the first class of company who frequent the Horse Bazaar. With what an air he stands—looking down upon the man he is addressing—(for it is *the fashion* to be six feet high—his little earlship of U——e nevertheless notwithstanding)—yet without the slightest assumption of superiority; for why should he “assume a virtue” which he possesses? And with what an air of half-assumed, half-sincere deference the man who is listening to his orders looks up to him. I would bet odds, by the air of each, that a bargain has been struck between them, and that *both* know that the buyer has been taken in. Not that the horse is a bad one; for the lord is likely to know pretty nearly as much about that matter as the jockey. But he has given a score or so of pounds more than if he had chosen to wait for the public sale. But what matter? He has a *fancy* for the horse; and he *will* have it. And as for the price, *that* will only enable him, if he shouldn’t happen to like it, the better to oblige his young friend from Oxford, who wants “exactly such a horse!” But we are digressing. Observe his head—you shall not see a finer in a long summer’s day; and you shall not see the like of it any where but in England, and in this class of English life. True, there is not, in the face, the elevation of the poet, or the thoughtfulness of the sage, or the piercing sagacity of the statesman and philosopher. But there are the rudiments of all these; and (what is worth them all) that fine placidity which cannot consist with them, and which results from that truly philosophic indifference which nobody has ever found out the secret of so fully as our modern English men of pleasure. You’ll say I’m getting sententious, Frank. The truth is, I’ve a real respect for the class of persons I’m describing, and think them as superior to the “men of pleasure about town” in the time of Charles and Anne, as the entire want of pretence and petit-maitreship is to the presence of these. They think that they *might have been* any thing that they had pleased: in which they are pretty right;—for most of them have fine natural capacities. And they think that they *are* just what they wish to be, because what they think best; and in this they are pretty right too. Why, then, should they pretend to be other than they are? I mean they are right for the present, while their high blood is in its full heat and heyday. They are destined to become distinguished statesmen, hereafter, perhaps; and if so, Heaven knows they had need enjoy themselves a little, while they may. But I’m sacrificing the costume to the character; which is against all rule. The dress of the class of persons I am now describing was never better adapted to its purpose than now;—that purpose being to enable the wearer to look entirely different from all other classes of people, without any one being able to point out from what that difference arises. And *this*, you are to know, is the criterion of a well-dressed man. He shall have on apparel of exactly the *same description* as that worn by fifty other persons, who shall meet him in the course of the morning; not one of which fifty shall doubt that he is the best-dressed man they have seen; and not one of them shall observe that he is, in fact, dressed *the same* as they themselves are. What is there conspicuous in a perfectly plain blue frock coat, buttoned up to the throat, a black silk handkerchief, with scarcely any of the white collar seen above it, and a pair of almost black trowsers, cut off straight round the boot, and strapped tight under it? This is the costume of the person I am describing. And yet



there is an *air distingué* about it, which not all the ruffs, velvet, and point-devices of Charles's time could give. You will tell me, perhaps, that it is the wearer makes all the difference. But here you are mistaken. I do not mean to say that if you take as fine a mere *person* as the one before us out of the ranks of the Life Guards, and put these very clothes upon him, he will look like a man of fashion; any more than the man of fashion would look like a life-guardsman in *his* clothes: for each has a *knack* of putting on and of wearing his things "with a difference." But I must insist that the chief and almost the entire merit of the mere appearance of the former (leaving his air and mode of moving out of the question) depends on the *artists* he employs. There is something about a coat of Stultz, that no one else can achieve; and that no one acquainted with such matters can mistake, whether he sees it on the back of a boor or a Brummel. It is the same with the boots, hat, &c. In short, the only article of dress which depends entirely on the practical skill of the wearer, is the neckcloth: for the ready-formed French stock—which is probably by this time beginning to penetrate to those "uttermost parts of the earth" which *you* inhabit—has long since been exploded here, and is now the very climax of cockney vulgarity.

I'm afraid, Frank, I am expending more time on this young Lord than you will think him worth. Let us at once turn to a specimen of our second class of Bazaar company; which you will understand and appreciate much better;—being yourself, if I am rightly informed, no unfavourable example of the parallel class in Yorkshire. Your true London horse-fancier is the most *exclusive* person in the world, in all that he thinks, feels, looks, says, and does. It is, however, with his looks alone that we are to concern ourselves at present. He is almost always "a light weight,"—consequently small, compact, and what is called *dapper* in his figure. His face good-humoured, healthy (for a Londoner), and notwithstanding its somewhat vacant look, yet always shrewd, watchful, and knowing. His present costume is a single-breasted bottle green coat,—in length, or rather in shortness, approaching to a jacket,—with pockets on the hips to admit his hands when they are not otherwise employed, [which they seldom are except when the bridle is in them,] an outside waistcoat of buff kersey, with covered buttons, or of buff toilinett striped with blue and green, and an under-waistcoat, sometimes two, of some bright fancy pattern and colour; breeches made very loose and short, either of white or buff cord, or of a light drab kersey slightly tinged with green, and covered buttons; jockey boots made very long, so as to wrinkle down, and with a very short top, or in place of this latter a modern innovation (not yet countenanced by the best specimens of this class) consisting of a short piece of light-coloured Kersey to button on where the boot-top would otherwise be. Add to this, long plated spurs, loosely put on so as to admit of their inclining downwards instead of sticking bolt out like a postilion's; a neckcloth usually of some fancy *shawl* pattern, put on wide, so as to go into folds; a hat rather lower in the crown than the common run, and smaller towards the top; and lastly, an ash stick, quite straight, with the exception of an artificial hook for the hand. All this, Frank, you will, I dare say, understand well enough; for I suppose it does not much differ from your own Doncaster costume.

The last class of persons we shall encounter here in any noticeable numbers, consists of the knowing hands to whom I pointed your attention as we were entering the place. Their costume need not be described, because it varies but little, except in a want of precision, from that of the preceding class; of which in fact they are but a variation after all—many of them having formerly belonged to that class, and purchased that experience there which enables them to retail it back again to the rising generation of the said class. The only striking difference between the members of these two classes is observable in their faces—those of the latter having usually a something about them which cannot be mistaken—a mixture of shrewd cunning and seeming carelessness, steeped all over in what, for want of a better word, I must call *slang*—which cannot be met with any where else. The air, half-familiar, half-respectful, with which one of these persons comes up to a probable customer,—with his left hand in his hip pocket, his right hand swishing with a bit of ash the inside of his right boot, and his eyes casting down a sidelong glance at the operation,—announces to him that he has “just picked up the nicest little mare in England, &c.” I say, the air with which he does all this is a unique thing, and one which even you, Frank, can have no notion of till you see it. It is *peculiar* to a London horsedealer; and the coarse, clumsy, clodhopping cunning of your York lads (though perhaps quite as effective) is vulgar in comparison. If one is to be taken in, by all means let it be done with an air.

But we have only just left ourselves time to go through the stables, before the auction begins. The management of the stables, like all the rest of the arrangements appertaining to this fine horse-market, is cleanliness, and propriety itself. But I suppose I must not detain you with any detail of this; for you'll not admit that we Londoners can teach you any thing on *this* point; and if we pretend to it, will not be easy till we have paid a visit to some of the racing and hunting stables in your own Riding. Suffice it that here are stalls for nearly four hundred horses, and standings (not in sheds and out-houses, but in galleries *au premier*) for five hundred carriages; and that the whole are so arranged that you can in a moment learn all the particulars concerning them, by applying in the office, and that *any* person may so apply at any hour of the day, and have any of the horses shewn out and tried before him, or try them himself, without fee or reward.

Finally,—and this is the principal feature of the establishment, and that which, if strictly adhered to, would entitle it to supersede all other modes of horse-marketing,—every thing is done by commission; so that the interest of the seller is confined to his per centage on the price of the thing sold. To be sure, the tongue of scandal (which will not admit that immaculate virtue is to be found even among horse-dealers) does say—and so I must say it after her—without however answering for its truth—that some of the, so called, “SALESMEN” (see the prospectus which I send you) are no other than, not “Knights Templars in disguise,” but owners of the horses which they are employed, by themselves, to shew.

“If it be so—and so 'tis put on me,  
And that is the way of caution,”

why I'm sorry for it, and there's no more to be said.

It only remains, Frank, to introduce you to Mr. George Young, the ostensible projector, proprietor, manager, and multum in parvo of this model of horse-markets. And where can I do so to better advantage than as he occupies his auctioneer's throne, and wields his little ivory sceptre, on his Wednesday and Saturday levee days? Behold him, then, standing in his pulpit, (which, by the way, has the demerit of reminding one a little too much of Punch's perambulating theatre,) at the farther end of the avenue where the sale takes place:—his person not unlike that of his great predecessor in plans—that prince of projectors—Napoleon; with the exception, however, of his face, which is as little imperial or imperious as can well be, and pleasant in proportion. He is about to “offer to your attention lot 32,” and this is the mode in which he does it:—“Now, gentlemen, my instructions are to offer you this Bay Gelding as six years old, quiet to ride, quiet in harness, and warranted sound. Go down!” the stableman—*ostlers* are exploded, runs him down the avenue, and back again; and just as he's turning, the whole yard rings with the never-failing *smack!* of the attendant's whip at the opposite end. “Gently with him! Now, gentlemen, what price will you name for the bay?—Is he worth sixty?—Sixty guineas for the bay?—Fifty-five?—Fifty?—No one say fifty? Young—quiet to ride—in harness—sound. Forty-five? Go down again.”—“Five and thirty's bid—six—seven—eight—forty—go down at forty—*there's* action and courage, gentlemen—forty-one—good colour, good condition—forty-two—three—four—forty-four guineas—that horse ought to carry a light weight to hounds—forty-four—five—forty-five—he's a well-bred 'un too—forty-five—no one say more than forty-five?—The hammer's up at forty-five. Forty-six—run him down once more at forty-six.—Young, quiet, sound, and forty-six guineas are bid for him—forty-six—the hammer's up at forty-six—for you, sir, at forty-six.”

I have nothing more to add, Frank, but that this extensive establishment is under the immediate management of a multiplicity of “managers,” (see the Pros. again); who are themselves under the immediate management of the above-named supreme manager; who, if report speaks truth, is himself under the immediate management of another manager still more supreme, who stands behind the throne, but, being rather tall, is not quite concealed by it, and who need not wish to be concealed while he himself consents to be managed by the Magna Charta which he has so wisely, not to say concisely, laid down, in the form of fourteen closely printed quarto pages; and who, moreover, may henceforth, for more reasons than one, and in particular for the extensive influence he contrives to exercise over his various subjects, without being ever seen by them, take upon himself the arms, style, and title of KING “MAB.”

Ever your's,

TERENCE TEMPLETON.

## GOOD NEWS FOR THE LADIES.

"What fire is in my ears!—can this be true?"—SHAKESPEARE.

NOTHING is so provoking as the *nonchalance* with which certain phlegmatic animals of the male species occasionally receive a piece of news which appears to the narrator of the last interest and importance. When Charles the Twelfth of Sweden was told by his Secretary that a bomb had fallen close to them, he merely enquired what that circumstance had to do with the subject upon which they were writing; and when a friend ran into Budé's study to inform him his house was on fire, he coolly exclaimed—"You had better tell my wife, for I never meddle in domestic affairs." Thus have I been running the whole morning up Regent-street and down Bond-street, seizing my acquaintance by the button-hole, and pouring into their ears the glad tidings that the affairs of the Opera-house were arranged, and that it would infallibly open in February; when, if I might judge by their inert and stolid countenances, I might as well have revealed to them the marvellous fact that the citizen's shops would be shut on the ensuing Sunday. Looking to the signs of the times, and the spirit of the age, recollecting that we are no longer stunned with horns as we walk along the streets, and the hoarse vociferation of "Great news, bloody news!"—adverting to the fact that the Morning Post can no longer issue a third edition to inform the public that the important intelligence contained in the second had been ascertained to be totally destitute of foundation, I did certainly expect, in this dearth of stimulating novelties, to elicit a more goggle-eyed amazement in the look, and more ecstatic interjections in the speech of my button-detained auditors. But the plodders had no music in their souls, and were consequently absorbed in the stratagems and plots of the club and gaming-houses of the West, or the gold mines of the East, receiving my revelation with that sort of "very glad to hear it," which like the "very glad to see you" of people who hurry past you in the street, is rather significant of their being still more glad to get away from you.

Very different was my greeting, when, upon perceiving Lady Charlotte ——'s carriage at Owen's door, I communicated to her, and her friend of the Spanish olive complexion and glossy ringlets, the welcome tidings. What an eager and delighted audience I instantly obtained! with what a sparkling and kindling vivacity they interrogated me! with what a bustle of animated glee they hurried off to spread the joyous news, and take instant measures for securing the best boxes! To men in general the Opera is neither a business nor an amusement: to women it is both. The modern hours and habits of society keep the votaries of fashion in such a whirl and vortex of dissipation, that the males have really no time for making love, or any thing but hasty calls; while the distressed damsels, as they hurry from rout to rout, catch more colds than husbands, and are for ever getting on without once getting off. Almack's, from its jealous exclusiveness, is notoriously unfavourable to match-making; and though our clubs have multiplied, they no longer give such crowded balls, that a fortunate nymph, like the beautiful Lady ——, may hope to obtain a titled husband by having his foot thrust through her silver muslin gown. Many of the fair dancers at White's envied her that lucky accident at the moment: perhaps they

may be now congratulating themselves upon their escape! The Opera, or at least the *crush-room*, which we are happy to inform our fair readers has been diminished with a view to their special inconvenience, will at least afford a sufficient want of accommodation to justify many hymeneal rencontres of the same nature; and the theatre itself uniting both publicity and privacy as each may be required, the loll from the front of a pit circle-box to chat with a succession of beaux, or the lounge at the back in a palpitating *tête-à-tête* with the favoured one, has ever been considered productive of as many marriages off the stage as on it. Who indeed with the provocatives of melting music, winged hymens, and rosy Cupids, bewitching ladies' looks and still more fascinating *badinage*, would not feel himself irresistibly prompted to commit matrimony? Not I for one; and so I shall in all probability say on the very first night of performance.

We feel not a little gratified at having it in our power to divulge a few theatrical secrets as to the plans and prospects of the approaching season, relying upon the customary discretion of our fair readers that they shall not go any further, and convinced as we are that the management of the new directors will finally silence all cavils and competition. As to the hacknied objection that the dialogue is in a language which few understand, and still fewer can distinctly hear, it is sufficient to answer with the gloomy Cromwell—"So much the better, for whatever is in an unknown tongue cannot corrupt the morals of the people;" a praise by the by which cannot be conceded to the Beggars Opera, Tom and Jerry, and similar abominations. In vain may Pope exclaim, in allusion to the approaching reign of Dulness—

"Already Opera prepares the way,  
The sure forerunner of her gentle sway:  
Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,  
And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before!"

To this unmeaning spleen of a bard who had either no ears or very long ones, may be opposed Voltaire's praise of that entertainment:

"Ou les beaux vers, la danse, la musique,  
L'art de tromper les yeux par les couleurs,  
L'art plus heureux de séduire les cœurs;  
De cent plaisirs font un plaisir unique."

But a truce to the bards whose talent is in their heads, and come we to their saltatory rivals who achieve immortality by their heels. The success of the opera is now rendered certain by a very simple expedient—that of shortening the petticoats and lengthening the dances. No bishop will be admitted unless he can give security for not objecting to any increase of his see, and prove himself not to be under petticoat government. A committee of six knights of the garter are to have the regulation of this delicate matter, with power to fix the *ne plus ultra* of the muslin skirt, as well as the diaphaneity of the material. To meet the great demand for *pirouettes* of longer continuance, figures dressed like dancers will be made to spin round by means of machinery, until the conclusion of the piece; and to gratify the rage for extraordinary jumps, Signor Kangaroo from Piedmont has undertaken to leap so high, that he shall not come down again until the audience particularly desire it.

Every one has read of the celebrated chorus in *Berenice*, an opera

brought out at Padua, which consisted of one hundred virgins, one hundred soldiers, one hundred horsemen in iron armour, forty cornets of horse, six trumpeters on horseback, six drummers, six ensigns, six sackbuts, six great flutes, six minstrels playing on Turkish instruments, six others on octave flutes, six pages, three serjeants, six cymbalists, twelve huntsmen, twelve grooms, six coachmen for the triumph, six others for the procession, two lions led by two Turks, two elephants by two others, and sundry two and four legged and nondescript beings to complete the list of the choristers. With the exception of the hundred virgins, which number for particular reasons they will be obliged materially to reduce, the committee propose to rival this celebrated display; and whereas Handel availed himself of kettle-drums and the firing of artillery, it is their intention to introduce upon the stage a company of Macadamisers, breaking up real stones with *bonâ fide* hammers, and to terminate with the explosion of two gasometers. If Amphion built up stones by music, it is surely allowable to break them to pieces to the same accompaniment; and men may easily be found to risk their lives in managing the explosion, if they be properly encouraged by small annuities, to be doubled in case of death.

It has been thought by some that Handel pushed imitative harmony too far when he attempted to suggest by sound the creation of light and the mercy of Heaven, as well as the hopping of frogs and the buzzing of flies; while in Joshua he has endeavoured by the harmony of one long-extended note to express the arresting the great luminary of the universe, or in other words to make the audience hear the sun stand still. But the committee have engaged a composer who pledges himself to surpass all these exploits, and not only set a tooth-ache to music in such a manner that every one shall instantly recognise it as acutely as if it were in his own jaw, but distinctly to impress upon the ear the hypotenuse of a triangle, and excite a very lively impression, by sound alone, of the peculiar smell of the shape of a drum.

The lion in Hydaspes, that fought and fell to the accompaniment of the orchestra, has received his meed of praise in the thirteenth number of the Spectator; and a recent writer relates that in the Opera-house of San Moise at Venice, he heard the famous David sing a bravura during his combat with the Cretan Minotaur, towards the conclusion of which the monster expired. This song was constantly encored, and the Minotaur as constantly revived without ceremony, and fought and died over again, with increased vigour and proportionate acclamations. This too, admirable as it unquestionably is, will be eclipsed in a forthcoming serious opera, the name of which we are not at liberty to reveal, but from one of the passages we have, as a special favour, been kindly allowed to make a diminutive extract.

The scene represents a dark wood in all the murkiness of midnight, which will however be rendered distinctly visible from all parts of the house by means of additional lamps.—(*Adagio movement to express that the moon is behind a cloud, but may shortly be expected to rise.*) Enter Florello—whose speech we have translated into English for the benefit of country readers.

"No sound is heard." (*Trombones, bassoons, &c. growl their lowest notes to imitate the profundity and depth of the silence.*)

"No human form I see," (*Here he stares earnestly at a numerous*

and fashionable audience, who confirm his assertion with bravos and clapping of hands.)

"I falter—faint—my breath begins to flag." (*Wind instruments to suggest his deficiency of breath, and express his want of expression.*)

"With two stiletos in my heart I lie." (*Adagio movement in F and G sharp: Florello puts his hand to his heart, and draws two sighs, but not one of the daggers. He rises—falls back against the stump of a tree, and the music expresses that he has torn his inexpressibles.*)

"Unseen:" (*Rubadub-dub*) "Unheard:" (*Tantara-ra*) "Alone"—(*Jang-jung-crash*)—"I die—die—die!" (*Diminuendo—Tweedledum! Tweedledum! Tweedledum! twee—wee—ee!!!*) And so the music and the hero die away together.

As this exquisitely pathetic scene will doubtless be encored, the second symphony is made to imitate the application of galvanism to the unfortunate defunct, who rises in the most natural convulsions, recommences, and comes to his end *da capo*; and as there is reason to apprehend that the whole of Fop's Alley will be delivered of a wailful whimper and simultaneous snivel, which might endanger the baldheads, of the fiddlers, women will be stationed in the pit with white cambric lachrymatories, to exchange for those which have become saturated with the tender tears of sympathy. Cafarelli said, that if Farinelli had not been *de facto* the prime minister of Spain, he well deserved it, for his voice was inimitable; and we maintain of our composer, that if he be not created first lord of the admiralty, he richly merits that station, for he is the first of imitative harmonists. Should any of the public fall asleep during the performance of his opera, it will be additional proof of his powers as a composer; and should they do the same while reading this paper, or be tempted to ejaculate "What stuff! what nonsense!" they are respectfully informed that the writer, who is not less loyal than musical, has no wish to realise the assertion of Pope:

"That soon, ah soon, rebellion will commence,  
If music meanly borrows aid from sense."

## GRIMM'S GHOST.

### LETTER XXII.

#### Meeting the same People.

Colonel Nightingale sat in deep meditation in his drawing-room in Albemarle-street, pondering over the Morning Chronicle, and endeavouring to comprehend the merits of the suits and cross-suits Waters v. Ebers, and *vice versa*, and Benelli v. the same, and *vice versa*: not to mention a host of Garcia's, De Begnis', and Signor Di Giovanni's similarly circumstanced. "And so it seems," said his lady, who at the same time perused the Morning Post, "that the annual expense of the Opera amounts to between sixty and eighty thousand pounds." "And dog-cheap too," answered the Colonel. "I should not be surprised," said the lady, "if the Opera were not to open this season." "Impossible!" exclaimed the Colonel with an involuntary shudder. "Sad news from St. Petersburg!" said the lady, still perusing the Morning Post. "Very sad!" answered the Colonel, still intent upon the Morning Chronicle. "The Neva has risen forty feet," said the lady.

"And opera-boxes forty pounds," said the Colonel. "The loss of tallow is incalculable," said the lady. "The central chandelier is lighted by gas," said the Colonel. "And what a loss of lives!" ejaculated the lady. "Poor Naldi!" sighed the Colonel; "he lost his life by poking over a stew-pan." "It seems, the Emperor has been most humanely attentive to the sufferers."—"Yes, but where will he get such another Leporello?"

This sentimental colloquy was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who presented to Mrs. Nightingale, upon a silver waiter, with his thumb cautiously wound up in a napkin, the following document:

"Mr. and Mrs. Wendover present their compliments to Colonel and Mrs. Nightingale, and request the honor of their company to dinner on Thursday the 13th instant, at six o'clock.

*"Russell Square,*

*Monday, 3 January."*

"What! at it again!" exclaimed Colonel Nightingale. "Well! those Wendovers are the most persevering people I ever encountered: they never will let us alone: they must have a comfortable notion of their own attractions, to suppose that we can find any delight in bowling all the way from Albemarle-street to Russell-square. I hate Russell-square, with its erect bronze Duke of Bedford, looking up towards Bloomsbury-square after his recumbent deified friend Fox. Poor Charles! only think of making him, at his time of life, sit down on a white marble sofa bare-headed in the open air! The last time I saw him he had a lap full of snow."—"My dear," said Mrs. Nightingale, "the Wendovers are not responsible for what happened to be cast in metal ten years before they entered the square. You know I had no horses at Cheltenham, and Mrs. Wendover's carriage was always at my disposal."—"Ay, there it is," answered her helpmate: "Mrs. Wendover makes a good thing of that carriage: she is always lying in wait, seeking what people of fashion she may devour: no sooner is one's wife caught without one's horses than in trots Mrs. Wendover with her two long-legged seducers. To my certain knowledge she has already currycombed herself into three houses in Berkeley-square, and now she is creeping up Albemarle-street: somebody ought to put a check-string on such doings—it's a shame thus to prey on the necessities of the great! But I have a still deeper-rooted objection to dining with the Wendovers. One always meets the same people there: I hate the same people: company is like fish—good for nothing after the first day."

Mrs. Nightingale was a prudent wife.\* Like the Chain-Pier at Brighton, she made it a rule never to oppose a storm. Look at the consequence: that edifice has stood firm during the late gales, where Waterloo-bridge would have gone by the board; and Mrs. Nightingale, on the day which followed the above-recited colloquy, was authorised to write an answer to Mrs. Wendover, undertaking to accept the invitation, in a periphrasis similar to that in which it was couched, with the omission of the "compliments," those articles, at that season of the year, being confined to watchmen and parish-headles in quest of half-crowns. The Wendover card stood palpable in the chimney-rack, and it was, rather unluckily, printed in huge bulbous characters, inasmuch that it caught the Colonel's eye every morning at breakfast. "I heartily wish," said the lord of the mansion, one morning, while in the



act of spreading butter on a parallelogram of dried toast, "that among all these new joint stock-companies, some patriotic banker or disinterested solicitor would establish a New Grand Dining-out Company, with a capital of a few millions to purchase a gigantic lottery-wheel."—"A gigantic lottery-wheel, my dear! for Heaven's sake, for what purpose?"—"Why to shake London dinner-company in, that one might avoid the chance of meeting the same people twice. I am confident it would answer. I should have no objection to be 'standing-counsel' to the concern. I flatter myself I could give them some profitable hints."—"I doubt whether it *would* always answer," said Mrs. Nightingale: "shuffle them as you will, dinner-people, like hands at whist, sometimes come together again in a most unaccountable way. You observed last night at Lady Lunley's, I held the knave, ten, and four of diamonds. Before the next deal Sir Samuel Spadille shuffled the cards extremely well, and afterwards stuck them in, heads and feet, in a complete higgledy-piggledy style. Notwithstanding which I held the very same knave, ten, and four at the very next round."—"That I don't object to," resumed the husband: "that's all chance: I myself entered the pit of the Opera, three successive nights, and found Lindley screwing the same peg of his violincello. But *inviting* one to meet the same people is *malice prepense*."—"They may now and then have casually dropped in," said the lady.—"Phu!" ejaculated the Colonel, "nobody, now a-days, drops casually in to a gentleman's dining-room, unless it be a stray sweep that has mistaken his chimney."

On the appointed day, Colonel and Mrs. Nightingale set off from Albemarle-street towards Russell-square. "It's a long way for the same pair," said the Colonel: "would it not be better to change horses in Tottenham-court Road? It's all very well (a phrase uniformly adopted by the Colonel when he meant that any event was in every particular decidedly bad)—"It's all very well: but another time you won't catch me dining out so far North: these kind of expeditions ought to be left to Captain Parry."—"True," answered his helpmate, endeavouring to combat his sentiments by burlesquing them: "I confess they do live a lamentable long way North. I should not be surprised if we met a parcel of Esquimaux, and were obliged to touch noses."—"I hope we shall," said the Colonel: "*that*, at all events, will not be meeting the same people. Your mention of the Esquimaux," said the husband, as the carriage crossed Bedford-square, "reminds me of an anecdote of the late Lord Erskine. A lady was listening to that nobleman's account of the people at the North Pole, and when he had mentioned that the natives clothe themselves in the skins of the seals and eat their flesh—'What, live upon the seals?' exclaimed the lady with a look of horror. 'Yes, Madam,' answered Lord Erskine, 'and devilish good living too, if one could but keep them.'" The Colonel's monolaugh at his own facetiousness had barely subsided, when the carriage stopped at a mansion in Russell-square. "Really I don't think this is the house," said Mrs. Nightingale, as they entered the drawing-room; "the Wendovers' drawing-room furniture is blue."—"They may have changed it to crimson," said the Colonel: "it would be too much always to meet the same furniture with the same people."—Nobody happened to be in the room except a pretty dark-eyed little girl, of about eight years of age, who sat upon the sofa in a diagonal position, with her legs coiled

under her, reading Sandford and Merton. "Am I right, my dear," said Mrs. Nightingale, addressing the child: "what is your name?"—"Caroline, Ma'am."—"And what besides?"—"Stanfield."—"Is this your papa's house?"—"Yes."—"There," cried the lady, turning to her husband, "I thought we were wrong." At this moment Mrs. Stanfield entered the room. Suitable apologies were made and accepted: and Mrs. Stanfield informed the intruders that the Wendovers lived next door; adding, with a smile, "They are strangers to us; but we have both dinner-parties to-day, and I suppose our servants took it for granted that you were some of our guests."

"Ah, my dear Julia," said the mortified Colonel, as they ascended the real genuine unadulterated staircase of Mr. and Mrs. Wendover, "what an opening have I let slip of passing a pleasant evening! one never thinks of things until it is too late. What a beautiful opportunity have I suffered to evaporate!"—"An opportunity for what?" inquired the anxious Mrs. Nightingale. "For what!" ejaculated the Colonel: "Oh, Heavens! I might have said to Mrs. Stanfield, 'Let Mrs. Nightingale and myself stay where we are; and do you, Madam, order the first married couple that drives up, to take our place at the Wendover dinner-table. You don't visit in the same circles: they will thus, as well as we, be able to escape the calamity of meeting the same people, and you will make two virtuous couples happy.'"

#### APPROACHING DOWNFALL OF THE GOLDEN CALF.

"The lowness of interest, in all other countries a sign of wealth, is with us a proof of misery. Hence the dearness of necessities of life: hence our increase of building in this city, because workmen have nothing to do but to employ one another, and one half of them are infallibly undone."—SWIFT.

"WHEN the Christians of Alexandria received the penal edicts of the Emperor Theodosius against the sacrifice and worship of the Pagan superstition, they immediately proceeded with a fanatical fury to carry the sentence into execution by demolishing the great Temple of Serapis. It was constructed with great strength and massy materials, and the doors being of solid brass, resisted for a very long time the fury of the assailants: in the end, however, they were burst open, and the colossal statue of Serapis discovered to view. It was an extraordinary achievement of art; and the magnitude of the figure, and the majesty of his aspect, for a moment overawed his assailants. He was seated on a throne, and seemed to fill the whole temple; in his left hand he held a sceptre; in his right a symbolic monster. It was believed by many in the crowd, that if any impious hand dared to insult the god, the heavens and the earth would instantly return to their original chaos. This, with the sublime greatness of the statue, and the awful obscurity in which he was throned within the spacious building, had for some time the effect of restraining their impetuosity. But a zealous soldier at last ventured into the sanctuary, armed with a weighty battle-axe; a profound silence ensued, as if every one expected some terrific event. The soldier, however, was undaunted, and struck the statue on the cheek with so much vigour, that the plate of metal of which it consisted started off, and fell to the ground with a clang that echoed throughout the building. The multitude shouted; the victorious

soldier repeated his blows ; he had soon companions in the work ; and in the course of a few minutes the huge idol was overthrown."

The above interesting extract from "The Wandering Jew" affords another proof that in the round-robin of human events the same circumstances are perpetually recurring, and that the present, with a few variations, is but a copy of the past, and an anticipation of the future. Virtually, if not literally, the great Serapis of England, the Dagon, the Golden Calf, the huge unholy Mammon to which every knee was bent, is at this very moment undergoing an assault not less deadly and destructive than that which was inflicted upon his glittering ancestor by the fanatics of Alexandria. In the present instance it is the worshippers of the Baal who are the assailants ; but the sword of Brutus was not the less fatal because he was the friend of Cæsar, and the fall of the modern Mammon is only rendered the more certain when he becomes his own victim, and finds that his limbs are gradually lopped off by his adorers. Every body knows that his polypean power was in his faculty of reproduction, or, in other words, that the value and efficacy of money consisted in the high rate of interest which it afforded. Nothing ever constituted a more extraordinary sight, in the social system, than the deification enjoyed by a fundholder, lolling in luxurious idleness, while the pampered goose saw all his countrymen sweating with their brows and brains, and taxed in every direction to support the splendour of his apotheosis. He was the very child and champion of Mammon,—a living illustration of the old Sibylline story that a golden bough opens the gates of Elysium. «But alack ! insatiable capitalists have increased the stock of wealth faster than the labouring classes can use and absorb it ;—manure is of little value where there are no lands to cultivate ;—and the dung and dross of the gold mine, like any other commodity of which there is an over-supply, has become depreciated in proportion to the glut. The interest being generally lowered, Government was enabled to set the dangerous precedent of reducing the funds. This was worse than the blow of the battle-axe which struck the gilded plate from off the cheek of Serapis ; it was assaulting the Gog of the gold-worshippers in the vital members of his strength ; and as money at the present rate of interest does not possess more than half its former power, it may truly be stated that the monster's right arm has been fairly severed from his body. The first blow has been struck, and heaven and earth have not yet returned to their original chaos, but human beings have at all events approximated somewhat nearer to their intrinsic value ; and the impecuniary classes may well set up a shout of triumph, that many a purse-proud and bloated man of wealth, who "bestrode the narrow earth like a Colossus," has been brought nearer to their own level.

Every day is still further lowering the financial stature of these gilt giants, and raising the height of those whose worth is in themselves. At the actual reduced value of money, every one who derives an income of fifteen hundred a year from his talents, has as good a revenue as a capitalist of fifty thousand pounds. A doctor in decent practice, or a thriving barrister, would be entitled, if they were equally ignorant, to be as arrogant and swaggering as an alderman with his plum ; a favourite author may draw as largely upon his brains as many a wealthy cit upon his banker ; and as for the Great Unknown, if he could but get rid of his talents, he might without disparagement be compared to

the great loan-contractor and Cræsus of the city. A marvellous change is rapidly operating in the condition of English society: hitherto the rich have always been thought wise; the time is now coming when the wisest will always be the richest. They who, like Atalanta, run after the golden pippins, will be thrown out of the course; and they who, like Hippomenes, trust more to their head than their heels, will arrive the soonest at the goal. Neither Radicals nor Spenceans ever contemplated such a revolution in property as is now carrying into effect by its largest possessors. Woe! woe! to the brainless favourites of the blind Goddess:—there is a hand-writing on the wall of Plutus's temple, which proclaims that their empire shall speedily pass away; that their power shall be transferred from the pocket to the brain; that the wise men upon 'Change shall presently ask not what a man has, but what he is; and that personal talents shall secure wealth and distinction to their owner, while talents of gold and silver shall be lying unproductive in the coffers of the ex-opulent.

Hogarth, in the picture of the Election, represents one of the mob sitting athwart the projecting sign of the King's Head, and sawing it off in such a manner, that, when he succeeds in his object, he must inevitably be precipitated to the ground, and dashed to pieces. Blind and besotted as they are, our modern money-getters are offering a not less egregious instance of stupid self-destruction by their suicidal efforts to increase that accumulation of wealth beneath which they will be ultimately smothered. Have they never, in their autumnal visits to Brighton or Margate, seen the toiling ocean throwing up a barrier of shingle against its own future encroachments? They are equally strenuous in heaping up stones by which they themselves may be knocked down, and are dedicating all their power to the achievement of insignificance. The "dirus hydrops" is at its height, and they are attempting to cure it by deeper potations of the aurum potabile. The goose lays them golden eggs every day, and they are cutting her up for more. Heavens! what are the recent inundations of our seas and rivers to the Pactolian deluge which is to overwhelm us from every province of South America? The whole continent of Columbus is already mined and undermined and countermined from one end to the other, and as the gold-freighted fleets are wafted to our shores, we may shortly expect that our very pot-girls shall realize the fable of Danae. When America was discovered, the Peruvians and Potosians attached so little value to this yellow metal, that they used it for the meanest kitchen utensils, and eagerly exchanged it for iron. Yet a little while and we bid fair to be placed in the same predicament; and when the spade shall be of more value, because more useful, than the ingot, what will be the situation of the nominally wealthy? Successful in all their speculations, they will only the more quickly exemplify the fate of Midas, who turned every thing he touched to gold, and was starved to death in the midst of his magnificence. If their asinine ears were open to advice, I would whisper them that though they may read of the "*auri sacra fames*," they can neither eat nor drink gold; and that, to quote a homely proverb, they are not likely to make the pot boil by bringing coals to Newcastle. I would moreover remind them that the approaching era will be a golden age rather for those who are without that commodity, than for those who have it, and that they must possess something more than a glittering mineral, if they wish to avoid becoming paupers.

And all these Assurance, and Gas, and Steam Navigation, and Pearl Fishery, and Railway Companies, and the more fantastical associations for vending milk, and washing linen, and transplanting Smithfield, and making Tunnels,—all these chimerical projects, which ransack the four elements for their theory, and the four quarters of the earth for their development, what are they but the agonies and convulsions of expiring wealth, endeavouring to extort a high interest from visions when it can no longer be extracted from realities, and only doomed to exemplify the fate of the clown, who, having no more sheep to fleece, attempted to shear his hogs, and was rewarded for his pains with great cry and little wool? It may be a little while protracted by these delusions, but, if we remain at peace, there will be no averting the inevitable doom of ~~wealth~~. Down the huge idol must come: government will repeat the blow; the battle-axe will again be raised against the dismembered Serapis; the three per cents. will be reduced to two, to one per cent. and ultimately the monster will be overthrown amid the triumphant shouts of the impeccuniary classes. When this consummation is accomplished, the whole society of England will form a pleasant company of penniless ladies and gentlemen, offering the singular spectacle of a very primitive and agrarian state as to property, combined with all the wants and luxuries of advanced civilization. There will be a social equality, with the greatest possible individual inequality. We shall all have to start afresh and work for our bread, while there will be thousands of gouty, bloated, indolent, and ignorant ex-opulents, who will neither have the means, mental or corporeal, of earning their subsistence. Physical power will of course take the lead, and there will no longer be the smallest necessity for poor rates; talents will presently surpass brute force; and the professions, as being the most useful, will attain the highest rank, constituting a nobility of industry as a contrast to the aristocracy of indolence. The latter, however, will be allowed to retain their titles; and if they can cover their backs with their coat of arms, cut firewood from their genealogical tree, and chew the names of their ancestors, which are for ever in their mouths, so as to convert them into food for their stomachs, they may still be as comfortable and as well off as ever.

The great mass of the state annuitants, however, will unquestionably become paupers, who cannot in common humanity be left to starve, and for whose support the laborious and the talented classes will doubtless come forward with the characteristic liberality of Englishmen. Once liberated from the Poor laws, no one will think of again opening that Pandora's box of all mischief and misery; but as prevention is better than cure, it is highly necessary that we should each, to the best of our ability, anticipate the coming crisis, and I therefore beg leave to submit to the consideration of the public a new paper, and a new project which I propose to entitle a

*Plan for the Employment of the Ex-Opulent.*

For the consolation of the unfortunate class who are destined to be relieved by this benevolent institution, and that I may alleviate their mental as well as their pecuniary distresses, I shall begin by appealing to their own candour, whether they ever derived felicity from their former wealth, and whether it is not a startling inconsistency to be unhappy at the loss of that, the possession of which conferred no happiness. The gra-

tifications which opulence can bestow are finite; its power of annoyance infinite: with its pleasures we are soon satiated; its cares and anxieties become more acute the longer they are endured. Some great cotton-spinner, we have lately been told by the papers, now owns four of the finest country-mansions in England. He can only reside at and enjoy the delights of one at a time, while he is liable to be simultaneously pelted with all the vexations to which the other three may subject him. His second bailiff may write him word that the poachers have ravaged his favourite preserves and dragged his fishponds; his third that the inundations have drowned his cattle and thrown down an expensive wall; his fourth that a fire in the library has consumed his rare books and choice pictures; and all these pleasant epistles may be deposited upon his breakfast-table at the same moment. This case is thrown out for the consideration of the ex-opulent, who are moreover invited to reflect, that although wealth does not render life more pleasant, it makes death more terrible; and that it cannot purchase us a friend, while it converts heirs and relatives into enemies, eagerly wishing for our departure, that they may lavish in one year what we have been perhaps hoarding for fifty.

In announcing to the lazy and polished paupers whom we purpose to relieve, that they will all be expected to take to some honest employment, they will no doubt be shocked in the first instance at the novel and degrading idea of their becoming in any way useful to society. But their pride need not be altogether inconsolable. England at large felt no humiliation when Napoleon reproached her with being a shop-keeping nation. A celebrated political economist, not less remarkable for the profundity of his researches and the acuteness of his intellect, than for the exalted speculations to which both are dedicated, observes that Nature herself, either literally or typically, sets us an example of every trade which she wishes us to pursue. Thus of the four elements he remarks, that earth may be denominated a gardener, ocean a tide-waiter, fire a lamplighter, air a bellows-blower. The sun he terms a tanner, the stars nightmen, using Charles's wain in the way of business, the dust a blind-maker, time a habit-maker or tooth-drawer, and so on; but as many, perhaps, may deem his discovery visionary and fantastical, we shall proceed at once to the development of our plan for the relief of these patrician and polite paupers.

A great portion of our mendicant gentry will have been fortunately qualified, even by the nature of their idleness, for the new habits of industry which we shall chalk out for them, and cannot reasonably object to perform for their subsistence what they have long practised for their amusement. Those addicted to the turf, horse-racing, hunting, and similar equestrian pursuits, will be sure of obtaining comfortable situations as grooms, jockeys, ostlers, horse-dealers, livery stable keepers, or whippers in, of which characters they have always affected the appearance. Tyrants of the trigger, who have invariably considered the life of a fellow creature secondary to that of a pheasant, will form admirable gamekeepers; and if they are shot by poachers, or caught in one of their own steel-traps, will have the consolation of knowing that the game laws from which their sufferings flow, have originated with themselves. Gamblers, from the long habit of shaking their elbows and sitting up all night, will find no inconvenience in officiating as fiddlers for a ball-room: the nocturnal shouters of Bacchanalian songs may set the hours of the night to any tune they please, and

sing them in our streets as parochial watchmen: card-players may manufacture the packs which they used to shuffle and cut; epicures may cook the victuals which they formerly criticized; Bond-street loungers may put on a blue coat and red waistcoat, and pursue their peripatetics as the street police; City money-scrappers may be set to work at scraping the Macadamized roads, or employed in our mines; and by devoting other classes to pursuits equally adapted to their habits, we shall quickly be relieved from a great portion of these unfortunate ex-opulents.

There will remain, however, a pretty considerable assortment of fashionable younger brothers, smart small annuitants, and "pleasant fellows about town," whose principal occupation has been that of dining out and ministering to the entertainment of the company as professed wags, droll dogs, and comical chaps. As the dinner-givers in the new era will be all men of bustling life, much too busy to cut their own jokes, it may be highly desirable to continue these merry-andrews in their profession, enabling them to live by a retaining fee for every meal, equivalent to that which is bestowed upon our public singers. Avoidance of unnecessary labour being the characteristic of all modern improvements, they will doubtless form themselves into an association to facilitate their duties. Like the club of country curates, who met together once a month to exchange sermons, they should have stated assemblages for the general transfer of jokes; for the bon-mots which have been used up and become stale in one district, may come out perfectly fresh and original in another, and thus be upon actual service for many months, before they have completed the round of the metropolis. How much preferable this system to the wasteful expenditure of new facetiæ! Clerks, however, should be kept constantly employed in the composition of original *jeux d'esprit*, upon all subjects of passing interest, to which subscribers should only become entitled upon paying double, till they were a little hacknied, when they should be received into the common stock at the ordinary price. A fund should be established, and the utmost value given for gentlemen's old jokes, provided they were not worn too threadbare. Contracts for this purpose should instantly be made with Mr. Jekyll, Lord Norbury, Theodore Hook, and other established wags, who should be bound down, under a heavy penalty, not to vend their cast puns and second-hand sallies to any other establishment. Regular collections from Joe Miller should be kept for civic feasts or illiterate parties, upon whom it would be a waste of wit to lavish more modern stores; and private lessons might be given to thriving dunces aspiring to the reputation of being wits. They might even be provided with decently dressed members of the society to accompany them to parties, as cousins just arrived from the country, and enable them to let off a whole volley of provided puns and preconcerted impromptus. Persons sent out on this delicate mission, for which a handsome remuneration would be expected, should be warranted not to get tipsy, and not to venture upon any jokes of their own when they have used up the stock with which they were entrusted, after which period they should be strictly enjoined to depart, or at all events to say nothing more when they have nothing more to say.

CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF MR. CAMPBELL'S  
SEVENTH LECTURE.

*The Subject—A Sketch of Athens.*

THE most savage nations, and even brutes, have been known to keep their young from mutual hostility; but the Spartans fomented quarrels amongst their urchins, and had stated days for their kicking and cuffing each other into the Eurotas. Until this, and such like evidence of Spartan ferocity, can be denied, it will be needless for those, who have a hankering prejudice in favour of the memory of that people, to demand, why some ancients have praised them? It lies with the admirers of Sparta, to reconcile her infanticides, and slave-murders, and pavements streaming with the blood of children, with the laudatory passages of wise antiquity. There are no human opinions to be weighed against facts; and there are no facts, on record, to redeem from our detestation, a people who had scarcely any thing more to do in the way of monstrosity, than to have eaten their own little ones. Admitting, as we are told, that they respected old age—what should we say of a nation famous for two things: viz. the fondness of parents for their children; and the custom among those children of whipping their old people to death? We should certainly say, that parental affection was there misplaced: and, on the same principle, we may fairly grudge the virtue of filial piety being directed, in Sparta, towards greybeards, who could bear to see their children expiring in torments, or carried home to die of inflamed wounds. Nature, they say, will return, though you expel her with a fork. It is clear that the Lyncurgan institutions, stoutly as they warred against human improvement, could not entirely shut it out; though time, in many instances, rather changed than effaced the vices of Sparta. No institutions can eradicate all individual goodness from the human heart; and we certainly hear of some respectable Spartans.

The Lacedæmonians had some trade, and several manufactures. Their weapons were famous for temper, and had the preference at all the fairs of the Peloponnesus. Their joinery was also in repute; and the Laconic beds, filled with down from the swans of the Eurotas, were a considerable article of exportation. They were also expert bankers. They had national songs and music, probably of popular influence, though they were regulated by the police. They studied a pithy and compressed style of eloquence; and, as their dialect was the harshest in all Greece, they were wise not to surfeit their hearers with it. They betook themselves to luxury; but never acquired either taste or celebrity in the fine arts. It is in vain that a writer, in the Memoirs of the French Academy of Inscriptions, would persuade us that they had a real literary spirit and character, with this notorious fact staring him, unanswered, in the face, that we scarcely hear of a Lacedæmonian poet, historian, or orator. The reason is plain. Their institutions were illiberal and inhospitable; and we have the direct testimony of Plato, that they were, in general, very ignorant. Athens threw open her gates to foreign genius. Sparta was jealous and severe to strangers, and even circumscribed the travels of her own youth. It would be wasting words to prove, that Sparta might as well have never existed, for any good that she did, either to her contemporaries or posterity. But if the



world calls itself a debtor to any people, that has supported or added to the stock of human improvement,—in respect of this kind of obligation, Athens is the world's chief creditor.

If it should be objected, that even the refined Athenians committed some flagrant acts of injustice; it may be answered, that a wide and deep distinction is to be drawn, between those bad actions which have been common to all societies that ever existed, and those unnatural and heart-hardening institutions, which were happily peculiar to Sparta. Athens treated her weaker neighbours, nearly as all states have, at some time or other, treated the helpless and dependent.\* Were a Spartan to revisit the world, and to dispute with a Mohawk Indian about precedence in national refinement, the American could prove to him, that no tribe who ever wielded the tomahawk, was half so unnatural to children as the Spartans. But the reproach of having abused superior power, is one that might be bandied about, pretty freely, among all nations that ever possessed power on the face of the earth. And the proverb which cautions culinary vessels from vituperating the nether blackness of each other, might be applied, by moral analogy, to empires as well as to pots and kettles.

By looking at a synopsis of Attic laws, in a very accessible book, "Potter's Greek Antiquities," † the reader will see in those laws abundant symptoms of an anxious spirit of equity. Athenian commerce was free from incorporated monopolies; and all merchants were equal in the eye of the law. Solon legislated for trade on certain simple principles, which the philosophers of Europe can scarcely yet hammer into the heads of nations calling themselves enlightened. Industry was encouraged at Athens, and idleness dishonoured. It was forbidden to reproach any useful calling. If the landed proprietor borrowed any money on his lands, he had to set up an inscription, declaring the extent of the mortgage; and there were no entailed estates in Attica, to prevent the repayment of debts to incautious creditors.

The police of the Athenians was excellent. Beggary, as late as the time of Socrates, was unknown; and their crimes and punishments were certainly fewer than ours. Orphans were supported at the public expense; and the poor, the sick, and the aged—all that came under the denomination of *adunatoi*, or helpless, had a daily or monthly allowance from the public.† As this allowance, however, like our poor's-

\* The policy of the Athenians was certainly sometimes generous towards other nations. When the oppressed Greeks of Asia Minor implored their assistance, they gave it with alacrity, whilst the Spartans as sullenly refused it.

† The compilation of Dr Potter, on the whole very useful, compact, and laudable, is nevertheless defective in failing to distinguish the laws of the Solonian constitution, which continued in force, and those which confessedly grew obsolete. Thus, it is stated by Dr. P. that the manufacture of perfumes and ointments was forbidden at Athens. True, there was such a law, but how completely it grew a dead letter, may be seen from the circumstance of the orator *Æschines* having had an extensive manufactory of ointments.

‡ The Athenian poor were not sent to workhouses, but were allowed from the public never less than an obolus a-day, or a penny farthing; and in later and dearer times two oboluses. Either sum sounds but wretchedly to an English ear, for the daily support of a human being. But let us see what a man might probably buy for an obolus at Athens. I believe we shall not materially err in supposing that money, in ancient Athens, was of ten times the effective value that it is in England at present. It is impossible, no doubt, to apply th's estimate to all articles

rates, was only meant to alleviate the lowest cases of poverty, there were associations of the kind called *Eranos*, which appear to have resembled

of living, without exception. The desultory proofs of Athenian prices, which are to be gathered from passages in Greek authors, exhibit some things only four or six times cheaper than with ourselves: while other expenses, such as that of wine, and of making voyages by sea, appear to be forty times lower. At the same time, our arts and manufactures allow us some comforts and luxuries, which scarcely any money could have purchased in ancient Athens.

The time when two oboluses were paid to the Athenian paupers was late, and full of advanced prices. Indeed from the commencement of the Peloponnesian war, it may be feared that there was sometimes great distress felt from poverty at Athens. Yet still, down to the time of Socrates, there were no beggars in Athens, and then, and even later, we find two drachmas or fifteen pence halfpenny a bushel, the price of barley in commonly cheap years. Wheat was a third dearer, but barley was almost exclusively the national grain. A portion of dressed meat could, at that time, be got for about a halfpenny (as we see in a passage of Aristophanes.) A pint of olives cost about a farthing. Small fish and herbs were proverbially cheap; and salt fish was abundantly imported. Indeed, as Athens had mostly the command of the sea, and as two thirds of the grain, and a large proportion of the other food which she consumed, was imported, her dearths could not have been of long duration.

The currency of very small coins generally argues cheapness. The smallest Athenian coin was the thirty-sixth part, or, as some reckon, only a forty-second part of a penny-farthing. The obolus contained six chalkuses, and the chalkus contained six, or, as some will have it, seven leptons. A dainty bit of cash, to be sure, the lepton must have been. The Athenian pauper had at least thirty-six of them to spend per day, or six chalkuses. Now, in ordinarily cheap times, from the days of Pisistratus to those of Socrates, about one hundred and fifty years, the *choinx* of barley cost the fourth of an obolus, (i. e. a fraction above a farthing.) And the *choinx* (a pint and a half) was reckoned the fair daily allowance (or *ήμερησια τροφή*) of a man. Say then, that his barley cost the pauper two chalkuses, he had four remaining out of his obolus. A pint of olives, it appears, was to be had for a chalkus. The olives were salted, I suppose; at all events, the poor man at Athens must have been friendless indeed, who could not get a sprinkling of salt and pepper, gratis. The Athenians had salt-works, as well as fossile salt; and seasoning of all kinds must have been sold at the lowest price. If his chalkus was not laid out on olives, there is every reason to suppose, that it would purchase a mess of greens, or peas, or a bit of salt fish, or a dish of small fishes, which were abundant in a country of so much sea-coast. There were houses at Athens mean and small, of course, (but a small house could hold many poor inmates,) the purchase price of which was only equal to nine pounds; and a nook of shelter under one of these would surely be to be had for a sorry small sum. Scanty clothing would suffice an Athenian for months in the year; and though it is impossible to compute exactly what a pauper's clothing might be got for, yet the abundance of manufactories renders it very probable, that a farthing a day, or eight shillings, would supply a coarse woollen garment. Altogether, a penny-farthing to an Attic pauper, which was equal to the purchase of six pints of barley, must have been of as much effective value, as five shillings a-week in England; and our paupers overhead certainly do not receive that allowance.

Families just above paupers, and obliged to depend, in any degree, on the daily payment of the citizen for his attendance at the public assemblies, may have been very ill off in Athens; but we see, from a dialogue of Socrates on the subject, that the facility of employing slaves, gainfully, in manufactures, was very great, and there was hardly a family without slaves. Where a family could gain a few drachmas a-day (the drachma was sevenpence-threepence-halfpenny), they must have lived in high comfort. It could be proved, from a passage of Aristotle, mentioning the price of the oil at Lampsacus, that good oil might have been imported to Athens, and sold, after paying the customs, at fourpence a-pint. The price of a cargo of precious foreign wine is also mentioned by Demosthenes, in terms which show that it could have been retailed by the vintner, with profit, at a halfpenny a quart. An ass's load of charcoal cost fifteenpence-halfpenny. Hymettus honey and ointments were, however, remarkably dear. An Athenian funeral often cost more than the expenditure of a man for his lifetime; but that distinction can hardly be ranked among the luxuries of life.

our benefit societies. The Eranos, it is true, was often a society formed for other objects. There were Eranists, who might be called joint-stock companies for trade;—others were united for the purpose of religious offerings, and were possessed of landed property;—and some met for the mere purpose of social indulgence. But an Eranos, the object of which seems to have been mutual relief in distress, on condition of the relieved party making repayment, when in better circumstances, is alluded to in an oration of Isæus, and in the Characters of Theophrastus. A grumbler, is described by Theophrastus as being congratulated that, though his affairs had fallen into disorder, the Eranos, or fellowship, to which he belonged, had determined to extricate him from his difficulties. "Ay," says the growler, "but those fellows will require to be repaid, whenever I am restored to prosperity."

Every human being was within the protection of Athenian law. Slaves themselves could prosecute a master for maltreatment, and oblige him to transfer them to a milder one. These were perfectly new traits of civilization in the ancient world, and not universally established even in the modern. Their criminal code was humane and sensible. The Areopagus acquitted a culprit when their suffrages were equal—a practice as just as that of the uneven number of Scotch juries, and more rational than the caging of English juries into unanimity. Criminals were punished without barbarity. Pagan Athens would not have endured those horrible penal spectacles on which the Christians of Paris looked 2000 years afterwards. An Athenian mob would have torn down the scaffolds of torture erected for a Ravillac and a Damien; and even their worst tyrants durst not have exhibited punishments, such as made the Parisian women, who had seen them, produce deformities. It was reserved for our own age to hear of the Bourbons threatening to restore those horrors, in punishing the crime of irreverence to a bit of bread.

By the law of Athens, no kind of torture could be superadded to the privation of life. The death by hemlock itself, was not attended with violent appearances of pain; probably owing to a portion of opium being superadded to the composition.\* We hear of an Athenian jesting as he prepared to empty the fatal cup; and Plato says, that some persons swallowed it with as much composure, as if they had been tasting the waters of oblivion.

The century after the battle of Marathon, which produced Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes, may emphatically be called the dramatic century of Athens. It is to this century that I would draw the reader's attention, after a brief explanation of the circumstances which preceded it.

The Athenians adorned themselves with golden grasshoppers, as a type of their being sprung from the soil. They had also the modesty to think that the sun in the firmament, and their own family, had favoured the world with their first appearance on the same day.

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\* The inventor of this mixture, mentioned by Theophrastus in his History of Plants, was Thrasyas of Mantinea. Theophrastus speaks of a mode of preparing hemlock which occasioned speedy and easy death, *ὡς τοξαία καὶ λαμπρὰ σφύρα*, *ὡς λαμπρὰ* are his words. Theophrastus *Hist. Plant. Lib. ix. c. 78*. The *εὐκράτης*, by the way, I believe, is not exactly the same kind of hemlock with which we poison ourselves.

Without allowing them this honour, we may suppose their race to have been very ancient. Cecrops is placed in chronology before Moses. The Attic reigns, however, are rather uninformative for several centuries, till we come down to Theseus, who was the Alfred of Athens. He delivered her from the contributions of Crete; cemented her jurisdictions; and founded the Panathenean festivals, which were held by the whole people of Minerva—an institution which has no parallel in antiquity, excepting the Hebrew feast of the tabernacle. In Homer, the city of Athens and its Temple of Minerva are mentioned with praise, and the people are called the long-robed Ionians (the ancient name of the Athenians). It seems singular that Homer should have designated them by a dress which it is quite inconceivable that they could have worn in actual warfare. But he alluded to them as the only people of Greece who, at that time, had habiliments for a time of peace, and who were not continually armed. Homer has some general epithets, which he evidently uses without meaning them to be applicable to the particular occasions on which they are introduced. Thus, when Venus is weeping to her father Jupiter, the poet calls her the laughter-loving Venus.

In the century after the Trojan war, almost every part of Greece changed its possessors. But Attica remained safe, and even sheltered unfortunate strangers, until her increased population occasioned that migration, which transferred the name of Ionia from herself to a region of Asia Minor. Athens, early in this period, and probably very near the period of the Trojan war, fortified her Acropolis to a high degree, by the assistance of an incorporated Pelasgian tribe from the North, who possessed superior skill in military fortification. In succeeding centuries, the Athenians repelled foreign invasion, got rid of one royal dynasty by one of her kings refusing to fight a duel with a Theban monarch, and of another dynasty, by paying a compliment to the memory of Codrus, with which his family would have probably dispensed. They decreed, that nobody was fit to be his kingly successor. They made Codrus's eldest son their archon, and sent off his younger brothers to lead the Asiatic expedition.

If we take Pausanias's authority, the change from royalty to archonship was not a nominal change;—the sovereignty was much abridged, and made responsible to the people. Undoubtedly, the further change from hereditary to decennial, and from decennial to annual archons, seems to mark the growing power of the people. But those times are exceedingly obscure; for the use of letters was yet scarcely known: and though there is a show of a popular constitution, it may fairly be conjectured, that aristocratic and wealthy tyranny was severely felt till the time of Solon. Draco was the first who was empowered to legislate, as a reformer of the state. He had an idea which is not yet quite exploded—that severe punishments are the grand panacea for human evils. Solon, who legislated next, saw that the disease lay deeper, and consisted in the personal power of the rich or privileged, over the needy and laborious. Aristotle describes Solon as one who innovated very little on the old Athenian constitution, but simply enfranchised the people; and only touched the ancient institutions, as far as it was necessary to secure that enfranchisement. Aristotle's words would, no doubt, appear to a slight observer, to make Solon only a reformer; but

to any one who considers the matter, they will prove him to have been a mighty revolutionist. To enfranchise the people—what a tremendous *only* is this! I believe it could be proved, or made probable, that men in a state of vassalage and villanage, were making their last struggle for deliverance, when Solon took up their cause. The crisis of danger must have been alarming indeed to the men of power, when it allowed Solon to obtain such terms for the poor. That he literally effected an entire amnesty of debts, may be doubted; but it is certain, that he put an end to the power of the creditor over the person of his debtor; which had before been the source of unmerciful evils, and of whole families of the Athenian poor being sold into slavery.

Solon divided the Athenians into four classes, according to their property. The first class was composed of those whose estates yielded five hundred measures of dry or of liquid produce. The dry measure was a medimnus, not much different from our bushel; the wet measure was the metretes, which Arbuthnot, in his tables, estimates at ten gallons and six pints. The second Athenian class comprehended those whose estates yielded three hundred measures, and who could support a war-horse. This was the knighthood of Athens. The third class were the Zeugitai, who were worth only two hundred measures a-year: and the last class were the Thetes, whom Solon debarred from aspiring to the magistracy or a place in the senate; but to whom he gave the equal vote of freemen in the popular assembly. To counterbalance this new-made popular power, the Solonian constitution had a senate; which, from its increased number, was afterwards called the Five Hundred, and was chosen by lot from the tribes. At first, only men of a certain property were eligible; but Aristides subsequently extended the eligibility to all classes. A previous and public scrutiny into character was, however, always preserved. This body was the grand council of state, and prepared the business which was to be laid before the assembly of the people. Its Prytanes were by turns presidents of the council; and each, for a day, kept the public seal, as well as the keys of the citadel and of the treasury.

But the most important counterbalancing power in the constitution was the Areopagus, which was, at one period, certainly, a court of finance as well as of judicature. In the Persian war we find it directing the disbursement of money. Its financial authority, however, evidently declined; and though it continued a censorial court, with the right of capital punishment; and though its members were the only public functionaries in Athens, who held office for life, yet its powers were in due time abridged; otherwise they would have constituted an absolute tyranny. The number of the Areopagites was different, at different periods, probably at times amounting to hundreds. According to the institutes of Solon, they ought to have been nobles, or of the equestrian order; but when the whole people got a right to aspire to the archonship, every one, who had been a well-behaved archon, became of course admissible. Mr. Mitford is in raptures, when he speaks of this body in his History of Greece, quoting the expression of Cicero, that the Republic could no more dispense with this high court, than the world could go on without a Providence. This is blasphemy, even though Cicero has said it. There is no doubt that such a court might have served as an useful balance to popular power. But when we sum up all the pre-

rogatives to which the Areopagites aspired, it is clear that they might have constituted an inquisition. If it be urged, that Solon meant them to be such, it may be answered, that the laws of Solon, which were originally traced on wood, and therefore required transcription, were notoriously subject to falsification\* ; and it is entirely contrary to the general spirit of his laws, to have left a power in a popular government, paramount to that of the people themselves. A right of condemning to death any individual, for mercy to whom a whole community should call out, was an anomaly in their constitution, which no republican people could be expected to endure. It appears, also, that the Areopagites assumed the right of inspecting buildings and forests ; and were troublesome opponents to those improvements, which at once gave beauty to Athens and employment to her inhabitants. The historian of Greece concludes his remarks on the Areopagus, by repeating the story of its being their custom to sit only in the night-time, and without light. If Mr. Mitford, however, will look, either by day or candle-light, at proper authorities, he will find that at Athens no sentence could be passed while the sun was under the horizon.

The whole gist of Solon's institutions is at variance with the sweeping authority at which the Areopagus aspired. The law which debarred the archons from ever commanding the army, was wisely opposite to the policy of the Romans, who gave their consuls that command, and thus paved the way for a military Despotism. The Roman aristocracy, too, had privileges, a great deal more suitable for a monarchy than a republic. They could parade about the old images of their ancestors, and thus give solemnity to spurious pride. Besides, the fortunes of most of the well-born Athenians would have appeared a state of poverty to what Patrician wealth became at Rome. Pretensions to pedigree were, no doubt, carried to a ridiculous pitch at Athens, even as high as to the intrigues of Divinities ;—but it required acquaintance with an Athenian's family to know his nobility. A seat in the Roman Senate was for life ; in that of Athens, only for a year. Hence the struggles between the higher and lower orders were incomparably less ferocious at Athens than at Rome, where proscriptions and massacres were retaliated by wholesale.†

It is well known, that Solon lived to see an usurper obeyed by the people for whom he had legislated ; and their struggles with the family of Pisistratus lasted for half a century. Pisistratus himself is one of the most tolerable of the tyrants, whom Mr. Mitford, wherever he finds them, has patronized in his History. But the expulsion of the Pisistratidæ was, nevertheless, a most lawful proceeding. The Lacedæmonians at first interfered in this dispute on the side of the Athenian people ; but that side was not the element of Spartan policy, and they latterly imposed an oligarchy. Coming to Athens on the expulsion of Clisthenes, they banished seven hundred families. Such, says Mr. Mitford, was Athenian liberty. No ! the remark is exceedingly silly. It was Spartan oppression ; and the Athenians would not bear it. They rose in arms, and recalling Clisthenes, restored the Solonian constitution, super-

\* Vide the pleading of Lysias against the scribe Nicomachus, for falsifying the Solonian laws.

† I deal briefly with this subject here, from the object of this sketch of Athenian affairs being only subordinate, and introductory to the literary history of Athens.

adding to it the law of Ostracism, which has been often, but very unjustly, reprehended.

That the law of Ostracism, which empowered the people to send any citizen out of the community, whenever he became an object of its jealousy, was never abused in a single instance, is more than can be said of that, or of any other wholesome institution. But that it was indispensable and useful at Athens, has been maintained by almost every sensible writer who has treated of it, from Aristotle to Montesquieu. And it is not the mere authority, but the arguments of those writers that are to be attended to. Every circumstance was studied to mitigate the evil of banishment to the illustrious exiles who suffered by Ostracism:—the time of their banishment was limited, their property was preserved and remitted, and the sentence itself was rather an honour than a disgrace. If Sylla or Cæsar had been at Athens, they would have been sent off to improve themselves by travelling, instead of being helped to their dictatorships.

From the expulsion of the Pisistratidæ till the triumph of Philip at Cheronæa, one hundred and sixty-two years, there was a complete democracy at Athens; with the intervals of two very short usurpations. Every schoolboy knows the glory of Athens in the Persian war. But there is a vague idea of her institutions, in most people's minds, and a proneness to exaggerate their evils. Persons, otherwise not very ill-informed, may be heard speaking of Athenian government as if it had been the daily image of a Westminster election. But nothing, in form, could be more unlike a mob than the Ecclesias of Athens. They might have been awful, but they were not unregulated assemblies; and there is not a proof of a single dead cat of antiquity having ever described a parabola across them. On the contrary, the precautions for preserving even solemn order, were numerous and careful. The Prytanes, or chief counsellors from the Senate, had authority to silence any speaker. No man under fifty years old could speak, till the men of that age, and above it, had been offered a hearing; and a man under thirty could not address them at all. Moreover, the law\* forbade any man of known bad character to harangue the people or the senate. No one could legally do so, who had bastard children, or notorious habits of profligacy, or who had squandered his inheritance, or who had not landed property in the country;—restrictions that would be thought rigid, even in a modern senate. Unquestionably, there were poor men in those Ecclesias; but the majority of Athenian burghers had servants, which is tantamount to their not having been paupers. Education was exceedingly cheap; and the Athenians must have been generally well educated. A Sophocles and a Demosthenes framed their compositions for them, appealing not to the criticism of a few, but of all.—Every ear could watch their harmony, every heart could feel their sentiments, and every head could comprehend their ratiocination. Passing their lives in politics, the men of Athens had a capability, like instinct, for judging causes and filling public offices.

It will be asked, however, if we can deny that some of their own writers have severely censured them, and even recorded bad facts against them. Let it be granted that the Athenians had not wings at

\* Joannes Petitus de Legibus Atticis. Morelli, Edit. Paris, p. 18.

their shoulders, nor angelic natures more than ourselves. But who are their chief accusers? Let us weigh the claims of those accusers to our confidence, before we confide in them. Xenophon was an Athenian by birth, but a Spartan, and a hard slave-master, in his principles. He blamed the Athenians for being too kind to their slaves, and exhorted them to multiply slavish wretchedness by increased importations. He records his share in an expedition with Greek mercenaries, to assist an unnatural barbarian Prince, Cyrus, in attempting to dethrone his own brother, and lawful sovereign, the King of Persia. He describes that pretender spurring on in battle, in order to reach and stab his brother, as if there had been nothing atrocious in the effort. In his politics, this eulogist of Cyrus was a rank enemy to the popular party at Athens. Are we to make Xenophon then, with his rough-spun principles, the arbiter of the merits of Athenian government?—No; nor will even the high-wrought theories of Plato, who was of the same party as Xenophon, place him as a perfectly unquestionable authority. The philosopher who planned religious persecution, in his ideal republic, was certainly no infallible politician. But the bitterest enemy of Athenian democracy is Aristophanes, who is exactly such impartial authority on the politics of Athens, as Samuel Foote would be on those of England, if Samuel had written English political farces. Many facts may undoubtedly be gathered from Aristophanes, where he had no interest to misrepresent them; but where he had such interest, his testimony is worse than none,—being envenomed, imaginative, and hyperbolic.

The obvious gist of Mr. Mitford's account of the government of Athens is, to make it appear that the life of a rich man was utterly insecure, and his property scarcely worth possessing, at Athens. If I misinterpret his meaning, I beg his pardon; and I can honestly declare, that I have no intention to misrepresent him. But if such be his meaning, I must beg leave to say, that he has offered neither proofs nor presumptions of the fact. Xenophon, a violent partisan of the rich, has indeed said, that it was scarcely a blessing to have a fortune at Athens. Bishop Watson said, that the poor were better off than the rich in England. He was answered by the monosyllable "*Change.*" Does any man in his senses believe that it is better to be poor, than to be rich in England?—or is there any proof of rich Athenians having longed to plunge themselves into the blessedness of poverty? For the main proofs of this constant reign of terror having been exercised by the poor over the rich, at Athens, Mr. Mitford quotes the affirmations of orators, to whose speeches no answers are extant. This kind of evidence might have satisfied that justice of peace, who would listen only to one of the litigant parties who came before him, because it bamboozled him to hear both; but it is surely any thing but conclusive reasoning. Then for some of the facts which Mr. Mitford proclaims as so damnatory to Athens. Alcibiades the younger was prosecuted, and his abusive accuser tried to convict him of constructive treason. Well, but he failed, and the Athenians acquitted Alcibiades. And what does this argue against the Athenian constitution? Would any man justly blame the English constitution for being despotic, because an attempt was once made in England to punish constructive treason, and was constitutionally defeated? Next the historian inveighs against the informers of Athens. And in our own free constitution, have we been able to dispense with



those gentry? Further, the nephews of Nicias were prosecuted, and, as far as probability can be guessed at, were acquitted. But it seems those defendants told the Athenians, that it was more for the interest of Athens that their property should be spared than confiscated. It is inferred from thence, by the historian of Greece, that the Athenians were swayed by no arguments, except those addressed to their own interest. The inference, however, comes by hard straining. The Athenians are convicted of having been culpably sensitive to the influence of eloquence. This may be no proof of their being incapable of selfish decisions; but it is a presumption that their hearts were not deadened to all good feelings. For there is nothing that deafens men to eloquence so impenetrably as thorough selfishness. Assemble any body of men predetermined on carrying a corrupt measure, and will you not find arrant sophistry and untruths carry a victory of votes over the most luminous appeals to sense and sympathy? Another oration of Lysias, for the widow of the brother of Aristophanes (not the poet), affirms, that in some turbulent moment of change, which Mr. Mitford admits that no historian has ever explained, the Athenians had murdered two innocent men, and afterwards sequestered their property. These would, undeniably, be base facts if proved; but they rest on no other evidence than the assertion of Lysias. Nobody knows a syllable of what was said in answer, to explain and meet these allegations. Granted that Lysias was an orator of the popular party, can any one pretend to know all the intricacies of political circumstances, that might make the popular orator aggravate, or misrepresent, a past action of the people themselves. It is clearly not enough, that one of the hardiest men of an unscrupulous profession, an enlisted counsellor in a special cause, should have put an assertion in the mouth of his client, to prove that the assertion must be true. It is decidedly an *ex-parte* statement.

Let it be granted, however, that there was at Athens an imperative power in the many to coerce the few,—and that it was abused, as unchecked power ever was, and ever will be; still it does not follow that the abuse was so gigantic as Mr. Mitford would represent. Shew us a series of clearly authenticated persecutions of the rich Athenians to their utter ruin, and we shall believe that the proscription of them was systematic. But truly the list of their Martyrology is somewhat obscure; I mean the cases of total confiscations of property. The excessive taxation of the rich is not to be justified, but it is a subject of different consideration. But the occasional occurrence of a rich man's estate being wrested from him by a fierce democracy, say the proselytes of Mr. Mitford, nay, the chance or the fear of it, is more afflicting than any other species of despotism. No! let it be answered. Those who argue thus, confess that the Athenians were sensitive to eloquence; and a rich sufferer can always have eloquent counsel. Popular Athenian despotism acted at least openly. The publicity of trial, and the right of pleading in defence, must always be something in favour of innocence. But governments that have swayed by bastilles and star-chambers, and banishments to Siberia, have seldom put their victims to the trouble of being eloquent. Their terrors, from the nature of things, must incomparably exceed all that a man could have suffered at Athens, where it is positively clear that the accused had a power of open appeal to his country.

It is alleged that republics are the most pugnacious of governments : an assertion which is impugned, if not belied, by the constant wars of despotic royalties. And of the Athenian wars there are several which can fairly be asserted to have been defensive. But the Athenian despotic Many, it will be said, maintained their wars at the heavy cost of rich men alone, and sometimes by the entire confiscation of their property. Now, enough is known of Athenian finances to make it clear that the assessment of the rich was general ; and there is nothing like a series of either recorded or presumable cases of confiscation, to make it credible that their war-funds could have been importantly fed from the source of proscriptions. The thing was impossible. The laws exempted none but the Thetes, or lowest class, from taxation ; and these contributed at least their military services. But supposing the numerous poor to have arbitrarily taxed the rich, was it their interest to tax a few rich, or all of them ? Manifestly it was their interest to tax a large number ; and there is accordingly the greater probability that a man, though unmercifully assessed, was not stripped of all his fortune. Now the principle of this unequal taxation was as bad as bad could be, and not a shadow of apology is to be offered for its unfairness. But compare the practical effect of this republican despotism with that of solitary or oligarchical despotism. From the nature of republicanism every man has at least a vote, and a voice for or against the war which is to tax him. He can plead and protest against it, and can demand a public inquiry into its justice or necessity. But unpopular despotism decides the matter in snug councils. It hates public inquiry ; and it only lets its acts of rapacity be seen, because it cannot conceal them. Then that rapacity strikes not at dozens or scores, but at myriads and millions of men, whom it loads with taxes, and drags into battles, about the necessity for which, they have no more a voice, than the inhabitants of another planet. Justice forbid, that the overtaking of a rich man should be spoken of with either levity or excuse ! But the rich Athenian got at least some power and dignity by paying his talents for the ship of war, which he fitted out, for he was generally appointed to the command of it. At the same time he was not more unwillingly exposed to battle than the Continental peasant, who is dragged out by conscription ; and the large sum he paid, might be no more to him than the *sous* or *creutzers* of a poor family, when they have but a few more left, to purchase food or faggots. Those who have never been on the Continent during hostilities, imagine that, because we are highly taxed, the millions of continental peasantry had light taxes to pay for those wars which made the aggressors, whoever they were, answerable to the vengeance of Heaven. But the idea is a very false one ; and I speak of continental taxation, in order to distinguish it (be the sum what it may) from what is laid on a country like our own, possessing a free press.\*

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\* The proportion between absolutely poor citizens, and those in tolerable circumstances, cannot be ascertained with any thing like certainty. But in Plato's Dialogues, we find Socrates speaking of poverty as a new calamity, in Athens ; and advising the rich to employ their poor relations in manufactures, in which he clearly shewed that any industrious family could gain wealth to a certainty. I have little doubt that the advice was taken, and that the exported manufactures of Athens were thereby increased. Nothing but her wealthy exports can account for the finances of Athens standing the drain of so many wars.

Let it be understood, that this comparison of Athenian arbitrary taxation, with that of arbitrary oligarchies and monarchies, is distinctly meant to be separated from the case of a constitution like ours, permitting fair public discussion. And when this comparison is brought to a proper bearing, let us demand, with what justice the evil of popular despotism can be said to equal the curse of that which is unpopular. The former creates a calculable sum, the latter an immeasurable mass of human misery. The evils of the two systems are as practically different, as the size of a small central point and of a mighty circumference. For the rich in every country can be but few. Extortion and unjust taxation is a blight in the field of society, wherever it exists; but it is practically much less grievous to see it cover an inch than an acre. And such, I contend, was the relative proportion of Athenian to other despotisms. Cleon, in Aristophanes's own pages, brings no aversion to a reasonable mind, half so revolting as the spectacle of princes leaguings into gangs of kingdom-breakers and constitution-lifters, forming societies for the suppression of truth and the propagation of error, and deserving to be called Academicians of Ignorance, and Dilettanti in human degradation.

Mr. Mitford has drawn one moral from his History, to which every Englishman, in his sober senses, is likely to subscribe: namely, that it illustrates the wholesome mixture of different powers of government in the British constitution. It shews the benefits of an hereditary Executive power in the highest and clearest light in which truth can be placed. But while it shews the abuses, it also exhibits many advantages of popular power—that stem in the tree of our constitution, which, far from weakening its crowning foliage, only upholds it to protect us more loftily and securely.

Mr. Mitford has said, that democracy is the government, of all others, best fitted for profligate political adventurers to profit by, at the expense of the people. No, not at the expense of the people—for that would be saying that the people preyed on their own body; and nobody ever heard of a cannibal devouring himself. Among the topics of reproach against Athens, Mr. Mitford has dwelt on their prosecutions for impiety. But does Athens stand alone in the history of religious persecution? Tragical as the fate of Socrates was, it was light compared to that of Servetus.

When the Athenians stained their annals with the death of Socrates\*,

\* The death of Phocion is also often mentioned as a reproach to Athens; but was it really the citizens of Athens who put him to death? "No! the Athenian forces had been broken in the Sicilian war, and the city taken, and the principal men slain by Lysander. The remains of the most worthy had been destroyed by the thirty tyrants, and the death of Phocion was compassed by Polysperchon; who, with foreign soldiers, slaves, outlaws, and vagabonds, overpowered the people." I quote the words of Algernon Sydney. The same great man says respecting Socrates: "The people, who, deceived by false witnesses, against whom neither the laws of God nor man have prescribed a sufficient defence, had condemned him, did so much lament him when the truth was discovered to them, that I doubt whether a better judgment would have been a better token of their righteous intentions." I have not closed the volume that contains these passages without glancing at the last speech of an heroic life, as interesting as that of either Socrates or Phocion. What is there in fiction to exalt and touch us like the words of Sydney, when his pure spirit was on the eve of being summoned before his Maker? Does it not fill the heart with envy of his halloved feelings, and with pity, not for the martyr, but for his survivors?

they were deceived by *demagogues*, though their Aristocratic poet, Aristophanes, had been the first to lampoon that wise man. The nobles had before tried to persecute Anaxagoras, by tampering with the religious feelings of the people. The trial of Socrates was but a rebound of party spirit from an opposite direction; and false evidences were used to inflame the plebeian mind with religious prejudices against the philosopher. But here, as in all the unjust prosecutions for impiety, we are *not* to blame democracy, but the common mania of human nature—superstition.

And in what country has superstition ever failed to unsocket the whole fabric of human judgments, and moral instincts? "My son," said a Spanish mother to a youth who ventured to confide to her his remote doubts of some orthodox dogma, "I love you as my own being, but if you breathe to me a thought of heresy, I shall be forced, for your eternal salvation and for my own, to denounce you to the holy office." Was this a cruel woman? No; she was a most affectionate and tender mother! Under every shape of government there has been religious persecution, and it is nonsense to blame Athens for examples of religious intolerance, which have been exceeded a hundred-fold by almost every Christian community.

One circumstance of the Athenian landholders deeply bemoaned by Mr. Mitford, is, that of their being forbidden, under severe penalties, to grub up any olive-tree upon their estates. The ordinance arose from superstition, for the olive-tree was held sacred. If so, the Athenian landholder had nothing to do but to let it alone. It happens in a neighbouring country, that the peasant may dig up every root which he meets with; but there are those *sacred olive-trees*—the Anglo-Irish clergy, of a church in which he cannot believe, which not only defy his grubbing up, but which grub up a tenth part of his scanty subsistence. "Now, I must own, when I think of those miserable millions, obliged to pay from their vegetable food, a spiritual guide whom their consciences cannot follow, that I pity them ten times more than the most unfortunate stump-holder who ever existed in ancient Attica.

The average number of voters in the Athenian assemblies seems to have been about 20,000. This would surely imply a free population of more than 100,000. The census of Demetrius of Phalerum\* reckons the *metoikoi*,† or sojourners, of Athens, a class of settlers different from casual strangers, but inferior in privileges to the free Athenians, at 10,000; which, supposing them all male heads of families, would make the whole *sojourning* population of Attica to be 50,000. I cannot help reckoning Wallace's large estimate of the numbers of the Athenians to be nearest the probable truth. David Hume's accustomed sagacity has wonderfully failed him on this subject. Col. Leake, the modern traveller, and most other writers, estimate the whole Attic popu-

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\* Judging from the census of Demetrius of Phalerum, preserved in Athenæus, which makes the number 21,000; and the computation of Demosthenes, that the Athenians who had a voice in the government amounted to 20,000. All the free citizens of Attica, of course, did not live in Athens, but only repaired to it when they chose to take a share in the public business.

† The *metoikoi*, or sojourners, had privileges of trade, though they were incapable of holding lands and houses. They paid a capitation-tax, and were even liable to military service, in which they were taken chiefly as bowmen,

lation at half a million. Making all allowance for the subject auxiliaries of the Athenians, that number seems astonishingly small to account for the manning of their fleets and armies. The slaves in Demetrius's census are computed, in round numbers, at 400,000; of course including all ages, and both sexes. This is a deplorably large proportion. But the number of the slave population was very changeable; and probably this was a very full year. Nothing will justify slavery: it is painful even to seem to palliate the horror; but, in truth, it is one of the curses of its nature, to be self-perpetuating,—as the honest wish to abolish it may often exist without the power. Solon found it in Athens; and to suppose him, in the teeth of prejudices, and in defiance of imagined rights of property, to have made the sublime experiment of slave emancipation, is to suppose an impossibility. Athens herself would have required the co-operation of the rest of Greece, in order to have tried the possibility of living on free labour, with certain safety. There is no doubt, however, that slaves had a much milder treatment at Athens than elsewhere. They were protected by law from blows and insults, which the common people of Thessaly and Argolis were not; and if these were called freemen, Demosthenes had a right to say that a slave at Athens was happier than other Greeks who were called free. When employed and trusted by the State, as they often were, they never failed to be emancipated and rewarded; and they appear, by several tokens, to have been a merry and saucy race.

The space of Attica is stated by Colonel Leake at 560 square miles. Other writers have made it larger; and, with all deference to the accomplished military traveller, I cannot but think that he has underrated the surface of Attica by some hundred square miles. It was, nevertheless, a territory which a vigorous pedestrian could have traversed from end to end in one day, and from side to side, in the broadest part, in a few hours. The circumstance of the glory of a people, inhabiting such a nook of the earth, being likely to reach the remotest generations, gives the mind great materials for reflection.

The ascertained resources of Athens for supporting her population would warrant our computing it largely. The soil, though naturally light and barren, was greatly aided by skill in agriculture, and by a potent climate. The art of irrigating land, and of walling up shelving grounds, was well understood.\* Agriculturists were on the alert to supply the capital with early fruits and flowers; and the portion of the Attic people who could inhabit the country were passionately attached to it. Luxury, indeed, began in the villas of Attica, and stole from thence into the capital; and the descriptions of the country seats of their gentry give us almost an idea of classical paradises. Oil and figs were abundant at Athens; and the latter article was besides largely imported. The wild plants of Attica had been so favourable for the nurture of goats, that a whole tribe received their name from keeping herds of them; but latterly, that unprofitable pasturage declined; and such a noble breed of sheep was naturalized latterly, as to be proverbially creditable to Athens. Swine were not neglected; and though the uneven soil of Attica was peculiarly unfavourable for breeding horses, yet she had, nevertheless, at last, the best cavalry in all

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\* Regular Treatises on Agriculture were written earlier than the time of Socrates.

Greece. Attica is supposed to have once had abundant forests towards her northern limits; and Mount Parnes is said to have been anciently wooded with high trees to the top; but the mining and ship-building pursuits of the country soon made those forests disappear, and obliged Athens to import large quantities of wood. The Athenian fisheries were also profitable. The mines produced silver, lead, metallic colours, earthen dying-stuffs, and probably copper; and whilst the surface of Mount Hymettus and Pentelichus fed the bee with the most odoriferous plants, the soil beneath afforded the most beautiful marble for the statuary. Statues, in time, became an article of exportation by ship-loads; and the block of stone, which was purchased for two drachmas, was made by the hand of art worth as many thousand.

What Attica could not raise for herself, she got by manufactures and foreign commerce. In the days of Pericles the Athenian manufactures began to rival, in cheapness and elegance, those of Tyre, which had before held a monopoly in the world. Even the commerce and industry of the Greek cities of Asia declined, as that of Athens increased. The Athenians got linen from Thrace cheaper, at last, than from Egypt; and their own wool, though inferior to that of Ionia, was still the best in Greece, and infinitely superior to the fleeces of Phocis and Arcadia. The mechanical and the fine arts flourished with coeval vigour. Athenian cutlery, tools, and furniture, were in high repute; and the tanner, the arminourer, lampmaker, clothier, and even miller and baker, who could employ several hands, could live, we are assured, in eminent comfort. The manufacturers of joinery alone occupied a whole quarter of the city. Another quarter belonged to the sculptors; and the brass-founders gave an annual feast, in which the whole nation partook. Slaves were undoubtedly chiefly employed in manufactures; but the manufacturing masters could reckon some of the most important men of the State among their number. The father of Demosthenes was a cutler; Æschines had a manufactory of ointments; and Lysias employed one hundred workmen in making bucklers.

From these circumstances, Athens was a prototype of London. The Exchange at the Piræus was more frequented than all the other parts of Greece. It was the rendezvous of all nations, from Marseilles to Carthage and Trebizond. The merchants of Athens had factories along the Cimmerian Bosphorus, and clerks, who remained there during the winter, in order to prepare cargoes for exportation in summer. Corn came to Athens from Pontus, Thrace, Africa, and Sicily. Salt fish was brought from Pontus, Phrygia, Egypt, Sardinia, and Cadiz. For these, Attica exchanged her choicest luxuries, besides her fabrics in wood, metal, and cloth, the beautiful statues of her capital, and the exquisite vases of ~~Mar~~aplustus. It marks the commercial civilization of the Athenians, that they were acquainted with bills of exchange. Bottomry and sea-insurance were well known; and the laws and courts for deciding questions respecting mercantile transactions were established, with complicated and ingenious contrivances.

Winkelman has attributed the genius of the Greeks, in a great degree, to the mildness of their climate. The Greeks themselves seem to have thought more justly, that it was the mixed rather than the mild temperature of their country which favoured their physical energy. In reality, though other climates may have greater intensity and dura-

tion of heat and cold, Greece is by no means unacquainted with considerable degrees of both. The philosopher Thales was suffocated with heat on one of the plains for their gymnastic exercises; and we read of trees having been frozen to the roots in winter. Athens is still said to be visited by winds at the autumnal equinox, which produce an aguish effect.

The Athenians could take their gymnastic exercises without covering, in summer; but in winter, they were forced to wear woollen clothing; and the latter circumstance was an incentive to their arts and industry. If their climate had been perpetually serene, they would not have been such early and accurate meteorologists. A look at the map of Greece will show us that it has too many high mountains which retain the snow, and too many hollows and valleys, which reflect the heat, and form draughts for the cold, for its climate to be strictly mild and equable. Yet, with all its varieties and vicissitudes, the climate of Greece is still described by travellers as very fine. Nowhere is there a richer burst of spring; and though the thunders, which had been silent during winter, begin in February again to resound through the valleys of Elis and Arcadia, yet the blossoms of innumerable fruits and flowers come forth during that month. In March, the modern Greek, whilst he sows his cotton or trims his vine trees, listens to the song of the nightingale, and sees the return of the stork and swallow; to which his ancestors used to bow the knee, in token of superstitious welcome. In April, Nature shines out with splendid luxury; and the perfume of aromatic plants and flowers, it is said, would be overpowering if they were not smelt in the open air. Travellers also speak of the dawn, and sunset, and starlight, in Greece, being often indescribably beautiful.

Notwithstanding what has been said of its autumnal winds, the climate of Attica must always have been, upon the whole, dry and salubrious: considering the preservation it has afforded to so many inscriptions of remote antiquity. Good authorities affirm, that the Athenians were generally healthier and longer-lived than the other Greeks. Their men were thought the handsomest of the Greek race, and were remarkable for the power and subtlety of the visual organs even in Greece; the ancient natives of which, it has been asserted, have the orbit of the eye larger than any other race of mankind. If it be true that an Athenian could discern from Cape Sunium, at the distance of thirty miles, the spear-point and the plumes and helmet of the colossal statue of Minerva that stood on the citadel of Athens, the fact speaks as much for the clearness of the atmosphere, as for the eyesight of the observer. Indeed one is inclined to associate the idea of physical sunshine with the mental light of those fathers of civilization. Their virtues, and even their faults, have an aspect of belonging to the open day. We are unwilling to imagine a cloud obscuring their bowers of philosophy and their brilliant temples, but would fancy them always breathing an elastic atmosphere; as Euripides describes them, when he makes us imagine them breathing the very air of joy.

*Αἰεὶ, διὰ λαμπρότατον*

*βαίνοντες ἀβρώς αἰθέρος.*—*Medea*, l. 829.

Of Greece, at large, it has been well said, that it seems a country created by the hand of Nature for the advantages of architecture; for in no

part of the world could edifices be placed in so strong a light, or in such picturesque situations.

The history of the religious and military architecture of Athens goes very far back. Homer calls it well built, and speaks of its temples. The accomplished usurper Pisistratus began the Temple of Jupiter Olympius; and the Gallery of Painting was in existence before the battle of Marathon. When the troops of Xerxes laid Athens waste, they had many structures on which they could wreak their barbarity; but, as barbarians are lazy, it is probable that they rather injured than destroyed many places; for, before the use of gunpowder, it was a work of labour to annihilate massive buildings. Pausanias, indeed, mentions several monuments that were older than the Persian war. And the Persians made full amends for the mischief which they had done, by the spoils which they left behind them, and by the spirit and pride, immeasurably more precious than spoils, which their defeat roused in the hearts of their conquerors. The injury done to their city was only a challenge to the Athenians to rebuild it more superbly. Themistocles urged them to structures of gigantic strength and usefulness. Cimon and Pericles, afterwards, directed their architectural views more to magnificence; though Cimon also promoted works of security. Hence, in a century, the walls of Athens, extending to a circuit of eighteen miles, inclosed the most matchless statues and structures that were ever looked upon by man; galleries of transcendant paintings, immense sweeps of marble porticoes, and a theatre, where a young and fresh muse held up a new mirror of life to society.

The private houses of Athens were exceedingly poor, in comparison with those in the country; and the streets, overcrowded with trees, must have made a disagreeable contrast with the magnificent public buildings. But viewed at a distance, that effect, on the collective appearance of the city, must have been greatly diminished. What a view must the sunny morning of an Attic festival have afforded from the top of Mount Hymettus. The Cephissus, it is true, was but a narrow stream, yet it must have seemed at least delightful to the "poet's eye," when Euripides describes Venus breathing beauty over the land after she had tasted its waters. The eye could trace from the top of Hymettus all the ten great roads on the Pedion, or plain of Athens, which, like the radii of a circle, diverged into the country, amidst forests of olive-trees, appearing in their bloom like a white veil, sustained by branches of dusky green. As far as Eleusis the sacred way was visible, through rows of statues, and temples, and mausoleums. To the north, lay the Diacria, the poorest but the gayest of a happy people; vine-dressers and shepherds for ever enjoying the dance and song. Over the tracts of their mountains, the road lay, all the way to Oropus, through thickets of laurel roses. On the other side, the eye could reach to Sunium, where the mariners of Parali plied their nautical games on the swelling waves. The sensations which the nearer prospect of the Acropolis, and of the vast walls stretching down to the Piræus, were calculated to awaken in the breast of a patriotic Athenian, and the glorying homage which he must have paid to the image of his tutelary Minerva, in front of the Parthenon, whilst that building blazed above an hundred others of resembling beauty on the city beneath, form a subject, which it is sufficient to leave to the reader's imagination.



## THE HORSEMAN'S SONG, FROM KÖRNER.

My horse, my horse—to arms ! to arms !  
 Upon us looks the world—  
 Our foes, with threats and loud alarms,  
 Their deadly hate have hurl'd.—  
 My horse, my horse!—the night is gone,  
 There is thy oaken wreath—  
 Arouse, arouse, and bear me on  
 Where sabres deal forth death !

Away ! away ! my charger, bear  
 Thy fire and courage high ;  
 No dangers now must raise a fear,  
 How thick soe'er they lie.  
 Behind we've many a pang and sigh  
 From loves and home adored—  
 In front we've death or victory—  
 Beside us our good sword.

Come, hasten to the bridal feast,  
 There waits our bridal crown ;  
 On every dull or lingering guest  
 The social band shall frown :  
 For honour is a feaster there—  
 The bride our father-land,  
 And him to whom that bride is dear—  
 Shall fear or death command?—

What if he fall ! Oh soft the place  
 Of his last sleep shall be,  
 Encircled in his bride's embrace,  
 And guarded tenderly ;  
 And as the leafless oak in spring  
 Renewing verdure yields,  
 He shall awake from slumbering,  
 Free in heaven's living fields !

Howe'er, my charger, fate decree,  
 To conquer or to fall—  
 Above our fortunes let us be,  
 And bravely dare them all—  
 Follow the path to liberty,  
 Though through the grave it lead  
 O'er conquest's blood-red summit high—  
 What reck we how it speed !

My horse, my horse, to victory !  
 Who heeds a vaunting foe ?  
 Heaven is for us, 't fires thy eye,  
 And nerves me for the blow.  
 On, on, my noble courser, on !—  
 The storm roars through our land ;  
 If thick as hail and fierce as sun,  
 Charge through the foeman's band ! ,

## THE THOMPSON PAPERS.

*To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.**London, Feb. 19, 1825.*

SIR,—I take leave to address you on a subject which to me seems of some importance, and although our acquaintance is confined to a mere bow of recognition when we meet, I have very little difficulty in addressing a gentleman of ability and liberality, when I think, by doing so, I may render a service to society now, and hereafter.

No person of common perception can be unconscious of the present rage for collected literary correspondence: chests and closets, bags and boxes, are emptied of the dusty documents, which have slumbered within their confines for ages, to gratify the popular appetite; and the wisest and wittiest amongst us, hesitate not to undertake the task of editing those precious relics, the letters of our great-grandfathers, and illustrating their contents with the valuable fruits of deep research and intricate inquiry.

It is impossible to read these collections without intense interest; the private actions of public men are always food for general curiosity; and to see how ill a hero spelt his love-letters, or how sillily a sage addressed his mistress, are sufficient inducements to purchase as many quartos and octavos as Messrs. COLBURN or MURRAY may choose to put forth;—but still there is a reigning obscurity, a prevalent unintelligibility, in all these *Miscellanea*, which never can be cleared up or explained away, at so great a distance of time, as *that* from the period at which they were written to the present moment. Even the best-read and best-informed annotators are often puzzled for the meaning of a nick-name, or the nature of an amusement, and of course by many of the allusions, which were, most probably, freemasonry even at the hour.

It appears therefore to me, upon the principle that he who sows acorns deserves gold medals, that any man collecting during his life the letters of his contemporaries, publishing them as he receives them, and making annotations wherever marginal remarks may seem necessary to their elucidation, would deserve extremely well of his country.—Such a proceeding would naturally contribute, in an eminent degree, to lighten the labour of future editors, whose intelligence and assiduity would otherwise be doubtlessly put to the test, not only in rescuing the letters themselves from positive oblivion, but in endeavouring to explain to our great-grandchildren the observations and remarks upon customs now prevalent, which in another century shall have fallen into utter disuse; upon fashions now in full vigour, which then shall be obsolete; and even upon persons whose names sound mightily well at the present moment in the circles of fashion and literature, but which, in the course of an hundred years, will become as obscure, and be as much forgotten, as the histories of the birth, parentage, and education of the worthies who strained canvass for HOGARTH, or stitched books for POPP.

For the good of my country, and the advancement of literature, I, Mr. Editor, am willing to make myself a sacrifice,—I am ready not only to develope my own history, as far as it can be gathered from actual correspondence, my feelings, my failings, my wants, wishes and

weaknesses, in the cause; but also the histories of all my friends and acquaintance, and all *their* feelings and failings, wants, wishes and weaknesses, by submitting to you once a month all the letters I have received during the preceding twenty-eight days.

You will please to understand, Sir, that I have a large circle of acquaintance, (they call themselves friends,) who favour me most liberally with their opinions and observations upon things in general—lawyers, poets, painters, soldiers, sailors actors, doctors, clergymen, apothecaries, even ministers of state; and, what are still more important to a single gentleman, ladies, married and unmarried, are numbered amongst my numerous correspondents:—you will naturally imagine that I maintain the correspondence upon equal terms; but as I am, perhaps, the least vain person imaginable, and tremble at the sight of any production of my own in print (even an advertisement for a lost spaniel), never line of mine do you receive, if you accept my offer, except, now and then perhaps, a few words by way of note, whenever a person or pursuit mentioned, is so decidedly private as to render some little explanation absolutely necessary.

I admit, since I wish to anticipate objections, that this proposal carries with it the air of something like a breach of confidence; but I perceive that you have already printed letters of persons dead and living, who certainly never expected to see their writings put openly before the world, and therefore I have less delicacy in making the offer, since all my friends will immediately see the use to which I apply their communications, and if they dislike my conduct, they may, in anger, desist from writing to *me* any more, or in revenge go the length of publishing whatever I write to *them*.

And so, Mr. Editor, if you choose, you may untie the red tape which holds together the collection for part of January and February, and shaking the contents upon your table, arrange them in whatever order you think fit;—you will perceive that I have carefully erased the *names* of the writers, having merely docketed the covers.

In hopes that we may in course of time become better acquainted, pray permit me to subscribe myself,

Yours faithfully, JOHN THOMPSON.

Having accepted Mr. Thompson's strange offer, we submit the following correspondence to which he alludes; from a regular continuation of which, we hope to be able to furnish a monthly review of men and manners, and things in general, as they occur, with the different views taken of them by his various friends and acquaintances. Ed.

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No. I.

Brighton, January 30, 1825.

MY DEAR THOMPSON,—I received your letter of the 25th, (as it is natural I should,) on the 26th, but we have been so busy getting ourselves settled in our new residence on the Marine Parade, that I literally have had not a moment to reply to your questions about the Mine shares, or coming here, or your aunt's health, or indeed any thing else:—but now, having at length gotten a room to sit down in, I hasten to make the *amende honorable*, and reply in due form to all your interrogatories.

In the first place—the shares;—you surely must perceive that the game at which you evidently feel a strong desire to play, is one of mere chance: it is extremely well to talk of certain profits, and look with the most amiable regards upon plans, elevations, shafts, sections, and the deuce knows what; but it requires a serious thought before you embark a property in such schemes, to the manifest injury of those nearest and dearest to you:—you say, you never can fail, because you make no engagements, but pay as far as your money goes, and if compelled to stop, why the total loss is the amount of your subscription, and there can be no farther claim upon you;—this may be true, and at all events, sounds plausible; but recollect the security you have upon such distant speculations, subject to all political contingencies, and to the moral responsibility of resident agents. You have seen the calculations of the amount actually vested in similar undertakings?—if you have not, get it, and impress upon your mind that upwards of one hundred and sixty-six millions of money are embarked: perhaps this will make you pause,—if it do not, believe me farther, that without application to Parliament, your transfers of shares are illegal, and that, *with* application to Parliament, you become responsible, not only for the sum you have subscribed, but for your share of the positive loss, as far as your whole property will go towards defraying it.

This, however, smells of shop, and I will defer my farther arguments until we meet, and proceed now to tell you what I think of your coming here:—in the first place, my wife has got a tormenting tooth-ache, under which affliction she is not so patient as I could wish—my eldest girl has a violent cold, and we are at the moment without a cook—the wind whistles through the bow window of the drawing-room, and seems to sound in my ears, as the London bells did to Whittington, a summons to my own comfortable house in Grosvenor-street: but Emily declares that she must stay here, because the Countess is here; not that she cares a straw for the Countess, nor the Countess a straw for her, but she thinks it extremely wrong to go to town before either Parliament sits or the Opera opens; *I*, having no seat in the one, and *she* no box at the other; staying here, however, is what *she* calls life; but which, I really apprehend, (so anomalous are all her proceedings,) is likely to be her death.

Both she and my eldest girl caught their colds by going to the theatre the other night, which Emily was resolved on doing; not to hear the wind-whistling music of Der Freyschutz, which she had heard four times before in London, (by the way, what an illustrious specimen of Humbug that is!) but because the Countess had a box. She would not have the horses out at night, because the Countess would set her down; but, unfortunately for her schemings, the Countess had some singing-people down from town, and did not go; Emily was out of sorts the whole evening, and when the performance was ended, we discovered on the outside of the theatre, that of which there was not the remotest probability within—I mean an overflow:—the rain fell in torrents—no carriage there—and as *flies* are as scarce in bad weather at Brighton as any where else, we had no alternative but wading home with the wind in our faces, in as sharp a shower as ever gratified the eye of a thirsty farmer.

Now, is it not marvellous, my dear Thompson, that people should act so completely under the influence of others, or suffer themselves

to be led by the nose blindfold by their betters:—here are we, paying twelve guineas per week in January, for a house like a lanthorn, with windows that shut not, and with no protection except some dingy white-dimity curtains, which, whenever the breeze sets in from the sea, wave in my drawing-room like the triumphant Pavilion of Charles X. himself: as to the dining-parlour, the relative positions of the fire-place and door, which opens into a narrow passage (going immediately to the street), render it absolutely necessary, in sitting at table, that my left cheek should be roasted and my right cheek frozen, and that I should be constantly reminded of the jocose cockneyism which I have somewhere seen about “that *air* hurting this *car* ;” add to all these *agrémens*, the perpetual *tremblemens* of the crazy edifice whenever a housemaid paces the drawing-room over our heads, and the positive impossibility of saying a single syllable throughout the day or night, in any one apartment in the house, that cannot be heard in at least three others.

But then it is right and fashionable, and, as the Brighton physicians tell you, moreover, wholesome ; and then to have a blue earthenware plate full of wretched shrimps for breakfast, every man his own shrimp-picker, and to endure the mortification of being invited to all the small dull parties, and left out of all the good ones ; —this is constantly Emily’s case ; our fat friend, with whom, contrary to my earnest entreaties, she made a sort of half acquaintance, went off suddenly because she was not invited to *one* ; I wish my dear wife would be affronted too ; but there is the misfortune ; like the morose wit in the jost-book, who hung his fiddle up in the hall, my Emily is abroad all kindness and complacency, while, as if she had exhausted all her stock of good humour upon society, she is always nervous and fidgety at home ; and if it were not for Major Hopkinson and her camphorated julep, I really don’t believe she could endure even this.

*Entre nous*, she tells me that the Major has made some observations upon my eldest girl—you remember her a mere child—Emily always said she was very like *me*, and so does the Major ; now, I cannot perceive it, for my eyes are black, her’s blue ; her nose *retroussé*, mine aquiline ; she is tall and slim, I short and thick : but I suppose I am wrong, for no man sees his own case clearly. I never have perceived any particular attentions of the Major’s to the girl, but, as Emily says it is so, I suppose it is ; most certain it is, he is always here, and he can have no other pursuit.

If, after all this, you chouse to come, I shall be delighted to see you : your Aunt is much better, she has put herself under the care of Dr. Yates, a young physician of rising reputation, and who is at present much talked of for a wonderful cure which he has performed here, and which has done him an infinity of good : the liberality of the patient’s mother is not less the theme of conversation ; and it is extremely gratifying to see, at once the display of such talent on the one hand, and such noble feeling on the other.

Emily has lain down, and her door is locked, so I must not disturb her to ask if she have any commands for you. Write, if you do not come ; and if you do or do not, believe me always yours,

Dear Thompson,

No. II. (By private hand.)

Mr. and Mrs. ———— present their compliments to Mr. Thompson, request the pleasure of his company at dinner on Saturday, February 12, at a quarter before seven o'clock.

The favour of an answer is requested.

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No. III.

Clifford-street, Feb. 8, 1825.

MY DEAR JOHN,—What can have induced you to leave London just as everybody else is coming into it,—“a truant disposition, good my Lord?” or, as the novel says, “has the blind god been at work?” To Hastings? I should as soon have thought of hearing of you from Kamschatka.

His Majesty was not sufficiently recovered from his late fit of the gout to open the parliament; but, as Lord Pomfret had promised Eliza and myself tickets, we went notwithstanding, and were very much gratified by the splendid appearance of the assembly; it seems a pity to me, but then you will say we women are too fond of dress and show, that the Peers are not always robed when sitting; I am told, that even the ministers come into the house with muddy boots and great coats, and all the *et cetera* of dirty weather about them; surely, this is divesting an assembly, so august as that of the British Peerage, of too great a share of its dignity. We got home early, but tired; nothing is so fatiguing as morning dressing; besides, dress by day-light in women never looks well, and one is petted into a perfect fever by the consciousness of being over-lighted up.

We were at Lady Salisbury's: she has begun early; but she has a perfect right to begin the season, for every thing she does in the way of party is good. I there heard that one of the Lady Bathursts is on the eve of marriage; I saw Sir William, who looks wretchedly ill. I am told the *woman's* book has worried him not a little; I wish one dare read it, perhaps as I am of a sober age I might venture, or if you, who are the most discreet creature alive, would send me a copy by the unreadable passages marked, I would take the greatest care to avoid them.

You see Miss Foote has made her appearance, and been received with wonderful *éclat*. I am the first to make allowances for her, and the last to cast stones; but, to be sure, the people of this great city are the most strange and contradictory creatures upon earth. Mr. Kean, whose acting, you know, I dislike, and therefore cannot be supposed to advocate from any partiality, is hissed, hooted, libelled, and lampooned, at one theatre, for conduct (which, however inexcusable in a moral point of view, has never yet excluded men from society;) with an individual, whose taste may be estimated by the correspondence she cultivated, and whose affections appear to have been as unsettled as unamiable. And in the middle of all this horrid din of disapprobation, a young lady, whose claims to public patronage are founded on the fact of having endeavoured to make a simpleton marry her in the dark, after her second *accouchement* by another man, is held up as an object of the deepest interest, and guineas given by partisans to applaud her to the skies.

Assuredly Miss Foote is to be pitied, and pity would one grant, and

part of that pity one would shew by trying to forget her faults ; but when it comes to the point of upholding a want of virtue in a woman in contradistinction to laxity of morals in a man, I, for one, must beg leave to stop ;, since, if example is what is talked about, it is most clear, that the sight of a lovely fascinating girl, shouted to the skies as a martyr, because she has had two natural children, must be more injurious to the minds of our daughters, than the appearance of a man for whom, if they felt no disgust, they could at least not personally sympathize with ; however, every thing finds its level, and the public, apparently conscious of their own inconsistency, have resolved, since actors will be actors, and nature nature, to reserve their morality for some better arena than the pit of a theatre, and go regularly to see both Mr. Kean and Miss Foote, as if they were as pure as vestals ; you know, by way of postscript to this subject, that Mr. Pea-green Hayne and Miss Foote have made it up, and are always in the same box together at the theatre.—I hope he may not find it the *wrong* box, but he will surely marry her.

Are you aware that the Kang wears a velvet coat ? it is true, my dear John ; and unless you leave your Philandering amongst the intricacies of Hastings, and bedeck yourself in a similar costume, never more be nephew of mine, nor venture to the Opera again, where *they must* be fashionable. The Opera really *will* open, that is news ; but the enemies of this establishment say it will tumble down,—I hoped this story was without foundation, but I now fear the theatre is. Ayrton, who is to manage, has good taste, and we are to have Don Giovanni ; and they say Pasta, who is positively not in the situation from which Lady Mountcharles is just recovering.

I have quite filled my paper, and have forgotten to mention the only thing I had any occasion to write about ; shall you be in town by the 12th ? I dine at the ———'s, and it will be a charity in you to meet me. Eliza goes with me, and we intend going to the Opera afterwards, should it open : upon that occasion you may appear in a cloth coat ; and at all events write me word what you propose to do, because if you do not come up, and the Opera should *not* open, I think I shall send for Hooper, and get up a cold for the occasion.

Believe me, dear John, always your affectionate Aunt,

Eliza says she wishes your name were Edward instead of John, for then she could account for your attachment to *Hastings* and the *Shores* ! Is not she very saucy ?

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No. IV.

*Long-Acre, Feb. 3, 1825.*

SIR,—We take the liberty of calling your attention to our small account for the year 1823, which remains unsettled, amounting to £386. 7s. 8d.

In soliciting a continuance of your favours, we beg to assure you, that we should not have taken the liberty of mentioning the trifling balance due us, but that we have a very large sum to make up towards the end of the month.

We are, Sir,

Your obedient humble Servants,

J. Thompson, Esq. &c.

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No. V.

M——— P———, *Devon, Feb. 8.*

MY DEAR THOMPSON,—When, how, or in what part of the world did you pick up the biped monster you have sent me here as butler? Lord Carysfort! he might as well have told you that he had lived at Carlton Palace; why, knowing his right hand from his left, after some consideration, is the *maximum* of his ingenuity. Only yesterday he iced my claret, and put down half-mulled champagne; besides, the fellow knows no French, and is so destitute of vicious understanding, that when I called for Constantia one day last week, he sent my wife's maid to the nursery, and produced my third daughter in the middle of dinner, instead of the sweet wine; this cannot do, and as I cannot do without somebody, what *am* I to do?

You certainly are, my dear Thompson, a most admirable acquisition to a small circle, and, as far as buying chiffoniers or cheapening chests of drawers, may be trusted; but as for butlers, by Jove! you have no discrimination. Look out for me again, in hopes of retrieving your tottering reputation; find me a fellow who is a rogue—I hate fools for servants. I can always manage knaves; but a fool keeps one in a perpetual carlatina with his *gaucheries*. Send me a fellow who powders his hair, and has learned to dance: no man that does not do the waltz-step can turn properly from a table; and no fellow that cannot speak French is worth his port. Say that I keep a dennet entirely for his use, and a small slavey to wait upon him, a double-barrelled Manton and brace of pointers during the season, and liberty to go after the hounds, when the scent does not lie and I do not go myself:—tell him I offer him all this—port wine at discretion, and above all, an agreeable flirtation with Mrs. Plumer, my wife's woman, who is as great a coquette as her betters.

As for wages, I give you a *carte blanche*; so do get me a presentable manciple.

There is nothing stirring here but foxes: the ——'s are down, but they are so dreadfully matter-of-fact, and Emma is so figurative, that they cannot make it out at all; and as for those thread-paper girls, with their eternal red heads and azure dresses, they really give one what they almost seem to represent—I mean the blue devils, my dear Thompson!

Why don't you come here? you would be quite a delight, and you could beam my wife about—she really likes you; and besides, you can sing and amuse us:—we are as dull as Dutchmen; but you might enliven us:—come yourself and be butler, if you like it; I assure you Mrs. Plumer is not to be slighted, even by a lady-killer! Yet I could not scold you, if you made blunders, or committed any *faux-pas*,—so you had better send somebody else.

What a book that fool Harriette has put forth!—published, too, by the Deputy-Grand-Master of the London Orange Lodge!—Deputy, too, to the virtuous Lord K——! I should think that Deerhurst must wish her at Old Nick; not to say any thing of my worthy friend Hart—she seems really to have been fond of the one man; but ripping up these old stories will, I fear, set the ladies upon retaliation. She lets me off easy, I admit; and, as for my dear lazy Emma, she is



so good, and kind, and idle into the bargain, that she would not take the trouble to be angry about it, even were it all true.

How goes on the French play this year?—Alvanley, I suppose, always there. I mean to have a box this season, if I get up to town in time. What is the name of the lawyer who fêtes the actresses?—you must make him know me. And, by the by, dear Thompson, will you call at Fribourg's, and tell him to send me down six or eight pounds of the mixture; and I wish you would also tell Tattersall not to forget what he promised. That tea and coffee stable-place up by Portman-square will never hurt TAT. Hang me, if I don't think Westminster Abbey and Tattersall's are part of the British constitution!

Adieu, Thompson!—don't forget a good butler. Emma calls this Hudibras.

Thine, till death,

G-

No. VI.

*Hastings, Feb. 5, 1825.*

You are unreasonable—you ask confidence, yet repose none! Do you believe that I shall accede to your request? I am petrified!—but you know your power, and can insult with impunity. Lucky is it that I have nothing more serious to reproach myself with! It is, however, my own fault; had I never been ingenuous, you had never dared to be insolent. I hardly know what I write; nor do I think you will be able to read this wretched scrawl; my hand trembles, and my head burns. How could you make such a proposition? You know I am here alone—utterly alone—not even knowing a human being! You ask leave to come to me: is this fair—is it honourable? I have confessed my feelings for you, and you would now seek to seize the only possible opportunity to take advantage of that confession;—but why ask my permission? If you choose to come, what on earth is there to hinder you? I cannot control your actions; but to ask me to give you leave to come!—I am terribly confused, and do not know even how to get this to the post-office; but I would not for the world that you should come without first knowing my sentiments. If you choose to postpone your visit until after the 10th, I shall not be alone—perhaps you will prefer coming then.

Adieu!—Yours, '*malgré tout*,'

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*Note by Mr. Thompson on the back of this letter.*

"I went to Hastings the 8th Feb. J. T."

No. VII.

DEAR THOMPSON,

*Feb. 9, 1825.*

I HAVE this moment arrived in town. I left Hastings on Thursday morning; but came round by Petworth, where I stayed till this morning. I wanted to consult you about some furniture for our new house; but your man tells me you are gone to Brighton, 'he believes.' I return to Hastings the day after to-morrow, for I do not like leaving poor Jane more than I can help: she desired me to make her best compliments, if I saw you. Should this be forwarded to you, cannot you

get from Brighton to us?—we shall stay by the sea until after the beginning of March, and you will be a great acquisition to us. God bless you.

Yours, truly,

We are unable, this month, to give place to any more of these letters; but since Mr. Thompson has opened his plan to us, we have submitted the few for which we had room, as a specimen of the information and entertainment likely to be collected from the literary communications of his friends; for which, in each succeeding month, we shall leave the necessary space.

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THE MATRIMONIAL SQUABBLE.

AN honest tailor, whose baptismal  
And patronymic appellations  
Were William Button, had a dismal  
Tendency to deep potations;  
And though, when sober, 'twas his doom,  
Like Jerry Sneak's, to drink the first  
Weak cups of tea,—the last and worst  
When they had coffee, and consume  
The fattest mutton-flaps at dinner,  
Yet sometimes the audacious sinner,  
Asserting his marital rights,  
Would, on the wages-paying nights,  
Betake him to the public-house  
To smoke, and tippie, and carouse;  
And as, with each new dram and sip, he  
Still more and more pot-valiant grew,  
At last he fairly braved his spouse,  
Call'd her a vixen and a shrew,  
A Jezebel, and a Xantippe.

Returning home one night, our varlet  
Bold with his wife-compelling liquor,  
Rattled the knocker quick and quicker,  
When with fierce eye, and face of scarlet,  
His tender spouse appear'd, and shrilly  
Vented reproaches on her Willy:—  
“So, jackanapes, you're come at last!  
No doubt the evening has been past  
In tipping purl, you drunken sot,  
Mull'd ale and amber, hot and hot,  
While your poor wife is left to slave,  
And drink cold water from the can,—  
Cold water, ye remorseless knave!”  
“Cold!” cried the husband, who began  
In turn to wrangle and to storm it,  
“Cold! ye poor lazy slattern, cold!  
Then why, ye good-for-nothing scold!  
Why don't you warm it?”

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## COURT-DAY. \*

HAVING no particular reason for presenting myself at the drawing-room this year, (and, indeed, being not a little overdone by the ordeal I had gone through at the University the night previous,) I took no prominent part in that ceremonial, otherwise than by strolling quietly down St. James's-street, about twelve o'clock, to see the humours of the day: and going to court always affords something sufficient to attract crowds of spectators of all classes. The scene was of the most motley description. The pavement was thronged with persons of every denomination; but chiefly of the lower orders. The windows and balconies, even the tops of houses, were swarming with people, anxious to see the procession; and the two sides of the open street were lined with carriages full of ladies looking on at a show, in which, doubtless, many of them sighed to take a more active part; and to which many would probably have belonged, but for certain new restrictions lately imposed, which have rather impeded the approach of the fair sex *in general* to the presence of his Most Gracious Majesty; and, by alarming the pride of some, hurting the feelings of others, and throwing obstacles in the way of all, have contributed not a little to thin the attendance usual on these occasions. But I have met with ladies who have presumed to rebel, and to call in question the necessity of these regulations, tossing their pretty heads with something that had very much the air of *l'ère majesté*, which made me look about me to avoid any participation, lest I should unconsciously, in my sympathy with the dear traitors, be drawn in as an accomplice, or become at least guilty of misprision of treason. I have a great fancy for making one in a crowd when any thing generally interesting is going on; for where a vast number of human beings are gathered together, there is sure to be an abundant development of nature and character; and even in those instances, where the parties possess neither nature nor character, the affected assumption of one or the other never fails to produce materials for amusement to the attentive spectator. In a crowd, people are generally more off their guard than in small private circles—their attention is withdrawn from self; and being attracted outwardly, the veil of artificial demeanour is dropped, and glimpses of reality are afforded, which, under other circumstances, are seldom obtained. On this gay occasion it was not uninteresting to see the collected band of those highly-favoured beings who were, in a manner, chosen by the sovereign to approach his person; and it was amusing to notice amongst the numerous candidates for royal distinction, the various ways in which they seemed affected, and in what manner they sustained their part in the spectacle on this high occasion. Some seemed, indeed, to forget that they were only a *part* of a *show*; and passed by, towering in their splendour, as though the drawing-room was made for them and their plumes, or their bags and swords (as the sex might chance to be), and for them alone. Others were elevated by the more pardonable pride of beauty; and I could not help suspecting more than one beautiful head of concealing a secret plot against the liberty of the sovereign

\* For the internal ceremonies on Court-days, see Kentucky's Journal, vol. ii. page 212.

himself, to whom they were going to pay homage; for were his Majesty of my opinion in regard to beauty, he would not, perhaps, long remain in widowed state. There were some—but a few only—who passed by with countenances as unmoved and unaltered by the circumstances of the moment, as if they had forgotten that their heads were adorned with feathers and diamonds; their “will was in composure,” and they were chatting to their companions exactly as if they were going out for a morning’s shopping. The young and timid novices to the courtly scene were easily discernible; and I thought I could even trace the particular tremble of the feather which decked the hair of the palpitating fair one who was about to tread, for the first time, the floors of St. James’s. Some were evidently overcome with a sense of their personal attractions, or the good taste or splendour of their decorations; and in these, the endeavour was apparently great to wear a face of unconscious carelessness, and to bear their faculties as meekly as the nature of things would admit; but it would not do—the real state of the mind peeped perpetually through the mask, and a glance of triumph on others, or of pleased survey upon themselves, betrayed too clearly the flutter of vanity at the heart. There were some, on the contrary, who seemed ill at ease, and by no means on such good terms with themselves, or so satisfied with the result of the morning’s toilette—anxiety and dissatisfaction were in the eye, and discontent quivered on the lip—in spite of a continual effort to assume the smile of easy gaiety, befitting the occasion. It is but fair that I should testify, (with whatever feelings of mortification and reluctance,) that this latter class comprised full as many of my own as of the fairer sex. The odious race of exquisites were to be seen occasionally, and were easily discernible by the ineffable consequence which they seemed to attach to their appearance—the anxious glance at the pocket-mirror—the incessant adjustment of curl, or tie, or seals, or frogs, tags, necklace, chain, or any other of the new-fangled ornaments with which men are now not ashamed to adorn themselves, in their eager attempts to rival the ladies in exterior attractions. I could not help remarking, within the dignified inclosure of a splendid coronetted coach, one lovely young creature whom I should, without hesitation, have selected as the queen of the procession; and were the present days any thing like those of chivalry, I could with pleasure have run a tilt in behalf of the supremacy of this peerless damsel, who haunted my imagination and gave me a heart-ache for the next fortnight. The grandeur of the equipage in which she was enveloped, partook of something of the old school of magnificence, and this heightened the charm of her youth and loveliness. There was a moral as well as physical beauty about her, which in my eyes made her transcendantly lovely. She could not but know that she was highly favoured by Nature, or her discernment would be justly questionable; but she seemed to hold it just in that degree of value that the possessor of a talisman, so powerful over the human heart, should always hold it. Such, indeed, was her modesty in this respect, that I am confident I might so accurately describe her, that though the whole drawing-room should at once my fair one “know from any other one,” yet I should incur no risk of raising on that sweet cheek the crimson of modesty, displeased at being pointed out to no-

tice ; for she would be the very last person to be struck with the resemblance, or to acknowledge the truth of the panegyric. Pass on then, my fair, unrevealed : I will but thus silently dedicate my tribute of praise, and offer the wreath of my honest admiration under this delicate reserve, to the most beautiful lady of the drawing-room held in May 1824. Nor do I fear that my applause should remain in abeyance, like an unclaimed dividend. It is more than possible that every lady there present may, in turn, (my meek-eyed fair one alone excepted) do me the favour to appropriate my homage to herself. Whilst these various feelings and emotions were to be traced in those privileged beings within their carriages ; in the pedestrians all was hilarity and good humour, as was befitting people who were treated by their betters with a spectacle gratis,—and they seemed to bring with them every disposition and capacity for a full enjoyment of the scene. The middle of the street was left vacant for the passage of the carriages which had the honour to convey the happy fair, the distinguished, or the brave, and others, neither fair, brave, nor distinguished, who were all going to pay their duty to their Sovereign. At these, John Bull took his broad unceremonious stare ; and some of the gay company, as they passed slowly along the alley left for them, or stood waiting the clearing away of the impediments in front, lent themselves with good humour to his amusement, and gave a full view of their nodding plumes and sparkling diamonds ; whilst others, ill-naturedly enough, drew down the blinds upon their splendour, and refused to be admired.

It is certainly a fine occasion for the display of equipages, horses, liveries, servants, and all the *et ceteras* of the magnifico's imposing array. I like to see the different demeanor of even the *outside* passengers on these occasions, who betray feelings and passions by no means dissimilar to those which sway the minds of the tenants of the interior. I marked many a laced and long-caned footman as much intoxicated with the applause bestowed on the vehicle, of which he was merely an appendage, as though it was entirely directed to him ; and I was often diverted by the swollen importance of a jolly old coachman, guiding the reins of a carriage ornamented with a strawberry-leaved coronet ; the nicely powdered wig, with tobacco-pipe curls, the three-cornered hat and enormous bouquet, and whole air of this well-fed automaton, plainly showed that he considered the part he bore in the procession as nothing inferior to that of his Grace himself. The contrasts sometimes exhibited on these occasions, by the different conveyances, are very amusing. To these the mobility seem particularly alive ; and it was diverting to observe the effect produced upon their risible faculties, when, after a long train of magnificent equipages in new-rigged splendor, well manned, and set off at all points to the utmost advantage, an unfortunate *jarvie* would make its appearance, following in the rear of a coach of distinguished splendor, and presenting so truly miserable a spectacle as to overcome entirely the usual gravity of honest John, and set the whole street into one unanimous roar. Nor was it uninteresting to notice the different modes in which this reception was borne by the various tenants of these forlorn-looking vehicles ; who, in some instances, endured it remarkably well—which, I observed, had always the effect of shortening the merriment. My

attention was particularly attracted to the demeanour of one of these, a naval officer; who, being conveyed in a hackney-chariot to the gay scene of loyalty, and happening to be the first who had so come, was saluted with that general burst of derision which is so peculiarly trying to the nerves of all men, military or civil; for it by no means follows, that he who can face the cannon's mouth in search of reputation without shrinking, shall be able to stand with equal firmness the fire of ridicule—a battery, to many, far more formidable. It would seem that it is easier to receive the sword of battle in the bosom, and fall with dignity upon the field, than to sustain a kick of the foot on the nether side, and to fall, with tolerably good temper. But this officer was made of the true stuff, and had evidently seen abundance of good service in the career of glory; and on this trying occasion he did not desert himself, but gave the fullest view of his person (which, handsome as it was, formed the best set-off against the meanness of his equipage,) to the merry crowd around him, upon whom he looked with an air of such perfect equanimity, good humour, and sympathy—appeared so thoroughly established in native and indefeasible dignity—and withal, so perfectly insensible to any mortification arising out of the machine which conveyed his person, that it most completely dried up the source of the mirth; the laugh of derision was converted into loud huzzas, and he was cheered along the whole of the formidable line he had to pass. Very different was the deportment of another individual, who presently approached in guise equally humble. He met with a reception similar to that of the first; but his nerves, or his temper, seemed totally unequal to brook the trial: he reddened, and frowned, and fidgeted, and looked from this side to that, as if in despair. He found, poor gentleman! no refuge from the torrent which assailed him; and his situation became the more distressing, as the whole line of carriages just then made an unlucky halt, and he was forced for some minutes to abide the gibes of the multitude; while the disturbance evident in his countenance, his occasional fruitless efforts to put a good face upon it, with successive relapses into anger, and the assumption of something like a menacing gesture at times, gave him a most ludicrous appearance, and added excessively to the bursts of rude merriment, which kept up the attention of the scoffers around him; and he looked by turns, as rage or mortification prevailed, like a baited bull, or a hapless dog, with canistered tail, till the advance of the procession at length released him from his tormentors.

We can hardly be attentive observers of any chapter of real life, opening the book, hap-hazard, at any page, without noticing something that may afford materials for useful reflection. Even in idly gazing at a procession to court, a lesson may be derived; and that lesson, I think, is contained chiefly in the hint we take from the mistakes of others as to their own self-estimation. These mistakes we plainly detect in our neighbour's conduct; and we see that feelings of pride and sense of dignity are hurt, exactly in proportion to the degree in which these notions are entertained by the possessor. If they are placed on a false foundation, or if we overrate our pretensions, we prepare for ourselves the cup of mortification, which will be always more or less

full, and more or less bitter, according as we invest these same mortifications with imaginary severity and undue importance.

But whilst I moralize this theme, the band of courtiers are returning from the royal interview, with pale faces, jaded looks, and relaxed curls, testifying the pressure of the brilliant crowd, "the troops of friends" which wait on the Sovereign of Britain. Countenances were now released from the solicitude which previously marked them, and were as negligent as their tresses: and thus ended the long-anticipated, long-sighed-for, long-postponed drawing-room. Whether the ladies were pleased with the way in which it went off, would be a knotty point to determine: so much depends upon the expectations and designs of the parties themselves. Some returned with smiles playing on their features; while others wore, as I thought, a frown of ominous import, as though all had not been well, as if a rival's head-dress had been too becoming, or as though the one great personage, in compliance with the delicate tact attributed to him, had avoided to press the cheek, however lovely, where exotic roses bloomed, and had saluted the forehead only. My imagination busied itself in fancying that some had failed in the grand scheme of the captivity of the royal affections; and in these were perceptible a degree of dejection which marked how were the mighty hopes of the morning fallen! But I am a fanciful being, and may, very possibly, weave a web of unreal speculation; there was, however, without doubt, an apparent tranquillity in all, compared to the appearances of the morning—the flutter of hope, of expectation, of vanity, and of uncertainty, were all calmed into stillness, and gave place to that languor which naturally succeeds a fatiguing exertion. One reflection forcibly struck me in the morning, and that was, the extraordinary faculty of ubiquity possessed by the fair sex. It is really wonderful. Here I beheld numbers of ladies, as early as eleven or twelve o'clock, equipped in full feather to appear at court, whom I had seen with my own eyes at the grand medley at the University Club at four o'clock the same morning, many of whom I knew had been at Almack's the preceding night, before they came to the club; and how many more places they had graced with their presence, no one can possibly say. And yet, there they were in St. James's-street, in unimpaired beauty, at noon, looking as if nothing whatever had happened. It is utterly incomprehensible to me how the more delicate and fragile part of the creation can bear this violent round of dissipation, and "keep the natural ruby of their cheeks;" whilst mine, I honestly confess, are terribly blanched, or, rather more correctly, yellowed, with heat and bad air and late hours, in a very short space of time. Fortunately, however, for the votaries of fashionable life, the "natural ruby" is not an absolute requisite in their catalogue of jewels, and a substitute has accordingly been discovered, which now finds its appropriate niche in the dressing-boxes of both sexes.

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## PROVINCIAL BALLADS,—NO. II.

*The Star of Pomeroy.\**

FULL of the dead, and of their fame,  
 Go, wanderer, pace with mournful joy  
 The halls, now mute to Seymour's name,  
 The ivied halls of Pomeroy!

Go, think, as there thy slow steps rove,  
 Of princely Seymour's hundred sires,  
 Of past renown and buried love,  
 Of faded hearts and broken lyres.

'There, lone enthusiast, bend thine eyes  
 On what has been, no more to be,  
 Till on thy soul the past shall rise,  
 Even as it now returns on me.

But hope not mine a tale of war,  
 A lay of battle, the soul to move,  
 Such themes my verse could only mar—  
 I tell a simple tale of love.

—No fleece of cloud can eye behold  
 Along the dim blue evening sky,  
 While hangs the moon, in pallid gold,  
 O'er the dark woods of Pomeroy.

All silver-sweet the holy bell  
 Proclaims a solemn vesper hour,  
 And to the chapel in the dell  
 The household glide from hall and bower.

But who,—where, with wrought shafts of stone,  
 Yon silver'd lattice gleams on high,—  
 Paces her bower, and weeps alone?  
 Who but the Star of Pomeroy?

More fair, more pale than summer's moon,  
 Shines the young cheek on which it falls,  
 As there the lady thinks how soon  
 She leaves for love her father's halls.

Hark! from the wood a bugle peals—  
 She starts—she leaves her chamber fair;—  
 With quick, but faltering pace she steals  
 O'er floor of oak and massy stair.

Pass'd are the gates—oh! stern and dread  
 The strife 'twixt love and duty grew,  
 As, with reverted eye, she bade  
 Her bower, her home, a mute adieu.

With heavier heart than e'er before,  
 \* She treads the path to that lone grove,  
 Where first she heard, in days of yore,  
 \* The whisper of forbidden love.

\* Every admirer of baronial antiquities has heard of the ruins of Berry Pomeroy Castle. They lie within a small distance of the town of Totnes, in Devonshire. What Lord Byron has said of the Coliseum, may be applied with singular appropriateness to them: they do indeed compose

"A noble wreck in ruin to the perfection;"

and the family to whom they belong, are taking every precaution to prevent the further damages of time or wantonness upon this fine monument of ancestral grandeur.



Impatient in the trysting shade  
 Her lover soon the lady found,  
 And heard, within the oakwood glade,  
 His unseen charger paw the ground.  
 "Oh, Herbert, better far for both,  
 We leave in time this deed undone :  
 My plighted heart, my maiden troth,  
 All I should give, thou long hast won.  
 "Then seek no more, and love no less,—  
 Retain my heart, renounce my hand ;—  
 Think, think, will Heaven e'er deign to bless  
 The bridal, by our fathers bann'd ?"—  
 "And wouldst thou thus my hopes deceive ?  
 Was that sweet promise given in vain ?  
 Can Ellen's love but lead to grieve  
 The heart that owns her gentle reign ?  
 "Our sires are foes ; but, oh, wilt thou  
 On all thy Herbert's fond hopes frown,  
 Because he springs, a lineal bough,  
 From the proud tree of Champernown ?\*  
 "Perchance our loves may reconcile  
 Their feud, and they our flight forgive ;  
 And, should they not, we 'll find the while  
 A sunnier land to love and live."  
 With many a word of tender art,  
 He hush'd the fears her breast within :—  
 To him, that has his lady's heart,  
 His lady's hand is light to win.  
 Soon did they mount, and fast did flee  
 The lover and his trembling love ;  
 And blithely for the moonshine free  
 The charger clear'd the black oak grove.  
 Swift, swift, did speed the roan blood steed,—  
 Far, far to right lay Totnes town,—  
 Till, wandering bright in links of light,  
 They saw Dart wind through woodlands brown.  
 In deepest shade a boat lay moor'd ;  
 On watch beside the rowers stood :  
 Soon the fond twain were safe on board,  
 And fast they swept the umber'd flood.  
 Through tall dark woods they wind and glide,  
 Recedes apace the forest shore,  
 While through the gloom by fits was spied  
 The sparkle of the silver'd oar.  
 Off Dartmouth grey a vessel lay  
 At anchor on the moonlight sea :  
 Ere long the twain her broad deck gain,  
 To weigh for distant Italy.  
 Her chieftain bore no vulgar name ;  
 His stately lady too was there :—  
 No taint could light on maiden's fame  
 Beneath their sage and honour'd care.

\* Champernown, i. e. De Campo Arnulphi (*Vide Oliver's Monastic Collections, Exeter, 1820, p. 119.*) an ancient and distinguished family, whose name is familiar to all the readers of provincial history.

The breeze, the billow, sped them well,  
Their native shore fades far behind,  
And nought is seen but ocean's swell,  
As on they sweep on ocean's wind.

Nor many a day they roam'd the wave  
Ere they were moor'd on foreign sands,  
And ring, and priest, and altar gave  
Their rites to link the lovers' hands.

—Alas for human hope, that e'er  
A cloud should dim its fairy ray!  
Alas for human love, that ne'er  
The loved one knows it will not stray!

He, for whose sake young Ellen left  
Her childhood's home, her mother's arms,  
Too soon, of love and faith bereft,  
Sighs for a soft Venetian's charms.

Oh! grief of griefs! That stranger's hand  
Another claim'd, who saw too well;—  
They met, they fought:—on foreign land  
The flower of youth, the aggressor fell!

What hope for her, the lorn one, now?  
What place of rest beneath the sky?—  
Despair has paled her lovely brow,  
And sorrow dimm'd her shining eye.

In vain afar her feet may stray,—  
Her thoughts are all of grief and home,  
By the blue waves of Naples bay,  
Or 'mid the shrines of holy Rome.

If to repose her limbs she gave,  
It was not e'er to dream of joy;  
Still would she haunt her lover's grave,  
Or the far woods of Pomeroy.

—Time roll'd away. The feast was gay  
At ancient Berry's courtly board;  
Brave hunters there, and ladies fair,  
Were round the castle's princely lord.

They talk'd of falcon, steed, and hound,  
Of arms, and courts, and beauty's power;  
And aye they pass'd the red wine round,  
And plann'd the dance at evening hour.

But grief, which would not be beguiled,  
Was in the mother's voice and eye,  
As she recall'd her absent child,  
Her own sweet Star of Pomeroy.

—Sudden the hall a peasant cross'd,—  
Gave to the lady's hand a scroll;—  
She read—her cheek the life-blood lost,  
As from the crowded hall she stole.

Beneath the peasant's roof she stands—  
What sees proud Berry's lady there?  
A veiled form, with folded hands,  
That draws with pain the living air.

“Oh, may an erring child at last  
Read pardon in a mother's eye?”—  
She raised her veil—one look—'tis past—  
Set is the Star of Pomeroy!

## THE SPANISH STUDENT.

*An Adventure at Padua,—founded on fact.*

THE grass is now growing in the streets of Padua. Ranges of houses are crumbling into dust. The marble palaces of its princes are silent ; and Learning has fled, like a false friend !

Yet, still its University remains : its doctors and professors are still there ; and there still is the large clock, which thunders the dull hour into the ears of its straggling disciples. But where is the *fame* of Padua ? Where is its learned splendour ? Where are its eighteen thousand scholars,—Italian and Greek, Persian, Frank, and Arabian ? —They are gone, loaded with the wealth of science : they cultivate the seeds of learning at home, and the school of Petrarch and Galileo is deserted !

It is now many years ago since a young Spanish student was seen, one sultry afternoon, descending the side of one of the Euganean hills on his return to Padua. He had been at Arqua that morning to visit the tomb of Petrarch, and was going back to the University, in which he had lately been admitted a scholar. The youth was of a good family, and was a native of the kingdom of Leon, and he had been sent to Padua in order to acquire a knowledge of languages, as well as some of the later discoveries in science, which were not then known (or at least not taught) in the colleges of Spain. He was a serious, graceful young man, with a proud mouth and a large black eye that wanted nothing but the illumination of love to make it altogether irresistible. His name was Rodrigo Gomez ; and, on the afternoon of which we have spoken, had any lady seen him treading firmly and lightly along (as though all the blood of Castile were in his veins), and looked for a moment at his expressive face, where the constant olive was now mixed and dashed with dark red, like the flush of a ruby brought out by the light, she might have pleaded a beautiful excuse for inconstancy or love. Rodrigo was not aware, however, of these things, but pressed forward with a quick step to Padua. He saw before him rich pastures stretching out into misty distance, and the gay villages of Italy scattered on each side. He passed Cataio, and the gloomy castle of the Obizzi ; and, keeping onwards by the canal, continued to make the best of his way homewards. Having gone a mile or two further, however, the intense heat of the day oppressed him, and he resolved to rest himself at a small inn (which he had perceived when he passed that way before,) and to complete his journey in the evening.

He was now about five or six miles from Padua, and he entered the village inn. It stood a little out of the road, and was sheltered by some large chesnut-trees from the heat of the sun. He called for refreshments, when bread and fruit, and a bottle of light wine were placed before him. In one corner of the room sate a dark sullen-looking man, whose air appeared somewhat above that of a peasant, drinking ; another sang a romance to a few listeners at the door of the house ; and two noble-looking men, who appeared to be foreigners, were conversing at a table near him.

" Sing that song again, Stephano," said one of the party at the outside of the inn, " and I will give thee some music to it : " and upon

this he took a violin out of a small bag that he held in his hand, and proceeded to draw from it some exquisite tones. "That fellow has a fine hand," said one of the gentlemen near Rodrigo, in Spanish. "By Saint Jago he would beat the nightingale. Listen!"—And the fellow played until the hearing of Rodrigo was entranced. He had heard fine music in Spain, and was painfully subject to its power. Now he listened to the masterly capriccios of the musician, and then to the tender symphony, till at last the song commenced, and the words riveted his attention. It told of "the Beauty of Padua,"—her faults, her snares, her bewitching eyes, and her voice sweeter than music, which none had been ever known to resist. It spoke of her as a Calypso—a Circe—a creature who outwent all sculpture, and painting, the flights of passion, and the dreams of poets; and then some plaintive burthen followed, which it was difficult to understand. But a second verse succeeding, the student listened more attentively, and caught words like these:—

"Tell me where her beauty lies!  
In her lips, or in her eyes?  
In her bosom white and deep,  
Where her favour'd lovers sleep?  
In her love-enchaining smile?  
In her truth, or in her guile?"—

and then the burthen was repeated, and the ditty closed.

"And, prythee, who is the beauty of Padua?" said the elder Spaniard, when the song was over.

"He means Cornelia," replied the landlord of the inn (a little stout humorous-looking man) who had just entered the room.

"I do not know her, friend," retorted the stranger—"who is she? I never heard of more than one of that name, and she died long ago."

"And pray who was *she*, if I may be so bold?" said the host. "We have only one of that name who has been remarkable."

"She was a famous woman, and mother of the Gracchi!"

"Oh!—a relation perhaps. But this lady has no children: plenty of lovers, though."

"And now, our good host," said the Spaniard, "sit down (here, upon this bench,) and help us to drink some of this excellent wine. Ha! 't has a rare flavour, i' faith. This is your true Montepulciano——"

"You are a judge, Signior," interrupted the landlord.

"No, no; I have tasted the true grape in my time, though, I confess. This wine reminds me of some which I drank at the Prince of C——'s, at Naples. It must be of the same vintage. But, to leave that subject—prythee sit down by me, friend, and tell us, without more ado, who *your* Cornelia is."

The host bowed, and obeyed. He tasted his own wine like a landlord, and spoke to the following effect:—

"About five-and-twenty years ago, Signiors," said he, "the large palace, which you will see on entering Padua, (you will know it by the fountain of lions,) belonged to a Cardinal of the family of the Minotti. He was of a proud and tyrannous temper, Sirs, as your high-born gentles frequently are; but, he possessed large revenues, a wonderful stock of learning, and, as it was said, expected one day or other to be Pope. He had not always been a churchman, however; but, in his

early days, had followed the trade of fighting; and had, in fact, signalised himself a little in public battles, and considerably in private disputes. In truth he was of a quarrelsome nature; and, being an expert swordsman, was much respected by gallants in general. He had a friend, however; one—one——”

“Antonio Zetti,” said the stranger in the peasant’s dress.

“You are right, Signior,” returned the host; “Zetti was the name, as I recollect,—Antonio Zetti. Well,—it so chanced that this gallant fell in love with the same lady to whom the Count Minotti was then attached;—for the great Cardinal, Sirs, was then only a Count.”

“By Saint Jago! *only*”—said the Spaniard.

“Yes, Signior,” replied the landlord, “nothing more, I assure you.”

“And was not that enough?”

“Oh, no, Signior—a mere nothing. We think nothing of people here unless they belong to the church.”

“Why was my crown not shaven, Guzman?” said the Spaniard, aside, to his countryman. “Why, what an ass was I to carve my dinner with a sword. I might have been a scarlet king here, and poisoned the ear of the old man of the mountains.”

“Well, Sir, the Count Minotti and his friend quarrelled (about the lady,) and fought; and Antonio——”

“Was killed. I see it to the end,” said the Spaniard.

“Yes, Sir, he was killed, as you say, and left a fine spring morning behind him. They met in the outskirts of Rome, (where the Count then lived,) and the first lunge cured the Signior Zetti of his passion.”

“And the lady married the victor? hey!” added the Spaniard. “The women are fond of laurels, I know, and a little blood will never spoil a green leaf.”

“No, Sir; she was obstinate and refused the Count altogether;—an extraordinary case, Sir. He was rich, six feet high, and a soldier; but, somehow or other, she rejected all. Upon her refusal, the Count threatened extremely to kill himself. But he didn’t. No, Sir, he was too much of a soldier to die out of a brawl. On the contrary, he lived on, and pretty freely too, as report says; and, in the course of time, he fell in love again.—I forget with whom—but the lady died, and then he gave up his wild courses, and left the army, and, finally, entered a convent of Dominican monks. There he remained some years; and, his talents being perceived, (and his penances noised about,) he eventually became its superior. From this height it was but one step to a bishopric, and another to a cardinal’s hat. These things are not difficult, Signiors, when Fortune is in the mood to serve us. About this time the chief of his family died, and his Eminence removed to the great Leone palace near Padua, bringing with him a female child. The girl was brought up in all manner of luxury; she had foreign masters, was taught music and painting and the languages, and, in short, came to be considered quite a prodigy amongst the young women here. She was beautiful, too, as I have heard said, and was thought to resemble a celebrated picture painted by Leonardo da Vinci, (a famous artist in his time,) a Florentine. However, all this lasted only eighteen or nineteen years, or thereabouts, when the old Cardinal died, and left this girl—who was generally supposed to be his child—a beggar.”

"That was a beggarly action of my lord the Cardinal," said the elder Spaniard. "But what became of the girl?"

"Why, Signior, the people hereabouts, finding that she could establish no claim as his daughter, began to conjecture that she might have been his mistress, and shunned her accordingly."

"'Tis a good-natured world," muttered the Spaniard.

"Yes, Signior," returned the host, "it takes care of its morals. Well,—about this time, and while the young girl, who was called Cornelia, was in great distress, (for she had failed in procuring scholars in music and painting and other arts of which she was mistress, owing to the strict virtue of the families here,)—about this time, comes a young gallant to the University, a handsome spark, Signiors, (about my height, or rather better,) who conquered her heart and her person at once."

"So! what was his name?"

"Antonio Zetti," said the peasant-looking stranger again.

"Why, Signior!" exclaimed the landlord, "you seem to know more of the matter than I do. I pray you go on with the story."

"May I ask, Sir," said the Spaniard, "who this Antonio was? I thought that his 'Eminence,' (as our friend here calls him,) had put an end to his pilgrimages."

"He was the son of that Antonio Zetti, Sir," replied the stranger. "His father's life was cut off by the bloody churchman, Minotti; and the youth was sworn (as Hannibal of old was) upon a flaming altar, to revenge his father's murder—and he did!"

"But not upon Minotti?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the stranger. "I am not so sure. 'Twas whispered that he set off on the road to Paradise somewhat suddenly."

"And his daughter?"

"His daughter!" said the peasant, in a bitter voice, "why she would be glad to die, but that she fears to do so. Her fame is spotted like a leper's skin. Her life is a lie—for she has virtue in her heart, if I must speak truth, while she gives herself away to sin. Some say that she gives to no one more than a smile——"

"Why does she not quit her horrid ways?" interrupted the Spaniard.

"Why, Signior?—why, because she cannot starve, and dare not die. Oh! she's a rare riddle, worse even than the Sphinx; for 'tis said that all who comprehend her, perish."

"Yours is an odd story, Sir."

"'Tis whispered that her lovers die, Sir, by some means or other, as soon as she has begun to like them. A score of them are gone. Some have destroyed themselves, some are missing, and some have been heard of fastened to the boats at Tripoli. She is a perilous person, Sirs, and therefore—beware!"

And, so saying, he left the room.

Throughout the whole of this story the Student had listened with an intense interest; and, during the latter part of the dialogue, had kept his eyes fixed upon the peasant's face until he departed. Rodrigo then rose from his chair; and, after paying for his temperate repast, followed the track of the stranger.

[Thus far the facts of this story were detailed by the Senor Antonio Lois Gomez, who was, in fact, the "elder Spaniard" of the preceding chapter. He, it seems, had not seen his nephew since his childhood, having been for some years before a resident in India. He was then proceeding, as it was said, from Leghorn to Padua and Venice, (having only touched upon his native soil,) to settle some important private affairs. The latter part of the story (such as it is) has been collected partly from the lips of the woman at whose house Rodrigo lodged, and partly from the Student's own letters.]

The curiosity of Rodrigo had been raised to an extreme pitch. It was his fault, indeed, (if it be a fault) to possess an inquisitive spirit. He was born in a sunny country, and was gifted with a warm imagination. His passions—those devils which lay waste the elysium of young hearts—were now abroad, raging and devouring, flushing his cheeks with scarlet, and making his eye glitter and his pulse to tremble. He was almost a stranger in Italy—young, fiery, curious, and had never been in love. What more is required to account for the most extravagant actions?

He followed the stranger, who had spoken in a tone of bitterness towards Minotti and his daughter, and at last overtook him in a hollow about a quarter of a mile from the inn. "You walk quick, Sir," called he, when he arrived near to the object of his search. The stranger turned suddenly round, and put his hand into his bosom; but seeing who it was, only smiled. "Ha! young Sir, is it you? What has tempted you to desert your wine and olives before the red heat of the sun is quite down? You would have done more wisely to have rested longer."

"No," replied Rodrigo, "I was enough refreshed; and, to speak truth, I was desirous of a companion to cheat the weariness of the way."

"Ay!—are you a stranger here?" inquired his companion.

"Yes, Senor," returned he, "I am a Spaniard."

"Yours is a brave country, Signior," said the stranger. "I love it. It is the land of gallantry and romance. *This is a den of intrigue.*"

"I thought it had been the temple of study," said the youth.

"It is"—retorted the stranger; "we study how to gratify ourselves—how to sing, to fiddle, to idle, to lie, to cheat, and—to *revenge!*"

"I came here only to learn Greek and Latin and the sciences," said the student; "I shall get more than I reckoned upon."

"You will, Signior; and of that you may be sure."

The conversation now drooped into silence: for, although Rodrigo had been impatient to learn some more particulars of the daughter of Minotti, he had not courage to make a direct inquiry. In the course of half an hour more they approached the city. The sun had, by this time, sunk; but he had gone down blushing to the bed of Thetis his bride, and had left all the West dyed in hot light. A long vast irregular cloud stretched itself across the sky from south to north, having one side tinged with the crimson lustre of the sun, while the other presented a hard purple outline which the imagination might almost have impregnated with life. And now came sighing through the myrtle and almond trees the gentle voice of the evening wind. The vines, which crept from tree to tree, rustled and shook their fringed leaves: the un-

seen brook, that had appeared to lie silent all through the sultry day, awoke and ran along bubbling and sparkling amongst weeds and flowers; while, in the distance, where the city lay, might be seen lights flashing, and vanishing, and re-appearing, at a hundred different points from the windows of Padua. It was now the close of the day, and a long booming sound (it was the evening gun) went rolling over the dusk meadows, like the hollow echoes of thunder, and announced that the city watch was set.

While Rodrigo was bathing his forehead (for he had uncapped) in the cool odours of the breeze, and was speculating on fifty things all beautiful and impossible, he turned suddenly round from the west, (now grown faint and obscure,) and beheld near him a stupendous object which had been hitherto concealed by the trees and the windings of the road, but which now flung down a vast black shadow on that part of the road which he was soon about to traverse.—When they had arrived close at the place, the stranger said in a peculiar voice, “This is the fountain of Lions.” Rodrigo raised his eyes, and beheld an old overgrown palace heaving up its huge square shoulder between him and the rising moon. Every thing about it appeared utterly deserted, and the ‘fountain of Lions’ itself seemed to have become neglected. Four of those grand beasts, larger than life, and cut in granite, lay there, with their enormous paws stretched out and their stony jaws open, but no sparkling water came forth; and the large circular basin below, over which ran (carved in strong relief) the stories of poets, was dry and dusty and useless. “Ha, ha!” said the stranger again, “This is the house of Minotti!”—and, as he ceased, the echoes took up the word, and uttered in a hoarse and distended tone, “Minotti!—Minotti!”—It was as though the inanimate marbles had risen from their stony sleep and flung back the name of their dead master upon the man who reviled him in his grave. “That was odd enough,” said Rodrigo; and the stranger assented in a suppressed tone, and then both walked on in silence. At length, they recovered themselves, and talked of various matters until they arrived at the gates of the city. “Here I must leave you, Signior,” said the stranger, “farewell!”—“Farewell,” replied Rodrigo—“yet, stay:—you told us a curious story about a woman of Padua.” The stranger was silent. “May I ask,” resumed the student, “where she lives?”—“In the western suburbs, young sir; but be wise, and go not thither. You have heard of Circe? and Calypso?”—“Yes.”—“Well; she is of that family, and may prove a perilous friend.” “I thank you for your advice, Signior. I should like to know whom I may thank hereafter. Your name is ——” the student hesitated. “Antonio Zetti!” was the reply. And Rodrigo and the stranger parted.

That night the Spanish student never reached his home. But when the first rays of the sun were streaming over the plains of the Milanese, he returned to his chamber exceedingly wearied, as though he had passed the night in wandering. He came with a flushed yet haggard countenance, and a slow step, and looked thoughtful and even melancholy. “Did you lose your way from Arqua, Signior?” inquired the dame with whom he lodged. “Ay,” said he, “I have been far from the right path, but I shall know better another time;” saying which he retired to his room, and passed the whole of that day alone.

The next evening he was absent till past midnight, and the next,—and



the next; and so he continued day after day. His social and gentle manners disappeared, his fresh look was gone, and his purse (repeatedly replenished and as often secretly exhausted) no longer afforded him the means of being liberal or even just. The letters of introduction which he had brought to Padua remained undelivered, and one or two friends who had been requested to notice him, complained of his having abandoned them. His landlady ~~now~~ (whose bill was larger than she wished) grew curious and a little impatient on the subject of her lodger. "Our young gentleman grows thinner and thinner every day," observed Lorenza to her mother.—"Ay girl," replied his hostess, "he is as thin as his purse. I do not understand his doings, not I." "He grows paler," said the daughter.—"Ay, ay, and poorer too," retorted the dame. "I must take some means to get my money soon, or perhaps he'll die in my debt. I do not understand it. Here, he eats and drinks at my cost—" "Ah! mother, he eats so little," said the interceding Lorenza. "Why, to be sure, he *hath* grown sparing," answered the mother:—and here the conversation ended.

Shortly after this, however, the hostess (having made no further progress into the student's secret) applied to him peremptorily for money. He blushed, and stammered out something about his remittances, and soon after, in a sad and drooping condition, quitted the house. From that time afterwards he was *never* heard of. The landlady waited for him during that day, and expected him throughout the night, and the next day also,—and the next,—and the next. But he never came. At last, she made known the circumstance of his disappearance to his friends, who set on foot every inquiry, but in vain. There was nothing which threw a light on this mysterious subject: unless it was a passage or two from some letters written by the student to a young countryman of his, to whom it appears he was related. These letters, which are for the most part penned in a small tremulous hand, are addressed to "*The Senor Juan Ilanos, at Avila in Leon,*" and contain among other things, (not essential to this story,) the following curious extracts:—[After giving a brief account of the dialogue at the inn, which we have been enabled to state much more at length, he details the particulars of his walk homewards, which have been already given; and then proceeds.]

"I felt—shall I say it?—an appetite, a passion, a burning desire, an intense curiosity beyond all that possesses ordinary men. My devil was an inquisitive spirit, which rode me like a nightmare. I could no longer resolve to be incurious or content. I saw a hell open before me, and I resolved to cast myself into its abyss. My love—but it was *not* love: It was to true love like what a stove-heated room odorous with jasmine and roses is to the clear and bracing air. My limbs trembled and were restless. My eye glanced about, yet noted nothing. My mouth was dry, and I bit my lips till they ran over with blood. I hurried on through the streets, past shops and warehouses and blazing inns—and at last reached the suburbs. Still I kept on with an unsubdued pace. The moon had risen, and the evening star was strait above me. I looked at it, and it threw down its small piercing eye, as though it saw through my purpose. I had now reached the last house of the town. Before me was a dark lane, whose hedges were overgrown with honeysuckle and flaunting ivy. I plunged into it, in a moment, and gave my soul up to intoxication and love."

It appears, by another letter, that Rodrigo failed that night in finding the idol of his imagination. She was discovered by him afterwards,

however, and he gave himself to her society, utterly reckless of the world around him. He made her magnificent presents, which (to do her justice) she received somewhat unwillingly, and she, in fact, appears to have been ignorant of the amount of his resources. At last, the madness of a boy prevailed with her, and she returned his love with a passion as intense as his own. At this period he writes thus:—

“ You should see her, my friend, as I have seen her, more beautiful than the summer rainbow. You should hear her speak, so sweetly, so smilingly, and sing, like the pining nightingale. For she, too, has no mate, and lives in a green haunt, mysterious and alone, like that bird whom the poets write of. Her breath is like the odour of flowers—her tread like air—and her eyes as the starry nights of August are. But, why do I fret thee with these trite similes? I have felt *her kisses*! do you hear?—her hot, inticing, intoxicating kisses. Her lips have burned love upon me,—and I live!—Oh! Juan, Juan! that was no fable which tells of the witch Circe and her crowd of brute slaves. *I myself* am transformed in spirit,—prostrate and supine. How willingly would I lay me down on the base ground and bid her trample me to dust!—Juan, am I not lost? I have gone from myself, surely. I have left all study, all amusements, all converse of friends. The intellect of past ages which opened upon me like a Heaven, now looks dull and murky. I have abandoned all things for one alone, and she may be at last—a woman!”

Some of his other letters are such a mere tissue of extravagant sayings, that we cannot venture to transcribe them. He seems to have been bewitched beyond all chance of relief. He talks more rapturously than a poet could do, and as fondly as a life-devoted lover.

“ I have just left her, and it is a relief to me to write to thee, my dear friend Juan. Do not perplex me with thy advice; it is heartless and cold, and useless. I am hers for ever. We hear of menaces, and strange stories are told to us in secret, and horrid forebodings haunt us; but we are constant to each other, and that makes amends for all. ‘Amends,’ do I say? Is it thus that the slave of Love can speak, who ought to be so grateful, so devoted?—Juan, I have just left her. Oh! hers are the gardens of enchantment. The fountains and fruit trees,—the waving whispering branches, the ground carpeted with flowers, the marble hall, the Persian couches, the glittering wines, and the maddening kisses,—I feel them still. Were I not thus to pour out my folly before thee, I should die of excess of pleasure.”

“ And yet we are circled all round with peril. That horrible Zetti is near us, who wears his hand eternally on his dagger, and feeds only upon blood and gold. His emissaries are upon us. Every step that I tread is watched. I heard his laugh last night from a thicket in her garden, as I pressed her to escape from him and Padua. He is a very devil, whom revenge and a coarse passion alternately sway. And yet we live under this contemptible tyranny! Juan.—What shouldst thou think of me, Juan, were I to leave thee and Spain for ever, to dwell in some desert with this Circe of my love? Wouldst thou forgive me? Would my father pardon me? Yet why do I speak of him, who never threw away a gentle word upon the son of his dead Theresa? He was an ingrate to love, an apostate from his old affection, and I have still enough of my proud mother’s Castilian spirit in me, to assist me to this indignant reproach.—Farewell, Juan! farewell! Shouldst thou not receive another letter soon from me, look to hear that I am gone over to the Hesperian islands, where now no ‘unenchanted’ dragon watches; or else that I have begun my pilgrimage into the sunset wildernesses, where man has no enemy but the snake and the panther, and love no termination but the grave!”

It was about the time of writing this letter, that the student left his home at Padua, never to return. The old landlady wondered, as I

have said, and her daughter, the pretty Lorenza, sighed to think that so sweet and noble a youth should leave her without a word at parting. She had let her heart wander too often towards him, and her pity would soon have risen into love. But he disappeared, and she grieved like a gentle woman for him, through many and many a day, and at last awoke from her love-delusion as from a dream.

—Nothing certain was ever heard, after this period, of Cornelia Minotti or the Spanish student. But the captain of a Leghorn trader, who had been obliged to make a voyage to America, and had been up the country as far as Montreuil, stated that a young couple, answering their description, had some years before arrived at that city, and had afterwards purchased a section of land in the neighbourhood. Upon this land they had built a small house, where they lived very secluded, never coming even to Montreuil except upon some very urgent occasion. The man, he said, was about thirty years of age, tall, and of an olive complexion, with a seriousness of aspect which seemed to denote constitutional melancholy. The woman (who appeared about the same age) was extremely pale, but possessed a commanding figure, and a lustrous expression in her eyes that he had never seen equalled. They were, he understood, quiet unoffending people, though reserved, charitable to the poor settlers and people around them, and, above all, appeared to entertain towards each other the most romantic and extravagant affection.

#### MORAL LINES.

FLOATING down the current of time to the tomb,  
 We hallow too much the flowers on its side,  
 As the Indian does the frail fair bloom  
 Of the lotus that drinks of his sacred tide.\*  
 But thus should we part with the pearl of Heaven,  
 To treasure on Earth its rifled shell?  
 Or is aught so precious by this life given,  
 That we bid to the other a glad farewell?  
 Oh, think, amid all thy flowers, how soon,  
 Son of Earth, the adder may cross thy way—  
 How quickly, amid the blaze of noon,  
 The cloud of the grave may eclipse thy day!  
 Go, taste of the banquet of this world's joys,  
 And drink of the nectar of earthly love;  
 But remember betimes to lift thine eyes,  
 In the midst of them all, to the things above.  
 Thus sweeter by far shall thy life bloom on,  
 Than *theirs*, who forget that they e'er must fall;  
 And over the Future the Past's light thrown,  
 Shall sign with a rainbow its cloudy pall.  
 And thus to thy God, without fear or crime,  
 Thy spirit, whenever 'tis call'd, shall flee;  
 And the hand, that scatters the wreath of time,  
 Will weave one of paradise-flowers for thee.

J.

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The Ganges. It holds a high place in the superstitions of the country, in which lotus-flower is not forgotten.

## THE SMALL TOUR, OR, UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

EVERY body knows what is, or was, meant by "the grand tour." By the small tour I mean that tour which since the peace of 1814 has been made by high and low, rich and poor, from the stately duke and the superb duchess, to the snug cheesemonger and his snub-nosed spouse. I mean the tour to Paris and back again.

This tour I made originally in the latter end of the year 1814: was in Paris during the memorable era of the hundred days, and was the last of the British swallows which took flight on the re-approach of "the wintry clouds of war." This I consider as an epoch in my life, and now with increasing years I find my fondness for alluding to it increase marvellously:—at least my friends tell me so; but I shrewdly suspect that they exaggerate matters. I believe, on my conscience, that I do not mention the fact above twice in the same evening, at least before my third bottle: what may happen after that, I cannot positively swear to. Be that as it may, the tour to Paris, "where I was when Napoleon came from the island of Elba," kept me in good talk for nine years. The topic, to be sure, was beginning to get a little stale; but most fortunately for myself, my friends, and the public, it happened by the most unexpected chance, that I was obliged the other day to take the small tour again. In fact, dear reader, I visited the capital of France a very short time before "another son of St. Louis had ascended into heaven." I mean now to entertain the reader with a few of the most piquant of my personal adventures during my absence from the smoky Eden, or foggy paradise of London. But before I begin, let me hasten to relieve him from the distressing apprehension that I shall insult his probably superior knowledge on the subject by any description of buildings, sights, or localities of any kind; or his understanding by any moral or political dissertations. Let not the fear of dramatic criticism be before his eyes, nor let any anticipated strictures on the fine arts weigh down his eyelids. Of these things we have had enough "*usque ad nauseam*," both in print and in conversation. It had a fine sound once (I remember the time) to say "when I was in Paris;" this brief but magic phrase was sure in the most crowded circles to arrest

"attention still as night,  
or summer's noon-tide air."

But, alas! the charm is dissolved, the spell hath lost its power. The full-fraught traveller, returned from the small tour, may now unload his precious cargo, and parade his "*speciosa miracula*," without exciting either gaze or exclamation. It won't do in any part of London, not even in Whitechapel or Walworth, and I much doubt if it would succeed in any part of the united kingdom, except, perhaps, among the electors of Corfe Castle. Every one "has been to Paris." The stones (confound them!) of the Rue St. Honoré are as familiar to the banker's clerk, as the flags of Cheapside. He knows the column of the "Place Vendôme" as well as he does the Monument, and he will affirm without the least compunction, that he has promenaded as often in the "Tuileries" as ever he did in Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens. Every milliner's apprentice has been educated in Paris, and if asked how long she sojourned there, will reply with equal readiness

and elegance, "*troyze unne, monseer.*" And so on of all the rest. If they have not been "to Paris," they have been "in France," for they have been from Dover to Calais and back again. This is the small tour with a vengeance! But even if they have never set foot on the Gallic shore, what is there to prevent their affirming that they have? What more easy than to tell a lie, the materials of which are so amply supplied in every corner?

Therefore, dear reader, I shall trouble thee with none of all these things. Locals I shall not name, save when I cannot help it. Even into the mysteries of gastronomy, or those of the mazy dance, I shall not dip profoundly; consecrated as those noble sciences have been by the immortal labours of Kitchener and Wilson, it would be worse than presumption to touch them. It would be a sort of Philistine profanation, and would merit a similar punishment. No, reader, I shall stick to myself, take care of No. 1. Mine shall be truly a "personal narrative," and myself my own great parallel.

Now, thus to try my hand as a tourist: On blank day, in blank month, present year, I hoisted "my old trunk" upon my shoulders, and proceeded with sturdy pace to the Tower-stairs, where I took me a boat, and went on board the good steam-packet, "the Lord Melville."

Nothing occurred during the passage to Calais worthy of this imperishable record of myself, except that standing at one time too near the fore-castle (to save appearances), I was washed from head to foot by an officious billow, which completely spoiled the new buttons of my old blue coat. I was very sick indeed, but there is nothing new in that; yet this I must remark, there is something in the motion of those steam vessels admirably calculated to act on the most determined stomachs. I am as old a sailor (of a landsman) as any I know. I have crossed the Atlantic, the Bay of Biscay, and the German Ocean. I have repeatedly crossed the Channel; to say nothing of sundry perilous adventures "all a-board of a Margate Hoy," and a never-to-be-forgotten voyage from Hull to London. And yet I never was sea-sick but once, (the first time I ever was at sea,) until I set my foot on board that confounded steamer. The cause of this I leave to philosophers;—perhaps there may be something in the Russian tallow. We arrived at Calais at half-past ten at night, the worst time a man can arrive at Calais, or any other place, where locals are not as familiar to him as his garter. A crowd of French sharks are always ready to receive you on the pier; and be assured, dear reader, that darkness has the most fatally relaxing effects on the purse-strings; at least I found it so. I was immediately taken under the care of one of the benevolent guardians who were waiting on shore with the kindest intentions towards their British visitors. What with custom-house, opening gates, *debarquement*, &c. this friendly personage contrived to land me at "mine inn," minus six francs and a half. You will call me perhaps a fool for this; as you please. But it is my maxim in travelling always to pay rather than altercate. I always take the cheapest way of going to work of which regulations will admit. For example, I take the outside of a coach in preference to the inside, &c. I sacrifice nothing to vanity, and very little to other gratifications. But I would sacrifice any thing for the preservation of my temper; I would rather be duped

ten times, than be once betrayed into a dispute. The reason is, that I have neither a strong arm, nor a strong voice, and hate talking as I do the devil.

It was surely the last-mentioned *gentleman* who put it into my head, qualmish as I was, to sup on a roast goose with broiled ham, (I stopped at an English house,) and drink a bottle of stout and two glasses of brandy and water. The consequence was, that I awoke next morning in a fine fever, which had the complaisance to accompany me the whole way to Paris. Reader, never eat roast goose when you are just from a sea-voyage, and above all, don't touch porter and brandy and water.

I met a young man, about eight or nine and twenty, in the room where I supped. He was dressed in what I took to be a green shooting-jacket and a pair of striped trowsers. Bating an ugly affectation which he had of mincing his words, a slight effeminacy of manner, and rather too much servility in his politeness, I thought him much of a gentleman. Certain it is, that he might have very well passed for such in many very respectable companies in London. To be sure, his remarks were somewhat common-place, and his English not invariably of the purest kind. But this is nothing more than happens to many very worthy gentlemen both in town and country. "If he is not a gentleman," thought I, "according to the strict aristocratic acceptance of the word, (an acceptance, I rejoice to say, losing ground daily,) he is at least a linen-draper, or a merchant-tailor." Two tricks he had, however, which quite puzzled me. One was a habit of starting whenever he heard a bell rung. The other a most unaccountable propensity for snuffing candles. This last was so great, that he was not contented with snuffing the candles on the table at which we sat, but he would step across the room, which was very large, to top the luminaries on another table at its extremest end. This I thought singular, but reconciled it to myself by the maxim of "*de gustibus*,"—a maxim, by the way, is the cleanest method in life of getting over a difficulty. It is a sort of intellectual leaping-pole which carries you over the hedge at once, much better than the clumsy clambering mode of argufying. But not to lose sight of myself. "*Au reste*," I found this young man so agreeable a companion that he seduced me into my second glass of brandy. Our conversation was general. We talked of weather, politics, and ghosts; of women—a subject on which *men* of all ranks grow eloquent; of cards, on which I owned my partiality for cribbage, while he confessed a no less decided predilection for all-fours; of horses—here he was but a smatterer; but *en revanche*, he was the most perfect connoisseur in liquid blacking I ever met. He was also well versed in the most difficult and mysterious of all arts, that of cleaning boot-tops. From boot-tops, by the most natural transition, we passed to oxalic acid, and thence by easy gradations to suicide, the Humane Society, and that for the Suppression of Vice. These topics led us to the King's Bench and Fleet prisons, Court of Chancery, Insolvent Act, and Tread-Mill. (Here methought I observed a slight convulsive movement in his hands and feet.) We finally discussed the national debt, for the liquidation of which he made the most ingenious proposition I ever heard. He would not hear of a sponge, and scorned any thing like composition. "No," said he, "let the Government do as

the most honourable debtors do in such cases, get a letter of licence for three years from its creditors, and apply itself during that interval by honest industry to raise the wind."—"Sir," exclaimed I, enraptured with the idea, "you are a gentleman!" The word affected him deeply, and he answered in a pathetic tone, "Alas, Sir, I am no gentleman."—"By Jupiter," I rejoined, (for the brandy had begun to violate the pentalia of the pineal gland) "you are a gentleman." In a tone of still deeper depression he replied, "Dear Sir, I am not."—"What the d—l are you then?" roared I, beginning to lose all patience. "I am," he sighed forth, "I am (and put a cambric handkerchief to his eyes) nothing but a gentleman's servant out of place!"

Reader, we must jog on. My journey to Paris was performed in the cabriolet of the diligence, and affords nothing worth notice, except a very bad dinner at Boulogne,—charge four francs, ten sous,—and a worse supper at Abbeville, which, it appears, all Englishmen are obliged to eat. Some of us called for coffee, some for tea instead—the house afforded neither; but an old Frenchman, our fellow-traveller, called for tea for himself, and had it before you could say Jack Robinson.

Two English gentlemen and myself, who occupied the cabriolet, held many consultations touching the hotel at which we should stop in Paris. It was at last agreed that we should go to the Hotel de Danne-marck, kept, as the younger of these gentlemen averred, by a Frenchman whom he had known for years at Cheltenham. I was for the Hotel des Tuileries; but, as the others would not agree, I did not like to part company. A gentleman inside, who knew Paris well, (while the others had never been out of England before,) recommended the Hotel de Londres, which was of course rejected. Well, on our arrival in the yard of the Messageries, we were surrounded by vagabonds of all kinds. We confided our trunks to two rascally porters, and ordered them to proceed to the Hotel de Dannemarck; but they refused to do so, and insisted on conducting us to the Hotel de Suede. This sort of thing is common with French porters—they will take you their own way if they possibly can, and in many instances they succeed in doing so by fair blustering. People may talk of Ireland as they please; but France is beyond all compare the country in which you will find genuine impudence in its highest perfection. "L'Hotel de Dannemarck! Monsieur," says one of the treble-faced knaves, "Il n'y a pas de place; il faut absolument aller à l'Hotel de Suede." By desperate and reiterated efforts, however, we forced them to go our way. But, when we did get to the Hotel de Danne-marck, how like fools we all looked! more especially the projector of the scheme: he called for his old friend the landlord, whom he had known for fifteen years at Cheltenham; and, lo, appeared a person whom our friend had never before beheld! I shall not attempt to paint his confusion and our vexation. To complete our discomfiture, the strange-visaged landlord had not a vacant room in his house; for, tired as we were, we would have gladly stopped with him if he had been a Calmuck. But, however, we were obliged to go; and the grin of triumph on the mugs of the scoundrels, as they rehoisted our trunks, did by no means increase our satisfaction. "Allons, Messieurs, donc," cried the vermin simultaneously, "à l'Hotel de Suede." "If I do."

exclaimed I, "I'll be hanged: no, let us try the Hotel de Londres, recommended by our inside connoisseur." It was agreed to do so. Thither we trudged, and found the aforesaid gentleman at the door. "Well!" cried he, "what cheer? not at anchor yet?" "No," said I; "our host of the Denmark has been abducted by the fairies, and a changeling has usurped his birth; but have you no room here?" "Not as much," replied he, "as would stable a mouse. You should have come with me; there were four vacant rooms when I came." We were again forced on the *pavé*. We went to the Hotel des Tuileries—no room; to four others—no room. At last we were obliged to throw ourselves on the mercy of our diabolical guides, and go to the Hotel de Suede. But Fortune was not yet tired of persecuting us. Like Mr. Malthus's imagined guests at the banquet of mankind, we were too late, and there was no room. After a few more agreeable circuits, we at length procured beds at the Hotel du Mail, and had to pay four francs apiece to the porters for our refreshing promenade.

Good reader, why is a genuine French hotel like a Portuguese beggar? The answer is obvious. It is certainly wonderful the number of tatterdemalions that you find somehow or other connected with an establishment of this kind. Indeed, the number of persons altogether attached to it is surprising. It is quite a sort of public office. There are, first, the master and mistress, with their sons and daughters. Then the cook and other domestics, who attend solely to the *cuisine*. Then there is the *secrétaire*, a person of immense official consequence, who has his own particular bureau,—he registers names and passports, and keeps all the accounts of the establishment. Then comes the *concierge*, a stately old lady, many feet in circumference, whose business it is to take *pour le service*. In this arduous task she is assisted by her niece, generally a hump-backed young lady of seven or eight and thirty. Then comes another establishment of the porter and his wife. He, like his master, begets sons and daughters, and has besides "a pretty particular damned" assortment of first and second cousins. In short, to count and repeat the number of lounging vagabonds belonging to the caravanseraï in which I had the ill luck to sojourn, would crack the head of Jedediah Buxton, and the lungs of Stentor.

Reader, I must quit Paris as soon as I can, I see that; it is no place for me, and you must quit it too along with me. Against the possibility of one charge I must defend myself. I did not come to Paris for pleasure; and well I did not, for little of it should I have found, situated as I was. Picture to yourself "a most wretched wight" in Paris and knowing nobody, except those with whom he had no communication save on business. The said business led him almost every day from the centre of Paris to the remotest extremity of the Faubourg St. Marceau, beneath a burning sun, through stinking streets, over stones that put you through all the positions! No wonder that the French should dance well! Commend me to your Parisian paving-stone for a dancing-master! Vestris was a mere botch in comparison. It will transmute a clod-hopper into a figurante in six weeks. I defy any animal to be a plantigrade in Paris. The Polar bear would be non-plussed, and even Ursa Major herself, were she to descend from the heavens, must betake herself to her digits.



But as I was saying, most patient reader, I knew nobody. My English fellow-travellers vanished in less than two days; I met no opportunity of making any other English acquaintances, and French ones I would not make. I wandered about in that most woeful of all states, a state of public solitude. I breakfasted amid the comfortless splendour of Tortoni's, and dined amid the unsatisfactory profusion of Very's. But the proper sauce was wanting—society. Banish me, ye Fates, to the mountain or the desert, but never leave me alone again in a great and strange city. Walking alone in the Jardin des Tuileries, amid groups of lively promenaders, I could not help recalling those beautiful lines written on a similar occasion:

“ Foreign to me is the gay sound  
Of the light language fluttering round;  
Foreign to me that music's tone,  
It wakes no memories I have known!”

But, deuce take it! I am growing sentimental, and that will never do. Hang sentiment! it sits as ill on me as Dr. Parr's wig would on Tom Moore.

Well, reader, as I was saying, we must leave Paris. No amusement there for me, and consequently none for you. But in compensation I promise you that our journey home shall be productive of high fun. Meantime while I am making preparations for my departure, suppose you go and take a nap.

P.

#### THE PASSION FLOWER.

CAST not, dear maid, the flower away,  
That shrinks from evening's chilling dew:  
Soon, trust me, shall the morning ray  
Its leaves unfold, its bloom renew.

Say, dost thou ne'er in life behold  
An heart that like this timid flower  
Droops, when the withering world is cold,  
And clouds invade, and tempests lower?

That heart is mine—from crowds I fly,  
To shun their tumults vain and loud;  
And all believe that apathy  
Enthralls me in its fetters proud.

But Innocence and Truth like thine,  
With magic spell can burst the chain;  
Shed o'er my path their purest vine,  
And wake my heart to warmth again!

M. A.

SOME FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE WIDOW AND SON  
OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

Paris, 1825.

MR. EDITOR.—AFTER perusing here lately, in the New Monthly Magazine, the Autobiography of Theobald Wolfe Tone, and the particulars respecting his wife and family subjoined to the narrative, it occurred to me that some further account of that excellent and extraordinary woman and her son, with a more exact version of the two anecdotes already given, might not be without interest. It was, I think, in Feb. 1815, that I first saw and became acquainted with them. From particular circumstances, I was received by them, from the first moment, with confidence and kindness. Mrs. Tone, I was aware, had been admired for personal charms in her youth. She was still beautiful, and even youthful; uniting the graces of her sex with an understanding of which manhood might be proud. She was living retired, but with the comforts and many of the elegances of life, in the Fauxbourg St. Germain. Her circle of acquaintance was of the best class, almost wholly French—that is, with little mixture, or alloy, of English, Irish, or American. Portraits, of herself when a girl, eminently beautiful—of her husband in the uniform of a French field officer—and of a son and daughter whom she had lost a very few years before, were hung in the room in which she received her visitors and friends. To the portraits of her children she always adverted mournfully, but of Tone, as she ever called him, his good qualities, his projects, and his failure, she spoke with animation and enthusiasm. Even in his death, distressing and tragical as it was,—she saw nothing but courage, virtue, philosophy, and patriotism.

Her conversation, for which her husband's adventures, and the scenes which she had herself witnessed during her residence in France, under the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire, afforded interesting matter, was instructive, lively, and engaging. The gallicisms in her English gave a certain charm of originality and point to her observations on French manners and character, of which she had as quick a sense as if arrived but yesterday. She yet made herself highly agreeable in French society, and was allowed by French women to have seized its *ton*—a rare allowance to a foreigner. I one day paid a visit with her to a French lady, who had done something very clever, and all but scandalous, and had of course obtained herself a whole fortnight's *vogue*.—We found the lady in bed.—There was (I beg distinctly to say so) no harm in this. The room presented an *ensemble* of peculiar taste and neatness. Her dress, artfully negligent, was in perfect keeping with her situation, and so decent as to rebuke any association excited for an instant by the scene. I was besides, at that time, wholly a novice in Paris. But the inquiries of some French gentlemen, who visited her whilst we remained, absolutely startled me. Upon going out, I hinted my surprise to Mrs. Tone. She laughed heartily, told me she had been ready to laugh out at my embarrassment during our visit; and added, that the first time she had witnessed such a scene, she mistook the tender inquiries of a *chevalier Français* making a morning visit to a pretty woman, for the gallantry of the family apothecary, putting professional questions to his fair patient.

Young Tone was between his twentieth and twenty-fifth year, but had a negligent care-worn air, beyond his age, the natural effect of his disappointments. He had had before him a career of ambition, which might be termed brilliant, and for which he was well qualified by an education at the immediate charge of the government—first at the Imperial Lyceum, where he acquired a knowledge of general literature and languages—next at the military school of St. Germain, where he was instructed in the theory and discipline of the art of war. In the latter, all studies other than military were strictly forbidden. The duties and exercises of the school were indeed so severe as scarcely to admit of any. It was a school of cavalry, and besides the exercises in science and military duty, every pupil groomed his own horse. Tone, however, often stole some precious minutes to pass in secret with a concealed volume of Tacitus, Plutarch, or Homer. He was destined ultimately for employment in one of the many gorgeous legations which Bonaparte entertained throughout Europe—but his first “serving” was indispensable to entering with credit upon this or any career under the Imperial *regime*. Accordingly, after two years passed at St. Germain, he joined the army as a simple *élève* of the school; passed through the ranks of sub-lieutenant and lieutenant—was several times wounded in the course of two campaigns, until the memorable battle of Leipsic, where he was wounded severely, and received the cross of the legion of honour.

I may mention here as a matter of history, that he assured me the premature blowing up of the bridge at Leipsic, through the mistake of a French colonel, was strictly true as related in the bulletin. It will be recollected that this was treated at the time as a clumsy fabrication, to cover what was considered an unfeeling sacrifice of his rear-guard by Bonaparte. The retreat after this battle was of a peculiar character.—A great portion of the army, composed of young soldiers, exhibited unaccountable alternations of heroic gallantry and panic fear. The old soldiers, on the contrary, when no longer under the command of their officers, and all subordination was abandoned, observed every form and expedient of the art of war in discipline and manœuvring—dispersing and rallying as the occasion required. The Polish cavalry, again, which was very numerous, displayed a singular *melange* of rapacity, reckless gaiety, and disregard of danger. One of these, flying before the enemy for his life, would stop to despoil a straggling foe, or a peasant, or even a comrade wounded at his side, with the risk, almost the certainty, of being himself shot and despoiled in his turn. Tone was shut up for some time at Erfurth, where he recovered from his wounds. The garrison, he said, was very well off—subsisting upon horseflesh, a little black, and not the best of its kind, being that of artillery and baggage horses, badly fed. Otherwise, it would, he observed, be found more delicate than beef; the actual preference of which was entirely a matter of political economy, horses being more valuable for other purposes, and each animal affording less subsistence. He again soon joined the fighting army as *aid-de-camp*, served with distinction; was sent with despatches to Paris; named captain of cavalry; and was on the eve of higher and surer fortune, when all his hopes were blighted by the fall of Napoleon.

A young mind, full of ardour, ambition, courage, and conscious talent, was grievously shocked by this reverse. He now appeared dressed carelessly *en bourgeois*, with no relic of his former self, but the red ribbon of the legion of honour, without the cross, on which a Henry IV. had been substituted for the Napoleon head; his manner gloomy, and, at times, something of fierceness in his looks. His natural disposition was, however, of the mildest—and I soon found that the sombre frown was a fashion caught by the French officers, especially the younger, from Napoleon—whilst the negligent, non-military air was affected by those who received, or would receive, nothing from the Bourbons.

The account of Mrs. Tone's meeting with Napoleon at St. Germain, given in the New Monthly Magazine, is not quite exact. Young Tone still loved the scene of his military education; and we made a party to pass the day there. The school had disappeared. Nothing remained but the empty courtyard, and the silent chamber where James II. once held the mockery of royal state. Tone's heart rose, and his eye brightened, as we walked over the park of St. Germain. Here the pupils of the school, his friends and comrades, used to perform evolutions for several hours every Sunday, under the eyes of an admiring multitude, including their respective families and friends. It was, he said, a day of pride and gladness, which no pupil could recall without emotion, to the last hour of his life. We passed on to the forest. As we approached the gate, Mrs. Tone suddenly stopped—"Ah," said she, "here it is that the Emperor was so *amable*\* to me." The circumstances of the interview as she repeated them to us at the moment, were exactly these—Young Tone had found leisure to write an essay for the prize of history and literature, proposed by the Institute. The subject was the following, resolved into three questions—"What, under the government of the Goths, was the civil and political condition of the people of the different states (*des peuples*) of Italy? What were the fundamental principles of legislation of Theodoric and his successors? And more particularly, what were the distinctions which it established between the victors and the vanquished? Tone's essay fell short of the prize, but received the honourable mention of the Institute. It was printed, and regarded as a work of extraordinary research and talent for one so young. He was absent at the time with the army, and his mother, in the natural pride of her heart, determined to present, with her own hands, a copy of it to Napoleon. She chose for this purpose the occasion of his hunting in the forest of St. Germain, and waited, outside the gate, the approach of the imperial *cortège* when the chace was over. Napoleon appeared, and Caulincourt duke of Vicenza, who attended him as equerry, asked her what she wanted. She replied, merely to present what she held (the Essay) in her hand. He took and looked at it, allowed her to approach, and Napoleon instantly ordered his carriage to stop. She declared who she was, and presented the book to him. "Ah! Madame Tone," said he, receiving it, "I do not forget you. Are you in want of any thing—of extraordinary succour?"

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\* The Gallicism of this term is obvious.

—“No, Sire, my pension is sufficient if the arrears were paid.”  
 “They shall be—Let me know when you want any thing.—Does your son?”—“He is in your Majesty’s service, and can want nothing,” was her reply. “’Tis well, ’tis well—I’ll think of him;” and with these words he drove off reading her son’s essay and leaving her delighted. It should not be omitted, that he scrupulously kept his word.

I have now a copy of this little work before me. The motto is indicative of the condition and character of the author. “*In me ipso solu spes.*” He, however, had three friends who took an interest in his fortune,—Talleyrand, Carnot, and Napoleon himself. It is dedicated to his mother. “If (he says) an eager thirst for knowledge, and a resolution not to loiter in the beaten paths of life, have, from my childhood upwards, filled my heart and mind, it is to you—to that soul so noble and courageous in adversity—it is to the desire of one day consoling you for what you have lost, that I am indebted for it.”—“Some copies (he concludes) have been printed, not for the public, but to offer a slight tribute to the best, the noblest, the dearest of mothers.”

On our return in the evening to Paris, a murmuring undervoice of rumour, spread, like wildfire, “the apparition of Napoleon” on the shores of France. It was curious to observe the affected disbelief and bridled transport of those who told and those who heard. All doubt soon vanished—Bonaparte approached, the Bourbons fled, and Napoleon entered the capital in triumph. The sensation of that hour is one of those which can be shared but once in many centuries. Even the indifference of a foreign bosom could not be proof against its electric power. The military were for several days and nights literally frantic with joy. Paris resounded, during their evening orgies, with Bonapartean songs—among others the following uncourtous parody of

“*Vive Henri Quatre !*”

PATRIE ingrate !  
 Quelle honte pour toi !  
 A Bonaparte  
 Tu préfères quel roi—  
 Un vieux cul de jatte,  
 Sans honneur et sans foi.  
 Vaillante armée !  
 Ah, pour toi quel affront !  
 L’on t’a punie  
 Du grand Napoléon,  
 Tu te vois menée  
 Par un chef en jupon.  
 Vive Bonaparte !  
 Cet Empereur vaillant,  
 Ce diable à quatre,  
 Qui a bien autre talent  
 Que votre Henri Quatre  
 Et tous ses descendants !

I have often shared these revels, and I owe it to truth and friendship to declare, that even when the cup kindled to delirium, it went round, all was mutual gratulation, and visions of glory, without one pulse of national animosity or mere revenge. I marked the prevalent

enthusiasm, and thought it invincible. But the spirit of the French is too like their champagne—generous, and genuine, and—effervescent. Tone did not feel the crisis with the national temperament of a Frenchman; but his prospects brightened—his ambition revived—and he threw aside his books to rub off the rust from his little armoury—an equipment which a French officer of the better sort values himself on possessing, and which he sets out with care, beside, or mingled with his books. I no longer recognized him for the same man—in his gay uniform of a captain of cavalry. But the memorable hundred days passed, Napoleon fell more rapidly even than he rose, and Tone was, like many others, once more “a broken man.” The army being broken up, nothing remained to him but his trifling allowance of the legion of honour, whilst his mother’s pension was reduced for the present, and rendered precarious for the future. He bore this, his second reverse, with fortitude,—she with her usual cheerfulness.

Shortly after this I was introduced by them to a Scottish gentleman just arrived, as to an estimable man and their best friend. The purpose of his visit soon proved to me that he was both the one and the other. He had met Mrs. Tone, many years before, I think on board ship, on her way to France from the United States, after the death of her husband. He felt interested at first sight for a beautiful woman with an infant family, enduring the hardships of a voyage; became still more so upon learning who she was; and at last offered her his fortune and his hand. This excellent woman, helpless and unprotected as she was, still thought it due to the memory of Tone that she should bear no other name, and continued to resist solicitation and advice from the period of her first meeting Mr. W—— to that of which I speak. At the instance of all her own and her husband’s friends, and of her son, she now consented. I called on her the day before that fixed for her marriage. She happened to be alone, was unusually sad, and for the first time that I had seen her, dressed in white. I felt slightly shocked at the instant by the transition, and my eye passed involuntarily to the portrait of Tone, which hung immediately before her. She rose and retired, in silence, and in tears. Next day the marriage took place in the chapel of the British Embassy. Young Tone now determined to return to his native country. Having served in the French army, he thought it advisable to obtain the leave of the British government. Sir Charles Stuart was applied to, and declared, with the liberality that has always distinguished his character, that he had no doubt leave would be readily granted. In some little time, however, difficulties were raised, by Lord Castlereagh, who was then at Paris.\* Mrs. Tone was advised to solicit an audience of his Lordship, and did so; but after frequent inquiries at the Embassy, where he resided, no answer was given. At length means were taken to remind “his Excellency” of the application; and upon the next inquiry a French clerk in the office said the answer was, “*Point de réponse à faire.*” She was deeply stung by the laconic rudeness of this reply, chiefly from an apprehension that

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\* This was truly that of his Lordship, whose character is getting better appreciated every day. He never possessed one expanded political view, but was bred and trained to the mere superintendence of an office—he never could see or feel beyond its daily routine and common usages.

it might be supposed she meant to solicit from Lord Castlereagh any favour, her object being to offer an undertaking, if deemed necessary, that her son should reside in Great Britain, and never set foot in Ireland. The letter which she addressed to Lord Castlereagh on his refusal was full of indignant eloquence. I verily believe the minister quailed under it—for his secretary replied to it in a style of shuffling civility. Mr. W—— pressed young Tone to draw upon his fortune as his son. But Tone would be dependant on no man; and soon after the mother and son parted. He sought his fortune in America. The last day I saw them together was signalized by that act of bad faith which astounded Europe, and of which there are but few examples. I have said that Mrs. Tone resided in the Fauxbourg St. Germain. It was near the upper gate of the Luxembourg Garden. Intending to leave Paris in the course of the morning, I went to call on her at rather an early hour. The posts, as I approached, were much more strongly guarded than usual; and on coming to the door, I found the house occupied by military, who refused admittance. I asked several soldiers and *gensdarmes* for some explanation:—they were silent, and made signs for me to pass on. I did so, along the garden-wall, until I found soldiers drawn up around a particular spot, where lay a dead body upon a small heap of stones—the body of Marshal Ney. He lay where he fell, exposed for a fixed time, pursuant to French martial-law. I was able to catch but a few glimpses, of his blue frock, his ghastly countenance, his head uncovered and hanging down a little, and one of his hands, bloody, upon his breast. He had himself, as is well known, given the word for the platoon to fire—*droit au cœur*—placing his hand upon his breast; and I have no doubt the hand was shattered by the same bullet which pierced the heart. When the body was removed, and the military escort withdrawn, I visited the place. The stones were still wet with the blood of “the bravest of the brave.” \* \* \* I am, &c.

C. E.

## SONNET.

*The Vision.*

SHE rose before him in the loveliness  
 And light of days long vanish'd; but her air  
 Was mark'd with tender sadness, as if Care  
 Had left his traces written, though distress  
 Was felt no longer. Through her shadowy dress,  
 And the dark ringlets of her flowing hair,  
 Trembled the silvery moonbeams, as she there  
 Stood midst their weeping glory motionless,  
 And pale as marble statue on a tomb.—  
 But there were traits more heavenly on her face,  
 Than when her cheek was radiant with the bloom  
 Which his false love had blighted; and she now  
 Came like some angel-messenger of grace,  
 And look'd forgiveness of his broken vow.

## OLD PAGES AND OLD TIMES.

“ Here ’s Nestor,  
Instructed by the antiquary times,  
He must—he is—he cannot but be wise.”—SHAKSPERE.

WE have no great reverence for antiquity of any kind, simply considered as priority of production, for the world would have existed to very little purpose if it had not gone on pretty generally improving; and to be very old is only to be removed farther back from all that is enlightened, and nearer to all that is barbarous and ignorant. In books, indeed, we may admit some little qualification of this position, for an old work, provided it have been always common, has received successive new births or editions, which are so many honourable testimonies to the approbation of different ages: while one that has been suffered to become scarce, pronounces its own condemnation. Since the invention of printing, it may be confidently asserted, that no good book ever became rare; which is only saying in other words, that the major part of the scarce works, which modern collectors ferret out of the dust with so much care and cost, are little better than trash and rubbish. Intrinsic value, however, they no more regard, than the simpleton who gives a hundred pounds for a Queen Anne’s farthing; nay, they even set a higher price upon copies which have been so utterly useless and despised as never to have had their leaves cut; or which have attained a perverse and fantastical estimation from their faults, misprints, and omissions. Who can help smiling when he hears an auctioneer impressing upon the company that the edition he is offering of some “small rare volume black with tarnished gold” is the only *imperfect* one known? or avoid laughing outright when he sees his neighbour bid an additional sum for an early copy of Shakspeare, because it wants Ben Jonson’s verses on the portrait, the leaf containing Digges’s “verses to Shakspeare’s memorie,” and the list of actors? The Bibliomaniac has as much right to squander his money and ride his black-letter hobby, as any other lunatic who is not quite fatuous enough to claim the wardenship of the Lord Chancellor, but he should not dignify his paltry pursuit with the name of literature.

Although we feel quite as much disposed as ever Pope was before us to leave

“ Rare monkish manuscripts to Hearne alone,  
And books to Mead, and butterflies to Sloane,”

yet we have access to a collection which will be duly estimated by the “black letter dogs,” when we assure them that

“ For Locke or Milton ’tis in vain to look,  
These shelves admit not any modern book ;”

and we are prepared for the full measure of their wrath, when we assure them that we shall pass over without notice such gems as “The Boke call’d the Pye or Tonne of Perfection, by Richard Whytforde, 1532” —“The Visions of Piers Plowman”—“The Boke of Chivalrie, by Caxton,” and his “Boke of Tulle of Old Age”—Wynkyn de Worde’s “Orchestra of Syon”—Pynson’s “Barclay’s Ship of Folly;” and even some beautiful vellum copies where the text, to use the phrase of Ernesti, “*natat velut cymba in oceano.*” These “*perrari*” and “*rarissimi*,” which, as the catalogues say, “*in paucorum manibus versantur*,” have been ransacked and analyzed *usque ad nauseam*; but



there is still a description of old literature which has scarcely received its due share of attention, and which falls more peculiarly within the cognizance of a Magazine—we mean the periodical, from a small collection of which, mostly dating from the latter end of the century before the last, we purpose making occasional extracts, restricting ourselves to such passages from *Old Pages* as may serve to illustrate *Old Times*.

Out of respect for the *New Monthly*, we shall begin our notices with a venerable predecessor, who in the career of Magazines even took precedence of the superannuated Mr. Urban, and thus announces his intention to be periodical. "The first part of this undertaking I popped into the cautious world as a skilful angler does a new bait among wary fish who have oft been pricked in their nibbling; and finding the public snapping at it with as much greediness as a newsmonger at a Gazette, or a city politician at a new proclamation, makes me purpose to continue it *Monthly*, as long as we shall find encouragement." The number with which we shall commence bears the title of "*The London Spy for the month of December 1699. The second volume, part 2d. London, printed and sold by J. How, in the Ram-head-inn-yard, in Fanchurch-street, 1699;*" and if it be curious to mark the contrast offered by the meagre contents of this tall sixteen-paged quarto, with the comprehensive copiousness of its modern successors, it is not less singular than instructive to observe the close resemblance which the popular infatuation of that day bears to the prevailing folly of the present. The above-mentioned number, indeed, has been selected on this account; and that the present era may be enabled to anticipate the future by seeing itself reflected in the past. Plague and pestilence were for a long time of periodical recurrence, and it seems as if certain moral diseases revisited us at stated periods. In the following passage we discover the first symptoms of that insatiable thirst and fear of gain, which became inflamed a few years after into the South-Sea bubble; and though the principal delusions of that day wore the form of lotteries, while the wild projects of our own time are all to turn out mines of gold, we think the observations of our shrewd ancestor, "*The London Spy*," are quite as applicable to the latter as to the former.

"We now return'd back again to our buzzing metropolis the city, where honesty and plain dealing were laid aside, to pursue the wonderful expectancies so many thousands had from a mixture of projectors' knavery and their own folly. The *Gazet* and *Post-papers* lay by neglected, and nothing was purr'd over in the coffee-houses but the ticket-catalogues. No talking of the jubilee, the want of a current trade with France, or the Scotch settlement at Darien; nothing buzz'd about by the purblind trumpeters of state news but blank and benefit. People running up and down the streets in crowds and numbers, as if one end of the town was on fire, and the other running to help them off with their goods. One stream of coachmen, footmen, 'prentice-boys, and servant-wenchcs flowing one way, with wonderful hopes of getting an estate for threepence.—Knights, esquires, gentlemen, and traders, married ladies, virgin madams, jilts, concubines, and strumpets, moving on foot, in sedans, chariots, and coaches another way, with a pleasing expectancy of getting six hundred a-year for a crown.

"Thus were all the fools in town so busily employed in running to one lottery or another, that it was as much as London could do to conjure together such numbers of knaves as might cheat 'em fast enough of their money. The unfortunate crying out as they went along—'A cheat! a cheat!

a confounded cheat,—nothing of fairness in it!’ The fortunate, in opposition to the other, crying—‘Tis all fair! all fair! the fairest adventure that ever was drawn!’ and thus every body, according to their success, expressing variously their sentiments. Though the losers, who may be said to be in the wrong of it to venture their money, were most right in their conception; and the gainers, who were in the right of it to venture their money, I am very apt to believe, were most wrong in their opinion of the matter: for I have much ado to forbear believing that luck in a bag is almost as honest as fortune in a wheel, or any other of the like projects. Truly, says my friend, I cannot conceive any extraordinary opinion of the fairness of any such lottery; for whenever such a number of fools fall into a knave’s hand, he will make the most of them; and I think the Parliament could not have given the nation greater assurances of their especial regard to the welfare of the public than by suppressing all lotteries which only serve to buoy up the mistaken multitude with dreams of golden showers, to the expense of their money, which with hard labour they have earned; and often to the neglect of their business, which doubles the inconveniency. The gentry, indeed, might make it their diversion; but the common people make it a great part of their care and business, hoping thereby to relieve a necessitous life, instead of which they plunge themselves further into an ocean of difficulties.”

After the lapse of above a century and a quarter, the Parliament seem once more to have adopted the same conviction; and it might not be amiss if they extended their suppression to some of these undermining projects, which are likely to prove worse than lotteries, since the ultimate share-holders will get nothing but blanks, while the blowers of the bubble will have secured all the prizes. But let us continue company with the “London Spy” and his friend:

“Prythee, says my friend, let us go to Mercers’ Chappel, and see how the crowd behave themselves there: ten to one but we may find something or other that shall prove diverting to ourselves, and worth rendering to the publick. Accordingly we directed ourselves thither, to which rendezvous of adventurers, as well as ourselves, abundance of fools from all parts of the town were flocking; none showing a despairing countenance, but all expressing as much hopes in their looks, as if every one had an assurance from a Moorfields’ conjurer of having the great prize. Some being thoughtful how to improve it, should it so happen; some, how happily they’d enjoy it; women, what fine clothes they’d wear; maids, what handsome husbands they’d have; beaus, what fine wigs they’d wear; and sots, what rare wine they’d drink; the religious, what charitable works they’d do; and young libertines, what fine w——s they’d keep. With much ado we crowded into the hall, where young and old, rich and poor, gentle and simple, were mixed higgledy-piggledy, all gaping for a benefit, like so many Fortune’s minions, waiting for a windfall from the blind lady’s golden pippin-tree; whilst the projector and the honorable trustees sat laughing in their sleeves, to see fair play dealt out to the attentive assembly, whose avaricious hearts went pit-a-pat at the drawing of every ticket.

“My friend and I, having ventured nothing in their plausible piece of uncertainty, thought it not worth our while to spend any further time amongst them, but concluded to march about our business, and leave the numerous sons and daughters of Fortune to flatter themselves with the vain hopes of their mother’s kindness: Going, when we came out, to a neighbouring coffee-house, where we smoked a pipe, and consulted of some new measures to take in our next Spy; which having agreed on, we retired home; where I scribbled over the following lines, with which I shall conclude.

What sundry projects the ingenious find  
T’ allure and cozen avaricious fools,  
And draw the common people, who are blind,  
In all their stratagems to be their tools!

- "The hope of suddain wealth does most deceive  
When 'tis from labour and from danger free;  
Let but the hopes be plausible you give,  
And most men will with your designs agree.
- "Thousands, 'tis plain, would soon have been undone,  
Had the late Act much longer been delay'd;  
Where many suffer to enrich but one,  
All such designs are in their nature bad.
- "All loose, vain projects ought to be debarr'd,  
Which are of evil to the public known,  
Wherein projectors have a large reward  
For doing what had better ne'er been done.
- "This is enough to prove they hurtful are—  
Since amongst all the adventurers you meet,  
To one who has reason to believe 'em fair,  
A thousand shall cry out—A cheat! a cheat!
- "He that projects or models the design,  
Like the box-keeper, certain is to win;  
In lotteries 'tis the same as 'tis in play—  
The knave's the vulture, and the fool's the prey."

## THE FAMILY JOURNAL.—NO. III.

*The Country.*

"There the rich and lofty trees welcome us with their noble shadows: there the ground is thick set with grass, and variegated with a thousand flowers: there the limpid fountains, and rivulets of silver, sliding down out of the fertile abundance of the mountains, talk to us with a pleasant murmur: there the painted birds carol; the leaves whisper with every little air; the small deer play about; flocks and herds are in repose. There we light upon the cottage of the shepherd, the narrow cabin which we fancy without care. every thing is tranquil and full of silence; our eyes and ears are not only satiated, and the mind so lapped into enjoyment, but the spirits gather their scattered forces; the genius, if by chance it is tired, rises again upon its innermost energy, and incites us to the loftiest meditations: so that we long greedily to compose noble things, being wonderfully moved to that end by the society of our books, and by sweet visions of the Muses leading round about us their choral hymns. All which things, who that is given to study, and rightly turneth in his mind, would not prefer solitudes unto cities?"\*

THE moment I set my foot upon a green turf, or get among the trees, I seem arrived at a heaven upon earth; a place not only of tranquillity, but reward. I drink in the silence at my ears; I see old visions in the woods; the morning of my life seems to have waited for me, and to smile at my return.

How I can be such a lover of the town and country both, sometimes surprises me; but nothing can be truer. I think I deserve it, for

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\* "Ibi in cœlum erectæ fagi, et arbores cæteræ, opacitate sua recentes porrigentes umbras: ibi solum viridantibus herbis confectum, atque mille colorum distinctum floribus: limpidi fontes, et argentei rivuli, cum murmure ex ubertate montium declinantes: ibi pictæ aves cantu, frondesque lenis auræ motu, resonantes: bestiolæ ludentes: ibi greges et armenta: ibi prætorica domus aut gurgustiolum nulla domestica re sollicitum: et omnia tranquillitate et silentio plena: quæ non solum satiatis oculis auribusque delitiis suis animum mulcent, verum mentem in se colligere, et ingenium, si forte fessum sit, in vires revocare, atque illud videntur impingere in desiderium meditationis sublimium, et aviditatem etiam componendi quæ mira exhortatione suadent libellorum societas, et capori circum choreans agentes musarum chori: quæ omnia si rite consideremus, quis studiosus hujus civitatis solitudines non præponat?"

loving each of them so well. Perhaps a strong sense of contrast has much to do with it, just as melancholy people are observed to have the strongest relish of mirth. But I believe the main part of the secret lies in my willingness to be pleased, and the force of imagination. When away from the trees, I find a world of entertainment in shops and crowds; when away from the crowds, I enter into the pleasure of the squirrels and the deer, and fancy the very trees enjoying a dreaming quiet. Upon the whole, I think I prefer the country, because I always desire something of it when alone. Town is in itself society. I like society also in the country; but if alone, I demand a tree and a bit of grass. Thus the back windows of my rooms in town look upon a garden. If I could not have this, I should have a transparency at my window, painted with some rural scene. I should plant my desk under a landscape, or write with books before me full of sylvan imaginations; and indeed I often do so, as it is. I am writing with one now, although in the country: nor do I very well know which is the more real thing, —the forest which I see out of doors, or the leafy solitudes into which the writer puts me, as I look at him.

The reader must look upon this extract from the old bosky Italian, not merely as the motto, but as the commencement of the present paper. If it appears to him too shady and sequestered, his steps have no business this way. He is warned off. He will see no dreadful faces, as Adam and Eve did at the gate of Paradise; but his fate will be worse, for he will see nothing.

I cannot express the pleasure I have in putting this fine old arboraceous passage at the head of my paper. I bought the *Genealogia Deorum* the other day, when I was in town, at a bookstall in Marylebone; and were I to reap no other reward from it, this would be sufficient. But besides its own good things—all about gods and goddesses, nymphs and poets, and demogorgons, written with as much love and gusto as though the writer “had never grown old,” there is bound up at the end of it, his treatise on woods, mountains, &c.; and the whole volume is in a type so much to my liking (saving some passages, where the printer keeps one somewhat long with his abbreviations), that as I sit with the book before me, it appears like a dark and glimmering wood, interspersed with fantastic bowers and quaint apparitions; which, the reader must know, are the head-pieces to the respective chapters.

Here buds an A, and there a B; Cupids take possession of noble E's and S's. Inside of a D are two river-gods, not easily to be imposed upon, who are discussing the mysteries of a pine-apple. I do not observe, as usual, men running away from their own bodies, or ostentatiously exhibiting cast-iron flourishes for legs; but there is a panther eschewing his inuial; and two dragons, who by their open mouths, and grim approach on either side, appear to have considerable objections to the letter A.

The being enabled to commence with this bland and sylvan exordium, is like stepping at once from my door into “alleys green;” or it is like fencing my subject, as the scene in which I live is fenced, with oaks and elms; and he that is not prepared to be pleased with the very thick of all that is sylvan and imaginative, in this sequestered part of my lucubrations, had better turn his horse's head or his own, and seek more sophisticate entertainment.

If, however, the reader be only doubtful, or if he can have but a little patience, or if he wisely considers that a writer so good-humoured as myself is not likely to be destitute of the other humanities that can be brought to bear upon woods and villages, it is hard if I cannot get him into my forest, upon a side a little more open and popular.

Let him know, then, that although the country abode of the Honeycombs is in Buckinghamshire, I am in the habit of taking my flight into a remoter scene, with which I have some very cordial associations, and where every object seems made to suit my imagination. From this part of the country I am now writing. It is one of the most beautiful villages in England. The traveller, at a sudden turning of the road, stops with admiration to look down upon our smoking chimneys and the landscape which surrounds us. We begin half-way down the hill, and go straggling towards a little river that runs through the middle of the valley. Almost all our homesteads are separate, and embowered with trees. On the other side of the river, which meanders between bushy meadows and green leas, is a corresponding hill, more woody yet, forming part of the grounds of an old mansion, whose turrets look out upon us half-way up it, from some of the noblest "bosoming" trees that ever looked rich in a setting-sun. Some mountains on the traveller's left-hand, besides other hills of our own, form a screen for us towards the east, so that the valley is enclosed on three sides; while to the west, the open country divides into a rich meadow-land towards the right, and a dark endless-looking forest, which seems as if it led into another world, on the left.

Descending into the valley, you see a pretty fall of water from the eastern hill. It divides into two or three others, then comes turning a mill; and, having thus come down stairs and done its work, glides merrily off as if it had gained a holiday. At the bottom of the village it is joined by another stream from the forest. I live just below this junction; and between the two rivulets, occupying a ground which is perfectly dry, the soil of the place being hard and gravelly, and our homestead standing also on a little sloping elevation. Out of my front window I see the river and public bridge right before me, with the distant mountains; the village church ascending on one side, and the manor-house with its turrets on the other; in short, the whole valley. On the left I have a bed-room looking over the meadows; and at the back of my house, where my study lies, there is a little garden to myself, with a private door, and bridge, leading directly into the forest across the stream.

I am not the possessor of the whole house. There is a family in it, consisting of a very honest man and his wife, with a married daughter and her husband. They keep a small farm; and are, not sorry, humble as it is, for the additional profit I bring them. These good people do every thing for me but dust my books, which I believe they would be afraid to do, if permitted. I have lived with them four years, and their astonishment at the increasing intimacy between me and my volumes, to say nothing of the wonderful knowledge I reap from them, appears to have had no diminution. I believe, if the clergyman did not visit me, or there were more harm in me than there is, the Greek types of some of them would make me suspected of being a conjuror. As it is, I am generally known in the village by the title of the "Reading

Gentleman," or the "Great Scholar;" though I do not find, since I won a pair of gloves from the miller's daughter, that the young people hold me in so mere a veneration as the older ones. It is ten to one, if I meet one of the lasses turning a corner, that she smiles gaily as she curtsies, and says, "A good den, Squire Honeycomb." And yet, if I am walking onwards, intent on my book, and do not lift up my eyes, they seldom venture to say any thing. On the contrary, I have seen them, with a side eye, assume a quiet and respectful air, as if at other times it were my good-nature they made familiar with, and not my weakness—which is a compliment I like very well: for I am naturally so gay on the social side of my temper, that I might grow a little jealous in behalf of my gravity. I do not choose to commit the romantic character in my person. This would infallibly happen, if a nice adjustment of manners did not take place between me and the pretty creatures. I am on such a good-humoured footing with them, that it would be barbarous to repel the most ill timed gaiety, except with a chuck under the chin, or a "How now, you rogue!" and luckily I have preserved my balance of power so well, that, like a sovereign, I must make some sort of recognition before the blither species of courtesy is ventured in return. Thus I keep my abstractions and my sociality, my taste sylvan and scholarly, and my taste rustic and popular, in good countenance with each other. I have no pretensions to walk among my rustics, as Milton might have done at Herefield or Forest Hill. But when I take Ariosto or Boccaccio under my arm, and issue forth on a summer evening, I fancy myself no unworthy companion of those mixed characters of Italians.

And ill befall those who turn the old licence of those writers into an argument against their possession of graver sentiment. Let them read the best parts of them, and not the worst, before they make that self-betraying misconstruction. Where there has been a deep feeling of all nature, shall it be supposed that the best part of her impressions have been lightly received? Shall the humanest men in the world be counted deficient in humanity? Who wrote the stories of Constance and Griselda, but the merry satirist Chaucer? Who drew the characters of Viola, and Desdemona, but he who paid his reckoning with the inns and noisy places of the world, by painting the portrait of Mrs. Quickly? It is when the sun and cloud come together, that the many-coloured bow is hung out, which gives hope for us all.

But worse befall any one who should bring sorrow among my gentle villagers. At present they know it not, till they arrive at a proper bilious time of life, and after many dinners. I happen to be somewhat of a theorist, (not that I mean to trouble the reader with my theories in these papers); but I think I could be almost as much satisfied with the world moral as with the world physical, if it were all in the same condition as the village of M. Such fine girls, and strapping fellows at cricket!—such rosy-faced urchins at cottage-doors!—such merry old gaffers lending a hand at plough to the last! Some great man should rise among us to render eating and drinking, and married squabbles, a little less; and we should do capitally. But Heaven preserve us as we are, for ever and ever! so that nobody comes to mend us from the village of B.

This place lies ten miles down the river, upon banks of the most

romantic beauty. You see the spot, and take it for a paradise. You enter it, and it looks like a hospital. Is it unhealthy then? No, as healthy as the other. Is it poor? Why, it is lace-making, which is bad: and lace-making and the lord of the manor have brought in fanaticism, which is the devil. It is natural that people so badly off in this world should take to thoughts of the other; but their notions of Heaven, poor souls! would be abundantly bettered, if they could take a view of it from our village-church; and yet the cheerfulness of our doctrine on this subject, which ought to reconcile them to us, and show them how much more angelic we are, is as strong a ground of objection against us, as their melancholy views of religion are against them. They have two special charges against my friend the vicar, as honest and clever a man as any in his profession, and an excellent classic:—they say he is too fond of his Horace, and lies too late in bed of a morning. To the bed, he pleads guilty; confessing it to be a want of proper reverence to God's creation, especially in such a beautiful country. We charge their authorities, on the other hand, with being ignorant of every body and every thing, but the art of squeezing money out of wretched people. But see what is to be done by an individual. The greatest misfortune of B. (for even its lace-making might be rendered another matter,) is its having a bad squire. The greatest good of M., next to its being a rural instead of a commercial community, is its having been blessed with a lady of the manor, generous as a heroine in a book. She died not long ago, but has left relations worthy of her, with whom I became acquainted last summer. This lady lived among the villagers more like a friend than a mistress. It was a sight to behold the salutations that passed on both sides, as she rode among them: on what an equality she put the good-natured expression of her looks, safe in the superiority of her graces; and how plainly their countenances said to her, as she went along, "Bless your sweet face! God grant you had a thousand coaches!" The internal economy of the manor-house has always been worthy of the impression it made out of doors. In summer-time, at Bowering Park (for such is the name I will give it, though not the real one) we have often parties worthy of the best days of the Decameron. Few things can be more delightful than this union of the old out-of-door Italian manners with the best and most cordial part of English. We take our dinner on the grass; bring out harps or other instruments, and have such duetts and trios, as must afford a very pleasing astonishment to the deer. Perhaps they take us for their good spirits. Here also is a bowling-green, as old as the time of Charles the First. I have the pleasure of stating, that my Bond-street friend, who is spoken of towards the close of the preceding article, and whom I shall mention in future under the name of Mordaunt, is the best player we have at present, and thinks of bringing the pastime again into fashion.

Bowering Park is an inclosure out of the forest. It partakes accordingly of the true sylvan character, the forest there not being, like many other territories of that denomination, a place where you may ride for miles and not meet with a tree. I remember my surprise when a boy at riding through the famous Sherwood, and seeing nothing to remind me of Robin Hood but his sign over an ale-house. Here are trees, real, stout, old, and innumerable; oaks and elms, and all that

proper arboraceous generation. Here are dells of pine, glades, copses, paths "leading inward far," retreats of all sorts, upland and glen, turf, sand, and beds of fern, and layers of rock with boughs jutting out of them; and when other birds are silent, here may be found the voices that make solitude more solitary, the dove, the rook, the woodpecker, the noise of waters, the stag demanding his love. Towards one of the extremities of the forest, is a noble piece of water, looked upon by an old deserted mansion with turrets. This is the most interesting spot to me of all, though my natural inclination leads me among trees and turf, where there is no greater water than a brook. But that house was to have become the property of a beloved friend, now no more. He promised me a turret of it, which was to be called by my name; "and here," said he, "if there is such a thing as heaven upon earth, will you and I realise it." We were to have had books infinite, horses, a boat. The manor-house supplied us with excellent neighbours. "If I happen," said my friend, "to die in the midst of our enjoyments, I will stay and live with you still in spirit, for a diviner corner than this I cannot imagine." Alas! he died before he entered into possession, and I am not rich enough to inherit it for him. But if I am rich in any thing, it is in memory and affection. I live near the place; the property of the house is contested, and likely to be so; it is now uninhabited. I sit looking at it, as I used to do at Claude's picture of the Enchanted Castle; and fancy my departed friend still living with me according to his promise. He will not do so the less, because my enjoyments are disappointed.

I delight to sit here on warm sunny days, and build all sorts of imaginations. I fancy my friend with me. Sometimes we live in the castles of Ariosto; sometimes in the East amidst enchanted gardens; sometimes with Theocritus in Sicily, with Plato in Greece. We often visit Lemnos, to comfort Philoctetes. An island is created of our own, and all unhappy people come to live with us and be happy. Sometimes we flit about the earth, dropping relief into the cups of the impatient, or suggesting to them the comfort they may extract from many things which they regard as indifferent, or even vexatious. We show them how activity is a good, and the means of pleasure very often the same thing as the end of it. When our task is finished, we fly back to our corner, and enjoy the rest of the day, because we have earned it. Does all this appear too imaginative and unreal? It is nevertheless very like the daily life of an author, who has the interests of mankind at heart, and cheerfulness and competence to make his sympathies sit easily on him. We are no more bound to be wretched in having a proper sense of the necessity of diminishing wretchedness, than in setting about any other duty. None but the selfish ought to be unhappy; and they only in order to be warded out of their unhappiness.

When I am not writing, or otherwise indulging these imaginations, I am reading, walking, riding on horseback, or visiting at the manor-house. I have a noble horse christened Bayardo, in honour of that gallant beast in the Orlando Furioso, who refused to fight against his master. It is an inexpressible pleasure to me to ride him about the great glades here, leaping the fern, and the bits of water. I delight to think I am contradicting the old fable, in which the horse is reduced to servitude; and that he is as glad to carry me, and as conscious of a



proud strength and pleasure of his own, as I am happy and proud to ride him. I seem to say to the oaks as I go along, "We are all stout, and strong-hearted, and as Nature made us." Certainly a seat on horseback is the proper throne of a man.

Having thus taken my circuit in town and country, in my next I shall return to my ancestors and the Journal. H. H.

A LADY'S PARTING ADDRESS TO LONDON.

"Sed jumenta vocant, et sol inclinatur, eundum est."

AND must we part! dear Town, adieu,  
Where every object still was new,  
Where days and nights so swiftly flew—  
Farewell, dear London!

No more thy bustle shall delight,  
No more thy shops shall glad my sight,  
With every ware and dainty dight—  
Farewell, dear London!

Where else such bargains can we buy?  
Where make so quick the money fly?  
And every wildest want supply,  
As in dear London?

Where can we gad the livelong day  
Amidst variety so gay?  
And then at night to see a play!  
O charming London!

O happy city, bless'd by fate!  
Where else do people dine so late,  
Lords, merchants, ministers of state,  
As in dear London?

How sweet at night, by hook or crook,  
To squeeze through crowds, and snatch a look,  
Elbowing bishop, lord, or duke,  
On stairs in London.

And oft at operas, balls, and plays,  
With *nonchalance* affect to gaze  
At painted girls and men in stays,  
Who throng in London.

Alas! such joys are mine no more,  
I go to join my aunt—the bore!  
To rise at seven and dine at four,  
Far, far from London.

How oft in tedious winter nights,  
When every gentlest sound brings rights,  
Shall I remember thy delight,  
Too charming London!

Nay, when the cypresses shall wave  
Their mournful branches o'er my grave,  
Oft shall my ghost escape, and have,  
A peep at London.

## LETTERS FROM THE EAST.—NO VIII.

*Jerusalem.*

ON the following day we came again to Caifa, and found an agreeable lodging in the house of a native, more comfortable and luxurious than the room of the old priest. We ascended the side of Carmel next to the sea, into which it almost descends; and on this part of its summit tradition says Elijah the prophet stood when he prayed for rain, and beheld the cloud rise out of the sea. The next day we ascended the mountain in another part, and traversed the whole of its summit, which occupied several hours. It is the finest and most beautiful mountain in Palestine, of great length, and in many parts covered with trees and flowers. On reaching at last the opposite summit, and coming out of a wood, we saw the celebrated plain of Esdraelon beneath, with the river Kishon flowing through it: Mounts Tabor and Hermon were in front, and on the left the prospect was bounded by the hills of Samaria. This scene certainly did not fulfil the descriptions given of the desolation and barrenness of Palestine, although it was mournful to behold scarcely a village or cottage in the whole extent; yet the soil appeared so rich and verdant, that, if diligently cultivated, there is little doubt it would become, as it once was, "like the garden of the Lord." We stood some time gazing with great delight, and then began to descend the side of the mountain, leaving Hassan, our guide, behind, with the horses, cursing the ruggedness and difficulty of the paths. About half way down we met a tribe of Arab gipsies; they had just pitched their tents, and pressed us to stay and take coffee, and even remain all night with them. The accommodations were certainly far from tempting; a young woman of the party had her lips dyed blue, a custom probably among them. We soon reached the banks of the Kishon, at this time so much swollen by the heavy rains that we could not find a ford to cross over; by going much lower down, however, we at last succeeded, and crossing part of the plain, wound up the hills till the night fell, and we were glad enough to meet with a lodging in a wretched Arab village. On the following day we arrived at Nazareth, which we could not perceive till we were at the top of the hill directly over it, as it stands on the foot and sides of a kind of amphitheatre. Its situation is very romantic; the population amounts to about twelve hundred, who are mostly Christians. The Spanish Catholic convent, in which all travellers are accommodated, is a large and excellent mansion, though the number of monks is reduced to less than one-half, on account of the poverty of the establishment, from the failure of remittances from Europe. The church of the convent is rich, and contains a fine organ. Below the floor, and entered by a flight of steps, is the cave or grotto where the angel Gabriel is said to have appeared to Mary: a granite column was rent in twain by the appearance of the angel,—the lower part is quite gone, but the upper part, which passes through the roof, is suspended in the air. The priests tell you that it has no support from above, and that it is an everlasting miracle. There is a handsome altar in this grotto.—We next visited a small apartment which is shown as the workshop of Joseph: this stands at a short distance from the church; part of it only remains, and is certainly kept very neat. Not far from this is the school where our Lord received his

education, and which looks much like other schools ; but as curious a relic as any is a large piece of rock, rather soft, about four feet high and four or five yards long, its form not quite circular. On this our Lord is said to have often dined with his disciples. About a mile and half down the valley is shown a high and perpendicular rock, as the very spot where our Lord, according to St. Luke, was taken by the people to be thrown over the precipice. About midway down in the face of the rock is the spot where his descent was arrested, and the marks of his hands and part of his form are shown, where he entered into the rock and disappeared. The good fathers do their cause little good by such sad tales. But of far higher interest than traditions and relics is the scenery around Nazareth : it is of the kind in which one would imagine the Saviour of mankind delighted to wander and to withdraw himself when meditating on his great mission—deep and secluded dells, covered with a wild verdure, silent and solemn paths where overhanging rocks shut out all intrusion.

No one can walk round Nazareth without feeling thoughts like these enter his mind, while gazing often on many a sweet spot traced perhaps by the Redeemer's footsteps and embalmed by his prayers. The next day we rode to Mount Tabor, about six miles distant ; it stands alone on the plain, and is a very small and beautiful mountain, rising gradually on every side : about the fourth part of the ascent towards the summit is covered with a luxuriance of wood. The top of Mount Tabor is flat and not of large extent ; the view from its summit is most magnificent. At the foot is shown the village, amidst a few trees, that was the birth-place of Deborah the prophetess. Hermon stands in the plain about six miles off, and at its foot is the village of Nain. We next proceeded towards Cana by a narrow and rocky path over the mountains. This village is pleasantly situated on a small eminence in a valley, and contains two or three hundred inhabitants ; the ruins of the house are still shown where the miracle of turning the water into wine was performed. The same kind of stone waterpots are certainly in use in the village, as we saw several of the women bearing them on their heads as they returned from the well : the young women of Cana are said to be handsome. As the light was fading we returned to the convent, and enjoyed our comfortable cell and repast. Here for the first time we ate the delicious fish caught in the lake of Tiberias ; they are very much the size and colour of mullet. Being admitted to an audience of the superior, the old man bewailed bitterly the dreadful degeneracy of the age, and departure from the faith, as shewn particularly in the revolution of New Spain ; whereby the revenues of the convent were so reduced :—the Devil, he said, was active and powerful beyond belief in the present day. What grieves the monks the most is, that they cannot live half so well as they used to do :—the wine was very bad ;—however, I gave some comfort to one of the fathers, by buying at his own price a small piece, really scarcely visible, of the body of St. Francis, carefully secured in a small inclosure of glass.

Leaving Nazareth, we reached again the foot of Carmel, and afterwards wound along the coast passing by the site of Cæsarea. On the second night, we were obliged to halt early at the khan of a village on the sea shore, there being no other resting-place for a considerable distance. It was yet hot in the afternoon, and the sun found its way

through the shattered roof of the khan ; the shore was open and dreary, and not a rock to afford any shadow. Towards evening, however, some other travellers arrived from various parts, soldiers and merchants ; fires were lighted, parties assembled round them, and the khan assumed a cheerful aspect. One of the company, wishing to give me a proof of his respect, seized a piece of meat out of the dish he was eating from, and, though he was seated ten yards off, flung it through the air towards me, requesting very civilly my acceptance of it. The pipe, cup of coffee, and conversation followed ; and people who never saw each other before, soon became intimate. Early next day we quitted this village ; the path along this part of the coast was dangerous, being infested by robbers ; it offered, however, nothing either to annoy or delight us, for it was barren and uninteresting ; and in the evening we came again to a wretched village, where the small khan was crowded to excess by two or three Sheiks and their followers, and we were obliged to seek a lodging in a miserable cottage about half a mile further on. With feelings of no small pleasure, on the succeeding day, after some hours travelling, we beheld Jaffa at a small distance. The route to Jerusalem by the way of Naplouse, would have been much pleasanter than the one we had been compelled to adopt ; but it had become the seat of war. The gardens around are very pretty, and surrounded with hedges of the prickly pear, which is found all over the coast of Syria ; oranges, melons, and other fruits were in abundance. We found a hospitable reception at the house of Signor Damiani, the consul, who gave us a very good supper, but without a drop of wine, as he was too zealous a Christian to allow it in his house in lent time : and the quantities of cold water Michel and I were obliged to drink after a sultry day's journey, made us wish the signor had had no more religion than the naked Dervise whom he threshed so unmercifully one day after inveigling him into his garden. He told us several entertaining stories about Bonaparte, who had sat and chatted on the same sofa on which we were sitting. He praised the Emperor to the skies, though his arrival had nearly ruined him, and he had been compelled to go with him some distance as a guide. Travellers would be sadly at a loss but for the signor's house, though this illustrious sofa swarms with fleas. His appearance is rather singular, as he wears the Eastern dress, and an English cocked hat over it in token of his office. About ten yards distant, and in his own domain, is a dark and naked room that is shown as having been the residence of Simon Peter the tanner, and has one or two miraculous pillars in it. The appearance of Jaffa is singular, being situated on so steep a declivity, that the houses almost climb over each other up the face of the hill. We were now only twelve hours journey from Jerusalem, and rode to Ramha early on the following day : this place is finely situated in an extensive plain, and has some woods and olive trees around it. There is a Catholic convent here, which a clever Spanish monk has all to himself ; he behaved, however, so uncivilly, that we sought a lodging elsewhere, for which we were indebted to the kindness of a native. In the evening we received a polite invitation from the Armenian convent to visit them, and found a luxurious little habitation with five or six very pleasant fathers ; they served us with some excellent spiced coffee and cakes, and, the superior being absent, began to talk thoroughly like men of the world.

The Armenians, as we found on more than one occasion afterwards, are the most gentlemanly monks of all, and allow themselves the greatest latitude. By moonlight next morning, we were on the way to the sacred city: for about three hours it led over the plain, and then ascending the hills became excessively disagreeable, in some parts so narrow that one horse only could proceed at a time, and that not always with safety, as the rains had made the rocky paths much worse than usual. At the end of nine hours, however, as we proceeded over the summit of a rugged hill, we beheld Jerusalem at a small distance before us. Its aspect certainly was not magnificent or inspiring, but sad and dreary. On reaching the gate of Bethlehem, we were speedily admitted, and after some research procured a lodging in the house of a native, not far from the walls and near the tower of David. We had had enough of convents, and a traveller will find himself much more agreeably situated, and more at his ease, in living orientally, than confined within the walls and obliged to conform to the hours of a monastery. However, there is no avoiding one's fate. I had my divan and coffee, excellent wine, and music in the evening, and wished only to remain in peace. But in a day or two repeated messages came from the superior of the convent, urging my entry into it: it was so unusual for a traveller to lodge without, and so unsafe in those times, and he would come himself to remonstrate with me; so that I was fain to comply. An unlucky letter from the convent of Constantinople, and an unwillingness to lose the fees which every traveller pays, were the causes of this civility. They put me there into a little cold cell, with a single chair and table in it, and a small flock bed, as if I came to perform a pilgrimage; and the pictures of saints and martyrs on the walls were poor consolations for the substantial comforts I had lost. Here, however, it was my good fortune to meet with a most amiable traveller, a Mr. G. an Irish gentleman, whose companion had just left him for Europe. The morning after my arrival was a very lovely one; and, though it was in February, perfectly warm. I passed out of the gate of Bethlehem, and traversing part of the ravine beneath, ascended the Mount of Judgment on the south side of the city. How interesting was her aspect, beheld over the deep and rocky valley of Hinnom! her gloomy walls encompassing Mount Zion on every side; and as yet there was no sound to disturb the silence of the scene. The beautiful Mount of Olives was on the right, and at its feet the valley of Jehosaphat, amidst whose great rocks and trees stood the tomb of Zacharias, the last of the prophets that was slain: the only stream visible, flowed from the fountain of Siloam, on the side of Zion opposite. It is true, the city beloved of God has disappeared, and with it all the hallowed spots once contained within its walls: and keen must be the faith that can now embrace their identity. Yet the face of Nature still endures: the rocks, the mountains, lakes and valleys, are unchanged, save that loneliness and wildness are now, where once were luxury and every joy; and though their glory is departed, a high and mournful beauty still rests on many of their silent and romantic scenes. Amidst them a stranger will ever delight to wander, for there his imagination can seldom be at fault; the naked mountain, the untrodden plain, and the voiceless shore will kindle into life around him, and his every step be filled with those deeds, through which guilt and sorrow passed away, and, "life and immortality were brought to light."

The day had become hot ere I returned to my dwelling, just within the walls. It was the most desirable time of the year to be at Jerusalem, as the feast of Easter was about to commence, and many of the pilgrims had arrived. The streets of the city are very narrow and ill-paved, and the houses in general have a mean appearance. The bazaar is a very ordinary one. The Armenian quarter is the only agreeable part of the city: the convent, which stands near the gate of Zion, is very spacious and handsome, with a large garden attached to it, and can furnish accommodations for eight hundred pilgrims within its walls; the poorer part lodging in out-houses and offices in the courts, while the richer find every luxury and comfort, for all the apartments in this convent are furnished in the oriental manner. The wealthy pilgrims never fail to leave a handsome present, to the amount sometimes of several hundred pounds. If a pilgrim dies in the convent, all the property he has with him goes to the order. The church is very rich, and ornamented in a very curious taste, the floor being covered, as is the case in all their religious edifices, with a handsome carpet. The lower division of the city, towards the east, is chiefly occupied by the Jews: it is the dirtiest and most offensive of all. \* Several of this people, however, are rather affluent, and live in a very comfortable style; both men and women are more attractive in their persons than those of their nation who reside in Europe, and their features are not so strongly marked with the indelible Hebrew characters, but much more mild and interesting. But few passengers in general are met with in the streets, which have the aspect, where the convents are situated, of fortresses, from the height and strength of the walls the monks have thought necessary for their defence. Handsomely dressed persons are seldom seen, as the Jews and Christians rather study to preserve an appearance of poverty, that they may not excite the jealousy of the Turks. The population of Jerusalem has been variously stated; but it can hardly exceed twenty thousand; ten thousand of these are Jews, five thousand Christians, and the same number of Turks. The walls can with ease be walked round on the outside in forty-five minutes, as the extent is scarcely three miles. On the east of the city runs the valley or glen of Jehosaphat; that of Hinnom, which bounds the city, on the south and west: and into these descend the steep sides of Mount Zion, on whose surface the city stands. To the north extends the plain of Jeremiah, the only level space around; it is covered partly with olive-trees. It does not appear possible for the ancient city to have covered a larger space than the present, except by stretching to the north, along the plain of Jeremiah; because the modern walls are built nearly on the brink of the declivities of Zion and the adjoining hill. But the height of this hill is very small, for Jerusalem is on every side, except towards the north, overlooked by hills, higher than the one whereon it stands. When about mid-way up Mount Olivet, you are on a level with the city walls; and the disparity towards the south is still greater. The form of the town is more like that of a square than any other, and its walls are lofty and strong; there are five or six gates: the golden gate, the gates of Damascus, St. Stephen, and Zion, and that of Bethlehem. Close to the latter is the Tower of David, a place of considerable strength. The circumstance that most perplexes every traveller is, to account for Mount Calvary's having

been formerly without the city. It is at present not a small way within; and in order to shut it out, the ancient walls must have made the most extraordinary and unnecessary curve imaginable. Its elevation was probably always inconsiderable, so that there is little to stagger one's faith in the lowness of its present appearance. The exclusion of Calvary must have deprived the ancient city of a considerable space of habitable ground, of which, from the circumscribed nature of its site, there could have been little to spare. But tradition could not err in the identity of so famous a spot; and the smallest scepticism would deprive it of all its powerful charm. Besides, that the disposition of the former Jerusalem appears to have been, in other parts, sufficiently irregular.—The mosque of Omar, the most beautiful edifice in the Turkish empire, stands, in a great measure, on the site occupied by Solomon's Temple. The area around it is spacious and delightful; and being planted with trees, affords the only agreeable promenade in the city. Christians, however, are never allowed to enter it. Its situation is little elevated above the level of the street, so that Mount Moriah, formerly the highest eminence that joined the city, and where the temple stood, is now shorn of its honours. The loftiest part of the town at present is the western, between the gates of Bethlehem and Zion, where the convents are situated. The sides of the hill of Zion have a pleasing aspect, as they possess a few olive-trees and rude gardens, and a crop of corn was at this time growing there. On its southern extremity, a short way from the wall, is the mosque of David, which is held in the highest reverence by the Turks, who affirm that the remains of that monarch, and his son Solomon, were interred here, and that their tombs still exist. In a small building attached to the mosque, and where a church formerly stood, is the room in which was held the last supper of our Lord and his Disciples: we looked into it through some crevices; it had a mean and naked appearance. Being now an inmate of the Catholic convent, the best plan was to make oneself as happy as circumstances would allow, and these were scanty enough. The fathers were of the Franciscan order, dirty, sullen, and wretchedly clad; and their wine, which Chateaubriand praises so highly, is execrable. Father Giuseppe, indeed, was the cicerone of the order; a little, amusing, time-pleasing monk, who had a decent little cell, where he kept some excellent cordial, and other comforts, and had one or two saints frying upon gridirons, pasted on the walls. Each of these fathers cleaned his own apartment, made his bed, and was indebted to no one's service.

Having agreed with Father G. to visit the church of the Holy Sepulchre, we went there in the evening, and, passing through the court entered the first lofty apartment. There was a guard of Turks in a recess just within the door, to whom every pilgrim is obliged to pay a certain sum for admission; but we were exempted from this tax. In the middle of the first apartment is a large marble slab, raised above the floor, over which lamps are suspended: this is said to be the space where the body of the Redeemer was anointed and prepared for the sepulchre. You then turn to the left, and enter the large rotunda, which terminates in a dome at the top. In the centre of the floor stands the holy sepulchre; it is of an oblong form, and composed of a very fine reddish stone brought from the Red Sea, that has quite the ap-

pearance of marble. Ascending two or three low steps, and taking off your shoes, you enter the first small apartment, which is floored with marble, and the walls lined with the same. In the centre is a low shaft of white marble, being the spot to which the angel rolled the stone from the tomb, and sat on it. You now stoop low to enter the narrow door that conducts you to the side of the sepulchre. The tomb is of a light brown and white marble, about six feet long and three feet high, and the same number in breadth, being joined to the wall. Between the sepulchre and the opposite wall the space is very confined, and not more than four or five persons can remain in at a time. The floor and the walls are of a beautiful marble; the apartment is a square of about seven feet, and a small dome rises over it, from which are suspended twenty-seven large silver lamps richly chased and of elegant workmanship,—presents from Rome, of the courts, and religious orders of Europe: these are kept always burning, and cast a flood of light on the sacred tomb, and the paintings hung over it, one Romish and the other Greek, representing our Lord's ascension and his appearance to Mary in the garden. A Greek or Romish priest always stands here with the silver vase of holy incense in his hand, which he sprinkles over the pilgrims. Wishing to see the behaviour of these people, who come from all parts of the world and undergo the severest difficulties to arrive at this holy spot, we remained for some time within it, and the scene was very interesting. They entered, Armenians, Greeks, and Catholics, of both sexes, with the deepest awe and veneration, and instantly fell on their knees: some, lifting their eyes to the paintings, burst into a flood of tears; others pressed their heads with fervor on the tomb, and sought to embrace it; while the sacred incense fell in showers, and was received with delight by all. It was impossible for the looks and gestures of repentance, grief, and adoration, to be apparently more heartfelt and sincere than on this occasion. Yet other feelings were admitted by some, who took advantage of the custom of placing beads and crosses on the tomb to be sanctified by the holy incense, to place a large heap on it of these articles, which, being sprinkled and rendered inestimable, they afterwards carried to their native countries, and sold at a high price.

## LINES WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

Who can ever look up to yon beautiful arch,  
Where the moon shines in holy and hallowing light,  
And the planets lead round her their radiant march  
Through the shadowy depth of the azure midnight—

Who can ever look up to those beautiful orbs,  
Nor dream that he breathes in a world all unknown,  
Where the music of heaven his spirit absorbs,  
And thrills from a heavenly heart to his own?

Oh, these are the moments to dream on the dead,  
And think where each dwells in his own happy isle;  
And the tear, that in these blessed moments is shed,  
Leaves a trace on the heart never left by a smile.



## MR. MARK HIGGINBOTHAM'S CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

"What is thy name ?

Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it."—MACBETH.

I BELIEVE I may confidently appeal to the whole circle of our acquaintance, whether both myself and my wife were not universally respected as Mr. and Mrs. Mark Somers, of Bentinck-street and Englefield-green, at both of which residences our parties, though not numerous, were fashionable and select; and our dinners, though rare, quite as profuse of plate and French wines as was consistent with our income. Indeed I have reason to think they were rather more so, for we were generally condemned to a fast after a feast, often denying ourselves permanent comforts for the sake of an occasional luxury. However, we were as happy as two people could be, who were doomed to support existence on little better than two thousand a-year; and so we might have continued, but that my wife's uncle, Mr. Timothy Higginbotham of Hoxton, a great manufacturer of bricks, chose to convert himself into clay for the benefit of future brickmakers, leaving the whole of his immense fortune to his only relative, Mrs. Mark Somers. A great misfortune truly! methinks I hear the reader exclaim. Alas! it proved so to me, for it was vitiated and tainted with one condition which poisoned all the happiness it might have otherwise conferred, namely, that I should take and wear the abhorred name of Higginbotham! I had ever been squeamish, fastidious, fantastical about names, the more so as I had always considered my own particularly euphonous and genteel; and to be robbed of it thus unexpectedly, and made the nominal representative of a vile Hoxton dealer in argillaceous parallelograms—the thought was intolerable. Too well was I aware that all our friends and acquaintance would revenge themselves for our accession of fortune by an unmerciful raillery and interminable quizzing of its hideous appendage. Already did the odious appellation hiss in mine ears by day, and haunt them in my dreams. The faces of my friends danced before my imagination so completely mantled over and flickering with ridicule, that there was not room to stick a single pin in them without transfixing some cursed jibe or jeer, some latent irony, or open and malicious snigger. I shall be told that this was a preposterous source of misery; perhaps so, but still it was, and is one; and others have been plunged into as deep an affliction by causes apparently more trivial. "Would any one believe," says the learned Walderstein in his Diary, "that I have been often wretched, because for the last twenty years I have never been able to sneeze three times together!" How cheerfully would I consent never to sneeze again for the whole remainder of my life, if I could only disburthen myself of this miserable, mean, and degrading *sobriquet*.

So humiliating and insupportable did it appear to me, that I seriously proposed to my wife an abandonment of the legacy upon such grievous terms, extolling our present happiness, and urging the sufficiency of our means for all rational gratifications; but she laughed at my arguments, and was inexorable to my most pathetic entreaties. "'Twill be but a nine days' wonder," she exclaimed, "and we must brazen the thing out as well as we can, consoling ourselves with the pleasures of a

substance, for any temporary pains that may be inflicted by a mere name. What's in a name? as Shakspeare says. A rise by any other name would smell as sweet."—"Ay, and a great deal sweeter," I replied, "if any other could be substituted for this unfortunate one of Higgin—botham," I would have said, but that ominous "Amen stuck in my throat:"—"Besides," continued I, "does not Shakspeare elsewhere assert that 'he who filches from me my good name,' makes me poor indeed?"—"Well then, my dear," replied my wife, "Shakspeare tells a story, for you have been made rich, not poor, by the process."—"Rich in worldly things," I resumed, with a sigh, "but cognominally I am impoverished, degraded, sunk deeper than plummet ever sounded. Were it a fair name, I could submit; but this is a nickname, a byword, a reproach. Give a dog an ill name, says the proverb, and hang him. Never dog had a worse than mine, and I feel already as if I were hanging aloft for the finger of scorn to be wagged at, and condemned to stand in the pillory of my own appellation, as the wretch Ilig— No, I cannot pronounce it. 'Take any name but that, and my firm nerves shall never tremble.' Would I could be 'a man again,' and look the world boldly in the face with the happy baptismal and patronymic appellations which I once possessed! If the horrid and unfeeling old brickmaker had only left me half his fortune, upon condition of taking half his name, I might have been happy, whichever moiety he had inflicted upon me. The latter portion indeed might have subjected me to a ludicrous perversion of the testator's meaning, as I am of somewhat Grenvillian structure (being distantly related to the Temples); but still it would have been infinitely better than the compound calamity under which I am now suffering."

For some time I attempted (it was rather an unmanly expedient, I must confess) to make a compromise with my ignominy, by writing letters and describing myself to tradesmen and others as the late Mr. Mark Somers; but this was falling from Scylla to Charybdis, for it presently got rumoured that I was dead, and Partridge himself was never exposed to more annoyances than I drew down upon my devoted head by this incautious mode of expression. Like that celebrated living defunct, I actually encountered a respectable man in black, standing upon my drawing-room table, who told me he was come from the undertaker to measure the walls for mourning hangings, and asked directions about the coffin and the funeral; while the clergyman, the sexton, and half a dozen more came gently to the door with tristful visages, and were not to be persuaded, without considerable difficulty, that I was still alive as Mr. Higginbotham, though unfortunately extinct as Mr. Mark Somers.

Shortly after this occurrence, while standing in my hall, I heard the postman knock and inquire whether there was any servant in the house named Higginbotham, as he had got a letter so directed. Well might the fellow imagine that no master of an establishment, no decent personage in fact, could own so base and vulgar an appellation. This heightened my disgust at the atrocious conduct of the old brickmaker, and at that very instant a fat wretch came to solicit some assistance, who Higginbothamed me at every other word of a long tale of distress, and concluded by saying she had formerly worked as char-woman "for Mrs. Higginbotham as is." Revolting as the word had always appear-

ed when applied to myself, it seemed ten times more hideous when visited upon so genteel a woman as my wife. I believe I actually shed a tear as I turned away, not at the fat woman's story, (for I hated the foul-mouthed hussey,) but at my own, in being obliged to submit tamely to the insult of hearing such a four-syllable defilement applied to my wife.

Nevertheless, it became necessary to bear my fate like a man, to face the world boldly with my unutterable name, and run the gauntlet of public ridicule, however pointed and provoking. We accordingly engaged ourselves to one of Lady S——'s immense routs in Arlington-street, whither I betook myself with as much alacrity as a criminal to the scaffold, or a lamb to the slaughterhouse. As there was no recording angel to let fall a tear upon the word as I gave it in, and blot it out for ever, the servant at the door announced me with a half-suppressed titter, and another on the landing-place, converting my Christian name into a verb of the imperative mood, repeated it after the following fashion,—“Mr. and Mrs.—(mark!)—and then spitefully shouted out at the top of his voice the soul-harrowing and hated “Higginbotham!” Never shall I forget the nudging of elbows and giggling of saucy faces as they vulgarly gazed after me; nor the blank astonishment, sudden stare, and polite though insolent simper of the company in the drawing-room upon hearing such a name announced in such an assemblage. Anxious to show that I was still somebody, I bustled up to two or three acquaintance whom I recognised in the throng, but they seemed eager to disclaim all connexion with any such hideous and awfully plebeian sound, and ensconced themselves behind impenetrable masses of visitants. My guilty conscience suggested to me that I was as much shunned as Peter Schlemihl when he had lost his shadow, and I felt proportionably irritated against what I conceived to be the arrogance and impertinence of the company. At this critical moment, when I was just ready to boil over, a heavy man placed his heel upon my corn, and in that agony of mental and bodily suffering being prepared to convert every thing into an intentional insult, I turned upon him, exclaiming fiercely as I fumbled for a card, “Sir, my name is Higginbotham.”—“My dear Sir,” replied the gentleman with a polite bow, and a provoking calmness, “I have not the smallest doubt it is; you look as if it were.” Heavens! what an indignity! not only to be *de facto*, a real, live, *bonâ-fide* Higginbotham, but to be told that I looked like one! Even now I blush at the recollection of the follies I committed on that ill-fated evening, while smarting under the first agony of my new title; and when I inform you, Mr. Editor, that I am likely to retain that execrable appendage, and lose the money that accompanied it, (the particulars of which will form the subject of a future letter,) I think you will admit there never was a case of more real distress than that of your unfortunate correspondent

MARK HIGGINBOTHAM.

## THE SULIOTE MOTHER.

Various writers on Modern Greece have related the fate of those Suliote women, who threw themselves, with their infants, from the precipices of their mountainous territory, on the conquest and approach of Ali Pacha. One of those narrators adds, that a wild song was chanted by the mothers, before committing the act of desperation.

SHE stood upon the loftiest peak,  
Amidst the dark blue sky,  
A bitter smile was on her cheek,  
And a dark flash in her eye.

“Dost thou see them, boy?—through the dusky pines,  
Dost thou see where the foeman’s armour shines?  
Hast thou caught the gleam of the conqueror’s crest?  
My babe! that I cradled on my breast!  
Wouldst thou spring from thy mother’s arms with joy?  
—That sight hath cost thee a father, boy!”

For in the rocky strait beneath  
Lay Suliote sire and son;  
They had heap’d high the piles of death,  
Before the pass was won.

“They have cross’d the torrent, and on they come!  
Woe for the mountain-hearth and home!  
There, where the hunter laid by his spear,  
There, where the lyre hath been sweet to hear,  
There, where I sang thee, fair babe! to sleep,  
Nought but the blood-stain our trace shall keep!”

And now the horn’s loud blast was heard,  
And now the cymbal’s clang,  
Till ev’n the upper air was stirr’d,  
As cliffs and hollows rang.

“Hark! they bring music, my joyous child!  
What saith the trumpet to Suli’s wild?  
Doth it light thine eye with so quick a fire,  
As if at a glimpse of thine armed sire?  
—Still!—be thou still!—there are brave men low—  
Thou wouldst not smile couldst thou see him now!”

But nearer came the clash of steel,  
And louder swell’d the horn,  
And farther yet the tambour’s peal  
Through the dark pass was borne.

“Hear’st thou the sounds of their savage mirth?  
—Boy, thou wert free when I gave thee birth!  
Free, and how cherish’d! my warrior’s son!  
He, too, hath bless’d thee, as I have done.  
Ay, and unchain’d must his loved ones be,—  
—Freedom, young Suliote, for me and thee!”

And from the arrowy peak she sprung,  
And fast the fair child bore;  
A veil upon the wind was flung,  
A cry—and all was o’er!

## SPECULATIONS ON STEAM—STEAM-ARTILLERY.

THOUGH the application of steam to vessels was first attempted in this country, it would not have become general for a long time, had not another nation first set us the example of adopting it. The greatness of the innovation upon the old mode of navigation, the notion of its diminishing the number of sailing-vessels and seamen, the bugbear of danger from the explosion of boilers, would have been used to retard the efforts of individuals in bringing it into general use. In Great Britain, among individuals, talent has forced its way in spite of obstacles, and led the road to fortune. Every great work which has aided the welfare, riches, and embellishment of the country, has been the result of private support. That which is undertaken by the government has been generally tasteless and expensive. This arises from persons having been employed, too often, in consequence of interest rather than qualification; who look to the literal fulfilment of their object, and feel no regard for art or fame. Latterly, but by slow degrees, this system has been broken in upon in some degree. It has been a little changed in our naval architectural department, as the example of three sailing-vessels shows, now cruising as an experimental squadron. But more than this must be done, and that quickly, or the Americans will tell us what it is to cling to navy-board precedents and prejudices. Experiments must be allowed with something of that knowledge and novel daring, which experience alone will not carry into effect without genius.

We have lately seen a meeting for the erection of a monument to the memory of Mr. Watt, just as the productions of that great man's genius are superseding by others still more extraordinary. After a long, laborious, and useful life,—after contributing so amazingly to the national riches,—when he is gone, where nor honour nor knowledge nor device cometh,—a bit of perishing marble, erected by subscription, is to be the Nation's acknowledgment! Had this country possessed the enthusiasm of ancient Greece, such mementoes of the patriot might cherish the love of country, and therefore be of use;—but what Cheapside youth, what university classic, will be inspired with Mr. Watt's inventive powers from gazing upon his monument? (after he has paid his shameful fee for entering a temple built at the public expense.) Mr. Watt was not a being of education. A genius like his was of the higher order—an envied gift of nature; such a man could not be formed like a mechanic, or an every-day statesman, by plodding degrees within the four walls of an office or workshop:—not that Mr. Watt should not have his monument, as well as others who have benefited their country; but there is a littleness of mind, a want of intellectual comprehension, in those who talk of a similar memorial as a reward for services of such magnitude. Mr. Watt's reward should have been personal, not a bauble, or a yard of blue ribbon, bestowed without discrimination on the worthless, as well as the meritorious, and of little value to men of exalted minds, when it must be so shared.\* \* Mr.

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\* Schiller would never use a patent of nobility conferred upon him by the Emperor of Germany; and it was no doubt from this consideration, as he could not have been insensible of the friendly intentions of the donor. This patent lay for years neglected among some papers, which tumbling over one day in company with a friend, he observed, "You did not know I was a noble," and so saying, he flung the patent back to its old hiding-place, where it remained.

Watt should have been placed at the head of our civil engineers, and rewarded with a handsome revenue during his life ; and have had the thanks of the legislature for having contributed hundreds of millions to the national wealth.

But I am digressing. I have before said that Mr. Watt's inventions are superseding by the discovery of new principles and different modes of operating with steam. Rail-roads, boats, shipping, mining, even coach travelling, will soon act under the agency of this mighty power ; and extend the comforts, and, by saving time, lengthen the life of man. The reader must in these times be already pretty familiar with this subject. I shall here, therefore, confine myself to a speculation or two on the employment of steam in war, and to results which may probably arise therefrom.

The French have lately taken a cursory view of the employment of steam, or vapour, as a weapon of war ; and with the national fondness for theory, have begun to explain the principle of steam-guns by the *deporovos* of the ancients, and ended with ascribing the modern revival of them to themselves in 1814. But Mr. Watt had many years ago considered the subject, though the reason of his abandoning it is not known. Hornblower constructed a steam-rocket of soldered copper, which he partly filled with water, and stopping up the orifice by which it was introduced, and putting it into a forge-fire until the steam was generated, he withdrew the plug ; and the vapour rushing out, drove the rocket with great force across a large court where the experiment was made, to the satisfaction of the operator, and the no small fear of those who witnessed it, some of whom are yet alive. This was long before General Girard is said, in the "*Annales des Sciences Militaires*," and in the French journals of 1824, to have invented his little batteries ; and must have been at least twenty years ago. General Girard, according to the French, constructed a movable boiler on wheels, like a farrier's forge. This supplied steam for six musquet-barrels, the breeches of which opened at pleasure. A hopper of bullets was placed above them ; on turning a rounce, the barrels received the balls and steam at once. The greatest force and the longest shots were obtained by turning the rounce slowly ; because the steam being higher, the exhaustion was effected slower, and it became more elastic, and consequently efficient ; but when the shots were discharged with rapidity, the force was diminished. About a hundred and eighty shots were projected in a minute. To each apparatus were attached two *caissons*, one with fuel, the other with bullets. A number of these were destined for the defence of Paris in 1814, but were destroyed the day the allied troops entered that capital, by superior orders. It is, however, not a little curious that these instruments should never have been heard of by the public until 1824 ; when, ten years after their invention, an account of them appears in the "*Annales des Sciences Militaires*" and "*Les Annales de l'Industrie*, for 1824," as soon as Mr. Perkins's first experiments were made public.\* Our neighbours have sometimes most convenient powers of invention, when the national vanity is to be gratified !

The Americans have proposed, if they have not actually constructed, steam ships for the defence of harbours, to deluge an enemy's decks with torrents of hot or cold water. They were to be, or are, supplied with immense beams and hammers of timber, moving horizontally or

perpendicularly, calculated to beat down every obstacle on an enemy's deck on coming to close quarters ; the sides of the steam vessel being rendered impervious to cannon-shot.

But 'Mr. Perkins has brought to his aid a method of generating steam, which neither French nor Americans yet possess. Whether he has ascertained the relative power of steam-guns with gunpowder as to extent of range, I do not know ; but enough has been done to show that there is no limit to the increase of his power to the utmost the material that confines it will permit. What then will the results be to the present system of war and to mankind ?—will they be beneficial or the reverse ? These are queries which it would take much time to consider at length. One cheering principle would clearly result from the use of steam weapons in war, namely, that it would give the most civilised nations the advantage, and tend to make the wisest still more powerful. England, America, and France, might adopt them in the fullest extent ; but Russia, Turkey, and even Austria, in their present state, would have little chance against the scientific combinations, and the mechanical adroitness that could perfect a hundred effective steam-engines, while they laboriously produced one. The construction of steam-engines requires practice and ingenuity, which that of gunpowder arms does not. Thus the superiority of knowledge to physical power will be more remarkably exemplified than ever. The navies of England, France, and America, will, ere long, be navigated and fought by steam. On shore the art of war will be entirely changed to the advantage of humanity. In the field, battles will be quickly terminated. No dense smoke will arise to intercept the deadly aim of the steam weapon ; and masses of men cannot be manœuvred under the showers of balls which steam batteries will pour on them. The order in the field must become more extended ; and the principles begun by Frederic, and perfected by Bonaparte, must be in a great measure abandoned. Defensive positions will, in many cases, be impregnable ; and small fortified posts will take an enormous time to reduce.

These remarks, it must be observed, proceed upon the principle that a fortification, defended by steam-guns of great weight of metal, the range of which is only governed by the strength of the material which contains the projecting power, and which may be built and protected in a period of tranquillity, will have an insurmountable advantage over any artillery that can be trailed after an army ; and that its fire will be so incessant and destructive, that no approaches can be carried on within its range. Steam-cannon cannot safely be made a great deal lighter than those used for gunpowder, when, perhaps, they would receive greater efficacy from being made longer ; for the force of the steam continues to act on the ball until it clears the mouth of the gun, while the force of the powder is not so prolonged. Let us suppose a fortification casemated and bomb-proof. Let us suppose steam-guns sixty-pounders, commanding a space around the works only a little beyond that which cannon would command at present. The walls would raily rain upon the besiegers metal of this enormous weight, every projecting fifty or sixty balls a minute. There would be no time to annoy the besieged in their casemates ; no time needful for the guns to cool after firing ; the boilers which supplied the steam might be placed far from the reach of injury, and even distant from the batte-

ries. In case of attempting an escalade, or of storming a breach, if one could be made in the face of the besieged, under such a defensive fire, not a man would pass the ditch alive, while it was flanked by a single gun, such a hail of death might be poured forth with unceasing energy. But supposing armies (which is impossible) to be supplied with battering-trains equally effectual with those it is possible to have for the defence of a stationary fortress, how are they to be placed in battery, and their apparatus of the first magnitude sheltered within reach of the overwhelming fire of the besieged place, and to throw up works exposed to such a weight of metal so incessantly operating? All must know that battering-trains cannot be moved about at present like brigades of six-pounders; but how much more vast must the materiel of such a nature be for the reduction of places so defended, and how slowly military operations of this character must be carried on! Perhaps the vertical fire of Carnot may not now be so ineffective as, it seems to be demonstrated, it would be under the gunpowder system; the advantage of efficient means of offence being changed to the side of the besieged. These remarks, however, do not relate to the steam weapons which might be used in the field. Thus the art of war, generally, and its ultimate objects, must be changed and retarded.

The scheme for throwing water upon an enemy's deck could add little to defensive or offensive power, unless the vessels were close alongside or within half-pistol shot distance. Water could not be thrown far in a dense body, in sufficient quantity to impede operations on the decks of a man-of-war; and it would be easy to keep nearly all the crew under close cover in case of using steam guns, as there would be no smoke between decks. Such an agent cannot be very formidable, and seamen are not apt to be idle in presence of an enemy. The effective uses of steam at sea will hardly go beyond the navigation of the vessel and working the artillery. All we have to do will be to strengthen our old vessels, and build new ones on better principles, with greater breadth of beam and strength of timbers. This Government will perhaps soon be forced to do. England fortunately will have no difficulty in getting the start of other countries in forming a steam-navy. Its elements are peculiarly her own, and if the prejudices of the Navy-board give way to the necessity of the case, she will have nothing to dread. If Government should wait until all our merchant-vessels are navigated by steam, and until other navies have changed their principles, there might be something to fear. The spirit of a part of the Cabinet leads us to believe that this evil could not happen without animadversion there, and the public voice will do the rest.

Some of the publications of the day have exhibited much alarm lest the French should be beforehand with us in the use of steam in war; but there is no solid reason for this sensitiveness. The subject has not been lost sight of. The steam-gun, in its present incomplete state, has been tried before the Duke of Wellington, where only it has ever been exhibited with any thing like effect; and I understand, as far as the experiment went, its efficiency was not called in question. Moreover, the new engine, which is expected to prove very superior to any yet have preceded it, appears to be so preferable for shipping, that it would be a waste of money to place any on the old principle on board national vessels, if it should answer the expectations entertained of it. A



writer in the *Mechanic's Register* fears that a fleet of French steam-vessels might be beforehand with us in case of war, approach our coasts during a calm, when our sailing-vessels could not move, and batter our towns. But most of these have their batteries, which would be effectual against any small steam-vessels, even under the gunpowder system; and nothing very formidable can be sent to sea from the ports of France without our previous knowledge. With our amplitude of means we can build ten engines for one the French can put out of hand, and those equally well finished.

I will just glance at this subject with a view to its effects on civilization. Whatever contributes to protract a state of warfare, will, by encreasing its expenses, operate in a way friendly to the interests of humanity. Nations, or rather governments, however inclined to rush heedlessly into war upon every feeble excuse, will pause more than ever before they bring about the ruin of their finances, and this must happen with the strong as well as the weak. Nations of scanty population will be able to offer a long resistance to the strong; and war will become an affair of defence rather than aggrandizement, and will be most effectually carried on by popular governments,\* where the mass of the people back their rulers with their moral and pecuniary aid. Wars waged by despots, in which their subjects feel no interest, will terminate disastrously, for even the soldier will be a tool no longer than he can be paid. A change in the art of war, which may render fortified places impregnable to every thing but famine, or capable of a very protracted defence, will be friendly to the stability and integrity of empires as far as external force may be concerned. Internal changes are another affair; but the principle of interference by one state in the domestic affairs of another, or by the interposition of an armed force—the monstrous principle established in modern Europe by the law of power—will meet with resistance fatal to its operations. While bad passions exist among governments, the butcheries of war will be continued, but not so frequently, for it will be found palpably against the interests of governors and people to rush into them upon every trivial occasion. Interest will sway even the best passions of man in common life; and the difficulty of success, and the fear of destruction to themselves if not successful, which will be found not unreasonable where the ultimate chance is so prolonged and the means required so vast, will tend to banish from among civilized nations that anomaly in the history of social man, that iniquity of thrones—the propensity to enter upon scenes of crime and carnage.

There can be no doubt, therefore, that should the expectation at present indulged respecting steam-artillery be realized, its operation will be friendly to the human species rather than the reverse. The most civilized nations will have still greater physical advantages over barbarous ones, and maintain their ascendancy. The cause of freedom in the world will obtain a powerful accession of strength, and the value of intellect, and its just claims, be extended by the experience of its power, upon governments like Austria and Turkey, that labour day and night to eradicate knowledge, that they may govern in absolute darkness, preferring the shadow of absolute power to real strength,

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\* By popular governments I mean those which are built upon the principle that the people are the only source of legitimate power.

and never considering that every spark of knowledge they extinguish lessens their own force and influence, and adds to that of countries in which man is free to think and communicate opinion. Finally, England has less cause to fear from the adoption of such arms than any other European nation. The manufacture, the metals, the invention, are substantially her own, and she can manufacture them faster, and of better quality, than any other country. Already the use of steam adds nearly 2,000,000 to her population, or the labour of 320,000 horses to her industry; and this fact will shew (the excellence of a manufacture being in proportion to competition and demand) that we surpass every other country in our sense of its utility. "Yes," say the croakers, who take alarm at every thing without due reasoning, "but the French will soon overtake us." This is not true; the French cannot *soon* overtake us; they will follow, it is probable; but for them to overtake us, we must stand still and wait for them. Among all John Bull's failings he cannot be reproached with idleness, especially when left to his own free will in affairs of business. Let the effect of the free trade principle already be taken as an example.

## TO AN ELM TREE.\*

FAREWELL! majestic Elm! admired, and inourn'd!  
Thou beauteous link between the inanimate,  
And those with motion and with breath endow'd;  
Oft have I thought some spirit must have dwelt  
Within thy stately form ———

——— In grief I've gazed upon thee,  
And mark'd a gentle waving of thy boughs,  
In melancholy guise, that look'd like sympathy;  
While whispers crept along thy trembling leaves,  
Wearing a likeness to the first vague words  
A true consoler murmurs in our ears,  
Then closed to reason's voice, and all of life,  
Save what is soft, mysterious, undefined.  
Thy varied foliage cluster'd thick around thee  
When last we parted, and thy graceful form,  
Noble, yet simple, rising like a tower,  
Promised long years of life, and health, and beauty.  
On sounding pinions the dark tempest came,  
And laid thee, like a silken flowret, low,  
Tearing from earth thy deep and rugged roots  
In scorn of their inextricable folds.

Nurse of my children! sharer in the care  
Of those young living plants, that in thy shade  
Sported securely, as the tender fawn  
On blessed islands yet untrod by man.  
Not the spectatress in some theatre,  
Where all combines to charm the sense and soul,  
Sits with more pleasure in her pride of place,  
Than I within the circle of my house,  
In window flung by clematis and rose,  
Sat watching the gay group thy friendly arms  
Stretch'd forth to shelter in mute majesty.

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\* This tree was of uncommon size and beauty, and grew near the writer's home. It was rooted up by the storm of November 15th, 1824.

Then have I fondly gazed till what I saw  
 Became a part of life, infusing deep  
 The tranquil sense of innocence and joy  
 In my heart's inmost core. The breath of Zephyr,  
 The light fan of leaves, the blithesome melody  
 Of fearless birds, that open'd their glad wings,  
 And sang responsive, or pour'd forth alone  
 Such hymns to love as only Heaven can teach.  
 Well did these harmonize with sweeter sounds,  
 Drawn from the same celestial source of bliss :—  
 The joyous music of my children's lips,  
 Melodious words, or the clear silver laugh,  
 Or tones, expressive of such keen delight  
 As cannot wait to shape themselves in speech  
 Thou wert to me as an eternal thing !  
 Like monarch mountains, or the silent stars,  
 Or ever-sounding sea. I hoped to breathe  
 My last beneath thy waving boughs, and wish'd  
 That they might sing a requiem o'er my head,  
 In melancholy murmurs, soft and low.  
 Not half thy course was run, cherish'd thou wert,  
 And from thy flowery plat of rising ground  
 Thy topmast branches form'd a guiding star  
 To lead us home, whate'er our devious walk,  
 Yet not so high as to alarm the pride  
 Of envious winds, and tempt them to destroy  
 And there was one who sat beneath thy shade,  
 Before it ended on the shining grass ;  
 And yet so near its verge, that oft his head  
 Advanced in sunshine, when a careless fly  
 Too near approach'd, and sought its own destruction.  
 Though not in human form, he too was loved,  
 And when he died, such tears were shed for him  
 As have then hidden source within the heart ;  
 Not pour'd with ostentation, like a debt,  
 " Which owing, owes not," cherish'd, and set forth,  
 For some to wonder at, and some admire,  
 But wrung from secret sources, shed with shame,  
 And bitterness, and sedulously hid—  
 My loving, docile, gentle, faithful dog.  
 Pleased with my pleasures, the long summer's day  
 Oft did he lie, and kindly gaze on me  
 Within the house—he on the grass without.  
 The window where he lay a barrier  
 Strong as the grave, yet open to his will ;  
 For his nice sense of honour and obedience  
 Restrain'd his footsteps from forbidden ground.  
 And when I left one chamber he would move  
 To seek another window, near those haunts  
 Where chance might bring his most ungrateful mistress,  
 Who suffer'd other hands to guide his fate,  
 And while she griev'd to see it, left him there,  
 When winter spread its cold grey mantle round,  
 In snow, and sleet, and storm ; yet there, e'en there,  
 All night 'twas his to take his patient stand,  
 And guard from prowling danger those within,  
 Warm in their shelter'd nest, glowing with light  
 And life, and joy : while he, poor Virtue's pilgrim,  
 In meekness braved the biting air without.

There are more things in heaven and earth, than man,  
In philosophic pride, has ever dream'd of—  
So says our great philosopher. Who knows  
But that among them is a paradise  
For faithful dogs? How many rank above  
Their masters, both in manners and in mind,  
And boast a fairer face; eyes large and dark;  
Nose of defined and delicate proportion,  
And velvet ears whose softness woos the touch.  
He was a faultless being. The young group  
That sported round him there in thoughtless guise,  
Inflicted transports of wild tenderness—  
Might have provoked a temper less serene;  
But he resign'd with dignified composure  
His form of beauty, and his speaking face,  
To all that infantine caprice could ask:  
With guardian care pursued their little steps,  
Ran when they ran, in wild tumultuous race,  
Then led the joyous band in triumph home  
To court the coolness of their favourite tree.  
There from the circling seat that bound its trunk,  
Not far below the leafy canopy,  
Whose boughs descending form'd a spacious tent,  
I view'd my quiet home, still full of treasures,  
But once the casket of a priceless gem,  
An infant daughter, beautiful as day,  
Snatch'd from my arms, in that sweet hour when speech  
All musical—the echo of her thoughts—  
Robed in the sanctity of childhood's truth,  
Threw added links around a mother's heart.  
Hush! vain repinings! of this theme no more.  
How could I hope my little bark of joy  
Could sail full freighted o'er the treacherous tide  
Of human life, that sparkles to betray?  
A few short steps thence led me to a view  
Of various loveliness, where hill and dale,  
Corn-fields, and pastures of the deepest green,  
Blended harmoniously by Nature's hand,  
Composed a landscape not unworthy Claude.  
But most one spot detains my pausing eye,  
Where tufted trees appear at once to spring  
From the bright waters, and with them unite  
The hill that sweeps along in easy curve,  
Embosom'd by those woods; for they who dwelt  
In that romantic and sequester'd shade  
Breathed o'er the scene the influence of mind;  
And while I gazed, I thought of learning, taste,  
A hand of charity, lips steep'd in truth,  
Unwearied study, cordial wedded love;  
And saw in fancy, her light airy step  
Who graced and harmonized the fairy scene.  
These woods, by them forsaken, wear no more  
A sunny smile. The outward form remains,  
The soul withdrawn. 'Tis thus incessant change,  
That ever-wakeful principle, sole certainty  
Of erring mortals, beautifies, deforms,  
Combines, destroys, and makes each rising morn  
Unlike the yesterday that gave fair promise  
Of thousand such. Say, could I e'er have thought

The fragile tenure of my life would last  
 Beyond thy proud existence ?—thou fair tree,  
 Now by the storm uprooted ?—thy own strength  
 Assisting thy destruction—thy own limbs  
 Presenting to the wind the forceful means,  
 Even by their own unqualified resistance,  
 To wrench thee from thy bed. Stern Virtue thus  
 Oft lends her foemen, arms against herself.  
 Alas ! I left thee in thine hour of pomp ;  
 Now prone in dust thy verdant tresses lie,  
 And I shall never see thee more. Farewell ! M. T.

## INSURANCE AND ASSURANCE.

*Bernardine.*—I have been drinking hard all night, and will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

*Duke.*—Oh, Sir, you must ; and therefore I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go.

*Bernardine.*—I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.  
*Measure for Measure.*

"It is inconceivable to the virtuous and praiseworthy part of the world, who have been born and bred to respectable idleness, what terrible straits are the lot of those scandalous rogues whom Fortune has left to shift for themselves !" Such was my feeling ejaculation when, full of penitence for the sin of urgent necessity, I wended my way to the attorney who had swept together, and, for the most part, pecked up, the crumbs which fell from my father's table. He was a little grizzled, sardonic animal, with features which were as hard as his heart, and fitted their leather-jacket so tightly that one would have thought it had shrunk from washing, or that they had bought it second-hand and were pretty nearly out at the elbows. They were completely emblematic of their possessor, whose religion it was to make the most of every thing, and, amongst the rest, of the distresses of his particular friends, amongst whom I had the happiness of standing very forward. My business required but little explanation, for I was oppressed by neither rent-rolls nor title-deeds ; and we sat down to consider the readiest means of turning an excellent income for one year into something decent for a few more. My adviser, whose small experienced eye had twinkled through all the speculations of the age, and, at the same time, had taken a very exact admeasurement of my capabilities of turning them to advantage, seemed to be of opinion that I was fit for nothing on earth. For one undertaking I wanted application ; for another I wanted capital. "Now," said he, "as the first of these deficiencies is irremediable, we must do what we can to supply the latter. Take my advice,—Insure your life for a few thousands ; you will have but little premium to pay, for you look as if you would live for ever ; and from my knowledge of your rattle-pated habits and the various chances against you, I will give you a handsome sum for the insurance." Necessity obliged me to acquiesce in the proposal, and I assured the old cormorant that there was every likelihood of my requiting his liberality by the most unremitting perseverance in all the evil habits which had procured me his countenance. We shook hands in mutual

ill-opinion, and he obligingly volunteered to accompany me to an Insurance Office, where they were supposed to estimate the duration of a man's life to a quarter of an hour and odd seconds.

We arrived a little before the business hour, and were shown into a large room, where we found several more speculators waiting ruefully for the oracle to pronounce sentence. In the centre was a large table, round which, at equal distances, were placed certain little lumps of money, which my friend told me were to reward the labours of the Inquisition, amongst whom the surplus arising from absentees would likewise be divided. From the keenness with which each individual darted upon his share and ogled that of his absent neighbour, I surmised that some of my fellow-sufferers would find the day against them. They would be examined by eyes capable of penetrating every crevice of their constitutions, by noses which could smell a rat a mile off, and hunt a guinea breast high. How indeed could plague or pestilence, gout or gluttony, expect to lurk in its hole undisturbed when surrounded by a pack of terriers which seemed hungry enough to devour one another? Whenever the door slammed, and they looked for an addition to their cry, they seemed for all the world as though they were going to bark; and if a straggler really entered and seized upon his moiety, the intelligent look of vexation was precisely like that of a dog who has lost a bone. When ten or a dozen of these gentry had assembled, the labours of the day commenced.

Most of our adventurers for raising supplies upon their natural lives, were afflicted with a natural conceit that they were by no means circumscribed in foundation for such a project. In vain did the Board endeavour to persuade them that they were half dead already. They fought hard for a few more years, swore that their fathers had been almost immortal, and that their whole families had been as tenacious of life as eels themselves. Alas! they were first ordered into an adjoining room, which I soon learnt was the condemned cell, and then delicately informed that the establishment could have nothing to say to them. Some indeed had the good luck to be reprieved a little longer, but even these did not effect a very flattering or advantageous bargain. One old gentleman had a large premium to pay for a totter in his knees; another for an extraordinary circumference in the girth; and a dowager of high respectability, who was afflicted with certain undue proportions of width, was fined most exorbitantly. The only customer who met with any thing like satisfaction was a gigantic man of Ireland, with whom Death, I thought, was likely to have a puzzling contest.

"How old are you, Sir?" enquired an examiner.

"Forty."

"You seem a strong man."

"I am the strongest man in Ireland."

"But subject to the gout?"

"No.—The rheumatism.—Nothing else, upon my soul."

"What age was your father when he died?"

"Oh, he died young; but then he was killed in a row."

"Have you any uncles alive?"

"No: they were all killed in rows too."

"Pray, Sir, do you think of returning to Ireland?"

"May be I shall, some day or other."

"What security can we have that you are not killed in a row yourself?"

"Oh, never fear! I am the sweetest temper in the world, barring when I'm dining out, which is not often."

"What, Sir, you can drink a little?"

"Three bottles, with ease."

"Ay, that is bad. You have a red face and look apoplectic. You will, no doubt, go off suddenly."

"Devil a bit. My red face was born with me; and I'll lay a bet I live longer than any two in the room."

"But three bottles ——"

"Never you mind that. I don't mean to drink more than a bottle and a half in future. Besides, I intend to get married, if I can, and live snug."

A debate arose amongst the directors respecting this gentleman's eligibility. The words "row" and "three bottles" ran, hurry-scurry, round the table. Every dog had a snap at them. At last, however, the leader of the pack addressed him in a demurring growl, and agreed that, upon his paying a slight additional premium for his irregularities, he should be admitted as a fit subject.

It was now my turn to exhibit; but, as my friend was handing me forward, my progress was arrested by the entrance of a young lady with an elderly maid-servant. She was dressed in slight mourning, was the most sparkling beauty I had ever seen, and appeared to produce an instantaneous effect, even upon the stony-hearted directors themselves. The chairman politely requested her to take a seat at the table, and immediately entered into her business, which seemed little more than to show herself and be entitled to twenty thousand pounds, for which her *late husband* had insured his life.

"Zounds," thought I, "twenty thousand pounds and a widow!"

"Ah, Madam," observed the chairman, "your husband made too good a bargain with us. I told him he was an elderly, sickly sort of a man, and not likely to last; but I never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage."

An elderly, sickly sort of a man! She would marry again, of course! I was on fire to be examined before her, and let her hear a favourable report of me. As luck would have it, she had some further transactions which required certain papers to be sent for, and, in the pause, I stepped boldly forward.

"Gentlemen," said my lawyer, with a smile which whitened the tip of his nose, and very nearly sent it through the external teguments, "allow me to introduce Mr. ——, a particular friend of mine, who is desirous of insuring his life. You perceive he is not one of your dying sort."

The directors turned their eyes towards me with evident satisfaction, and I had the vanity to believe that the widow did so too.

"You have a good broad chest," said one. "I dare say your lungs are never affected."

"Good shoulders too," said another. "Not likely to be knocked down in a row."

"Strong in the legs, and not debilitated by dissipation," cried a third. "I think this gentleman will suit us."

I could perceive that, during these compliments and a few others, the widow was very much inclined to titter, which I considered as much as a flirtation commenced ; and when I was ordered into another room to be farther examined by the surgeon in attendance, I longed to tell her to stop till I came back. The professional gentleman did his utmost to find a flaw in me, but was obliged to write a certificate, with which I re-entered, and had the satisfaction of hearing the chairman read that I was warranted sound. The Board congratulated me somewhat jocosely, and the widow laughed outright. Our affairs were settled exactly at the same moment, and I followed her closely down stairs.

"What mad trick are you at now?" enquired the cormorant.

"I am going to hand that lady to her carriage," I responded; and I kept my word. She bowed to me with much courtesy, laughed again, and desired her servant to drive home.

"Where is that, John?" said I.

"Number —, Sir, in — street," said John; and away they went.—

We walked steadily along, the bird of prey reckoning up the advantages of his bargain with me, and I in a mood of equally interesting reflection.

"What are you pondering about, young gentleman?" he at last commenced.

"I am pondering whether or no you have not overreached yourself in this transaction."

"How so?"

"Why I begin to think I shall be obliged to give up my *barum-scarum* way of life; drink moderately, leave off fox-hunting, and sell my spirited horses, which, you know, will make a material difference in the probable date of my demise."

"But where is the necessity for your doing all this?"

"My wife will, most likely, make it a stipulation."

"Your wife!"

"Yes. That pretty disconsolate widow we have just parted from. You may laugh; but, if you choose to bet the insurance which you have bought of me against the purchase-money, I will take you that she makes me a sedate married man in less than two months."

"Done!" said cormorant, his features again straining their buck-skins at the idea of having made a double profit of me. "Let us go to my house, and I will draw a deed to that effect, *gratis*."

I did not flinch from the agreement. My case, I knew, was desperate. I should have hanged myself a month before had it not been for the Epsom Races, at which I had particular business; and any little additional reason for disgust to the world, would, I thought, be rather a pleasure than a pain—provided I was disappointed in the lovely widow.

Modesty is a sad bugbear upon fortune. I have known many who have not been oppressed by it remain in the shade, but I have never known one who emerged with it into prosperity. In my own case it was by no means a family disease, nor had I lived in any way by which I was likely to contract it. Accordingly, on the following day, I



caught myself very coolly knocking at the widow's door ; and so entirely had I been occupied in considering the various blessings which would accrue to both of us from our union, that I was half way upstairs before I began to think of an excuse for my intrusion. The drawing-room was vacant, and I was left for a moment to wonder whether I was not actually in some temple of the Loves and Graces. There was not a thing to be seen which did not breathe with tenderness. The ceiling displayed a little heaven of sportive Cupids, the carpet a wilderness of turtle-doves. The pictures were a series of the loves of Jupiter, the vases presented nothing but heartsease and love-lies-bleeding ; the very canary birds were inspired, and had a nest with two young ones ; and the cat herself looked kindly over the budding beauties of a tortoise-shell kitten. What a place for a sensitive heart like mine ! I could not bear to look upon the mirrors which reflected my broad shoulders on every side, like so many giants ; and would have given the world to appear a little pale and interesting, although it might have injured my life a dozen years' purchase. Nevertheless, I was not daunted, and I looked round, for something to talk about, on the beauty's usual occupations, which I found were all in a tone with what I had before remarked. Upon the open piano lay "Auld Robin Grey," which had, no doubt, been sung in allusion to her late husband. On the table was a half-finished drawing of Apollo, which was, equally without doubt, meant to apply to her future one ; and round about were strewed the seductive tomes of Moore, Campbell, and Byron. "This witch," thought I, "is the very creature I have been sighing after ! I would have married her out of a hedge-way, and worked upon the roads to maintain her ; but with twenty thousand pounds—ay, and much more, unless I am mistaken, she would create a fever in the frosty Caucasus ! I was in the most melting mood alive, when the door opened, and in walked the fascinating object of my speculations. She was dressed in simple grey, wholly without ornament, and her dark-brown hair was braided demurely over a forehead which looked as lofty as her face was lovely. The reception she gave me was polite and graceful, but somewhat distant ; and I perceived that she had either forgotten, or was determined not to recognize me. I was not quite prepared for this, and, in spite of my constitutional confidence, felt not a little embarrassed. I had, perhaps, mistaken the breakings forth of a young and buoyant spirit, under ridiculous circumstances, for the encouragements of volatile coquetry ; and, for a moment, I was in doubt whether I should not apologize and pretend that she was not the lady for whom my visit was intended. But then she was so beautiful ! Angels and ministers ! Nothing on earth could have sent me down stairs unless I had been kicked down ! "Madam," I began—but my blood was in a turmoil, and I have never been able to recollect precisely what I said. Something it was, however, about my late father and her lamented husband, absence and the East Indies, liver complaints and Life Insurance ; with compliments, condolences, pardon, perturbation and preter-plu-perfect impertinence. The lady looked surprised, broke my speech with two or three well-bred ejaculations, and astonished me very much by protesting that she had never heard her husband mention either my father or his promising little heir-appa-

rent, William Henry Thomas, in the whole course of their union. "Ah, Madam," said I, "the omission is extremely natural! I am sure I am not at all offended with your late husband upon that score. He was an elderly, sickly sort of a man. My father always told him he could not last, but he never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage. He had not time—he had not time, Madam, to make his friends happy by introducing them to you,"

I believe, upon the whole, I must have behaved remarkably well, for the widow could not quite make up her mind whether to credit me or not, which, when we consider the very slender materials I had to work upon, is saying a great deal. At last I contrived to make the conversation glide away to Auld Robin Grey and the drawing of Apollo, which I pronounced to be a *chef-d'œuvre*. "Permit me, however, to suggest, that the symmetry of the figure would not be destroyed by a little more of Hercules in the shoulders, which would make his life worth a much longer purchase. A little more amplitude in the chest too, and a trifle stronger on the legs, as they say at the Insurance Office."—The widow looked comically at the recollections which I brought to her mind; her rosy lips began to disclose their treasures in a half smile; and this, in turn, expanded into a laugh like the laugh of Euphrosyne. This was the very thing for me. I was always rather dashed by beauty on the stilts; but put us upon fair ground, and I never supposed that I could be otherwise than charming. I ran over all the amusing topics of the day, expended a thousand admirable jokes, repeated touching passages from a new poem which she had not read, laughed, sentimentalized, cuddled the kitten, and forgot to go away till I had sojourned full two hours. Euphrosyne quite lost sight of my questionable introduction, and chimed in with a wit as brilliant as her beauty; nor did she put on a single grave look when I volunteered to call the next day and read the remainder of the poem.

It is impossible to conceive how carefully I walked home. My head and heart were full of the widow and the wager, and my life was more precious than the Pigot Diamond. I kept my eye sedulously upon the pavement, to be sure that the coal-holes were closed; and I never once crossed the street without looking both ways, to calculate the dangers of being run over. When I arrived, I was presented with a letter from my attorney, giving me the choice of an ensigncy in a regiment which was ordered to the West Indies, or of going missionary to New Zealand. I wrote to him, in answer, that it was perfectly immaterial to me whether I was cut off by the yellow fever or devoured by cannibals, but that I had business which would prevent me from availing myself of either alternative for two months, at least.

The next morning found me again at the door of Euphrosyne, who gave me her lily hand, and received me with the smile of an old acquaintance. Affairs went on pretty much the same as they did on the preceding day. The poem was long, her singing exquisite, my anecdote of New Zealand irresistible, and we again forgot ourselves till it was necessary, in common politeness, to ask me to dinner. Here her sober attire, which for some months had been a piece of mere gratuitous respect, was exchanged for a low evening dress, and my soul, which was brimming before, was in an agony to find room for my increasing

transports. Her spirits were sportive as butterflies, and fluttered over the flowers of her imagination with a grace that was quite miraculous. She ridiculed the rapidity of our acquaintance, eulogized my modesty till it was well nigh burnt to a cinder, and every now and then sharpened her wit by a delicate recurrence to Apollo and the shoulders of Hercules.

The third and the fourth and the fifth day, with twice as many more, were equally productive of excuses for calling, and reasons for remaining, till at last I took upon me to call and remain without troubling myself about the one or the other. I was received with progressive cordiality; and, at last, with a mixture of timidity which assured me of the anticipation of a catastrophe which was, at once, to decide the question with the Insurance Office, and determine the course of my travels. One day I found the Peri sitting rather pensively at work, and, as usual, I took my seat opposite to her.

"I have been thinking," said she, "that I have been mightily imposed upon."

"By whom?" I inquired.

"By one of whom you have the highest opinion—by yourself."

"In what do you mistrust me?"

"Come now, will it please you to be candid, and tell me honestly that all that exceedingly intelligible story about your father, and the liver complaint, and Heaven knows what, was a mere fabrication?"

"Will it please you to let me thread that needle, for I see that you are taking aim at the wrong end of it?"

"Nonsense! Will you answer me?"

"I think I could put the finishing touch to that sprig. Do you not see?" I continued, jumping up and leaning over her. "It should be done so—and then so.—What stitch do you call that?"

The beauty was not altogether in a mood for joking. I took her hand—it trembled—and so did mine.

"Will you pardon me?" I whispered. "I am a sinner, a counterfeit, a poor, swindling, disreputable vagabond,———but I love you to my soul."

The work dropped upon her knee.

\* \* \* \* \*

In about a fortnight from this time I addressed the following note to my friend.

Dear Sir,

It will give you great pleasure to hear that my prospects are mending, and that you have lost your wager. As I intend settling the insurance on my wife, I shall, of course, think you entitled to the job. Should your trifling loss in me oblige you to become an ensign in the West Indies or a missionary in New Zealand, you may rely upon my interest there.

## THE MOURNER.

THE morn is on the waveless deep ;  
 A small white sail is anchor'd there,  
 Cradled in beauty, and asleep  
 In the resplendent golden air ;  
 Blue ocean shifts its wonted hue,  
 And flames in garment of the sun ;  
 And Nature seems with joy to view  
 Her loveliest day in smiles begun.  
 That little sail, which lies like death—  
 Hush'd, motionless, in the rich ray,  
 An envied thing without a breath,  
 Was rock'd by storms but yesterday ;  
 Pale lightnings flitted round the mast,  
 The guns were in the ocean east,  
 And surges swept the decks, and laid  
 The torn ship in their hollow shade.  
 But now its perils are forgot,  
 The danger overpast ;  
 The sea looks as if storms were not—  
 As it ne'er knew a blast ;  
 Deceitful—as a visage fair  
 Covering a soul of crime and care.  
 One gazes on the wave who feels  
 The pleasure it to all reveals—  
 To her a scene of woe ;  
 That sea, but two short years before,  
 Had whelm'd beneath its watery floor  
 Her last of hope below.  
 Could she but grieve a scene so bright  
 Should be to her more dark than night ?—  
 Could she believe such beauty now  
 Might change in one short hour,  
 And bury hope, and love, and vow,  
 And fancy's dream, and passion's power,  
 And leave Love in life's desert wild,  
 A stray'd and solitary child ?  
 That sea had kill'd her young life's bliss ;  
 How should the reckless ocean move  
 —Though it might look as fair as this—  
 The heart that it had robb'd of love ?  
 The heart, that many a fairy bower  
 Had built to charm the coming hour ;  
 That nursed pure visions of delight,  
 In blessing and in being bless'd ;  
 Planted in paradise of sight  
 A thousand flowers to be caress'd ;  
 And cherish'd by a lover's side,  
 All wither'd—all that fond heart's pride !  
 That ship was like her heart had been—  
 Sunny, content, and gay ;  
 But now for ever in a scene  
 Stormy as yesterday.  
 For, ah ! no power could still her pain  
 While stormy seas grow calm again !  
 'Twas strange, though ocean was to her  
 The monitor of grief,  
 She did its oozy shores prefer,  
 Its cliffs or rugged reef,

To sit among, and pass her time,  
 Before the land's more gentle clime,  
 And grassy bank or leafy shade,  
 That others think for sorrow made !—  
 But tombs of buried hope are dear,  
 And none will rob them of a tear !

NOUVEL ALMANACH DES GOURMANDS.\*

“ Tout s'arrange en dinant dans le siècle où nous sommes,  
 Et c'est par les diners qu'on gouverne les hommes.”

*Les Comédiens.*

THIS is unquestionably the golden age of the stomach, the era in which it receives that apotheosis against which St. Paul warned the ancient Philippians, and exerts a more direct and decided influence upon human affairs, than at any former period in the whole history of the world. Many men live exclusively for it, and not a few die in its cause. It is the great universal source of corruption, moral as well as material ; for when Sir Robert Walpole maintained that every man had his price, he admitted that the great paramount temptation of money was, its power of ministering new stimulants to the pleasures of the table. Epicurism and its results seem to constitute the great leading objects of modern occupation and inquiry. Intellects of the first order are devoted to the composition of cookery-books ; the public become, in consequence, more luxurious and profound in their banquets, a new set of talents is called into exercise, and a new series of books written to remedy the increasing diseases occasioned by good living ; and both sets of authors run through numerous editions, and make rapid fortunes. Mrs. Rundle's “ Domestic Cookery ” was a larder of wealth to the publisher ; Dr. Kitchiner's Peptic Precepts have made his pot boil for the remainder of his natural life ; and Accum's publication would have answered the same purpose, had he not incautiously put poison in his own pot. Never was our culinary literature so rich ; and as to medical works upon bile, indigestion, flatulency, heart-burn, and stomach complaints in general, the press groans with them. The gormandizers, who are apt to be in the same predicament as the press, buy them, and consult their authors, and get relief, and then perform a *da capo*. Does any young aspiring surgeon, or patientless physician, wish to ride in his carriage, let him write a book upon the diseases of the stomach, and his fortune is made. His subject comes home to the business and bosoms, or rather the bowels, of the whole community,—for we are all enjoyers of good cheer, and all sufferers in some way or other from its consequences.

When Henri Quatre went to look at a magnificent house built by one of his nobles, he objected to the kitchen as being too small. “ Sire,” said the owner, “ it is by always having a small kitchen, that I have been enabled to build so large a house.” This is the last economy which we now dream of practising. How can we, indeed, where the whole business of the nation is carried on by dinners, from the highest

\* *Nouvel Almanach des Gourmands, servant de guide dans les moyens de faire excellente chère. Dedicé au Ventre. Par A. B. de Perigord. Paris, 1825.*

to the lowest sphere? What could ministers accomplish, were it not for their cabinet dinners? How could the majorities and minorities of the House of Commons be arranged, but for the edifying example of the Archbishop of Canterbury's son entertaining huge parties at his table upon the Sabbath day? What charity or public institution would thrive, were not the purses of its supporters stimulated by their palates? And finally, how could the *New Monthly* so decidedly hit the taste of the public, did not its contributors titillate their own, and at the same time sublimise their intellectual faculties by a monthly symposium?

Reverencing, as we do, the theory of gastronomy in all its branches, and becoming every day more and more impressed with its pre-eminent importance as a practical source of influence, we hail with delight the appearance of a new "*Almanach des Gourmands*," from whose erudite and interesting pages we purpose making such occasional extracts, as our readers may digest with perfect safety and satisfaction. Who does not recollect its illustrious and witty ancestor of the same name, and the many good things edible, bibulous, and risible, which it presented to the world? England would be ungrateful, indeed, did she not acknowledge her obligations to that celebrated work; for at the time of its first appearance, upwards of two and twenty years ago, she was still nearly as uncivilised as in the time of Louis Quatorze, whose ambassador in London complained that he had been sent to a country possessing twenty-four religious sects, and only two fish sauces! Monsieur A. B. de Perigord, who has already pleasantly associated himself with the delicious pies of that name, thus pathetically renders an honourable and ample justice to the surpassing merits of his thrice-renowned prototype.

"A man, celebrated by the rare and happy union of talent and epicurism, joining an original mind to a delicate palate; edifying at table, instructive in a book, at once the model of hosts and guests, formerly published, during eight consecutive years, an '*Almanach des Gourmands*,' which was worthy to become the breviary of the *bon-vivant*, the criterion of all eating communities, the providence of every Lucullus of the new empire.

"Why is that voice, so dear to the art of cookery, condemned to silence? For the last fourteen years it has been heard no more! Whence arises this inaction of genius? The cause is well known: if the pen of this estimable writer sleeps in the inkstand, his stomach has not renounced its favourite tastes; every day his eye luxuriates over four regular courses, prepared according to the strictest rules of art; but he is jealous of his enjoyments; he veils the light which formerly sparkled from his pen. He dines in silence, and the kitchen, widowed of his oracles, is wrapped in mourning. Deprived of a sure guide, it wanders in a labyrinth of false doctrine; floating at random, it allies the trifling to the sublime; the most practised palate can no longer distinguish anything in preparations, where every thing is confounded, and all the rules of art are violated. Romanticism, escaping from the drawing-room, has made itself master of the stoves and stew-pans; it has even penetrated into the sanctuary of the kitchen range!

"And how much more useful would the awakening of the eloquent author of the '*Almanach des Gourmands*' be rendered by existing circumstances, by our new institutions, and the actual system of government! Splendid dinners, which were formerly only a brilliant superfluity, have become one of the legislative wants of our era. No laws, no budget, now-a-days, without dinners. The cook's art has become aggrandized, it governs the social edifice. Who is the great Elector of France? The Minister's Cook. Who serves as a rudder amid all the storms of Parliament? The Minister's Cook.

Who votes in the balloting-box? The mouth-purveyor of the Privy Council. Unparalleled man! predestined by Providence to govern the affairs of this lower world; the most powerful mover of consciences; he well impressed with the importance of thy functions, the sacredness of thy holy office! Alas! thou still wastest a code of laws; no guide directs thy steps in the slippery path which thou art pursuing. The Achilles of the '*Almanach des Gourmands*' remains sleeping in his tent.

"In his absence, a less experienced warrior presents himself, animated with zeal, and full of ardour to combat every false doctrine of gastronomy. The majesty of the interests which he has to defend, will atone for his inexperience. A constant and unflinching study of his art, a practised palate, an assiduous intercourse with the first cooks of the capital, a capacious stomach—such are the recommendations by which he announces himself. He will occasionally indulge in politico-epicurean digressions, and insert specimens of gastronomical poetry, wishing to unite the useful and the agreeable, and persuaded that to obtain a complete success, he must charm the eye in flattering the taste, and seduce the understanding while he delights the palate."

Such is the prospectus of the work, which is not only embellished with a portrait of the author in his own well-stored cabinet, with pen in hand, victuals of all sorts behind him, and a stomach before him abundantly confirming his assertion as to its capacity; but there is, moreover, a gastronomical map of France, with a huge Perigord pie in one corner to designate its author, and over every city and town an engraving of the fish, flesh, fowl, or compound, edible or potable, for which it is most famous; thus imparting to the whole the appearance of a vast and teeming larder. Every river exhibits its peculiar fish, shooting along its bed, while their brethren of the sea are seen sporting and leaping along those coasts where they are caught in the greatest perfection. We defy any ichthivorous reader to contemplate such a display without smacking his lips, and feeling his mouth water. For our own parts, we imagined ourselves, at the sight, to be dining at the Parisian *Rocher de Cancale*, and were on the point of pouring our ink, for capersauce, over a fine turbot (a Gallic mixture, to which it took us some time to get reconciled), when we happily recovered from our hallucination. Seriously, we can conceive nothing better calculated than this device for teaching, at the same time, gastronomy and geography; for we doubt whether any knowledge is likely to be more thoroughly digested, than that which, instead of being acquired by head or by heart, is learnt by the stomach. We remember being stimulated into a deglutition of the alphabet, by having a gingerbread letter given us to eat as soon as we could recognise its name; and we have read of an ingenious tutor to a very stupid French princeling, who procured four and twenty servants, each having a huge letter painted upon his stomach, which his pupil was obliged to call out by name whenever he wanted the services of its wearer; but the present contrivance seems to us more argute and peristaltic: and we counsel Paterson and Cary forthwith to illustrate their road-book and itinerary, by a running bill of fare in the margin. Our travellers abroad, shaping their own course by the courses of the table, will derive incredible comfort and information from consulting this panorama for the intestines; although it must be confessed, to their credit, that many of them have already returned much more profoundly impressed with what they have eaten and drunk, than with any thing they have seen or heard. "How long do you remain in town?" said one Oxonian to another, whom he encountered in Piccadilly. "Ten

guineas," was the answer. So may our men of taste reply when asked what brought them to Bayonne?—the hams. To Lyons?—the sausages. To Strasbourg?—the goose livers. To Alençon?—the truffles. To St. Germain?—the game—all of which, with accompanying wines and liqueurs, seem to be crying "come eat me," from the dinner-table map of Mons. A. B. de Perigord.

Before we proceed to give any further extracts from his book, which must form the subject of a future article, it may be speak the attention of our readers, if we reveal to them the happy influences under which it was written, as exemplified in the engraved portrait prefixed to the volume, and entitled "*L'Inspiration du Gourmand.*" Annexed to it is the following explanation of the happy moment in which the author has chosen to be represented.—"Shut up in his cabinet, he has been profoundly meditating upon culinary science. His library surrounds him; it is in disorder: he has just been examining its cases, scrutinizing the shelves on which are huddled together the young fat pullet of Mans, the pâté d'Amiens, the ham of Mayence, the potted meats of Nérac, the sucking-pig, the preserves, the wines and liqueurs of every province. His writing-table is loaded with various specimens: the oysters of Etretat, Loaf's head from Puits-Certain, turkey from Perigord, sweetmeats from Achard, game from Châvet, are all on the point of being examined and conscientiously adjudged. A vast Chartres-pic supplies him an elegant and solid desk; a champagne glass is his ink-stand, and salt serves him for sand. He has seized his pen, and all inspired by his subject, prepares to dictate the oracles of Epicurism."

#### ADVENTURE OF A LONDON TRAVELLER.

"Take heed—have open eyes, for thieves do foot by night."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALTHOUGH it may not occupy any very exalted rank in public estimation, there are perhaps few modes of active life more cheerful and pleasurable than the occupation of a commercial traveller. I mean the personage strictly and literally so termed, who, with a brace of saddle-bags, or a couple of dromedary-like bumps, traverses the country on horseback from one extremity to the other, exhibiting samples, procuring orders, and collecting debts for some substantial house in the city of London. Such has been my occupation for many years, and I would not change situation with my employers, though I believe them to be as opulent and as much respected as any firm upon 'Change. We travellers are the only representatives of your ancient knights-errant; the only trading amateurs who combine business with pleasure; variety, air, exercise and health, with debts and day-books, samples, shipping, and shopkeeping. If a man of this sort be fond of natural scenery, who can enjoy it in such diversity, and with so leisurely a luxury? If he delight in studying human nature, who has more pregnant opportunities? He passes not through the country like a stage-coachman, conversant only with its external features, but dives into the heart of its society in his daily negotiations with its natives, and in his cosmopolitan and comprehensive views is enabled, much better than the philosopher in his closet, to compare, contrast, and relish the never-ending diversities of individual and collective character. Collision and observation make him, even in spite of him-



self, a citizen of the world. His Cockneyism, if he had any, forsakes him after the first journey; his views become general and elemental, and he looks down from the high table-land of his own calm mind upon the moral as well as the material landscape, both of which seem to be outspread before him for his special observation and amusement. I assume his mind to be calm, for he is only an agent; he has the stimulus of business and the excitement of hope, without the constant cares of the one, or the painful disappointment of the other.

He is not, however, the constituent of an unimportant brotherhood, for the 'Travellers' Society is a respectable and wealthy body, whose occasional dinners may vie with those of the proudest corporation in elegance and hilarity. Individually we have most of us a horse of our own, (I would not sell mine for a hundred guineas,) and collectively we have not only our own newspaper, the circulation of which depends upon its adopting our name, but in every town we have our own tavern, whose landlord, knowing that his success depends upon our countenance, will at any time fly from the coronetted coach with its two outriders, to wait upon the mounted traveller with his two saddle-bags. Many a merry meeting is witnessed, and many a wayfaring joke is launched in the "Travellers' Room," exclusively so called and appropriated, of which I may, perhaps, hereafter present some not unpleasant specimens; but as candour obliges me to confess that our wandering mode of life occasionally exposes us to encounters of a very different and perilous nature, I shall at present proceed to relate one in which it was my misfortune to be the principal sufferer.

Whenever I have an idle hour upon my hands, I love to devote it to billiards, which I consider a healthy and delightful recreation. In one of our great manufacturing towns of the North, I had entered a public-house for this purpose, which, as I afterwards found, was frequented by characters of the worst description, and incautiously mentioning that I was going to walk to Mr. M'B——'s, who resided two or three miles off, for the purpose of receiving a sum of money, I enquired the shortest road to his residence. One of the parties present told me there was a way across the fields which would save half a mile, and gave me particular instructions how to find it, adding that it was a common thoroughfare, and I should doubtless see some of the men going or returning from the manufactory. Interested in my play, I pursued it rather longer than usual, but at length hurried away, discovered the footpath across the fields, received the bank notes, which, according to my invariable practice, I concealed in the lining of my waistcoat, and was returning briskly by the same path, just as the evening began to close around me; when, as I crossed a stile, I heard a rustling in the hedge, and on looking round beheld a villain advancing towards me with an uplifted bludgeon. I raised a stout stick with which I was provided, to repel the assault, but at the same moment received a tremendous blow upon the head from a second ruffian, which stretched me senseless upon the grass.

The villains, as it afterwards appeared, rifled my pockets of my watch, loose cash and papers, but without discovering my hidden treasure, and in this state of insensibility I was soon after found by some good Samaritans of the lower orders, who having ascertained that my pockets were empty, generously contented themselves with my hat

and coat, as a fair remuneration for the trouble of carrying me to the hospital of a large suburban poor-house at no great distance. In this miserable establishment I fell into the hands of two occasional nurses then in the place, who, upon exercising a more rigorous scrutiny into my habiliments, with a view to those strays and waifs of plunder which such callous practitioners usually claim as their perquisite, discovered the hidden bank notes, and divided them upon the spot as the best security for mutual secrecy.

My wound was shortly examined and dressed by the hospital surgeon, but the severity of the blow, combining with a violent cold caught by lying upon the wet grass, produced a brain fever, which deprived me of my faculties for several days. In this state the nurse removed me from the public ward to a small detached room, under the pretext of my disturbing the other patients, but in reality that she might have a private chamber in which to give little suppers to her friends with the bank notes which she had pilfered from my person. It was in this small chamber, that, on awaking to recovered consciousness, I found myself lying upon a miserable truckle-bed, and felt that my arms were pinioned to my sides by a strait-waistcoat, while I heard the hospital-clock toll the hour of midnight, accompanied by the hollow howling of the wind through the two long wards into which the building was divided. At first my faculties seemed but slowly to recover their power; and the attempt to arouse my memory to a recollection of the past, only served to mix it up in one confused mass with the present. By degrees, however, beginning to suspect that I had suffered under a temporary privation of reason, I endeavoured without speaking or moving, to divine the meaning of the scene before me, which was well calculated to confound and puzzle apprehension.

Close to the blazing hearth was a large round table, whereon were flaring three unsnuffed tallow-candles, and in centre of which fumed a brimming and capacious bowl, surrounded by a profuse display of viands, liquors, lemons, sugar, bottles, and glasses. On the mantelpiece were phials, boxes, lint, rags, cataplasms and surgical instruments; and on the fire beneath, a kettle of goodly dimensions was singing its quiet tune to two female figures who completely filled a couple of wide arm-chairs beside the board, eating, drinking, and chuckling with infinite perseverance and complacency. As one of them had her back to the bed, I could not catch a glimpse of her face; but I observed a pair of red Atlantean shoulders, the flesh of which, heaving up on either side of the shoulder-strap, seemed anxious to escape from the restraint of its bandages. This, as I found by their conversation, was Mrs. Potts, a visitant to my appointed nurse, and Mrs. Greaves, who sat opposite to her in all the dignity of voluminous and undulating fat; and I was enabled to make the further discovery that they were carousing upon the spoil which had been ferreted from the lining of my waistcoat. Falstaff typifying Mother Pratt, the fat woman of Brentford, was not a whit more corpulent and cumbersome than these triple-chined harpies, and as their dialogue proceeded I was more than once tempted to wish that I had Ford's cudgel in my hand, and Ford's vigour and good will for its exercise.

"Come, Mrs. Potts," quoth the worthy nurse, "you don't drink; fill your glass, fill your glass. Here have I been drinking Madeira

ever since this lucky Godsend, to see if I could fancy it as well as Booth's best, but it's sad watery, washy stuff, compared to blue ruin or heavy wet. Howsomever I put a bottle into this here bowl of punch, and I don't think it's much the worse."

"Hark! there's the gentleman awake," cried Mrs. Potts, as I gave an involuntary groan at this appropriation of my money.—"Well, never mind if he is," replied Mrs. Greaves. "Lord love you, he's as mad as a March hare; knows no more what he's talking about than the Pope of Rome."—"Oh, ay, cracked in the upper-story is he?—they're rum-mish customers to deal with, those crazy chaps; but I don't dislike 'em, for one's not bound to pay any attention to their freaks and fancies. It isn't as if one had Christians to deal with. One on 'em played me a slippery trick though some years ago. I was dosing away in my chair, not much caring to get up and notice his clamour for water, when, would you believe it, Ma'am, he jumps out of bed, and ere you could say Jack Robinson, whips me up in his arms, and claps me right slap upon a great blazing fire!"

"C——!" exclaimed Mrs. Greaves, shrieking with laughter till her whole system swagged with repeated undulations, "how shocking! but it was monstrous comical though, warn't it?"—"Not so comical neither, Ma'am, if I hadn't happened to have a thick stuff gown on, and a couple of flannel petticoats, so that I got off for this here burn upon my arm and the loss of my clothes. Business runs shameful slack now, Mrs. Greaves; no good jobs stirring, though to be sure the little bundle of flimsies done up so knowing in this chap's waistcoat was a famous hawl; but we have no nice fevers; a terrible time since we had a good measles among the children, and no influenzy this here season as there was last. People are scandalous healthy to what they used to be. Then that unlucky vaccine spoils trade shamefully. Old mother Tibbs remembers when she used to lay out eighteen or twenty children every year, all dead of the small-pox, and come in for all their clothes, besides pickings and perquisites."

"Very true, very true, Mrs. Potts, ours is a starving business; we must make the most of jobs now, so fill t'other glass, and pick a bit more of the pigeon pie. Here's to you, Ma'am. Howsomdever I have no great reason to complain, for what with gentlemen's broken limbs from gigs, and their shooting themselves, or one another, in the sporting season, there's always some lucky misfortune or another turning up. 'Twas but last month I set a chap of this sort upon his crutches, who had eighty-three shots lodged in his calf by his friend Capt. Blinkensop, when taking aim at a hare—"

"Eighty-three shot! that's a large lot, ain't it?"

"Yes, but one wouldn't be niggardly with a friend, you know. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ay, ay, you will have your laugh, Mrs. Greaves; but you were always a wag. Well, my last job was with Lady——. Psha! I shall forget my own name next. Lady What-d'ye-call—she as had the fine funeral t'other day; it's no odds for her name, and a pretty plague she was! Always a grumbling cause I took snuff. Will you have a pinch, Mrs. Greaves? What odds if a little did fall into the broth or gruel now and then? I warrant it's as good as pepper any day in the year. That's the second lady of quality as I had the job on. Last

Michaelmas was a year (I remember it by the famous goose my nevvv sent me out of Yorkshire), that I hid out Lady Augusta Yellowley, at last, after she had gone on shilly-shallying for seven or eight weeks; and would you believe it, Ma'am, they were shabby enough not to let me have an Ingey shawl, though she died in it, pretending I wasn't entitled to nothing but the body-linen."

"Well, Mrs. Potts, that's the very way they served me when Alderman Sowerby's lady hopped the twig. Howsomever, they got nothing by it, for in packing up my box, a large white lace veil slipped in by mere accident; and as they never sent for it, of course I warn't bound to give it up."

"These accidents will happen to the most careful of us, Mrs. Greaves. Ha! ha! ha! and really they shouldn't look too closely into these matters, for our perquisites now-a-days are no great shakes. What's peck and perch, and a pound a-week? Why, I got as much twenty years ago when I was in the wet line, and went out a suckling. I've known the day, too, when a hint of a good subject to a resurrection-man was worth a couple of guineas; but Lord love you! they make such a fuss about the matter now-a-days, that the poor fellows can hardly get salt to their porridge. And then folks dies such shabby shrivelled atomies of late, that they're scarcely worth the cutting up. If one could get hold of a nice proper young man, now, shot in a duel."

"Ay, Mrs. Potts, or this here gentleman that's lying on the bed; he's in the prime of life, stout and healthy, just the proper age and subject for dying; but somehow my mind misgives me strangely that the chap will recover."

"Let us hope not, let us hope not; it would be a monstrous shame:—here's to you, Mrs. Greaves."

"It would really be a pity," replied the latter, refilling her glass; "for what with the flinies in his waistcoat, and what with the body, he might be one of the prettiest jobs we have had a long while."—In this strain the conversation continued some time longer, and as I knew my helpless state, and really apprehended that these harpies might suangle, or make away with me if they suspected my recovery, I remained perfectly still, pretending to be asleep, until the huge bowl of Madeira punch being completely emptied, my two companions began to nod at one another, and finally snored so unmercifully, that I was effectually prevented from joining in the chorus. Waiting impatiently the arrival of the medical attendant next morning, I communicated to him the recovery of my senses, imploring that I might be instantly sent to a friend's house in the town, as I felt quite able to bear the removal. Here my health was in a few days perfectly re-established, and it was my first care to obtain the dismissal of the nurses, and compel them to refund the remainder of their plunder. As to the scoundrels who had attacked me, although I had no doubt they were the same with whom I had been playing billiards, I had no means of identifying them, so I left them for the present uninterrupted in their progress to the gallows; and mounting my nag and companion, for he deserves both appellations, I joyfully turned my back upon this unlucky town.

## IRISH PORTRAITS.—NO. II.

*Sir Ignatius Slattery.*

SIR Ignatius "is one of those rare men whom" the Corporation of Dublin "alone produces, and of whom she has produced too few for her glory." He was a cutler in his youth, and by dint of industry and strong nerves, and stronger lungs, and a conscientious attachment to his own interest in every transaction of his life, has raised himself to his present enviable station of personal affluence and civic importance. His appearance is striking, and, until he speaks, rather imposing. He is full six feet high, strongly and regularly built, with an Atlantean breadth of shoulder, to sustain the weighty concerns of a great city, and a commensurate rotundity of the anterior frame, the growth of a long and liberal participation in its festive comforts. His features are regular, and even handsome; the complexion a glossy florid, with occasional streaks of claret-colour (claret is his favourite beverage) meandering through the expanse of cheek. A large luscious, blood-shot aldermanic eye, with an overhanging lid, would at first view point him out as a mere civic voluptuary; but examine it again, and although it may persist in telling, what is undeniable, that he loves a good dinner, you will also discover in its sly and sleeky roll, a character of practical acuteness and comic intelligence as unequivocally marked. His hair is grey, but, though he is now in his fifty-sixth year, it has not yet been thinned by age or care. To conclude, he is neat in his apparel, generally dresses in blue; prefers long gaiters to boots, ties his cravat in the old stock-like fashion, and in the worst of weather never wears a *surtout*. Such is the external appearance of this worthy corporator, as he may be daily seen moving down Dame-street, to the tune of "The Protestant Boys," with the buoyant and confident gait of a prosperous man, and of one determined to resist all newfangled innovations upon the system under which he has thriven.

Sir Ignatius is a staunch adherent of the Irish Constitution, as settled at the Battle of the Boyne, and illustrated by its favour to Protestant cutlers. Until, latterly, however, he was far from pushing his principles to any intolerant extreme. With all his honest horror of extreme unction, he was quite content that matters should remain as they were. He thought it a right and a "mighty proper thing," that his Catholic brethren (poor fellows!) should be eligible to certain minor offices of trust and profit. All he insisted upon was, that they should never be elected. During a contest for the city, he was ever ready to hold out the hand of peace to a Catholic voter; and some years since, when threatened with legal molestation touching a mere arithmetical error in one of the city accounts, he shewed so little of the bigot, that he privately sent O'Connell a retaining fee. The thing transpired, and was warmly taken up by some leading members of the Common Council, but, being in office soon after, he completely pacified them by the abundance and excellence of his wines at his public entertainments, and by the jovial fury of his speeches from the chair, announcing "the Glorious Memory." The knight mentions the circumstance to this day, as a proof of the dangers of liberality in politics. Two of the malcontents, he says, brothers Hoolahan and Moriarty, from the Guild of

Heel-tappers, insisted on being made dead drunk no less than three times before they promised to support him in the old way.

Sir Ignatius Slattery's life has been so occupied by more important matters, that he has been rather inattentive to several branches of popular learning. He knows little or nothing of ancient or modern history, ethics, statistics, polite literature, grammar, spelling, or punctuation. The politics of Dublin have been his vocation, and there he shines as the leader of a powerful party in the Corporation. His political talents depend mainly upon his oratory; and that again consists not so much upon his own powers of speech, for he is rather apt to mispronounce, as in his rare capacity for interrupting and embarrassing an opponent. He is the ablest cougher-down within the liberties of Dublin, and gains periodic laurels upon every post and quarter-day, by the boisterous felicity of his cries "to order," and his still more energetic bellowings for an adjournment. He usually makes merry upon all this when the effort is over, for it is a part of his character to be waggish and self-rallying upon his civic displays. There is indeed in his ordinary intercourse with both friends and foes a certain turbulent blunt facetiousness, which wonderfully endears him to the congenial souls of his city friends. This quality, and the circumstance of his being supposed to have picked up a few of the feelings of a gentleman since he was made a city knight, caused him to be admitted at the Castle as the butt and bosom friend of more than one Irish viceroy. His present Excellency has, however, for some Popish reason or other, been strangely insensible to the worthy corporator's claim upon his familiarity; and deep and ineffable is the ire with which he resents the affront. The idea of Ireland being tranquillized without the aid and sanction and occasional *relo* of the most loyal of cutlers, is a thing so monstrous in itself, and so subversive of every established bye-motion of the Corporation, that he has vowed to bring the patrons of the innovation to public shame. This he does in many ways. He collects authentic calumnies for the anti-Castle press, which, with a few grammatical corrections, produce a profound effect. At public dinners, he is the first to vociferate for "the Exports of Ireland," and such is his zeal, even "ups the wink for the Glorious" before half the company are drunk. He keeps up the spirits of the Orange democracy by calling conciliation a humbug; rouses their fury by wily encomiums upon their forbearance; and by certain hems and nods and other symbols of fraternal significance, conveys to them the inspiring assurance, that, let them go what lengths they please, they will not want friends in the city to back them. When the time arrives, he does all he can to keep his word; for it is in his deep sense of the duties of a political juror, that Sir Ignatius preeminently excels. His golden rule for the jury-box is, never to consent to a verdict against a friend. For this he is content to make the greatest of all sacrifices—the loss of a dinner, and a night's rest. To make the inconvenience however as tolerable as possible, he takes care, on the morning of the trial, to come down to court with his nightcap, a box of sandwiches, and a case-bottle of old sherry in his pocket; and with these he will hold out against the law and the facts of any given case for eight-and-forty hours.—"And call you not this backing his friends?"

His services in this way, or rather his known readiness to serve, for he has more than once been challenged, have made so deep an impression upon his party, that they have lately proposed setting him up for the city at the next election, as a man of decided parliamentary talents upon Irish questions. The rumour of this (for he has not yet openly declared himself) was no sooner circulated through the lodges than his own (No. 1603) appointed a deputation of five to wait upon him at his country-house, with a voluntary tender of every vote in the lodge, at the moderate rate of five pounds each. Sir Ignatius "thanked them (from a paper which he held in his left hand); he did so from the bottom of his heart (upon which he placed his right). He talked of the approbation of his conscience and his love of the constitution being the sole guides of his political life;—exhorted them not to be bullied by any man, or set of men, out of their good old principles of conditional allegiance, and their unalienable privileges of knocking down Papists and dressing the statue;—assured them that while an Orange ribbon was manufactured in Ireland, he would be found at his post; for that he for one would never submit to see the fine men of Dublin governed like Indian slaves;—and concluded by appreciating (without pledging himself to accept of it) the high honour which his valued brethren of 1603 proposed to confer upon him." —(*Great applause.*)

The oratory and cheering over, the deputation were ushered into an adjoining room, where a collation, got up by the Knight's directions in the very *latest* style, was prepared on the occasion. Lady Slattery apologized for the absence of Orange lilies, it being the winter season; but to make amends, Miss S. who presided at the pianoforte, regaled their ears with some favourite constitutional melodies, among which, the "Boyne Water," and "Crappies he Down," with variations of her own, were rapturously applauded. The deputation returned to Dublin in the evening, and conducted themselves so peaceably, that they assaulted only three out of the many Catholic passengers whom they met upon the way. The general opinion in the lodge is, that should Sir Ignatius be returned Lord Wellesley and his government will be annihilated by his first speech.\*

EPIGRAM.

*On a Physician observing that he had lost three Patients during an absence from home.*

C—— kills threepatients while from home away,—  
A clever doctor this same C——, I wot;  
If absent, thus his patients he can slay,  
How he must kill them, when he's on the spot!

\* Since the above was written, Sir Ignatius has been seen at Archer's, enquiring for the best Pronouncing Dictionary.

## TREMAINE, OR THE MAN OF REFINEMENT.

THE age in which we live is distinguished by nothing so much as by its novels. We have novels of all denominations; and manufactured from all possible and impossible materials. We have classical novels, and romantic novels, and domestic novels; theological novels, and geological novels; biographical novels, and topographical novels; educational novels, and conversational novels; natural novels, and supernatural novels, and unnatural novels; philosophical novels, and historical novels, and political novels, and religious novels, and moral novels—to say nothing of the irreligious and unphilosophical and immoral ones;—and we have every conceivable variety of all these species of novels, together with another species more various and more extensive than any of the above, but which can only be described negatively, as being novels that are any thing but a novel.

With this infinite variety of works before us, all ranging under one general head, it was scarcely to be expected, at this time of day, that we should be called upon to announce one which, though properly falling under the same general title, cannot be exactly assimilated to any particular species which we previously possessed. And yet we will venture to say, that such is the case with the singular work, the name of which we have placed at the head of this paper, and the character and pretensions of which we shall endeavour briefly to lay before the reader: previously, however, giving a hasty abstract of the story, in order that our observations may be intelligible; and because, by doing so, we shall not in any degree weaken that interest which a perusal of the work itself is likely to excite; since the story is the mere thread on which the interest is strung, and the thread itself might even be broken, and the points of interest scattered about in all directions, without much lessening their absolute value, though (to run the metaphor to a stand-still) not without considerable danger of their being lost to those for whose use they have been collected and arranged.

The work opens with the arrival, at one of his country seats, of Tremaine,—a man of high family and fashion—of a generous and noble nature—of extensive acquirements, brilliant reputation, and unblemished character, both public and private—in the prime of life, and gifted with all that wealth, connexion, and already-acquired political distinction can bestow; but withal, on account of an unreasonable fastidiousness of taste, dissatisfied with himself and with all about him—sated with the (so-called) pleasures of society, and sick of its follies and its vices—disgusted with that political distinction which only makes him the object of malice and intrigue, without giving him either the means of making others happy, or the inclination to be so himself;—in short, dispirited, world-wearied, and sceptical of all good; and at all events persuaded that, if there be any, it is only to be found in that absolute retirement in which he has never till now thought of seeking it. Now, however, he determines to court it once more, in the sole society of books, nature, and his own thoughts; and accordingly, at the opening of the work, we find him just arrived at the seat of his ancestors for that purpose.

The ten or a dozen chapters following Tremaine's first introduction to the reader we shall pass over, because they are occupied by a brief



esquise of his past life, which is very important to the after development of his character, but which is not a part of the main story coming before us directly. We must not, however, dismiss this introductory portion of the work, without pointing out to the particular attention of the reader the relation of Tremaine's "affair of the heart" with Eugenia. There is, if we may so speak, an inartificial skill about this story (both in regard to its immediate effect as a story, and to its collateral effect in developing the character of the hero), which we do not remember to have seen equalled in any similar relation.

Behold, then, the elegant and fastidious Tremaine, after having taken a somewhat formal leave of his London friends in a farewell dinner, arrived at Belmont; which place, according to his own feeling of the matter, he had chosen

"As more romantic and picturesque in situation, and fitter therefore for his purpose, than the more ancient and respectable, but less elegant mansion, in a more distant county, which had always been the seat of his fathers."

But a man, even of Tremaine's philosophical turn of mind, cannot always be sure of his own motives. At any rate he must submit to have them enquired into, if not questioned, by those who *can* know nothing about them; and accordingly

"There have not been wanting persons who said that it was to this distance in the latter, rather than to the natural beauty of the former, that the choice was owing; for Yorkshire was too far removed from the scenes of politics, after which he still hankered, and to which he thought it possible he might still be forced to return: this, however, is what was said by others."

It may be readily supposed that a man so completely of the world, worldly as Tremaine had hitherto been, does not at first find so coy a dame as Solitude prepared to open her arms to him at once, and realize, for his particular benefit, all those visionary views of her attractions, which he had taken from that precise point of distance at which we see nothing but what we desire to see. In fact, the supposed luxury of entire leisure, and the so long-anticipated benefits of that philosophic self-contemplation which was to be the fruit of it, added to a few of those little paltry vexations which are necessarily attendant on the looking with one's own eyes into one's own affairs, soon brought back Tremaine to the very point of *ennui*, from which the anticipation of them had for a moment diverted him; and he is on the eve of returning from "the disappointments of the country, to the disappointments of the town," when his vanity is flattered, by receiving from his political friends a pressing invitation to join them in their projects against the power of the ministers; and in the self-complacency thus for a moment superinduced on his late contemplations, he becomes more than ever convinced that he is no less worthy of retirement, than retirement is of him; and he frames his reply to their solicitations accordingly,—not without an unconscious hope that his deprecations of political power may be received with some "grains of salt;" and by no means satisfied to find, as he does shortly afterwards, that while he is avowedly anxious to forget the world, the world is not backward in returning the compliment upon him. In the mood of mind attendant on these feelings, and perhaps in a great measure in consequence of them, he is "luckily," as his historian says, visited by serious indisposition; and, as luckily, his physician (who is also his friend) happens to be a sensible as well as an

honest man, and counsels him to seek, in the attention which had long been necessary to the business of his distant estates in Yorkshire, that change of scene and of purpose which he perceived to be so essential to Tremaine's recovery. And as he had the skill to urge this plea without wounding that pride which his patient feels in his fitness for retirement, Tremaine loses no time in escaping from that delightful leisure which he *knows* to be so necessary to his happiness, but has already begun to *feel* himself so miserable in the midst of.

On Tremaine's arrival at Woodington-Hall, the actual story of this work may be said first to commence; and here the reader is first introduced to the two persons who, together with Tremaine himself, constitute the principal and almost sole *personæ* of this simplest of domestic dramas. These are the Rev. Dr. Evelyn, the school-companion and friend of Tremaine, though his elder by several years; and Georgina, his only daughter. The latter, however, Tremaine had never before seen; and from the former, circumstances had separated him for so great a length of time, that they might almost be said to have forgotten each other. But nothing having ever occurred to affect the esteem which they had always felt for each other during their long intimacy, they now at once reunite, and out of this reunion the whole after-events of the story spring. At this point, too, the conduct of the work becomes entirely changed, and consists henceforward almost exclusively of conversations, supposed to be reported to the reader verbatim as they take place, and merely connected together by just sufficient narrative to give them a consecutive interest.

The circumstances which bring Tremaine to Woodington are not likely to make him in a better mood to appreciate the merits of retirement, than when he courted it with so little success at Belmont; and his friend Evelyn, who visits him immediately on his arrival, finds that the period of their separation has worked strange alteration in the mind no less than the person of his former playmate and associate; that his listless, irritable, and fastidious habits, both of thought and feeling, have rendered him as unfit for solitude as they have for the world; and that unless something can be done to correct those habits, the happiness of his friend must finally fall a sacrifice. Finding, too, that the nobler powers and qualities of Tremaine's mind—the essential points of his character, in opposition to the above-named accidental ones—still remain uninjured, he determines to lose no occasion of attempting a cure: while Tremaine, on his part, is as much surprised to find the accomplished and enthusiastic Evelyn settled down into a quiet country rector, and as little disposed to admit that any good, but that negative species which consists in the absence of actual evil, can have resulted from such a change. Each party setting out from this point, the race of opinion, of argument, and of practical illustration in regard to the conduct of life, now begins: Tremaine being prepared to contest every step of ground with the pertinacity of a man half conscious that he is in the wrong; and Evelyn certain, from happy experience, that he is in the right, and therefore willing to yield in inferior points, that he may the more surely—not establish his own opinions—but work a gradual cure in the diseased temperament of the friend in whose welfare he now feels the deepest interest. Happily, too, Evelyn has an unconscious coadjutor in this task, without whose aid it is very doubtful whether all

his skill, prudence, and practical wisdom, would not have been cast away upon the proud, irritable, and self-deceiving Tremaine. But Georgina—the gentle Georgina—with the silent eloquence of her looks, and that happy wisdom of the heart which speaks a volume in a phrase, is not to be gainsayed or sophisticated with, when all the arguments of her father, and his example to boot, might have failed, if not to convince, at least to move and to satisfy. In fact, the fashionable, fastidious, and exclusive, but still truly refined taste of Tremaine, which had hitherto induced him to glance over the whole hemisphere of female beauty without meeting with any thing that could permanently fix and satisfy his almost romantic heart, begins pretty soon to whisper to him and to itself (though inaudibly at first) that he has hitherto been seeking in the very citadel and strong-hold of art, for that which is to be found only in the open simplicity of nature. Not however that this discovery, when he makes it, tends to increase his self-satisfaction; because, being, with all his pride, the least in the world of a coxcomb, the disparity of years between himself and the daughter of his schoolfellow seems to preclude all hope of that entire *exchange* of affections, without which a union with *any* one would be altogether out of the question.

The meetings between the above-named friends, at Woodington and Evelyn Hall, must, notwithstanding the somewhat formal *tendency* which we have assigned to them, be considered as taking place in the common course of daily life; and the few first of them are occupied with discussions called forth by the listless habits of Tremaine, and the evident effect which they are producing upon his health and peace of mind. Shortly, however, Evelyn resumes over his friend that influence which early habit had given him, and uses it to lead him into that active occupation, the want of which, and of the healthful mental excitation growing out of it, he soon perceives to be one of the chief causes of the mischief that has so long been undermining his happiness. It is of the scenes, descriptions, discussions, dialogues, &c. arising out of this, to Tremaine, new mode of life, that the two first volumes of the work chiefly consist; and in the course of them we are introduced to an acquaintance with almost every thing that can interest and excite in the habits and occupations of a country gentleman. Without following any of these into their details, we will merely mention that Evelyn (unconsciously aided by his lovely daughter) acquires influence enough to persuade his naturally (if indeed we should not say, artificially) refined, fastidious, and recluse friend, to pay a personal visit to a sturdy yeoman of his estate, whom he has an interest in conciliating;—introduces him to a meeting of his brother magistrates, where he attends the sessions, and actually “lets himself dine with them;”—brings him acquainted with a mere Yorkshirè Tike, and makes him half envy, secretly, and more than half respect, openly, his happy goodnature and wise and consistent usefulness, and, what is more than all, dine with him in the open air beneath the mulberry-tree in his garden;—induces him to go through the whole routine of a “public day” at the Lord Lieutenant’s of his county, and meet all his country neighbours and some of his town acquaintance there,—calling, uninvited, on a crazy old baronet by the way:—in short, the influence of the good doctor, aided by that of his delightful daughter, leads the once most fastidious

of London exclusives to undergo a whole course of precisely those *alteratives* which the nature of his mental malady requires, but also of precisely those which, without that influence, he would have been horrified at the mere idea of being forced even to taste of; and the consequences of which are, infinite benefit to his mental health, and a corresponding improvement in his capacity of perceiving and enjoying the good that is every where about him.

The detail of this carries us to about the middle of the second volume; by which time it is evident that something very like a mutual passion has grown up, half unconsciously on both sides, between Tremaine and Georgina, and not entirely unperceived, or at least unsuspected, by the excellent Evelyn. And here the work may be said to again change its character, and become what the reader has hitherto little expected from it, but what the writer has, doubtless, all along been leading us to;—a discussion regarding the claims of religion on the reason and the faith of man; and which discussion is only interrupted, from time to time, by those incidents which help to bring it about naturally, and its influence on which incidents constitutes the sole interest of the rest of the story.

On Evelyn thinking that he perceives the mutual attachment which has for some time been forming itself (for certainly nothing was ever less formed by the parties themselves) in the minds of his daughter and Tremaine, he takes the first favourable occasion of questioning the former on the point, and finds that her views are precisely such as he would wish them to be;—that, in fact, Tremaine is any thing but indifferent to her; but that certain fears which she has lately been induced to feel in regard to his religious views, have filled her with anxiety, which is increased rather than diminished by the increasing probability, from Tremaine's behaviour to her, that *she* is not indifferent to *him*. This almost immediately leads Evelyn to make enquiries for himself into the condition of his friend's mind on the above point; which he finds to be the worst possible.

"Atheism was the only evil opinion from which he was exempt. Deism, scarcely understood even by himself, and obscured by constant doubt; a poor opinion of human nature, scarcely distinguishing it from brute; a labyrinth of he knew not what notions, about a plan without any intelligible object, and a consequent necessity for order, the nature of which, however, he could nowhere discover, but which sufficed to make him utterly *dis-believe* God's moral government of the world, and at least *not* believe in the certainty of a future judgment;—all these were tenets, or rather no-tenets, which filled Evelyn's heart with horror! On the other hand, there was no assistance from authority or revealed religion,—in which, if he did not utterly reject it, he had lost all confidence, and from which he derived no consolation."

This unhappy discovery has scarcely been made, before a new person is introduced into the history, Lord St. Clair, through whose intervention, in the form of an offer of marriage to Georgina, the affairs of the lovers (for such they now are) are brought to a crisis, by Tremaine also declaring his passion, and offering her his hand,—at first, however, through the medium of her father; who, when thus called on, at once expresses *his* views as to the absolute ineligibility of a union which, but for the above discovery, would have satisfied his fullest wishes for his child. Tremaine is thunderstruck at this altogether un-

expected reply;—for though he had anticipated objections of another nature, *this* had never for an instant occurred to him. But he appealed from the father to the daughter; and his plea is at once allowed: for Evelyn believes that he knows his child, and that her views on this most important point will not be different from his. Accordingly, Tremaine repeats the declaration of his passion, and the offer of his hand to Georgina; and receives in return a frank confession of her love for him, accompanied by a determination—wavering at first, and shaken by the noble frankness and generosity of Tremaine, and the restrictions he offers to place upon himself in regard to the subject on which they so fatally differ, but immediately afterwards confirmed and expressed with unalterable fixedness,—never to be his, till he can assure her that his religious views and feelings no longer materially differ from those on which she has all her life been accustomed to place her sole hopes of future, and even, of present happiness. This resolution is approved and confirmed by her father; and the second volume ends with the consequences of it, in the sudden and mysterious departure of Tremaine, no one knows whither, and the serious and almost fatal illness of Georgina, which follows the struggles between her faith and her affections.

At the beginning of the third and last volume, and at a distance of fifteen months from the period just referred to, the scene of the story again changes. The health of Georgina is apparently ruined, and she seems fast sinking into the grave; while that of her father is scarcely less affected by the sight of his beloved child, daily fading away before his eyes; and still they have no tidings from Tremaine, and no means of conjecturing either the cause of his absence, or the place of his retreat. Under these circumstances, and by the advice of a friendly physician, Evelyn determines on making a tour with his daughter to the south of France, partly to try the effects of a more genial climate upon her now delicate frame, but chiefly to divert her thoughts by a change of purpose and of scene. They accordingly arrive at a village near Orleans, where the beauty of the scenery tempts them to project a short stay; and in the very first walk that Evelyn takes from their little domicile at a fishing-house on the banks of the Loire, he encounters—Tremaine himself!

The story is at an end,—though not the book, by a very important part of it—in fact, by that part of it for the due introduction of which all the rest was probably contrived and written. An immediate explanation of course takes place between the friends, as to the mistakes which produced Tremaine's sudden departure;—his occupations since that departure are alluded to, which seem to have consisted solely of investigations on the grand subject of their difference of opinion;—his present views on that subject are explained, and though much less unsatisfactory to Evelyn than they were, are still very far indeed from affording any thing but strong grounds for hope of what they may be;—and finally, they agree to meet the next day, on the spot where they now so unexpectedly find themselves together, and enter once for all into those discussions for which the so long pursued studies and enquiries of Tremaine seem to have now rendered him ripe, and on which his reason, no less than his feelings, have now made him so unaffectedly

anxious to be satisfied. In a word, and passing over all minor details, they meet—enter into several long and elaborate discussions on the principal points connected with religious belief,—namely, “The natural immortality of the soul;” “Providence”—its various divisions of protecting, sustaining, &c. and their connexion with free-will; and finally, the proofs and arguments for a “Future State:” On all which points the overpowering reasoning of Evelyn shakes to their very foundations the fearful, but no longer cherished, doubts of his friend; and after three days of continued discussion, the former no longer hesitates to prepare his daughter for a disclosure of what has happened, since he no longer sees any reasonable grounds for doubting that, at no distant period, the views of Tremaine will be such as need not stand in the way of a union which is so necessary to the happiness of them all. In the midst of these newly-revived hopes, and the reviving health which is the happy consequence of them, the work closes—leaving the realization of them to the imagination of the reader.

“Well”—exclaim such of *our* readers as have been tempted to follow us thus far—“well—all this is intelligible enough, and no doubt vastly interesting to the parties concerned; but what is there so very extraordinary in it—for as such you seemed to announce the work to us!—We see nothing here, but a simple parson’s daughter falling in love with an elegant and accomplished sceptic, and almost breaking her heart because her scruples of conscience make her afraid to marry him. While he, no less in love, and feeling himself little better off, is fain to become *dévote* to accommodate her;—and the rather, that he is double her age, and therefore like’y to be looked upon as somewhat *passé* in that world of fashion in which he has hitherto cut so conspicuous a figure!—Surely there is nothing miraculous in all this, and in being able to relate it all in an intelligible manner, in the space of three volumes octavo?”—Nothing whatever. But in being able to convert this simplest of domestic stories into a medium for exciting the deepest moral interest, added to the liveliest amusement, and at the same time into a vehicle for conveying to those whom they may concern (that is, to all the world) at once the most important and the profoundest of moral views, touching the whole conduct of this life, and the whole hopes of that which is to come;—and to do this latter in a more striking and impressive, as well as a more clear and convincing way than it was ever done before;—and, what is more than all, to do it for a class of readers who have more need of its being done for them than any other class whatever, and yet for whom it was never before done at all;—and finally, to do it all without for an instant departing from the truth of nature—without sacrificing a single trait of character, or falsifying a single point of manners—and withal, in a way that will compel readers to go through with it if once they begin, and that no reader, from the highest to the lowest, *can* go through with it without being wiser and better than he was before:—To do all this, we will venture to say, is something, if not miraculous, at least highly meritorious, and for which the anonymous doer, whoever he may be, deserves, and will assuredly receive, the gratitude of his fellow-beings. In fact, without pretending to anticipate the public voice in regard to Tremaine, we will not wait for the decision of that voice, but pronounce it at once to be a work of

higher interest and importance than any one of its kind that has appeared for a greater number of years than we need refer back to. In the first place, it is, notwithstanding the writer's somewhat fastidious deprecations to the contrary, nothing else but a novel. It is a novel, however, *sui generis*; though resembling, more than any other class, that of which Miss Edgeworth's are the only truly valuable specimens we possess. It resembles those admirable works, inasmuch as it discards all romantic exhibitions of passion and sentiment, and depends, for its power of interesting the heart, and exciting the imagination, on its  *vraisemblance* alone;—it resembles them in its vigorous and at the same time refined and delicate delineation of character, and its absolutely unexaggerated truth of manners; and also in confining those manners to the *present* day;—it resembles them in the excellent moral lessons, touching the conduct of real every-day life, which it is not only calculated but intended to inculcate, and which, in fact, it cannot be read, by no matter whom, without inculcating;—it resembles those hitherto unrivalled works in all these particulars, and is (we will venture to say it) inferior to them in none of these, as far as it goes. It differs from Miss Edgeworth's Tales, in being absolutely free from that crying defect which the very warmest of her admirers (amongst whom we are proud to reckon ourselves) cannot either overlook or forget, and which, while it takes away from them that specific, *homogeneous* character, without which they cannot be regarded as perfect works of art, does what is still more important, in robbing them of the power of producing those admirable practical effects which their otherwise astonishing merits might command. We allude, of course, to the singularly complicated and artificial plots of Miss Edgeworth's stories. It cannot be doubted that these greatly injure the general effect of the works of which they form so important a part, by destroying their verisimilitude as wholes; while they do not produce any counterbalancing good, either by exciting the imagination or awakening the affections: or at least, if they *do* excite the imagination, it is to an evil rather than a good end; it is by keeping the mere curiosity perpetually on the stretch, and thus preventing the mind from dwelling with sufficient calmness on those developments of character, and illustrations of moral truth, in which, after all, the chief value of the works in question consists. These elaborately artificial plots of Miss Edgeworth's Tales, united with their otherwise perfect truth of delineation, give to them a mixed character, and prevent them from being regarded as either true pictures of what we are, or ideal ones of what we might or ought to be; leaving them hanging, like Mahomet's coffin, between the heaven of the one, and the mere earth of the other, without absolutely belonging to either. Now, in regard to the above particular, the singular work more immediately before us perhaps stands alone. At any rate, with all the separate truth of detail, as far as it goes, which belongs to the capital productions to which we have in part compared it, it has also a general truth of effect which they are without;—in fact, with some very trifling exceptions, the whole of *Tremaine* may be taken, so far as regards the reader, as neither more nor less than a portion of human life in the nineteenth century—with nothing in the slightest degree exaggerated, either in the events or the mode of relating them—nothing extraordinary in the characters introduced—nothing over-

strained in the sentiments expressed—nothing striking or singular in the sources from which all these spring, or the ends to which they lead. And yet (and *this*, if we mistake not, is the only extraordinary part of the matter,) the whole perusal of this truly “Simple Story” will ‘fix’ the reader’s attention, fill his imagination, and satisfy his feelings, at least as much as any romance he ever read; always provided, of course, that he has escaped from the nursery of Leadenhall-street.

As any attempt at a lengthened explanation of the principles on which the above rare and difficult consummation has been effected, would lead us much farther than our limits will permit, we must content ourselves with referring it generally to the admirable maxim, —that good sense is the foundation of all good writing. There is more thorough practical good sense in these volumes, than in any others of the same length that we are acquainted with. They are, in fact, the very triumph of good sense over all ideal wisdom and virtue, all exaggerated and romantic sentiment, all artificial concatenations of events, and all impertinent, because impossible, delineations of character.

We have hitherto been speaking of Tremaine generally, and have therefore left unnoticed the elaborate discussion, in regard to religious matters, which occupies the greater part of the last volume; and for the introduction of which it is probable that the whole work has been constructed. We shall continue to do so for a moment longer. Added, then, to the above-named good qualities of Tremaine, is another which, as critics, we must be allowed to look upon with peculiar satisfaction, and which (it is barely possible!) may have cast about it an adventitious charm, which has more than duly heightened our impressions of its other merits. There is a freshness of hand upon it, which is truly delightful to us, in these latter days, when the spirit of commerce has crept into the confines of literature itself, and when novels, like naval stores, are supplied by contract. It is evidently a first production: at least there is no known writer (not even among the *unknowns*) to whom we should for an instant think of assigning it. Certain it is, that the writer, whoever he may be, adds to the excellent good sense which we have already spoken of, an elegant taste, very extensive acquirements, a deep as well as a refined and delicate acquaintance with the human heart; and a knowledge of society and manners as they exist at present in their highest stages, quite superior to that of any of his brother authors: for among *authors* he must be content to rank from this time forth, and to owe his best and proudest distinction to that character, whatever others he may be possessed of.

It only remains to speak of the lengthened discussions which form, in the eyes of the author of Tremaine, at least, the most, if not the only truly important part of this work. Without venturing to express any opinion whatever on the matters discussed (because no such opinion is called for), we will not scruple to say, that the discussions themselves include even more talent than any other part of the work. In fact, they exhibit first-rate powers of argument, and, what is rarer still, more liberality and candour than we ever before remember to have seen allied to similar powers, when exercised on this subject. In a word, the discussions between Evelyn and Tremaine, on the Immortality of the Soul, on Providence, and on a Future State, are, without any exception whatever, the most full, complete, and satisfactory of any of a similar kind



that we are acquainted with. They are also, at once, more *popular* than any others, and more free from any thing like cant; and consequently, more than any others likely to lead to the end for which they are put forth. It may also be important to the mere novel-reader (for after all, *Tremaine* is and must be a novel) to know that these discussions may actually be read without going to sleep over them, or without even wishing to do so.

But the reader, and we are not surprised at it, is anxious to be told of the *faults* of *Tremaine*; and we should be ill qualified for our calling, if we could not satisfy him in that particular, whether the work before us happen to have faults or not. But, luckily for our critical honesty, *Tremaine* has faults, and its writer can well afford to be told of them. In the first place, it is too long—considerably too long; and its superfluous length occurs exactly where it will be least excused—namely, in those parts which have been introduced chiefly with a view to the reader's mere amusement. Much of the after-dinner conversation at Bellenden House, and of that which takes place at the Sessions, might have been omitted with advantage.

In the next place, the discussions on religious topics are too much hurried, to leave it probable that they could have effected that important change in *Tremaine's* views, which it is to be understood that they *do* effect. He could scarcely have been converted more rapidly at the Tabernacle itself. By the by, this latter allusion reminds us of what we have neglected to state—namely, that the discussions in question concern themselves with *natural* religion alone. Revealed religion is not for a moment brought into question.

Another fault of *Tremaine* (for it would ill become professional critics to let it be supposed, even by implication, that it is not a fault) is, that the whole work is written in a style any thing but *author-like*. We are by no means certain that, with a little pains, we could not point out numerous instances of looseness of expression, carelessness of construction, and even of very questionable grammar—if Mr. Lindley Murray's authority is to be looked upon as final in that matter: which every young lady who has been fashionably educated will insist that it is. In fact, much as we are disposed, in consequence of the delight it has afforded us, to speak favourably of *Tremaine*, we cannot conscientiously declare that it contains any internal evidence from which it may be predicated that the author of it has any better pretensions to set up for a writer, than those which are included in his being a man of talents, a scholar, and a gentleman!

If the reader is not satisfied with this brief enumeration of the *faults* of *Tremaine*, we must leave him to discover the rest for himself, during his perusal of it: for that he will peruse it, there can be little doubt, if it be only because all his friends will. In the mean time, we have only space left to give one or two extracts; which we do, however, more because it is the custom, than because any extracts that we could offer would convey a characteristic notion of the nature of the work: and that this latter is the case, is precisely one of its principal characteristics. There are persons and books that you may know by hearing a single anecdote of them, and by reading a single page; but the only persons or books that are worth knowing, are those of which directly the reverse of this is true. The first extract we shall give, is a portrait

from fashionable life ; with which, as we have said, our author is better acquainted than any writer of his day who has yet attempted to penetrate and explore its confines.

“Lord Viscount St. Clair had been bred at Eton, and afterwards at Cambridge. At the first of these he learned to construe most of the odes of Horace ; at the last, he took an honorary degree. He afterwards travelled into Greece and Italy, with a gentleman whose expenses he paid, and who published his tour in a thick quarto, in which my lord’s name was mentioned not less than seven or eight times. On his return, he began to collect a library, and filled a large room with curious editions, and specimens of the antique from Athens. Being of an active disposition, he had not time to cultivate his literary taste, but made up for it by a very laborious attention to politics, and for the first three months of his first session in the House of Commons never missed a division, in which he voted always with the ministry, and was more than once appointed a teller. Emboldened by this success, he the next session volunteered moving the address ; but being of very independent principles, and moreover having been rather impertinently rallied by his companions at the clubs in St. James’s-street (to all of which he belonged) on his devotion to the court, he the very next day voted against his friends, to shew his independence, and continued to do so ever afterwards.

“All this created for him considerable reputation ; and his table for the rest of that session was covered with political pamphlets, many of them from the authors.

“There is no saying to what this career might not have led ; but his father dying, and having acquired a taste for architecture in his travels, he pulled down the Gothic mansion at St. Clair, and built up a handsome Italian villa in its stead. During this time he made a collection of all the books upon architecture that had been published for the last hundred years, most of the plates of which he actually inspected. He also betook himself to planting, and understood Bishop Watson’s calculation on the value of larches perfectly well.

“It is seldom that a person dedicated to ambition, literature, and the arts, embraces amusements requiring violent personal exertion ; but being of a very versatile genius, Lord St. Clair became a member of the Leicestershire hunt, and at length (having entered several horses at Newmarket) of the Jocky Club.

“Still there was wanting something to the universality of his reputation ; and a nobleman of celebrity having just then broke with her, he formed a ‘liaison,’ rather ‘dangereuse,’ with a certain Pauline, who was at that time at the pinnacle of fashion. This giving his mother some uneasiness, to whom he was always particularly dutiful, (visiting her and his new house the first of every September,) he had the greatness and piety to give up his mistress, at a considerable expense indeed, though after a calculation, which only did honour to his skill both in figures and self-knowledge. By the first of these he found he could get rid of the lady for little more than one year’s purchase ; by the last, that it had been some time since he had not cared a farthing about her. But this being accidental, and at any rate not known to all the world, did not at all diminish his character as an excellent son.

“All this made him, as was natural, a very considerable person ; and being now eight-and-twenty, and blessed with a suitable fortune, every body had begun to speculate upon the lady he would marry. Nay, there were many bets upon it at White’s. Some of these pointed at the family of a noble peer, high in office, merely because our Viscount was in opposition ; an anomaly, which has in fact, much to the credit of our liberality of manners, become exceedingly in fashion. Others, again, propounded an opinion that he had either too much impetuosity, or too much indifference, to be within any speculation at all as to marriage ; and that, if he married, he would *commit* matrimony, as he had every thing else.

"Such was St. Clair. If Georgina should marry him now after all!"

The delicate vein of satirical humour which runs through the above, will be detected in nearly all the author's other sketches of a similar kind.

What follows is in a very different strain. To us it seems the perfection of this class of writing—eloquent and affecting in the highest degree, without a tinge of romance, extravagance, or sentimentality. Perhaps it can scarcely be appreciated, detached from its place in the work, but still it will offer a very intelligible specimen of the author's serious strain of writing. It is the letter which Georgina addresses to Iremaine, immediately after an interview, in which he has made her an offer of his hand, and has replied to her scruples in regard to his want of religion, by offering to stipulate that the subject shall never be broached between them, and to which latter proposal she has given a momentary assent provided it meets the views of her father on the point.

"To the most generous and noble of men!"

"Such has my heart long thought you, and never so much as in this cruel moment when the most painful case of duty forces me to forgo all that that heart can wish or value."

"If there is more than a moment's truth in my mind in confessing this, surely it may be forgiven after what has so recently passed, and afford a poor poor relief to the sorrow which dictates what I am about to write.—If I can write. The secret of my inmost bosom you are possessed of, nor scarcely do I regret that it has been unveiled. I will never retract it, never disguise the effect which accomplishments, goodness, and delicate kindness, kindness such as I never before knew, have had upon the friend you have been pleased to distinguish. Ah! that you had not been so generous, that you were less candid, less good, less noble, how much of this bitterness would then be spared me! How comparatively easy the struggle that seems to burst a heart, which feels (ah! that I should use such language) that it cannot be your's and God's at the same time."

"Oh! that your mind, so admirable in all honourable principle, so alive to tenderness, and all that a woman can love, would open to religious truth!—That it will, that it must, is my persuasion, my conviction as well as my wish. But till it does, forgive a poor struggling girl, (who is miserable in either alternative,) if she has acquired force of mind enough to sacrifice her fondest, softest wishes, to what she conceives, my is sure is her duty."

"Oh! Mr. Iremaine, think not this resolve has been made without effort, without ven pangs and sorrow, which on my knees I have prayed fervently of that God to whom I have made this sacrifice, may be spared to *you*. I who alone am doomed to afflict you, ought alone to be the sufferer—and ah! believe that I do suffer. The tears which flow while I write, Heaven will I hope forgive, though the feeling that prompts them seems to rebel against that Heaven while they do flow. I trust that strength will be given me to control the weakness (shall I call it so?) that makes me falter. Yet if you should mistake or misjudge me, if the man who I have confessed is the master of my heart, and who has given me the rich gift of his own, should suppose that I am capricious or unsettled in my knowledge of myself—that my affection is lightly won, or easily parted with—sacrificed in short to any thing but my God—dearly and terribly will my misery be enhanced.—But Mr. Iremaine is too just to do this. It is my wretchedness to think that he cannot perhaps appreciate the extent and urgency of the duty which governs me, even to the seeming extinction of my happiness. But he will at least allow for my principles. He will think me a sincere, and not look down upon me as a wavering woman."

"Hear then the result of my pure, my sacred, and as far as human influence is concerned, my unassisted resolve.

"Loving, reverencing, and fearing God as I do, adoring him in his providence, and humbling myself before him with trembling resignation, it revolts me to think that he who could absorb my earthly love, my fondest attachment, my whole reverence and esteem, should think little of all these sacred feelings;—that he should disparage my mind's most ardent devotion; should not only not participate, but by his conduct seem to resist all that my soul holds most awful and dear;—all this terrifies me even at this distance to think of. What would it do if the thought were daily and hourly worked up into every act of my future life? What would be the effect of this vital difference practically shewing itself, where all ought to be union without alloy?

"Forgive me, oh! forgive me, if I feel sure that it could not come to good; that to you I could not be *your* Georgina, the Georgina you have fancied; and that to *me* you could not be that unerring, that infallible guide, to whom I would on all occasions commit my spirit to be directed, 'As from my Lord, my Governor, and King.'

"'Tis true you made an offer that penetrated my heart, and shook my resolution,—nay, overcame it; but how, and in what moment? Ah! let your own heart answer, and say what place there then was for reason or resolution, when the sudden surprise of tenderness displaying itself for the first time—no, I am sure this will not be fixed upon me, by the most generous of men, to my disadvantage. The prayers I afterwards poured out to the Ruler of all things were heard; and God has given me strength to address you as I ought. It is He, and not I, that tells you your proposal, generous as it is, would of necessity be abortive—that my unhappiness at your doubts would not be the less, because they were concealed, and that you would not the less lament my supposed weakness, because you had kindly consented, as you thought, never to probe it. It is the voice of God, and not mine, that tells you this.

"How weak mine alone would be, my throbbing heart indeed too fatally convinces me. Listen then to this powerful voice, that implores you for your own sake, to seek Him with fervour and sincerity; seek, and you shall find him; and when you *have* found him, need I say that you have found me? But till then, though shattered, unnerved, torn with contending emotions, and weighed to the ground with distress, my way is yet clear before me, pointed out by Heaven itself; nor dare I swerve from it. Alas! that I should have to say it leads me from *you*. I can scarcely write the words; my kind father will tell you the rest, and it is my weakness (throwing itself upon *you* for support) that bids me add the necessity there is, until a happier time shall dawn, that we should meet no more."

The only other specimen we shall give is one which will form a delightful contrast to the above, and will at the same time close our account of the work, as it does the work itself, in a manner to satisfy the most sensitive of readers that they are not likely to be inveigled into perusing a "religious novel," in the Tabernacle sense of that phrase. In fact, though we cannot even guess who Tremaine is written by, we may pretty confidently assure our readers that it is *not* written by Mrs. Hannah More. What follows is addressed to Evelyn by his honest Yorkshire friend Jack Careless—the Will Whinble of the work—on receiving the news of Georgina's recovery, and the events that are likely to ensue upon it.

"My dear Squire and Doctor, "Bachelor's Hall, August—.

"I never was so surprised nor so overjoyed in all my whole life, as at the receipt of your kind letter. I was so happy for dear Georgy, to think she was better, and you so hopeful she would get well, besides them other extraordinary things you tell about, and all that was to be, that in short I could eat no dinner yesterday, though my supper was not the worse for it

"I hope I did not do wrong in telling Becky a great deal, but, indeed, the poor woman thought dear Georgy worse, seeing I could not eat, and began to take on so, that I was obliged to give her a bit of comfort; so now the whole town has it, and the bells at Belford, Evelyn, and Woodington are all ringing as if it was Statute fair.

"I have set a barrel of beer a-running, and am just come out of the cellar with half a dozen bottles of wine for Becky for dinner, for I have sent to Checkers for John Christmas and Mary, and to Evelyn for Margaret, gardener, butler, and cook, and went myself to Woodington, to inform Mrs. Watson, and ask her to the feast, but the old soul declined, telling me that it was not the way to thank God. She, however, cried enough, which I suppose was *her* way, and an odd one too. I also nabbed landlord of Hound and Horn, who happened to come in, just in the nick, and them and the farmer and his wife, and any more as I dare say I shall see that loves Georgy, will make it merry enough. I am not sure that I shall not take a bit with them myself—why shouldn't I?

"Every body is mad with joy at your all being so much better, which seems to me, however, rather out of the way in regard to the place. For I often wonder why it is that sick people so often get well in France, when they can't do so in England, not even in Yorkshire. Howsoever, I care not how it is done, if my dear Georgy is really better, and though I am to lose my little wife, I won't mind, if it's for her good, which to be sure it is, for Woodington 'Squire is a noble fellow, with all his crankums; don't tell tho'. As to your account how it all came about, that is the most wonderful of all. It seems downright conjuration, and I should say, Rector was bawling, if I did not know he would scorn to do so with such a friend as me. But, indeed, it was a little queer that you should have found 'Squire where you did, a-top of an old tower with a little staircase. And yet it is just like one or two he has got here in his own hall; so that it makes it more surprising that he should run the country and quit Yorkshire to be married in France, in a castle belonging to Bonaparte—that is, it would belong to him if he was still Emperor. For if the 'Squire and Georgy were to have made this match, it is marvellous, dear Rector, that it was not done long ago in the West Riding, where both lay so handy to it. However, I should be glad to know how the trout bite in that river you mention, where I own the fishing-house stands comfortable enough; but as for the castle, I do hope it will not make so fine a fellow as Colonel Osmond forget old England, tho' I believe he is but Lancashire. You will please to give my humble service to him and the 'Squire, whom I can't but say I envy a bit.

"Who would have thought it after all!

"But I must give over, for clock has struck two, and I never wrote so much in all my life, no, not even to Farmer's Magazine, where, by-the bye, my last account of fattening pigs on mashed turnips was thought so good, that Editor says, I shall always be welcome, so pray make haste home with your dear girl, and gladden us all again by the sight.

"I am, dear Doctor and friend, your's, till death,

"J. CARELESS.

"P.S.—I have the pleasure to inform you that the greyhound bitch you gave me out of Silverside won the Doncaster stakes last week. Never was such running. She beat Foljambe's Mother Goose, by full a nose."

If the reader, after being informed that Careless is a sort of unconscious lover of Georgina, and always provided there is nobody by, can peruse the above without being affected, even to the verge of tears, by its touching simplicity, we must be good-natured enough to attribute the circumstance, not to any natural defect in either his taste or his sensibility, but to the fact of his meeting with it detached from its true place in the work, to which it forms so delightful a conclusion.

## THE PRESCRIPTION.

DOCTOR Snake was a M.D. as tall  
 And lithe as an ell or a conger ;  
 The science of Physic in small,  
 Never enter'd man thinner or longer.  
 Doctor Snake had a dark little eye,  
 That peer'd through an eyebrow of thicket  
 One day upon rich Widow Spry,  
 As she open'd the latch of her wicket  
 Doctor Snake felt a soft fascination  
 Nor cathartics nor opiates could cure ;  
 He physick'd and fed to repletion,  
 Still doom'd to repine and endure.  
 Doctor Snake tried infusions and lotions,  
 Decoctions, and gargles, and pills,  
 Electuaries, powders, and potions,  
 Spermaceti, salts, scammony, squills—  
 Horse aloes, burnt alum, agaric,  
 Balm, benzoine, bloodstone, and birch,  
 Castor, camphor, and acid tartaric,  
 Crabs eyes, calomel—all but the Church.  
 Doctor Snake tried in vain—his disorder  
 Gain'd daily new exacerbation,  
 He fruitlessly sought to avoid her,  
 The cause of his pain and vexation.  
 Doctor Snake met her last at Miss Snapper's,  
 A virgin of fifty years standing,  
 Like most "blues" with a tongue a bell clapper's,  
 Prim, knowing, and fond of commanding  
 Doctor Snake made a friend of her blueness,  
 And let out his passion like blood ;  
 Said his heart to the fair was all trueneess,  
 That physic could do him no good.  
 That he dared not his sickness discover,  
 And ask the specific to heal ;  
 Though his heart beat the pulse of a lover,  
 The symptoms he fear'd to reveal.  
 That the system Brunonian he 'd ventured  
 And stimulants push'd to extremes,  
 And his hope of recovery now centred  
 On feeding and nursing his flames.  
 Miss Snapper look'd serious—(she 'd rather  
 Have been in the place of her friend's)  
 At length, with some studying together,  
 To the Doctor the following they send :—  
 " You may take *quantum suff.* of the lady,  
 Add a drachm of gold ring and a prayer,  
 In dispensary canonical ready,  
 Commingle, and swallow with care."

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## GRIMM'S GHOST.

## LETTER XXIII.

*My Wife's Relations.*

I WAS mainly induced to marry by reading in Cowper's Poems something similar to the following :

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss  
That has survived the fall!

Cowper, to be sure, was never married *in propria persona* : but he wrote so movingly about sofas, and hissing tea-urns, and evening walks, not to mention fireplaces and shining stores of needles, that there is no doubt he would have made a jewel of a husband, if Lady Austen, Lady Throckmorton, and Mrs. Unwin had not been otherwise engaged. My aunt Edwards has him bound in two volumes, in red morocco, and always takes him in her carriage into the Regent's Park. She has two propositions, which she is ready to back for *self-evidentism* against any two in Euclid ; the one is, that Cowper is the greatest poet in the English language, and the other, that when Fitzroy-square is finished (it has been half-finished nearly half a century), it will be the handsomest square in all London. Be that as it may, I took Cowper's hint about domestic bliss : married Jemima Bradshaw, and took a house in Coram-street, Russell-square. We passed the honeymoon at Cheltenham ; and my aunt Edwards lent us her Cowper in two volumes to take with us, that we might not be dull. We had a pretty considerable quantity of each other's society at starting, which I humbly opine to be not a good plan. I am told that pastry cooks give their new apprentices a *carte blanche* among the tarts and jellies, to save those articles from their subsequent satiated stomachs. Young couples should begin with a little aversion, according to Mrs. Malaprop ; old ones sometimes end with not a little : but it is not for me to be diving into causes and consequences—Benedicts have nothing to do with the laws of Hymen, but to obey them.

At Cheltenham my wife and I kept separate volumes. She studied "The Task" on a bench in the High-street, and I read Alexander Selkirk on the Well Walk. Long before the expiration of the period of our allotted banishment from town, I could repeat the whole poem by heart, uttering

O Solitude, where art the charms  
That Sages have seen in thy face?

with an emphasis which shewed that I felt what I read.—On our arrival in Coram-street, I found such a quantity of cards, containing the names of relations on both sides, all solicitous about our health, that I proposed to my wife an instant lithographic circular, assuring them severally that we were well, and hoped they were the same. This, however, would not do. In fact, the bride-cake had done the business at starting. "Well, my dear Jemima," said I, "our confectioner did the civil thing at the outset, but your relations have been rather niggardly in returning the compliment. I think a few pounds of lump sugar would have been a more acceptable boon in exchange. They have filled our card-rack, and sent our japan canister empty

away." My wife smiled at my simplicity, and ordered a glass-coach, to return their calls. The poor horses had a weary day's work of it: Mr. George Bradshaw lived in Finsbury-square, Mr. William Bradshaw in the Paragon, Kent-road, Mr. Æneas Bradshaw in Green-street, Grosvenor-square, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews (her maiden name was Jane Bradshaw) in Morning-lane, Hackney, and Mrs. Agatha Bradshaw, my wife's maiden aunt, in Elysium Row, Fulham. All these good people had a natural wish to gape and stare at the bridegroom: dinner-cards were the consequence, and the glass-coach was again in requisition. Mr. George Bradshaw, of Finsbury Square, was the first personage on the visiting list. From him I learned that the street called Old Beth-lem, was newly christened Liverpool-street, and that the street adjoining took the name of Bloomfield-street, (I suppose upon the principle of *lucus a non tacendo*, because the prime minister and the farmer's boy were never seen in either); that Bethlehem Hospital was removed to St. George's Fields; and that there was not a brick of London-wall now left standing. His wife was civil and obliging; but the next time I dine there, I will trouble Mrs. George Bradshaw not to pour my shrimp sauce over my salmon, but to deposit it on a detached portion of my plate. I sat at table next to a bill-broker in boots, who remembered John Palmer at the Royalty Theatre.—The Paragon in the Kent-road next opened its semi-circular bosom to deposit my spouse and me at the dinner-table of Mr. William Bradshaw. Here a crowd of company was invited to meet us, consisting of my wife's first cousins from Canonbury, and several cousins from the Mile-end-road: worthy people, no doubt, but of no more moment to me than the body-guard of the Emperor of China. Matters were thus far rather at a discount; but the next party on the dinner-list raised them considerably above par. Mr. Æneas Bradshaw, of Green-street, Grosvenor-square, was a clerk in the Audit-office, and shaved the crown of his head to look like Mr. Canning. Whether, in the event of trepanning, the resemblance would have gone deeper down, I will not attempt to decide. Certain however it is, that he talked and walked with an air of considerable sagacity: his politeness too was exemplary: he ventured to hope that I was in good health: he had been given to understand that I had taken a house in Coram-street: he could not bring himself for a moment to entertain a doubt that it was a very comfortable house; but he must take leave to be permitted to hint, that of all the houses he ever entered, that of Mr. Canning on Richmond Terrace, in Spring Gardens, was the most complete; Lord Liverpool's house, to be sure, was a very agreeable mansion, and that of Mr. Secretary Peel was a capital affair: but still, with great deference, he must submit to my enlightened penetration that Richmond Terrace outstripped them all. It was meant to be implied by this harangue, that he, Mr. Æneas Bradshaw, was in the habit of dining at each of the above enumerated residences; and the bend of my head was meant to imply that I believed it:—two specimens of lying which I recommend to my friend Mrs. Opie for her next edition.

I now began to count the number of miles that the sending forth of our bride-cake would cause us to trot over: not to mention eighteen shillings per diem for the glass-coach, and three and sixpence to the



coachman. My wife and I had now travelled from Coram-street to Finsbury-square, to the Paragon in Kent-road, and to Green-street, Grosvenor square; and I did not find my "domestic happiness" at all increased by the peregrinations. As I re-entered my house from the last-mentioned visit, the housemaid put into my hands a parcel. It was a present from my aunt Edwards of the two volumes which had been lent to us during the honeymoon, with my aunt's manuscript observations in the margin. Well, thought I, at all events I have gained something by my marriage: here are two volumes of Cowper bound in red morocco: I will keep them by me, "a gross of green spectacles is better than nothing:" so saying, I opened one of the volumes at a venture, and read as follows:

"The sound of the church-going bell  
These valleys and rocks never heard."

Happy valleys, thought I, and primitive rocks.—The entrance of my wife with another dinner-card in her hand, marred my further meditations. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews now took their turn to request the honour of our company to dinner in Morning-lane, Hackney. There was something in the sound of Morning-lane that I did not dislike. I thought of Guido's Aurora; of "Life's Morning March," in the Soldier's Dream; of "Oh, how sweet is the Morning," in Lionel and Clarissa; and of "Across the Downs this morning," as sung by Storace in my own morning of life. What an erroneous anticipation! Morning-lane must be a corruption of Mourning-lane. Indeed the conversation at table strengthened the imputed etymology, for nothing was talked but the shameful sight to which the exhumation of the dead had been carried in Hackney church-yard. And yet we are watched, said one. Ay, and gas-lighted, said another. It is a shame, cried a third, that honest people cannot rest quiet in their graves. It will never be discontinued, cried a fourth, till a few of those felonious fellows are hanged at the Old Bailey with their shovels about their necks:—and so on to the end of the first course. As every body looked at the bridegroom in seeming expectation of a seconder of their multifarious motions, I ventured to set forth the grounds of my dissent. I observed, that, as the days of Amina in the Arabian Nights had passed away, I took it for granted that these highly-rebuked exhumators did not raise the bodies to eat them: that their object, in all probability, was to sell them to the anatomists for dissection: that the skill of the latter must be held to be greatly improved by the practice; and, therefore, that I saw no great objection to taking up a dead body, if the effect produced was that of prolonging the continuance upon earth of a living one. My line of argument was not at all relished by the natives of a parish who all feared a similar disturbance; and Mrs. Oldham, whose house looks into the church-yard, on the Homerton side, whispered to a man in powder with a pigtail, her astonishment that *Jemima Bradshaw* should have thrown herself away upon a man of such libertine principles.

One more glass-coach yet remained to be ascended. I felt not a little wearied; but the sight of land encouraged me. So, like a young stock-broker enrolled a member of the Whitchall Club, I pulled for dear life, and entered the haven of Mrs. Agatha Bradshaw, my

wife's maiden aunt, in Elysium-row, Fulham. The poodle-dog bit the calf of my leg; the servant-maid crammed my best beaver hat into that of a chuckle-headed Blackwell-hall factor, who wore powder and pomatum; and—there was boiled mutton for dinner! All this, however, time and an excellent constitution might have enabled me to master. But when Agatha Bradshaw, spinster, began to open the thousand and one sluices of self-love, by occupying our ears with her “Memoirs, Anecdotes, Facts and Opinions,” shewing that her butcher was the best of all possible butchers, and her baker the best of all possible bakers: reminding us that her father, the late Sir Barnaby Bradshaw, knight and leather-seller, was hand and glove with the butler of the late Lord Ranelagh, —the trees of whose mansion waved sullenly in our view: that Mat, the Fulham coach-driver, grew his jokes, and Delve, the market-gardener, his cucumbers, upon hints given by the said late Sir B. B.: and that she, the said Agatha, in answer to a question as to the second series of Sayings and Doings, “read very little English,” I could not but mutter to myself, “Will nobody move for an injunction to stay this waste of words? Here is a palpable leaf stolen from the family-tree of another spinster higher up the stream of the same river!”

So much for my wife's relations; and, for aught I know, the mischief may not end here. There may be uncles and aunts in the back-ground. It is all very well for my wife: she is made much of: dressed in white satin and flowers, and placed at the right-hand of the lady of the mansion at dinner as a bride; whilst I, as a bridegroom, am thought nothing of at all, but placed, *ans cercemoni*, at the bottom of the table during this perilous month of March, when the wind cuts my legs in two every time the door opens. I must confess I am not so pleased with Cowper's Works as I used to be. “Domestic Happiness” (if every married body's is like mine,) may have “*survived the Fall*,” but it has received a compound fracture in the process. These repeated glass-coaches, not to mention dinners in return, will make a terrible hole in our eight hundred and fifty pounds a-year (my wife will keep calling it a thousand): and all this to entertain or be entertained by people who would not care three straws if I dropped into a soapboiler's vat. It is possible that felicity may reach me at last: perhaps when my aunt Edwards' Fitzroy-square gets its two deficient sides and becomes the handsomest square in all London. In the mean time “the grass grows.” I say nothing: but this I will say, should any thing happen to the present soother of my sorrows, and should I be tempted once more to enter the Temple of Hymen, my advertisement for a new help-mate shall run in the following form: “Wanted a wife whose relations lie in a ring-fence.”



## TRANSLATION FROM LA FONTAINE

*The Animals sick of the Plague.*

## A FABLE.

A SCOURGE inspiring deepest dread,  
 Framed by the angry gods, 'tis said,  
 When blackest crimes defiled the earth—  
 A dire disease—a monstrous birth—  
 Remorseless—pitiless—abhorr'd—  
 The Plague—since I must speak the word—  
 Of power to crowd, with boundless sway,  
 The Stygian banks in one short day—  
 Fell on the animal creation,  
 In its severest visitation.

Though all died not, all felt the blow ;  
 They lost, o'ercome by pain and woe,  
 E'en the last faint, instinctive strife,  
 That seeks to fan the spark of life  
 They saw unmoved the choicest food.  
 Nor wolves, nor foxes prowld the wood,  
 To seek their unresisting prey ;  
 'The fondest turtles turn'd away,  
 And coldly from each other fled—  
 Joy was no more, for love was dead.

His counsel call'd, in regal state,  
 The Lion open'd the debate :  
 " I apprehend, my noble friends,  
 That Heaven this great infliction sends  
 To visit some unpunish'd crime ;—  
 I pray you, without loss of time,  
 Let the most guilty of us all  
 A self-devoted victim fall.  
 Perhaps he thus may save the rest,  
 And many precedents attest,  
 Such immolation is not rare.  
 Let none his faults or vices spare ;  
 I own in many a rich repast  
 On sheep and lambs I 've broke my fast  
 Had they once injured me ? Oh no !  
 Nay, urged by passion's sudden glow,  
 I 've chanced to eat—as 'twere by force,  
 The shepherd for a second course.

If I deserve it, sirs, in me  
 A willing victim you shall see ;  
 Yet since, in justice to us all,  
 The greatest criminal should fall,  
 I think, my friends, it is but fair,  
 Each should, like me, his faults declare "

Then rose the Fox—With gentle tone,  
 He, bowing low, address'd the throne.  
 " Your Majesty is much too good,  
 Let not your scruples thus intrude.  
 What ! eating sheep—a vulgar vice—  
 A wretched mob—my Sovereign Lord,  
 Is that a crime ? No—on my word,  
 The day you deign'd such stuff to touch,  
 You honour'd them, great sir, too much.

And for the shepherd, we may state  
 No penalty could be too great,  
 For he was of that noxious crew  
 Who govern beasts by arts undue."

He spake—and flatterers approve—  
 None dared a deep discussion move  
 On darkest crimes recounted there,  
 By wolf or tiger, bull or bear.

Such mighty lords could do no wrong,  
 Nor was there one, of all the throng,  
 Possess'd of power, and prone to fight,  
 That was not ever in the right.  
 Down to the mastiff, all were sainted,  
 And in the fairest colours painted.

Thus, in his turn, confess'd the Ass,  
 "Hunger—temptation—tender glass  
 And I do think, some demon's power,  
 Assail'd me in a fatal hour,  
 As through a field I once was led,  
 Belonging to some monks, 'tis said.  
 I cropt a bite—broad as my tongue;  
 I own 'twas very—very wrong—  
 I had no right—'twas not my own!"

The culprit thus was clearly shewn,  
 The council all with horror groan,  
 A learned Wolf, with words at will,  
 Proved by the nicest legal skill  
 The sacrilegious Ass to be  
 The cause of all their misery

Shall such a wretch retain his breath?  
 No! he deserves, and suffers death,—  
 While all combine to prove their sense  
 Of such a capital offence.

According as you're mean or great,  
 In Themis' hall will be your fate.

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MODERN THEATRICALS.

AMONG the singularities of the day, the state of the English theatre and the declension of the higher order of tragedy and comedy are particularly remarkable. Year after year we have to lament the decline of dramatic taste; we have something new to record which exhibits a continued descent towards degradation, and we find the pleasure gained from dramatic sources of amusement lessening upon each successive visit we pay them. Is it that we are more fastidious than our neighbours—that the recollection of other and better times leads us to depreciate the present—that we are more nice and hypercritical than we ought to be,—in short, that for the sake of singularity, or out of a ridiculous querulousness, we are too difficult to be pleased? These queries may be answered by the observations that we are not singular in our opinions, and that the full galleries and a decently filled pit of the company, in these times accustomed to govern the theatres, make nothing against our argument. The classes of society in which those who have the most correct feeling for dramatic exhibitions must be arranged, are become lukewarm towards them as they are at present

constituted, and look at them (except on an occasional exhibition of one or two of our highest performers and performances) with a coldness bordering upon disgust. It is impossible that the want of taste in the most discerning ranks of society can be the cause of the slight interest now felt in our scenic representations. It would be singular indeed if this were the case, and the galleries and pit (not the pit of the old critical times, but of 1825) had become marvellously endued with it. Yet if the fault be with the better classes of society who are unable to relish that which finds so cordial a greeting from the "gods"—if those who prefer pantomime to sense and to poetic beauty, are indeed become the most discriminating judges in the eyes of managers, we have a flattering picture of the progress of education, and a melancholy one of the retrocession in discernment of that once-considered the most judicious part of a theatrical audience. We contend, however, and we know we are right, that it is the duty of a national theatre to lead the taste of an audience, not to come after it, though unhappily we see our managers for ever following the "multitude to do evil."

The first thing that strikes an observer of the modern theatre is the low, tasteless, and lifeless character of almost all the new pieces brought forward for representation. Can this arise from lack of discernment in those who cater for our amusement, or is it from the dearth of dramatic talent? Does it ensue from the perverted notions which managers have suffered to become their principles of action, or is the authorship of the age unequal to those flights of fancy and happy delineations of nature, which alone confer a high character on works written for the stage? We will not think so meanly of our stage sovereigns, as to suppose they do not know better than they act. They must feel that the career which they pursue is not that of the best times of the British theatre; and they ought to know, that had they refined instead of debased the character of our theatrical amusements—had they kept a correct eye upon leading the public, they would have exalted the histrionic art, increased the true interests of the drama, and gained a rich harvest of honour for themselves. The truth is, they have persevered in error against knowledge, and sinned with open eyes. They have regarded present rather than lasting profit, and preferred amusing a gallery of upper-servants and waiters out of place—in short, getting a house any way,—to pleasing the most judicious and rational part of society, which latter (we are truly sorry to notice, while we do not wonder at it,) too often leave the manager's interest to the galleries and a "beggary account of empty boxes." The more this has been the case, the more have the purveyors of our amusements plunged into extremes. No arts have been omitted to draw an audience of any sort; the very prostitutes have free admissions to secure a sprinkling of the dissipated among our youth, and the exhibition in the lobbies which every where noses the matron and the female of virtue, (an exhibition not witnessed among foreigners, whose scenes of amusement shew nothing to displease the most fastidious in taste and morals) makes them more resemble huge brothels than buildings in which tragedy with "gorgeous pall" is to picture lessons of suffering virtue, or comedy to lash the vices of the age. The evil then has arisen in the main from the conduct of the managers themselves; and if they were to be judged by that conduct alone, without inquiring into motive, their condemnation must be

speedy and certain. Christianity, however, inculcates charity, and we are disposed to shew somewhat of this virtue even towards a manager. While insisting therefore upon the magnitude of the evil they have caused, some allowance must be made for the frailty and short-sightedness of human nature. The possession of an exclusive patent inspired very naturally the desire to accommodate a numerous auditory; and this desire was perhaps backed by the promising character of the drama and performers, when the theatres were enlarged. Perhaps a covetousness of profit very naturally assisted where the prospects were so favourable. New decorations, increased salaries to actors, profuse managements, and high rents, heaped burthen upon burthen. The enormous size of the theatres, and the diminution of the better order of actors; the want of a new assortment of sound, tasteful and intellectual pieces, and the introduction of animals, buffoonery, and vulgar farce in their places, have contributed to the loss of the proprietors of these establishments—the estrangement of the old genuine lovers of the drama, and the dependence of the managers upon that class for filling their houses, to the coarse and unrefined palates of which such fare was most agreeable. A perseverance in this course has increased the mischief; and where it will terminate it is impossible to say. The managers, like the nation in the late war, began upon a fallacious principle, raised up a gigantic enemy, and have to abide the event. Thus, having the monopoly of the national theatres in their hands, and loaded with heavy expenses, it is but fair to think that the necessity of making what they can, at any rate, to keep their unwieldy machines going, stifles their better judgments, and that the feelings of the men of business prevail over those of the profession. All we get now is an occasional performance by Kean or Young, badly supported in the inferior characters, when an adjournment home at the end of the play takes place; for it is become a common observation, that persons of judgment cannot at present sit out the whole of an evening's entertainment at the great theatres without *ennui*.

But how are the better part of the public to become interested, as it should be, in theatrical affairs?—how is the stage to be brought to that desirable point which shall fix the attention of every class, and contribute to the benefit of morals and the cultivation of a genuine taste for dramatic excellence? This is a question not difficult to answer. There are joint-stock companies enough in existence; let one be formed to erect a theatre of moderate size, in which seeing and hearing are alike possible, and let the better performers be invited to enlist in the cause of the British theatre, and make some exertions themselves for the higher branch of public amusement and instruction, from which *they* derive honour and reputation. Let us have an English theatre as the French have their *Theatre François*, in which tragedy and comedy, of the better order, may be alone exhibited. Such a house would soon be resorted to by those who would be glad once more to see a play acted that is not controlled by a gallery rabble, and that genteel comedy restored which the patent theatres have expelled altogether, but which a pure taste never would consent to banish. Let the house open at a later hour, and accommodate a little the dinner-time of the higher classes. Such an undertaking must answer; but could the patent right be got over? We confess we do not see that in such matters, where

money has not been paid for the patent, the patentees have any right to curtail the amusements of the public and force it to swallow whatever they may choose to give. The government that acts on free trade principles ought to consider this. Perhaps the difficulty might be overcome in a way still more agreeable to all parties. We confess we love the old sounds of Covent Garden and Drury Lane for past recollections—for the hours of delight they have afforded us, and the names now in dust connected with them. We would rather see one of them become worthy of the nation, set a brilliant example in leading the public taste, and every night overflowing with intellectual, fashionable, and discriminating audiences, than a theatre in any other spot. But they are too large, and have heavy pecuniary difficulties to combat;—might not one of them be purchased, or its burthens be removed by a joint-stock speculation in such an adventure, the house contracted to a reasonable size, and the restoration of the British drama still take place in one of the patent houses? Money will do any thing in this, as in other cases. Finally, if this plan be impracticable, could not the Haymarket Theatre be devoted to such a purpose? It opens under the direction of Mr. Percy Farren, a gentleman well qualified to conduct such an undertaking;—cannot subscribers be found, or a company formed for carrying into effect a similar plan? It only requires to be set going to answer well. In such a house the many-headed monster, the gallery, could do nothing. A growing interest would be felt for the stage; men of sound judgment would become, as in the old time, our theatrical critics, and genius would be encouraged to labour for dramatic distinction. Let these hints not be lost, but only flung aside for better as they occur. Let us look to it. We shall not then see kept women drive coarse bargains with theatrical managers for exhibiting their persons to gaping curiosity, after every recent degradation of character; nor harlotry flouting us in every box; nor melo-drama with the slang of the kitchen and the stable, occupying the scene on which Shakspeare, Sheridan, and our best national dramatists should alone appear. The present system cannot go on for ever—the theatres must be raised to a proper level, or the shadow of the legitimate drama will soon cease to be seen among us.

The character of the pieces put forth on the modern stage, is disgraceful to the country, and must be mainly attributed to the desire of pleasing the rabble at the expense of the histrionic character. Mr. Mathews, standing singly with his exhibition, finds a pit and boxes overflowing, but his galleries are always the thinnest part of the house. In the great theatres it is precisely the reverse; whence can this arise but from the nature of the entertainment? Mr. Mathews sketches striking pictures of existing life and manners. He keeps to the truth of Nature, and Nature will always fix attention. His “*At Home*” is a comedy (upon a small scale) of modern life and manners, not extravagant, and for the most part confined to middling life. Leaving his great powers as an actor out of the question, the matter comes home to every man’s bosom. All can comprehend and judge of the truth or errors of the picture presented, and all feel a high interest in the subject. Carry this idea into the larger theatres, and examine whether their new pieces are like any thing, or contain any characters that ever

have or can exist in the world. "Gorgon, and Hydra, and Chimera dire"—nauseous caricatures of life, where modern life is attempted; horses, grimace, pantomime, squared to suit the vulgar taste of the galleries, distinguish every fresh performance. Chastity of colouring is scouted from the scene. To distort, not to picture life, and "hold the mirror up to nature," and "show the image of the time"—to attract the brutal laugh from excited vulgarity, are the main objects of the national theatres of England in their present representations. What will the result be when fiery serpents, giants, and gunpowder, cease to be novelties even to the galleries? It is a misfortune then to our country that the true object of the stage is so neglected; and that year after year goes by without leaving one true record of the manners of the time—one piece of refined writing in the shape of comedy, that we can see acted with pleasure, and can peruse with delight in the closet. It is in vain that this deficiency is attributed to the lack of dramatic authors; had the managers led their audiences as they should have done, talent would not have been wanting to their aid. The manufacturers of melodramas and farces, such as are at present kept in pay, would not have existed; but works consonant to true taste would have been produced. The little honour and profit to be gained by the better class of authors, and the risk to which they know they expose themselves in writing pieces, the success of which does not depend upon intrinsic merit, makes it worse than folly to toil for unmerited disappointment or a qualified applause. Were a correct taste established in our theatres, and audiences led by them, there would not long be a lack of novel pieces, and a new and better class of authors would start with ardour in the service of the drama. Now, when the rabble that leads the manager is umpire, who would endure the mortification of its insults, or believe his own literary failure to be really caused by the want of power in his works?

In the high walk of tragedy it seems as if our day had gone by for ever. Shakspeare himself, with a new tragedy, would hardly be tolerated for half a dozen successive nights. And when our tragic actors favour us with the pieces of our great dramatist, it may be questioned whether the larger part of the audience do not rather *tolerate* than enjoy the exhibition—assuredly they can have no cordial feeling, no sympathy with the productions of the poet. But we might go much more into the causes and effects of the present deficiency of correct taste in the public as it affects the drama; it is better to point out some mode of remedying the evil, and to urge those who possess long purses and willing hearts to strike out a scheme for its restoration to a state worthy our literature and high character as a nation in other respects. Let us have *one* British theatre: strangers may then be able to appreciate the national taste, and to visit some edifice solely consecrated to a chaste exhibition of the works of our best tragic and comic authors.

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## THE CANADIAN EMIGRANT.—NO. III.

SPRING returned, and found me lingering on the pleasant banks of the Ohio. Who that has once seen that unequalled river, will not recall with emotions of delight the prospects he has enjoyed along its full spreading bosom, the magnificent vegetation on the shore, the romantic log-lut with groups of children before its door, the smiling farm and luxuriant orchard, or the incipient village rising on the upland, and the commerce, wealth, and activity of the populous town? The stranger is continually emerging from the unbroken solitude of the woods into the light and bustle of society—passing from the strokes of the woodman, clearing the way for the labours of future generations, from the shrill calls of the wood-pecker and the soothing music of the humming-bird, into the clamour of trade, the noise of building, and the never-ceasing stir of an enterprising community! To a mind unembarrassed with the ordinary cares of life, a voyage down La Belle Riviere\* affords some of the most gratifying prospects and soothing emotions which our nature is capable of enjoying. On its smooth and waveless bosom, you are borne calmly along without noise or agitation, in your silent career hurrying past the wooded and picturesque islands that intersect the stream, and the beautiful towns along the shore, shining white in the sunbeams, or displaying by the smoke of their steam-engines that the refined inventions of Europe have also taken up their abode in the western wilds. What lover of Nature's charms can survey the prospects through which his bark glides smoothly on—whether it be at the glorious hour of sunrise, when the vapours of night are disappearing from the valley—at noon, when the glaring orb of day shoots down his cloudless rays upon the mirror-like surface of the waters—or whether it be by the “pale moonlight,” when all, save the mournful whip-po-will, is silent as the grave—and hesitate for a moment to decide that such variety of still life and bustling activity, of the arts of civilization and the sombre majesty of the woods, is altogether without a parallel. He may sail on the expanded surface of Lake Lemán, visit the romantic scenes of Meillerai, or wind amidst the fairy islands of the Lago Maggiore, and the princely splendours of Como; but all is poor, tasteless, and unimpassioned, compared to the boundless magnificence of the great river of the West. There, he treads the ground trod by Logan and Tecumseh, casts his eye over the mounds and barrows of Indian tribes that have long since disappeared from the earth—that have crossed the northern continent in their progress towards the land of the sun, or have, perchance, been exterminated by a more barbarous race, by the forefathers of those poor, degraded remnants of Indians who now hunt the buffalo on the plains of the Kanzas, or entrap the beaver on the barren ridges of the rocky mountains. On the spot where Logan's family were butchered by the murderous rifles of the Virginian backwoodsmen, on the very spot where thirty years ago the husbandman went armed to the field, and kept his gun and tomahawk ready to repel the aggressions of the Indians, now appear the abodes of peace and happiness, surrounded by luxuriant fields of grain, cultivated with European skill, and more than European success. The Indian glory

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\* The name given to the Ohio by its first discoverers, the French of Canada.

has disappeared, and nought remains of their name and race but the traditions of savage warfare preserved by the primitive settlers, with the lofty titles they gave to the rivers and remarkable spots of their native inheritance. Some tribes have been dispossessed of their lands by force of arms, or by the "extinguishment of their title" by the American government in return for presents to their chiefs; they have been driven back far from the banks of the Ohio; others have been exterminated by war, famine, and disease; and the extensive and fertile territory between the Mississippi, the Alleghany Mountains and the Lakes of Canada, is now the scene of peace, prosperity, and all the refinements of social life.

It would prove uninteresting to enter upon the trifling incidents that occurred during my voyage down a river so well known and so often described as the Ohio. It may suffice, then, to mention, that early in the spring I left Pittsburg in a small skiff by myself, and floated gaily down this placid and delightful stream. I spent a day or two in the larger towns on my way, and at the approach of night often landed at some log-hut on the banks, and sought and obtained hospitality. This was a mode of seeing the country a thousand times more delightful to me than hurrying forward in the steam-boat, as my time was unlimited, and I felt amusement and excitation by the novelty of changing my home with the return of every evening, as well as in paddling my frail bark along the stream. Were it not for the current, one might almost imagine this to be a mighty inland lake, winding its arms between the mountains, and presenting in numberless scenes the appearance of total seclusion from the world, like "the Happy Valley." Here might the lone enthusiast hold his most sublime and unearthly reveries with every accompaniment of solitude, majestic scenery, and interesting association. At times the usual silence and solitude were broken by the approach of huge wooden-houses floating along the stream, and disclosing within their walls a confused assemblage of families, with their waggons, horses and cattle, (like the patriarchs of old) on their way to the fertile countries on the Wabash and Missouri. I was wont to hail them as they passed along, and occasionally to join their party for a few hours, so that I gained more minute knowledge of some parts of the backwoodsman's habits than months of intimacy might have afforded me on the shore. These emigrants were removing their residence a few hundred miles farther West, more from the love of change than from any necessity of leaving their former homes. Some neighbouring farmer had perhaps bought lands in "the new settlements;" and, instigated by his flattering accounts of the soil, without hesitation or reluctance they had sold off the property they had cultivated for a series of years, and were now about to enter upon untried scenes. Such is the unvarying character of all the inhabitants of America, Canadians and republicans alike. It is carried to its fullest extent by the early settlers, those pioneers of civilization, who are themselves unfit for any thing but hunting or clearing the woods; but it also exerts a very powerful influence over the best educated inhabitants of America. Changing their modes of life, changing their abodes, ceaseless locomotion appear their predominant characteristics. It would seem that the very air of the country incites to change, and expands the mind to adventure; for even our own countrymen become almost equally restless on their arrival, and

think no more of taking a journey of five hundred or a thousand miles, than they would of visiting their county town in England a short time before. A few hundred miles more after crossing the mighty ocean, seem but a drop in the bucket not worthy of a thought. Our Canadians will not hesitate, for the difference of a few pounds, to change their farms *instantly*, and to remove to a distance of two or three hundred miles. The disease is not, therefore, peculiar to the republicans, though they are, perhaps, more deeply affected by it than their northern neighbours. Its greatest evil is not so much the loss consequent on continual change of place, thus giving up all the benefits acquired by previous experience; as that it tends to destroy those feelings of predilection for a particular spot, for, in one word, *home*, which seem so closely allied to family affection. This constant habit of considering every place but as a temporary abode, that may at any time be abandoned on the slightest temptation, prevents the growth of those feelings attached to home in other countries; and by early scattering the different branches of a family, weakens and nearly destroys those ardent feelings of affection that are the greatest ornament of our nature. Whether the influence of climate, or the habit of wandering be the principal cause, the fact itself is certain, that whatever may be the virtues of the Americans, and they have many, they participate largely in the apathy of the Indian character, and show little of that warmth of affection, love, and friendship we are accustomed to see exemplified in Europe.

Most strange it is, that, with this apparent apathy, they should surpass the liveliest nations of the Old World in their displays of religious enthusiasm. Every people has had its hot and cold fits of religious zeal, but none has preserved it so long and so extensively as the Americans. The Anabaptists of Germany, the Presbyterians of Scotland, and the Methodists of England, had their early fits of enthusiasm long since quenched by the cooling ordeal of philosophy; but all sects in the New World preserve a vigorous spirit of proselytising, that has no recent examples in the peaceful and unambitious churches of Europe. Much of these effects must be attributed to the circumstances and situation of the people. Scattered over such an extensive territory, in many places remote from neighbours, and far distant from a church of their own faith, the inhabitants make amends for these cooling influences by periodical assemblages in the woods, that recall all the fire of their devotion. They have too high an opinion of themselves to believe implicitly in priest or presbyter, so that superstition has little or no influence over their minds; but the solitude of their habitations, and the gloomy scenery amidst which they pass their lives, naturally engender those morbid feelings of religion, which make the will of the Deity seem to them clearly spoken by the momentary flashes of thought that strike their imagination. This is not confined to one or more sects; for all maintain, with more or less zeal, that these inward feelings or convictions are the true criteria of sincere religion. These sentiments, however, and the assemblages that produce such an out-breaking of religious fervour, are perhaps peculiar to the circumstances in which the people are placed, and may, therefore, be passed over without animadversion.

If misery make us acquainted with strange bed-fellows, travelling in the Western woods brings us into contact with strange characters. In

the boats I met with on my voyage, or in the villages along the shore, where I sojourned for a time, it was my lot to fall in with men who had borne a share, more or less important, in almost every convulsion that has agitated Europe for the last thirty years. Many delightful hours have I spent in listening to tales of warfare from men of all countries, from the Vistula to the Tagus, and in comparing our respective reflections on past events and the scenes that lay before us. But these are vulgar incidents, such as might have occurred in any country in Europe—not so some rare characters, whom it was my good fortune to meet with as a specimen of the “olden times.” These were three Frenchmen, far advanced in life, and scattered along distant parts of the Ohio. Whatever may be the changeability of the French mind, the French character is undoubtedly the most fixed and unchangeable of any in Europe,—a fact I rather suspected before, but which I never saw so fully exemplified as by these three worthies. More than thirty years had elapsed since they had left the banks of the Seine and the Garonne; and during that long period they had resided among the rude backwoodsmen, or the wilder Indians: yet, changed in years, though not in mind, they remained unaltered and unalloyed by foreign manners, as at their first importation. They had changed their country, but scarcely their tongue; for though their French was but a rude *patois*, their English had the merit of being a language completely *sui generis*. Their love of fun, frolic, *chansons grivoises*, frills, finery, pomatum, and snuff, with the usual concomitants, was altogether as complete as if they had acted a pageant at the court of that great actor of royalty, Louis the Fourteenth, of happy and immortal memory. It need scarcely be added, that the *queue* of the *ancien regime* was a never-failing appendage to those venerable remnants of ancient folly, along with all the formal manners and ceremonious practices that distinguished the middle ranks of Frenchmen before that horrible catastrophe, ye!ept the Revolution, had swept away, in undistinguishing ruin, *politesse*, powder, and pomatum. *Sic transit gloria mundi*, as the sculptor inscribes over the defunct. Though these expatriated Frenchmen presented, in the fulness of their ancient costume, and in the formality of their manners, a striking contrast to the abrupt ways and unpicturesque dress of their present compatriots, yet they had a simplicity and *bonhomie* in their whole demeanour, that blunted the edge of ridicule, while their kindness, humanity, and social virtues, gained them the unbounded esteem of the people among whom they dwelt. In the years 1789 and 90, some speculative Americans circulated through different cities of Europe spacious plans of fine plantations, with towns and villages appended; and all this on the Ohio river, where scarcely a village existed at the time; they succeeded, however, (like some of our traders on the Stock Exchange) in exchanging titles to uncleared lands for lots of solid gold. Along with many hundreds of their countrymen, our three worthies bought estates in the land of promise,—but, alas! for many years they found it not to be a land of performance. About three hundred miles below Pittsburgh, they built the town of Gallipolis; but just as they were beginning to surmount their manifold difficulties, the Ohio Company failed in performing its engagements with the government, which claimed and took the cleared and uncleared lands from the luckless colonists. This was the downfall of the settlement.

and its members were immediately dispersed over all the states of the American union. Before leaving Paris, they had paid five francs for land not then worth five farthings per acre; they had cultivated it for some years, though daily exposed to the tomahawks of the Indians (who kindly prevented the approach of famine, by thinning their numbers); and after surviving all disasters, they were turned from their homes in their old age, and exposed to want and penury! Such, too, was the fate of Boon, the discoverer of Kentucky. That enterprising hunter first climbed the Alleghany Mountains, in North Carolina, and looked down upon the fertile plains that extended towards the Ohio; he ventured into this garden of the Indians, this hunting paradise, and after many bloody struggles, and the unceasing warfare of years, he succeeded in driving every Indian beyond its bounds; yet, after all his achievements (unequalled even by the deeds of chivalry), was this veteran warrior forced in his old age to remove beyond the Mississippi! When my Gallic friends were turned from their homes, they all betook themselves to the same livelihood—they became doctors, which, of course, includes the positive, comparative, and superlative degrees of the medical profession, and in making this choice, they doubtless reasoned, like the Mussulman, that “when God gives a place, he gives the talent to fill it.” Their practice was, I believe, very harmless, however; at least there was but one Sangrado amongst them, and his striking predilection for bleeding in its various branches, and blistering the head, including *shaving, comme de raison*, inclined me to give him credit for having obtained a real diploma from the Parisian College of — barber-surgeons!

From these veteran anomalies among the American colonists, I received some amusing information relative to the settlement on the Sciota, the situation of the Indians in early times, and the progress of change along the great rivers of the West. My own experience in Canada had already given me some little insight into the habits of French emigrants; and, shortly after the period in question, I travelled over nearly all the old traces of their early settlements, that had been established since the time of La Salle. But of this hereafter. It is well known that the French extended a chain of forts from Canada to the Mississippi long before the settlement of Louisiana; and that while the English colonies on the coast were struggling with the Natives, their rivals had already obtained a complete ascendancy over the Indian tribes, and were, in fact, the true sovereigns of North America. They had penetrated beyond Lake Huron more than two hundred years ago; and the accounts written by their missionary priests are still the only authentic records of these remote posts which at this moment remain the *ultima Thule* of accurate geography to the Canadians of the nineteenth century! Such was the enterprising spirit of the Frenchmen of those days, who, at the same moment, laid the foundations of extensive empires in Asia, Africa, and America, that have since been lost by the apathy and thoughtlessness of their descendants. Vincennes on the Wabash, and Kaskaskias on the Mississippi, (fifteen hundred miles from the coast,) were founded prior to New York and Philadelphia. Had the government at home adequately supported the Canadian settlers of those times, the whole of the coun-

try, now known as the United States, would have owned France as its father-land, and the French language would have enjoyed the same pre-eminence as the English now possesses. But the French settlers were little qualified for founding a firm and stable empire amidst the circumstances with which they were surrounded. To conquer or to conciliate the Natives, they well knew ; but in the arts of peace and industry that distinguished the English exiles, in those habits of foresight, order, and perseverance, that change the face of a wilderness, they were miserably deficient. With the gaiety, thoughtlessness, and improvidence of their countrymen of those days, they were little fitted to contend in the race for empire with the stern religionists of New England. Yet their very defects gave them unbounded influence over the savage inhabitants of the wilderness. Thoughtless, daring, and improvident, like the Indians by whom they were surrounded, their similarity of habits attached their wild neighbours to their cause, and ever since made them invariably regard a Frenchman as a friend. They mingled with the Natives without constraint, adopted their habits, and soon boasted all the simplicity of manners, love of independence, and spirit of adventure, that distinguished the red men of the woods. These feelings are common enough to all settlers, of whatever nation, when they live in contact with the Indians ; but by none were they ever adopted to such an extent as by the French Canadians. Intermediate breeds of French Indians soon appeared ; and at *Prairie du Chien*, *Prairie du Rocher*, *Michilimackinac*, and other remote posts of the fur-traders, these mongrel descendants of the soldiers of the *Grand Monarque*, with their *Creole* speech, French frippery, and Indian indifference, may be seen at the present day. Y.

FRACTUS AND VIDUA

*A Tale.*

FRACTUS had topp'd the pack of ROVER  
At this and t'other side of Dover,  
Was *la mazarin* and *pent-mari*,  
And certainly no woman-hater.  
But bits of blood, who fiercely dash on,  
And madly run the race of fashion,  
Must look to break down soon or late,  
And bide the mettled racer's fate :  
We cannot eat our cake and have it,  
Nor hope to spend our cash and save it  
Thus Fractus, in his paces shackled,  
At last is to a go-cart tackled ;  
'Their task his nether limbs disown,  
Revolted from the cincture down.  
The bust, 'tis true, still unimpair'd,  
No shock of fortune yet had shared ;  
More graceful none, and none more able  
To do the honours of the table ;  
At breakfast, dinner, cards and tea,  
At conversation who but he ?  
Fractus, somewhat the worse for wear,  
With eighteen hundred pounds a-year,

A marquis too, the which mayhap  
 A very handy marriage-trap,  
 Bethought him of a choice receipt  
 To bolster up his feeble state.  
 He had, he found, no time to lose,  
 And knew that beggars must not choose,  
 Nor dainty had a right to be  
 A man so lame and halt as he.  
 Thus humbled by the paralytics,  
 He own'd the truth, and damn'd the critics.  
 Say not he put his best leg out  
 To help the suit he went about,  
 For had he gone to ask his life,  
 And not to bargain for a wife,  
 No leg could hapless Fractus move  
 For pity, money, nor for love,—  
 But in his Merlin chariot plac'd,  
 His amorous cause the suitor plac'd  
 With flowing words and winning air  
 He thus besought a widow'd fair  
 "Vidua, you see a common fate  
 Has brought us to a single state,  
 And, half-way down the stream of life,  
 I am no husband, you no wife.  
 Involved as both are in the snare,  
 We must contrive a joint escape  
 What though no conscious moon or rope,  
 Or mask shall aid you to elope,  
 But quietly you walk down stairs,  
 As if to ply your household cares;  
 The parson, too, in saying grace,  
 Must duly weigh the bridegroom's care,  
 And guard against the tongue of slander,  
 By leaving out the single *entendre*."  
 With faltering voice and downcast eyes  
 In answer Vidua thus replies  
 "Much flatter'd by the honour meant,  
 And thankful for the kind intent  
 The smiles of wedlock and its frowns,  
 Its ins and outs, and ups and downs,  
 Are things I am no stranger to,  
 And well, no doubt, are known to you  
 A thorny path craves wary walking,  
 And counsel's wanted more than talking  
 The case demands mature suggestion,—  
 My pillow must resolve the question"  
 Like other beds of justice, this  
 Is said to be somewhat remiss,  
 And, motion after motion heard,  
 The final order's still defer'd.  
 At length in Hicary, anno post,  
 The cause comes on, the motion's lost,  
 Costs with the cause decreed to go,  
 And parties left in *statu quo*,  
 Defendant order'd to provide  
 Plaintiff a *talus qualis* bride.\*

## THE FAMILY JOURNAL.—NO. IV.

*Love will find out a way.*

[THE first volume of our Journal contains a great many stories of monks and nuns. They were occasioned by the dissolution of the monasteries, and naturally became favourites with a generation who had manifested their zeal in that work. The chief historian is my namesake Harry. Some would not bear repeating in these days, and many others are to be received with caution; though it is not to be doubted, that a state of life so opposed to the natural condition of humanity gave rise to many frightful disorders. There is mention made in history of particular instances which form the ground-work of several of the stories; as the conversion of a nunnery at Cambridge into Jesus college, on account of its dissolute behaviour; the overthrow of a jolly abbess of the name of Jocosa or Joyse Rous, who used to keep it up with her nuns at midnight, drinking; and the summary character of the abbot of St. Albans, who besides the peccadilloes of simony and usury, ejected a whole convent of nuns, in order that he might fill it with ladies of a less solitary description.

I shall not venture upon a story like that. But the narrative of the venerable mother Jocosa is too curious for omission, and involves an anecdote, hitherto unpublished, of Henry the Eighth. The history of the Cambridge nunnery may also be told with becoming decency, and shall be laid in due time before the reader. The one selected at present, may be taken as a specimen of the manner in which abuses of this kind may be safely told. The particulars were evidently furnished by the parties themselves, persons of good families in my ancestors' county, and very likely acquainted with them. The Periams, I believe, are extinct in the male line, but the Parkers are still flourishing in that quarter.

The narrative has run to greater length than I expected; and has broken in upon the plan I had laid down for these papers, which was, rather to make every number consist of three or four short articles, than occupy it at any time with one subject. I shall take more care another time. The abridgment nevertheless from my ancestors' manuscript is considerable. He was a diligent cultivator of the style of Sir Philip Sidney, and of the Italian novelists, the most particular of old gentlemen. It struck me, that as the Italian novels abound in monastic gossiping, and Henry Honeycomb has translated a few of them in a style of singular eccentricity (a sort of Italianate English), he might have palmed some foreign tales upon us for domestic ones; but I can find no traces of them in Boccaccio, Bandello, the Pecorone, or any other writer in the collection of Novellieri; nor do I believe, after diligent search among our own writers and compilers, that any one of them is to be met with out of the pale of our Family Book.]

“ LOVE WILL FIND OUT A WAY.”

*Old English Ballads.*

On Christmas-day, in the year 1536, at the abbey church of St. Mary Ottery in Devonshire, just as the host was about to be elevated, a shrill voice, which nevertheless appeared to be half-suffocated with



emotion, cried out from the gallery where the monks were sitting, "I am a woman, and the abbot's a villain."

A great stir ensued in the gallery. The abbot suddenly presented himself in the front, holding a pale and frightened-looking young man, one of the monks. He was himself much agitated, and addressed the congregation in the following words:—"The prayers of all good Christian people are desired for an unhappy soul, grievously tormented with fits of lunacy." The young man was then carried out, and the service proceeded.

This cry, and the extraordinary circumstance that followed it, excited great talk in the neighbourhood. Neither the abbot nor his monks enjoyed the best reputation. His example had undone the severity of his doctrine: for he would fain have had a monopoly of his licence, but was forced to compromise the matter, and wink at a participation. His propensity to the fair sex in particular, was notorious. The moment therefore the voice was heard in the church, it was believed to be that of a woman; though with what face, or under what pretext, she could have been introduced among the reverend fathers on such an occasion, could not be conjectured. On the other hand, the person who had been brought forward as needing the prayers of the laity (which made some of the neighbours very merry at the abbey's expense) was known to every body in the village for a monk so afflicted. He had never cried out before; but that did not prove the impossibility of his having now done it: and though the voice sounded like a woman's, there was no knowing how agony might not have wrought it to that unnatural pitch.

Opinion was much divided on the subject. People did not know how to reconcile their own jarring speculations. Not so Lord Fitzwarren, a powerful nobleman, who had a seat in the neighbourhood, and who was at variance with the abbot. A long knowledge of the latter's character, and a dispute of equally long standing respecting some meadows that lay between their domains, inclined him to believe the worst. He set his agents to work, and soon got information enough to excite attention to the mystery at court; thus gratifying himself in every way, for he at once indulged his resentment, pleased the king and his minister, who wished for this kind of information beyond all others, and indulged in certain visions, not only respecting meadows, but their abutments, which turned out to be well founded.

All that his lordship had yet discovered, was, that there was actually a female in the monastery. The monks denied that she had been brought there by the abbot's connivance, or by any body's; and said, that a heavy punishment would fall on her head. They protested, that this female had nothing to do with the cry in the church; that the imagination of the invalid had been disturbed by a knowledge of her being among them; and that a due account of her, and her intrusion into the abbey, would be given to the parishioners. Meanwhile, she was under close confinement in the house of a man who worked for the monastery; which was true. Something was added about officious and meddling persons, jealous of the popularity of the church; and an artful appeal was made from the pulpit—to the interests of the parishioners; who, in fact, were not sorry to let the abbot continue in a reasonable course of scandal, provided he distributed his usual quantity

of alms, gave as much good work to the labourers, and continued to let certain tenements at their singularly low rent : offices of charity, in which he had shewn great symptoms of becoming zealous.

The monks were right in their allegation respecting the mode in which the female had come among them. It was her own doing. She had offered herself, in boy's clothes, as an inmate of the monastery on any terms, and with a view to enter on a noviciate : and nobody, till of late, had known that she was any other than she pretended. It was observed, at the same time, that the monks who gave this information, and who would sometimes offer it before it was asked, were always the same men, consisting of but two or three out of the whole number. The porter was one ; but the rest were generally loitering about the gate. None of the others were to be seen. A young monk in particular, very popular on account of the sweetness and pensiveness of his manners, was never to be met with.

The following history ultimately transpired. We shall relate it in its order up to the period before us, and then go on with what took place in consequence of the cry in the church.

Francis Periam was younger son of a good family at Kirton in Devonshire. He was designed for the church ; but the intention was dropped, on account of a fortune left him. However, the church was unwilling to let him go. He was kept much at home, under the eye of his mother, and of the priest who educated him ; but his nature being lively and sanguine, the first thing he did on entering the world was to fall in love. The lady was the first young lady he had conversed with ; and the first conversation made him her prisoner. The mother was very angry at first, and gave the object of his passion a variety of ill names ; but finding that she was of good birth and had a considerable fortune, her opinion changed. It was agreed, that nothing better could have happened for the family of the Periams, provided a due regard for the church could be maintained among the progeny to come. But a new obstacle occurred. The lady would not have the lover. She was a haughty beauty, proud of a fortune twice as large as his, and resolved to marry nothing under a title. Francis was struck to the heart. His first taste of the world had been very sweet : he was pleased with every body and every thing : the lady, who with all her pride was a coquet, had encouraged his advances ; he was good and unsuspecting, and could not suddenly awake to the knowledge that there were dispositions less kind and honourable than his own, in persons of his own age, without a surprise the most afflicting. The priest, who had acknowledged the expediency of the match, because he could not help it, now took advantage of his sorrow to press on him the nothingness of the world. Francis admitted what he said, but with the humility and patience, and not without the hopes of a lover, held it his duty nevertheless to see if he could not turn the heart of a beauty, who thought too much of the pride of the eyes. He persevered in his suit for two years. At length, meeting with no encouragement, nor even with incivility, which might have rendered him more submissive, or awakened his resentment, he withdrew in hopeless patience from the world, and buried himself in the monastery of St. Mary Ottery.

"First loves," quoth the Journal, at this part of the narrative, "are things notably jeered at and flouted ; but in good truth they do colour

and concern the lives of honest gentlemen, more than such pleasant companions wot of: and methinks, the true method of dealing with well-disposed youth, be neither to make too light of such matters, nor withal to carry an over-sour and formal countenance of restraint, but to deal frankly and honestly with honest minds, and shew them rather what sort of women would be a blessing and comfort to their days. Here was a young gentleman, as the history will shew, who, had he been plainly guided as to what natures it were to his profit to love, and put handsomely in the way of them, instead of being admonished by a silly woman and a knavish Roman priest not to love at all, would have escaped years of doleful suffering, besides great peril to his soul's health among those pestilent friars." The writer adds a curious remark. "Note," saith he, "that young men which have grown up with sisters, are less exposed to this peril of falling in love unwisely, than such as be unused to that kindred; for that young girls do use to shew their humours and girlish weakness more freely in their own homes, and before they arrive at women's estate, than when they dress up their behaviour, like their bodies, for them that know them not: the which experience rendereth the young man their brother marvellously cautelous and acute, when he cometh to bethink himself of a wife: for in other women he seeth other men's sisters; whereas the poor youth who wanteth that help to *femimology*, beholdeth none but Queen Helens and the ladies of Amadis de Gaul; and so taking any painted face for an *aungell*, findeth, peradventure to his despair, that he hath bound himself to a *vay druell*."

It was about three years after the entrance of Francis into the monastery, that a stripling of a tender age, and apparently brought up with delicacy, presented himself at the abbey-gate, and begged to be admitted as an inmate under any circumstances. The vagueness and earnestness of his request made the abbot suspect him to be a runaway youth, who was to be sent back to his parents; but although the little stranger, with great firmness and gentleness, declined giving an account of himself, yet upon his repeated protestations that he was no such person, joined to a look of singular innocence and distress, and an asseveration that he should die in the neighbourhood if they rejected him, the abbot was induced to give him admission for a time, hoping that his family would not be long before they discovered him. The reverend father was willing to amuse himself meantime with endeavouring to discover his secret, and looked for honour and advantage in the end from those who came to claim him. The youth was clad as a lay-brother, and given the office of censer-boy in the chapel, where his beauty rendered him an object of admiration. "Little William," said the abbot in the boy's hearing, to a favourite monk, "wanteth nothing save the being a woman, to be an angel. Verily, as I turned upon him the other day, whereas he knelt with the censer, I started for my sins, his visage and pretty seeming looked so heavenly amidst the sweet odour. Hey, brother Thomas? What thinkest thou Aaron would have said to such a lip at his beard, with a woman to it?" Brother Thomas, who had not drunk so much as my lord abbot, bowed with an air of piety, and answered, that the holiest of men would have been pleased to see the encouraging manner in which it pleased his lordship to speak of youth and simplicity. Little William was rather surprised

at the manner in which youth and simplicity were encouraged ; but he looked down, and threw into his countenance as vague an expression as terror would allow. More than one circumstance had terrified him, since he came to the abbey. The inmates, at all hours, did not appear to consist entirely of men. Young as he was, he observed more than was suspected. The abbot took him to be eleven or twelve at most ; but the truth was, he was a good twenty.

Our reverend father, in order to worm his secret out of the boy (for gossiping always went a great way in religious houses) consigned him to the care of a hypocrite of a fellow, the above-mentioned brother Thomas, who to unsuspecting eyes could put on all the appearances of sanctity. But the reserve of innocence is often a match for the greatest cunning. William's companion instructed him in the rules of a convent, in the duties of a religious life, and in the veneration and confidence which those who aspire to lead it (as he always expressed his anxiety to do) owed to their superior. The stranger listened with good faith, and with a resolution, when the time came, to confess every thing but who he was, and the name of one other person. Brother Thomas could discover nothing.

The abbot, who most likely was of opinion that there must be more vice than virtue in this concealment, determined to try what a younger companion could effect. For this purpose, he gave him in charge to Francis Periam, now celebrated for his piety under the name of Father Edmund. He could not make use of the father as a spy. Convinced by many circumstances that he was honest, and equally convinced that honesty and wisdom never went together, he must have expected to get the secret out of his simplicity ; unless indeed his speculations went farther. It is thought, that suspicions of some sort were excited in his mind by the manner in which the boy received intelligence of his new associate. "You know him?" said the abbot. "He is known to every one," said the youth, blushing deeply : "I fear me I shall make a sorry companion for one of his excellence."—"He knows you, peradventure?" resumed the abbot.—"That I warrant he does not," said the boy : "he is the last—I mean, that in my own country—I will attend him, my lord, with all fitting reverence." The abbot sent him immediately to Father Edmund, and then directed his familiar to keep a strict eye upon them both.

Father Edmund, though as honest as the abbot thought him, was not quite so devoted to his profession. A residence of three years in the monastery had shocked him by discovering, that monks were neither such holy people, nor himself so inveterate a lover, as he supposed. He found his thoughts wandering towards a gentle and plaintive voice, which he heard sometimes among the nuns of a neighbouring choir. He began to recollect that his mistress's voice was harsh, and her face not much gifted with sensibility. He tried in vain to remember even a clever saying that was her own, or a tender speech which her manners to every body had not contradicted. He called to mind, that he had once envied a little dog, which she used to pinch on the ear till it barked. The trick now appeared to him cruel and unfeminine. His eyes were opened to the rash action he had been guilty of in devoting himself to a religious life ; and there was nothing in the monastery to reconcile it. He saw plainly, that some of the inha-

bitants, the superior included, were licentious men of the world ; one or two fanatical and morose ; and the remainder a knot of grown children, full of petty jealousies, and tormented with the misery of not knowing how to pass their time : for this was a monastery in which no handicraft occupation was permitted. Our poor brother was now in danger of becoming licentious or morose himself. His sincerity, aided by the gentle voice of the nun, interfered, and rendered him a shame to the convent, and the love and admiration of the villagers. A little ambition mingled with his virtue. He thought what a reverend and graceful thing the office of abbot might be made, and lent an ear that alarmed him to every account of what was passing in the world. The abbot of St. Mary Ottery was a lord of parliament. Father Edmund might become a lord of parliament, and the whole Christian world be the better for his exertions. Meanwhile he grew pale and thin, and one sort of melancholy was substituted for another. The nun's voice irritated his curiosity. He thought, if he could but see her, that the face might turn out to be a poor one ; and he had done with mere faces for ever. Alas ! thought he, and with voices too ! No gentle voice must ever talk with me ! No heart be made happy by Father Edmund ! There was a monk with a very soft effeminate voice, whom he knew to be as great a knave as any in the house. He tried to assimilate the tones of this man with those of the female chorister ; and to persuade himself, that all such voices were hypocritical.

It was at this period that William was introduced to his new friend. He was received with a cordiality, which he did not seem to return. And yet he appeared happy. It is only bashfulness, thought the other, gazing with admiration on his beautiful, glowing face, which he thought he had seen before. When he heard his voice, he started. "Have you no kindred hercabouts, my gentle boy ?" asked the friar. "Yes," answered the boy, thrown off his guard by his new acquaintance ; "yes, indeed ;—no ;—I mean to say, I surely have ; but she is retired from the world."—"In the nunnery ?"—"Yes, father, in the nunnery. She has had many misfortunes."—"Poor soul !" ejaculated the other : "and so young !"—"Not so very young," said William ; "about three and forty." Father Edmund could not help smiling at his mistake. Another cheat ! thought he ; another imposture !—"So, my little friend," he resumed, "and what misfortunes have been hard with you, that you thus come among us at so tender an age ?" The boy blushed like scarlet. He replied with great humility, that he knew of none except the vain world itself. "And how has the world proved itself vain to thee ?" asked the friar, in a tone as if he could not take the observation for serious. "It has sadly hurt those whom I love," replied the youth, dropping the last word as if he could hardly speak it. The tears came into the eyes of Father Edmund, to find so much tenderness in a boy. He resolved not to press too soon upon the history of one who was capable of such refinement.

'Two or three days' acquaintance not only increased the regard of Father Edmund, but made him think with uneasiness of the time at which they must part ; for part, he had resolved, they should. He saw, not without surprise, the great influence he possessed over all the boy's thoughts and determinations, and had made up his mind to take advantage of it for the purpose of restoring him to society. He should

lose a friend,—a dreadful thought in that friendless place ; but he must do his duty, and not let another heart be sacrificed. He observed that his new friend would often gaze at him with wistfulness, and then abruptly turn away. Surely, thought he, I cannot resemble one of whom he is enamoured. Love is impossible at his age ; and what likeness to a fair maiden can be seen in my hollow cheeks ? Is his story true ? Can there be leasing, even in a visage like that ? He tells me of misfortunes that have driven him hither, and yet withal he seems to grow happier daily. This contradiction was very visible. William, though grave enough in the presence of others, and apparently anxious to avoid their notice, exhibited at times a pleasure amounting to gaiety in the company of Father Edmund. He came to him as early as possible in the morning, and remained with him as long as he could. When the other spoke, it seemed to him to be pure happiness to listen. If he sent him for a book, he flew with a sort of transport, and came back like lightning. On one occasion, the boy contrived to let him know, that his mistress, the haughty beauty who had rejected him, was dead ; and upon the other's exhibiting little signs of emotion, he fell into an uncontrollable fit of delight, which the good brother was obliged to reprove. But these extravagant spirits did not last long. The monk pressed for his history. He shewed him the duty and necessity, especially in one so young, of being explicit and plain-dealing ; told him how every body ought to speak the truth, who wished to be loved in this world, much more in heaven and by the angels ; and entreated him, in particular, to unbo-som himself with the utmost confidence to his friend, who was anxious for his welfare, and felt himself bound to contribute to it. Little William drank in every word with alternate delight and sorrow. "Reverend father," said he, "all that you utter is next to the words of saints in my holding. Furthermore, I feel that I ought to go hence, and not run the hazard of troubling any body : for—" And without adding his reason, poor William melted into tears. He wept long and fervently, but without noise. "If I must tell my story or go," said he, taking at length his hands away from his face, and speaking with more composure, but not without many blushes, "I must even resume my pilgrimage ; for there are some in this place, in whose eyes I could never dare to be known for the shameless varlet they would deem me." William's language often struck Father Edmund as being above his years. His tone of voice would often affect the other still more strangely. A day or two afterwards, having been watching all night, the father fell asleep in the Abbey garden. On awaking, he saw the boy kneeling beside him. His eyes were raised to heaven, and he was making strange gesticulations. "What are you doing, William ?" William leaped up in dismay. "I thought," said he, "you would have slept heavily after that grievous watch ; but I was only pulling down a blessing on your head for your kindness to me."—"Poor boy !" said the father ; "your sorrows, be they what they may, will harm both mind and body, if you do not leave this place. You are paler even now, than when you came. You must reveal the cause of your trouble, and enable us to begin your life anew. I tell thee, boy," added he with vehemence, afraid that his own regret gave too gentle and unimportant a turn to his voice,—*"I tell thee, there is no reason for thy sojourn among us:—thou*

must go." And he spoke the last word in a tone of anger. "I am very young and foolish," answered William, trembling; "I pray thee be patient with me, and I will go. Heaven has said it."

A strange, but to him unaccountable suspicion came into the head of Father Edmund; otherwise he would have gone that moment to the abbot, and informed of the youth's disordered behaviour. But he was anticipated. Father Thomas had witnessed the scene just mentioned, and made haste to report it. "There is a fair maid, my lord," cried he, "in the Abbey; and he that would have the wooing of her, now is his time."—"Be not rash in thy adnominations," quoth the abbot; "what brings her hither, and on what plea doth she grace the inside of our portal?"—"On the plea of a doublet and hose," answered the monk; "for that was the false flag under which she invaded us; to wit, the guise of a pretty boy."—"How, how?" cried the abbot; "what, little William?"—"The same. She is enamoured of brother Edmund, who admonisheth her against putting on the holy habit."—"Flat treason and impiety!" quoth the superior; "but tell her to come to me. Only frighten her not, Thomas, nor look at her with an unseemly countenance. Let her not surmise that we take her for aught else than her mumming dress betokeneth."

Whatever the abbot's design might have been in wishing to make her own herself by degrees, it was frustrated by what Father Edmund had been telling her meanwhile. Catherine (for that was her name) had made up her mind instantly. She saw, that to live in the same house with the object of her love, and not betray herself by her emotion, probably at the risk of his great inconvenience, perhaps his peril, and even anger, was impossible. Whether she should disclose her secret to him before she went, was a question she could not determine at the moment; but at all events she resolved instantly, according to his advice, to go to the abbot, throw herself at his feet, and acquaint him with her whole history.

My lord abbot, in his favourite retiring-room, to which none were admitted but upon particular occasions, had seated himself, ready for his catechism, in his easy chair, with his wine and conserves at his elbow. On the table was a splendid book, which might have been taken for a missal, but was in reality a treatise on hawking and hunting. The room was hung with the richest tapestry, representing foliage; and a perfume burnt on a stand of silver. A door was now heard in the antichamber. The abbot put his hand to the flagon beside him, and poured out a cup of malmsey, with which to encourage the boy as occasion might serve. Catherine entered, led in by the familiar, who bowed and took his way. The abbot, seeing her knees tremble under her, gave her the wine directly. "I hear good accounts of thee," said he, "and would know how far thou standest resolute in thy purpose. If thy heart fail thee, scruple not to declare it. The church is full of indulgence to her children, and I am not of a nature to stint the measure of her loving-kindness."—"Most reverend father," said Catherine, and then stopped short. She was torn with conflicting emotions, and panted for breath. "Nay," resumed the abbot, "leave these reverend names, if they oppress thee, and speak unto me as a friend. I can absolve thee from lighter fancies, or faults of a worse countenance, than putting thy friends to a month's marvel at thinking where thou

hast betaken thyself; for such is thine offence, I warrant; hey, my pretty foot-page? They marvel under what bush their little rose-bud is hiding, hey?" And the reverend father pinched his novice on the cheek.

Catherine, encouraged by these tender words, threw herself at the abbot's feet, and poured out her whole soul in confession. She told him who she was; how she had first met Francis Periam, now Father Edmund, when he visited at a seat of the Bassets near Kirton; how an affecting misfortune which then happened to him, and the manner in which he bore it (for she had too much delicacy to mention his own secret) made her think of his good qualities night and day; and how her thoughts grew into a love as pure as ever maiden felt for man. She then related, how upon the death of a female cousin, whose fortune she inherited, finding herself her own mistress, and unable any longer to live at a distance from the neighbourhood which contained that noble mind, she had pretended to pay a visit to a distant part of the country; how she had dismissed her servant by the way, under a feint of procuring others; and how she had violated the rules of the monastery by entering it in that unworthy guise; a proceeding which she was prepared to abide any consequences in confessing, rather than hazard—she knew not what—only she could not live any longer in a constant violation of truth and propriety; and Father Edmund had told her she ought to declare all.

The abbot affected to listen with astonishment to the commencement of this story: he then looked gracious and full of pity; and lastly, he put on a face of great and anxious gravity, as if in doubt whether the consequences of what she had done, depended entirely on himself: otherwise, his manner seemed to say, she need be under no apprehension, alarming as the step she had taken was. He tenderly pressed his hand upon her head in the course of the narrative, and gave it her to kiss, which she did with great gratitude and supplication, wetting it with her tears. It was a very handsome hand, and sparkled with jewels: but Catherine knew nothing of all that.

"So," said the abbot, making one of those gross mistakes, into which the false experience of men of the world is so apt to lead them; "brother Edmund has found a mistress in his monastery, and after all, turned her from him." "How, my lord?" exclaimed Catherine, with dignity, though with a burning blush: "Father Edmund knows not to this instant who I am. It is true," added she, softening into tears, "he might have known; and then, peradventure, would have turned me from him." And poor Catherine stood weeping, in the bitterness of her perplexity.

The abbot said many things to re-assure his novice, always nevertheless holding over her head the terror of doubting how to proceed. If nothing were done to mark the displeasure of the church, the story of a woman's having been in the convent might get abroad, and create scandal. If its displeasure were manifested, with what tenderness soever, the lady's character might be ruined, however pardonable her conduct. All the world did not judge of these errors of the heart, as he did. He therefore desired her, for a day or two, to remain as she was, but near to his own person; and a little chamber was assigned her, opening out of the room they were in. The abbot saw that his



designs upon her must proceed with more delicacy. He would have denounced her love of Father Edmund as a thing unholy and not to be thought of; but this was not so convenient. He contented himself with insinuating, that farther acquaintance with him was impossible. It was only under his own eye, he said, and under favour of a countenance which no one dared to question or think ill of, that she could remain for a short time, till he had seen, if possible, how she could be restored quietly to her friends. It was announced, therefore, that little William, for his good behaviour, and in preparation for entering upon his noviciate, was to remain at present under the paternal care of the superior.

Catherine now felt all the difficulties of her situation; and to the difficulties were soon added the horrors of it. The abbot declared himself but too plainly. An alternative was proposed her, that must ruin either her own peace or reputation, or in the event of refusing it, that of Father Edmund. A monastery, instead of a house of angels, appeared to her to contain demons. The only relief she felt, was in thinking that she now understood the brother's chief reason for wishing her out of it; and that her company was not so uninteresting to him, as she had supposed. But this was the relief of a moment. Her agonies poured back upon her, the fiercer for the respite; and in a few days she was alarmingly ill.

The abbot was perplexed in his turn. He was not fond of trouble in any thing. A distress that hampered him seriously, enraged him; and a proceeding of Father Edmund, who had made up his mind that his little friend was a female, and thought it his duty to let the abbot understand that he knew as much, threw him into a temper which threatened the most horrible consequences. Father Edmund, upon some pretext, was put in the abbey prison: the abbot, whose vanity was piqued as well as his lordly pleasure contradicted by Catherine's behaviour, was exasperated enough, as she was getting a little better, to tell her of it; and it was this intelligence which, combining with an accession of fever, made the poor girl find her way into the church during the absence of the woman who attended her, and utter that alarming cry.

Decided measures now became necessary. The abbot, notwithstanding the artifice which the urgency of the case had prompted, could not persuade himself that the real nature of it would remain a secret. He resolved therefore to reconcile the artifice itself with an ostentation of frankness. Such of the monks as he could most depend on, were directed to give the explanation with which he favoured them, to all comers; and as his love (such as it was, and such as it would have remained in spite of all other obstacles) was now absorbed in a consideration of his interest, he removed Catherine to the house of a man who worked for the monastery, and who was devoted to his passions. It was this man's wife who attended her. She appears to have once been of the same rank with regard to the monks, which Count Fathom's mother held in the army. The house, though apart from the monastery, stood in the grounds of it; and nobody entered the one, or was supposed to enter it, who had no business in the other.

The person, of whose knowledge of the matter the abbot stood most in fear, was Lord Fitzwarren: and he had reason. What information

his lordship could collect, was despatched, as we have seen, in all hurry to the court. A commission was granted him to investigate it without reserve; and the day after its arrival, he proceeded to put it in execution, with a bluntness, and even a pleasure, which he took no pains to conceal.

An extremity of this kind was a great blow to the abbot. He had looked, in the consciousness of his own hypocrisy, for some greater show of respect; and his easy chair had not prepared him for the celerity of the movement. He now frightened Catherine with telling her, not only that he would pursue Father Edmund with every possible injury and vengeance, in case she betrayed his secret, but that he knew a circumstance respecting him which would forfeit his life. Catherine gave an incredulous smile, but her heart turned sick the next moment. The monastery had bewildered her. She knew not how far example might have corrupted even Francis Periam. She knew not, whether his virtue itself might not have prompted him to some action, excusable in the eyes of justice, but criminal in those of the law. On the other hand, he himself had made her vow to him before God, that she would never violate the truth. She had been in the abbot's apartments nearly three weeks. She had cried out in the church. The abbot's character must at least be doubted, if, as was most probable, it was not already known. How was she to justify her own character to the world, or in the eyes of Father Edmund, if she prevaricated before the commissioner, and suffered injurious conclusions to be drawn from her want of consistency? How could she frame an account, the reverse of truth; or hazard the infamy of defending such a man as the abbot, as if her quarrel with him had been merely personal, perhaps that of a mistress? Even if she were to defend him, would that secure the safety of Father Edmund, or soften the cruelty of his situation under a malignant superior, who would still be afraid of detection?—And yet, how could all this, — how could any thing upon earth, or in heaven itself, induce her to hazard a life so inestimable? Horrible perplexities environed her on all sides; and as she met the look of the abbot during this last reflection, she fainted.

On coming to herself, the abbot told her she now knew the extent of her situation, and he was glad to find she was sensible of it. The commissioner (insolent companion!) had announced his intention of confronting her with him in the course of two hours: the monks, including brother Edmund, were to be present: and if she breathed a syllable contradictory to what he had dictated, (which was to say that the abbot knew nothing of her sex till after the cry in the church, but had simply been pleased with her behaviour, and taken pity on her illness) he would that instant declare all he knew of brother Edmund, and content his own disgrace with the other's ruin. With respect to the cry, the abbot was to acknowledge, for the sake of appearances, that she had wandered out of bed, and raised it in a fit of delirium; though but one or two of the monks, who stood near the door which she came in at, were aware of it; all the rest, with the abbot himself, concluding it to have proceeded from the unhappy man, who was actually in the doorway. Catherine fainted again, and was left to the care of the old woman; the abbot hastening away to prepare for the commissioner. The commission was opened at the appointed time, in the great hall.

It was a stretch of the warrant to bring all the monks together. The abbot would have resisted it, but was afraid that instructions might be brought forward, directing their examination one by one; so he thought it better to acquiesce. Bare civilities passed on either side. The abbot seated himself with much state, and motioned the other to proceed, as if giving him his permission. "Pardon me," said Fitzwarren, "the lady must be summoned first." The abbot directed Father Thomas to fetch her; and bade him, with an air of commiseration, fetch her tenderly. "A warm day for winter!" ejaculated Fitzwarren, significantly. An answer and a smile of contempt died on the abbot's lips. The monks all took a great breath, and involuntarily shifted their postures. "How fares it with good Father Edmund?" inquired the commissioner: "I have not seen him many days, and they rumour he has been sick." Father Edmund bowed; and hoped the good Lady Fitzwarren, his venerable mother, maintained her health. "Peace!" cried the abbot, sternly: "the lord Fitzwarren must pardon me," he added in a milder tone: "Father Edmund has been insolent as well as sick; and must content himself, before his superior, with acknowledgments of the honour done him." The look of the commissioner seemed to say, "Proud priest, you are more proud than wise; your fall is approaching." Father Edmund looked pale as death, and kept his eyes on the door. "Mark, I pray you," said the abbot, "the countenance of this man, and note where he gazeth so earnestly." "What denoteth it?" asked Fitzwarren. "The light damsel, who is coming, will tell you," said the abbot. Father Edmund, if possible, looked paler; and an emotion of surprise and concern was visible in the face of the commissioner.

In a few minutes the door opened. Father Thomas and a lay-brother came in, bringing Catherine in an arm-chair. The monks who remembered her young cheeks and beautiful complexion, started to see her so altered. She was very feeble, and seemed afraid to look round her, keeping her eyes fixed on the commissioner. Fitzwarren's blunt nature was touched. He gave a glance at the abbot, as if to prepare him for a stern account, but did not well know what to think of Father Edmund. "Wretched man that I am!" thought the latter, gazing intently on the sufferer: "I now know in truth what it is to love, ay, and even to be loved; and these are my espousals." He was now certain that he had seen her face before, and in the company of his former mistress. The female attire helped his memory, in spite of the loss of flesh and colour. She now appeared of a good height, and was eminently beautiful.

The commissioner began by inquiring about the cry in the church. It was acknowledged to have been that of the lady before him. He then asked her name. "My name," she said, in a low but even tone of voice, "is Catherine Parker." "Daughter of Sir Hugh Parker, of Kirton?" asked the commissioner. "The same." "He is dead, I think?" said Fitzwarren. Catherine bowed her head. "And thy mother, poor lady, too?" Catherine bowed again, and wept. She thought how her parents would have felt, had they seen her in this condition; and she fancied the commissioner meant to blame her in applying the words "poor lady" to her mother. Lord Fitzwarren begged her to explain, how it was that she found herself in her present

state. "If it be matter of penitence, my lord, answered Catherine, "that I explain myself in the hearing of so many, I shall do it with all patience, being bound thereto by the trouble I have caused to some in this house; and yet even they, peradventure, would willingly spare me so great a trial." The abbot, who was vexed in the first instance, that all his monks had been brought in, now feared, that greater privacy might embolden her to hazard his secret. He therefore protested, with an air of innocence, that he, for his part, desired nothing so much as the very greatest publicity, and that he could not consent to a diminution of it. The surprise and vexation of Fitzwarren could not be concealed. "You hear, lady," said he, "every thing must be declared openly."

An indignant emotion crossed the cheek of Catherine. She glanced at the abbot and then ventured a look round at the monks. The sight of Father Edmund, pale and ill, made her recoil with terror. It was some moments before she could find courage to say any thing. The necessity of explaining how she came into the monastery, and something of the irrepressible pride which a loving heart feels in declaring itself, when defied by circumstances, gave her strength to proceed. She related her story, exactly as she had told it to the abbot, though not with the same animation. Her voice, every now and then, almost faded away. She concluded by declaring, that in coming to the convent in that unworthy guise, she had imposed upon every one within the walls; and could only hope, that the great sickness and remorse she had gone through, would be accepted as some extenuation of her punishment. "Upon every one?" inquired the commissioner: "Does the lady aver solemnly, that the disguise imposed upon every one?" Catherine repeated her asseveration. She then, observing that more questions were inevitable, proceeded to state, that having found her situation full of perplexity, and likely to create disquiet to others, she had been induced by Father Edmund to go and cast herself at the abbot's feet, confess whence she came, and request his pardon and dismissal of her; all which she had done accordingly; that the abbot had promised to do his utmost to get her back to her friends without noise; but that ——" Here she paused, and was greatly agitated. "I fell sorely ill," she resumed, "and do believe I was nigh unto my death; but——" "But what?" asked the commissioner; "speak truly, and fear not that the truth will harm thee. If it would, falsehood would harm thee more." "Speak truly," echoed the abbot with a loud voice, "if there be more to say. Methinks we have had enough for a May-game, as it is; but all ears may not be so soon tired of such light matters. Speak truly, lady; and fear not that the truth will harm any one of us." And he laid a special emphasis upon "one." "Father Edmund," breathed Catherine, "told me that I was ever to speak truly; but—sometimes—it is difficult." She could not proceed. "Father Edmund," she resumed, "will not deny that he told me so." "I deny it not," said a voice trembling with emotion. Catherine trembled to hear it. "What purports all this talk of Father Edmund?" cried the abbot: "Father Edmund appeareth all in all in this matter; and yet I dare conclude that hitherto he is clear enough, and that my lord commissioner so thinketh." The commissioner assented to this

"Under favour, my lord abbot," said Fitzwarren, "the commission is not closed. If there has been a conspiracy, the more it fits us to see to the bottom of it."

Catherine now, as well as she could with modesty, related the spirit of what had passed between her and the abbot. The latter denied every thing, and said he would make it appear to be false. Two witnesses he had, at all events; and the poor damsel, who was thus spirited to do him an injury, had none. The woman, a person of venerable age, was not present; but he could appeal at once to Father Thomas, who would swear, on the holy scriptures, that every syllable of what had been uttered was false.

"There needeth not the scripture," said the father, composedly.

"How so?" asked the commissioner.

"Because," replied Father Thomas, with a face of as imperturbable impudence as ever fell to the lot of friar, "every syllable of what the lady uttered is true. My lord commissioner," he added, "I crave your lordship's protection, having divers matters to disclose of import to the king's highness, and being encouraged to hope for pardon thereby, as well as to be the poor means of doing his highness some service."

"Is it so?" cried Fitzwarren: "then much travail will be spared my commission. What, I warrant my cunning secretary hath been speaking with you?"

"He hath, my lord, with many grave arguments; and I do find that his grace, whom God preserve, being head of the church as well as state, it would be a marvellous insolent disobedience in a poor friar to set the will and pleasure of the inferior master above that of the mightier."

The abbot, in a paroxysm of rage, seemed about to inflict personal chastisement on Father Thomas, when his arm was stayed by the strong hand of Fitzwarren. "There needeth not farther scandal," said his lordship. "I have friends at court," cried the abbot, "as well as the rude lords that come hither to insult the church; and I shall refer my cause to them."—"My lord," said Fitzwarren, "there is a little finger at court that hath greater might than the bodies of all your friends put together; and on that finger there goeth a signet; and that signet hath visited a paper which is in my pocket, touching certain pains and penalties to be inflicted on all such as do not bear out my process, or are bold enough to withstand it. And, my lord, I crave your patience a little longer, for I have somewhat farther to determine."

The commissioner then turned to Father Edmund, who stood aloof in the strangest and most miserable of all situations for a lover, for he neither dared to support, look at, or think of a loving mistress, who had just declared herself. "My good father," said Fitzwarren, with a tone in which hope and fear were mingled, "may I crave your age?" "I shall surprise you, my lord," answered Father Edmund, willing to give way to any other thought: "sorrow and disappointment have stood me in stead of many years. I have not yet told four-and-twenty." "Then, sir," returned the commissioner, "I have the joy of telling you, that you are no longer Father Edmund of the Abbey of St. Mary Ottery, but Francis Periam, esquire, of Kirton. His grace's council determined but two days ago, that all monks

under that age should be freed from their vows. You shall come and find your speech again in my house; and" (turning to poor overwhelmed Catherine, whose strong hold on the other's feelings he saw in his face) "if our rhetoric can prevail with this lady to go with us, my mother shall welcome her also. My lord abbot, I now leave you to ponder over your memorial, as I will go and prepare; and God send your lordship a good deliverance!"

"I desire no better one than the deliverance from your lordship's presence," said the abbot.

"The desire is natural," returned Fitzwarren. "For the first, and I hope for the last time, my lord Abbot of St. Mary Ottery and the lord Fitzwarren are of one accord."

The abbot at the head of his monks left the room with what stateliness he might. Catherine was taken to the house of her new friend, which appeared to her a paradise; and in a month from this period, while the lesser monasteries were being dissolved in all quarters, and the greater ones were trembling to their foundations, she that had come to St. Mary Ottery as a despairing boy, rode back to Kirton a beloved and honoured bride.

#### GREEK FUNERAL CHANT.\*

A WAIL was heard around the bed, the death-bed of the young!  
Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful Mother sung.  
—"Ianthus! dost thou sleep?—thou sleep'st!—but this is not the rest,  
The breathing and the rosy calm I have pillow'd on my breast!  
I lull'd thee not to *this* repose, Ianthus! my sweet son!  
As in thy laughing childhood's days by twilight I have done.  
How is it that I bear to stand and look upon thee now?  
And that I die not, seeing Death on thy pale glorious brow?"

"I look upon thee, thou that wert of all most fair and brave!  
I see thee wearing still too much of beauty for the grave!  
Though mournfully thy smile is fix'd, and heavily thine eye  
Hath shut above the falcon-glance that in it loved to lie,  
And fast is bound the springing step, that seem'd on breezes borne,  
When to thy couch I came and said—'Wake, hunter, wake! 'tis morn!'  
—Yet lovely art thou still, my flower! untouch'd by slow decay;  
And I, the wither'd stem, remain!—I would that Grief might slay!

"Oh! ever when I met thy look, I knew that *this* would be!  
I knew too well that length of days was not a gift for thee!  
I saw it in thy kindling cheek and in thy bearing high—  
—A voice came whispering to my soul, and told me thou must die!

\* "Les Chants funèbres par lesquels on déplore, en Grèce, la mort de ses proches, prennent le nom particulier de Myriologies, comme qui dirait, Discours de lamentation, plaintes.—A des plaintes spontanées et simultanées autour du Mort, succèdent bientôt des lamentations d'une autre espèce: ce sont les Myriologies. Ordinairement c'est la plus proche parente qui prononce le sien la première: après elle, les autres parentes, les amies, les simples voisines, toutes celles des femmes présentes qui peuvent payer au défunt ce tribut d'affection.—Les Myriologies sont toujours composés et chantés par les femmes. Ces sortes d'improvisations sont toujours en vers, et toujours chantées."

*Fauriel's Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne,*

That thou must die, my fearless one! when swords were flashing red—  
 —Why doth a mother live to say—My First-born and my Dead!  
 They tell me of thy youthful fame, they talk of victory won—  
 —Speak thou! and I will hear *thy* voice—Ianthis! my sweet son!"

A wail was heard around the bed, the death-bed of the young!  
 A fair-hair'd Bride the Funeral Chant amidst her weeping sung.  
 —"Ianthis! look'st thou not on me?—Can love indeed be fled?  
 —When was it woe before to gaze upon thy stately head!  
 I would that I had follow'd thee, Ianthis! my beloved!  
 And stood as woman oft hath stood, where faithful hearts are proved!  
 That I had girt a breast-plate on, and battled at thy side!  
 —It would have been a blessed thing, together had we died!

"But where was I when thou didst fall beneath the fatal sword?  
 Was I beside the sparkling fount, or at the peaceful board?  
 Or singing some sweet song of old, in the shadow of the vine?  
 Or praying to the Saints for thee, before the holy shrine?  
 —And thou wert lying low the while, the life-drops from thy heart  
 Fast gushing like a mountain-spring—and couldst thou thus depart?  
 Couldst thou depart, nor on my lips pour out thy fleeting breath?  
 —Oh! I was with thee but in joy, that should have been in death!

"Yes! I was with thee when the dance through mazy rings was led,  
 And when the lyre and voice were tuned, and when the feast was spread!  
 But not where noble blood flow'd forth, where singing javelins flew—  
 —Why did I hear love's first sweet words, and not its last adieu?  
 What now can breathe of gladness more—what scene, what hour, what  
 tone?

The blue skies fade with all their lights—they fade, since thou art gone!  
 Ev'n *that* must leave me—that still face, by all my tears unmoved!  
 —Take me from this dark world with thee, Ianthis! my beloved!"

A wail was heard around the bed, the death-bed of the young!  
 Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful Sister sung.  
 "Ianthis! brother of my soul!—oh! where are now the days,  
 That shone, amidst the deep green hills, upon our infant plays?  
 When we two sported by the streams, or track'd them to their source,  
 And like a stag's the rocks among, was thy fleet, fearless course!  
 —I see the pines there waving yet, I see the rills descend,  
 I see thy bounding step no more—my brother and my friend!

"I come with flowers—for Spring is come—Ianthis! art thou here?  
 I bring the garlands she hath brought—I cast them on thy bier!  
 Thou shouldst be crown'd with victory's crown—but oh! more meet they  
 seem,

The first faint violets of the wood, and lilies of the stream!  
 More meet for one so fondly loved, and laid so early low—  
 —Alas! how sadly sleeps thy face amidst the sunshine's glow!  
 The golden glow that through thy heart was wont such joy to send—  
 —Woe that it smiles and not for thee, my brother and my friend!"

F. H.

## LETTERS FROM THE EAST.—NO XIV.

*Jerusalem.*

IN an apartment a little on the left of the rotunda, and paved with marble, is shewn the spot where Christ appeared to Mary in the garden. Near this begins the ascent to Calvary: it consists of eighteen very lofty stone steps; you then find yourself on a floor of beautifully variegated marble, in the midst of which are three or four slender white pillars of the same material, which support the roof, and separate the Greek division of the spot from that appropriated to the Catholics: these pillars are partly shrouded by rich silk hangings. At the end stand two small and elegant altars; over that of the Catholics is a painting of the crucifixion, and over the Greek is one of the taking down the body from the cross. A number of silver lamps are constantly burning, and throw a rich and softened light over the whole of this striking scene. The street leading to Calvary has a long and gradual ascent, the elevation of the stone steps is above twenty feet, and if it is considered that the summit has been removed to make room for the sacred church, the ancient hill, though low, was sufficiently conspicuous.

The very spot where the cross was fixed is shewn; it is a hole in the rock, surrounded by a silver rim; and each pilgrim prostrates himself, and kisses it with the greatest devotion. Its identity is probably as strong as that of the cross and crown of thorns found a few feet below the surface; but where is the scene around or within the city, however sacred, that is not defaced by the sad inventions of the fathers?—Having resolved to pass the night in the church, we took possession for a few hours of a small apartment adjoining the gallery that overlooked the crowded area beneath. As it drew near midnight, we ascended again to the summit of Calvary. The pilgrims one after another had dropped off, till at last all had departed. No footstep broke on the deep silence of the scene. At intervals, from the Catholic chapel below, was heard the melody of the organ, mingled with the solemn chanting of the priests, who sung of the death and sufferings of the Redeemer. This service, pausing at times, and again rising slowly on the ear, had an effect inexpressibly fine. The hour, the stillness, the softened light and sound, above all, the belief of being where He who “so loved us” poured out his life, affected the heart and the imagination in a manner difficult to be described. Hour after hour fled away fast, and we descended to the chamber of the sepulchre. How vivid the midnight lights streamed on every part; the priest had quitted his charge, and the lately crowded scene was now lonely. This was the moment, above all others, to bend over the spot, where “the sting of death and the terrors of the grave” were taken away for ever.

Soon after daylight the pilgrims began to return, and continued their visits till the ensuing night. The fathers lamented deeply the breaking out of the Greek revolution, and the internal war between the two Pachas, which have combined to diminish the number of pilgrims to less than one-fourth part of what it formerly was, as the journey is become too dangerous. Three or four thousand are computed to arrive every year, who afford a productive revenue to the different



convents. But this is in a great measure eaten up by the heavy tax which the different orders are obliged to pay the Turks.

One day we were favoured with an audience of the Armenian patriarch. He was seated on a low divan, in an elegant apartment; and his aspect was noble and venerable. This fine old man is second only in rank to the great patriarch who resides in Persia; he said but little, and that through his interpreter; coffee and sweetmeats were handed round.

A grand procession of the three different orders took place one evening in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. It was curious to observe the spirit of vanity and rivalry displayed on this occasion. First marched the Armenians nine times slowly round the tomb clad in the most splendid dresses; the robe and tiara of the patriarch was literally loaded with jewels. They bore a number of silk flags, of various colours, with scenes from the Scripture represented on them; and they sung as they moved along, with a consciousness that they outvied their brethren in splendor; but the abominable nasal sounds they produced did not add to its effect. The Greeks succeeded, with far less magnificence, and little better singing; but the noble and intelligent expression of countenance of their dignified ecclesiastics struck us extremely; they carried bunches of sacred flowers in their hands, which the poor pilgrims grasped at most eagerly, to carry, even when withered, to their distant homes. The fine and solemn chanting of the Franciscans, who came last, completely redeemed their dirty habits, coarse ropes, and shaven crowns.

One day as Mr. G. was walking without the city, he perceived my old fellow-traveller in Egypt, Mr. W. who had come to reclaim his countrymen, the Jews, sitting forlorn at the gate of Bethlehem; but he sprang up with rapture as soon as he saw him, for his spirit was sad and desolate, he said, to find himself in his own fallen country, and surrounded by strangers. He was so fortunate, by means of an excellent letter of introduction, as to find a home in the Armenian convent, where he had a luxurious apartment, and the society of some intelligent fathers. He was an excellent linguist, but had been nearly starved by the monks of Antoura, a convent on Mount Lebanon, where he went to perfect himself in the Arabic, and who allowed him only a couple of eggs a day, with bread, to subsist on. He had an audience in a few days of the Turkish governor, who received kindly from him a Persian copy of the New Testament. It will be found, that the Turks in general possess far more tolerance of opinion and practice than we give them credit for. I have heard many of them observe that good men of all religions will be received into Paradise; and in all the cities of their dominions are to be found churches and convents of every Christian sect, enjoying perfect freedom of worship, and protection from insult in their rites and ceremonies. But the conduct of the Christians of Jerusalem to each other, and the bitter hatred they mutually manifest, are sufficient to give the Moslemén a contemptible opinion of Christianity. About five years ago a furious scuffle took place around the Holy Sepulchre; the time for the Catholic priest's stay in the tomb being expired, the Greek brother came to occupy his place, as they take this duty in turn. The Catholic refused to quit it, when a warm altercation ensued, and the Franciscan struck the other a vio-

lent blow on the head with the vase of holy incense. At sight of his blood flowing, the Greek cried out loudly; and the fathers of each church running in, the contest became general, and was only allayed by the superior. Even during the time of Easter, knives have been drawn and wounds given in the church, by the zealous of the different orders. It is said the Turkish guard at the entrance sometimes beat and abuse the pilgrims; but this can only be on occasion of their noisy and riotous entrance.

I have seen well-dressed Turks looking on at the processions in the church with perfect quietness and serenity. The Armenian patriarch one day sent Mr. W. a present of a large goat and a loaf of sugar, and we found him very much at a loss what to do with the former; but as it was evident his highness, though keeping strict Lent himself, and his flock, intended it to be eaten, we advised him to have it killed and dressed for dinner. The next day the goat made its appearance in soup, and in half a dozen stews and ragouts besides; and, but that the patriarch had sent some most excellent wine, it would have been difficult to get through the banquet. One of the fathers, a middle-aged man, and interpreter to the patriarch, was already on very intimate terms with Mr. W. and high in his estimation, but he would not share in this repast in his own convent. Father Paolo Titiungi, having tried one or two paths before, had at last become an Armenian, and was a complete specimen of a clever, worldly, and designing monk. He listened with an appearance of deep interest to the earnest discourses the stranger addressed to him, wept occasionally, saw clearly into the iniquities of his past life, till at last no one, in his own, and his new friend's opinion, could be so proper to be at the head of an Armenian establishment, to be founded in some part of Italy, and for which funds were to be raised in England. We invited him to dine with us at the convent one day with Mr. W—. A late traveller has dwelt with some admiration on the excessive strictness of the Armenian priests in Jerusalem during the time of Lent. If Father P.'s observations about his brethren are to be believed, there is a good deal of room for scepticism on the subject. It was Lent, however, and we doubted if we had any thing for our guest to eat. But Father Titiungi always refusing each offer at first, contrived to eat heartily of every dish on the table, and the wine also was not spared; and in the cool of the evening as we walked on the terraced roof, the good father could not refrain from singing a song.

We rode yesterday, accompanied by Antonio, the young Catholic guide, to Bethlehem, a distance of about six miles. The way led over a barren plain, for some distance, till we arrived at the monastery of St. Elias. Bethlehem soon came in view, on the brow of a rocky hill, whose sides and feet are partially covered with olive-trees. On the right, about a mile from the village, is shewn the tomb of Rachel; it has all the appearance of one of those tombs erected often to the memory of a Turkish santon. After dining very frugally at the Franciscan convent, it being Lent, we visited the church built by the Empress Helena: it is large, and supported by several rows of marble pillars, but has a very naked appearance. Leaving the church, and descending thirteen stone steps, you are in the place that was formerly the stable where the Redeemer was born. There is no violation of

consistency in this, as the stables in the East are now often formed in the same way, beneath the surface. Its present appearance is that of a grotto, as it is hewn out of the rock, the sides of which, however, are concealed by silk curtains; the roof is as Nature made it, and the floor paved with fine marble. A rich altar, where the lamps are ever burning, is erected over the place where Christ was born, and the very spot is marked by a large silver star. Directly opposite to this is another altar, to signify the place where the Virgin Mary and her child received the homage of the Magi; and over it is a painting descriptive of the event. The second visit we paid to Bethlehem was a few days afterwards; and the monks being either absorbed in sleep, or in their devotions, as we could get no entrance to the convent, we found our way again to the grotto alone, and remained there without any intrusion. It is of small size, and not lofty; the glory, formed of marble and jasper, around the silver star, has a Latin inscription, "In this spot Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." A narrow passage leads to the study of St. Jerome; and not far off is shewn his tomb, near to which are the tombs of St. Paula and another pious lady. Ascending again, you enter the churches of the Greek and Armenian orders, but there is nothing particular in either. About a mile down the valley towards the wilderness, is the field where the shepherds kept watch by night, when the angels announced the birth of our Lord. Two fine and venerable trees stand in the centre, and the earth around was thickly covered with flowers. It is so sweet and romantic a spot, and so well suited to be the scene of that high event, that it would be painful to admit a doubt of its identity. At Bethlehem are sold the beautiful shells of mother of pearl, brought from the shores of the Red Sea; the surface is carved with various designs of the last supper and the crucifixion, by the inhabitants of the village; and they are purchased by the pilgrims. Small crosses also, cut out of the shells, are carved in the same way. The village contains about seven hundred inhabitants, who appear to live very meanly. At some distance from Bethlehem, and in rather a desolate spot, are the cisterns or reservoirs formed by Solomon to supply Jerusalem with water. They are three in number, and rise up the hill over each other, so that the water flows down in a full stream from the highest, and descends from the lower one into the valley, and from thence, assisted by a small aqueduct, passes, by a course of seven miles, into the city, which it enters immediately by a subterraneous passage. These cisterns are sustained by strong buttresses, and are of various sizes, the lower one being above six hundred feet in length; they are evidently of the highest antiquity, and stand at present very much in need of repair. The spring that supplies them is not far off, and issues some feet below the ground.—From hence to Hebron is a distance of seven hours: it is a large town; and a Turkish mosque is built over the cave where Abraham and Isaac were interred; but it is scarcely possible to obtain admission into the mosque. We repented afterwards not having visited this town, the most ancient in the Land of Promise.

It was easy to perceive, in the condition of the monks, that the habit of residing constantly about the sacred places took away all their novelty; they go over the detail as heartlessly as if attending an exhibition. Father Giuseppe complained bitterly of his having been obliged

to sing and pray for three months together in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, for the priests must take this duty in turn; and during the time, soon after dawn, of the celebration of high mass in the tomb of the Virgin Mary, one of the priests entered into a gay conversation, asserting that every man should be indulged with a couple of wives. The effect on them at last, perhaps, of relics, chants, and holy places, is similar to that produced on the old monk, by the sacred territory of Mount Sinai, who said that for seventy years he had seen little but precipices, sand, and sky.

We returned to Jerusalem in the evening. Having sent to the governor, for permission to visit the Dead Sea, accompanied by a guard, he refused it very civilly, but decidedly. In the present disturbed state of the country, he said, when the Pacha of Acre's troops were besieging Naplous, only nine hours distant, and the roads were infested by stragglers from the armies, he could not be responsible for our safety; and we must wait for more peaceable days.

The places within the walls of the city, which tradition would render sacred, are innumerable. Beneath the gate of Bethlehem is shewn the spot where Bathsheba was bathing when the king beheld her from the roof of his palace, and the present tower of David is built on the site of the ancient edifice. A small distance within the gate of St. Stephen that fronts Olivet, is the pool of Bethesda: it is deep and dry, the sides and bottom overgrown with grass, and containing two or three trees. A wretched street leads from this to the governor's palace, a spacious and rather ruinous building, of Roman architecture; it contains some good apartments, the windows of which command an excellent view of the mosque of Omar and its large area. In the palace, the monks point out the room where Christ was confined before his trial; and at a short distance is a dark and ruinous hall, shewn as the judgement-hall of Pilate:—a little further on is the arch where the Redeemer stood, as his judge exclaimed "Behold the man." You then proceed along the street where Christ bore his cross; in which, and in the street leading up to Calvary, are the three places where, staggering under the weight, he fell. These are marked by three small pillars, laid flat on the ground. The very house of the rich man also is here, and the spot where Lazarus sat at his gate. Our faith had been on the wane long before we had accomplished the tour of all these places; for on what authority, save that of priesthood, can they possibly rest; since the ancient city was so completely levelled by Titus?—We were invited one evening to join a procession of the Franciscans, in a solemn visit to the sacred spots within the church of the Sepulchre. They were clad in white vestments, and carried each a long wax taper, one of which was given into our hands. The service was very impressive, and the chanting fine. At every place rendered holy by tradition, they knelt for some time, till they entered into the chapel where Helena was interred, and then descended into the vault where the cross was found. The interior of the Church of the Sepulchre is of great extent, as it contains, besides the sacred places, the chapels of the Franciscan, Greek, and Armenian orders. The first are losing ground before the aspiring and intriguing spirit of the two other bodies. The Greek chapel is extremely rich, but has too great a profusion of ornaments. The whole of Mount Calvary, and the lower

ground about it, is inclosed within the "sacred church," and surmounted without by a large dome of a dark colour, which, from its conspicuous situation, is visible in almost every view of the city. They performed in the Catholic chapel, one morning, a disgusting and revolting ceremony. A young man was brought forth, meanly clad, and of a slender make, and a large cross being laid on his shoulders, he walked slowly round, followed by a number of people. He put on a sad countenance, and seemed to bend and faint beneath the burden of the cross; and at every pause he made, there was wailing and sobbing among the people; they at times knelt down, a monk prayed or chanted in a mournful tone, in which they all joined; and thus the ceremony lasted for some time.

It is beautiful to turn from such scenes to others where the faith is confirmed and the imagination delighted. Such is the fountain of Siloam: it rises about half way down Mount Zion, and gushes, from beneath a little arch nearly ten feet below the surface, into a small pool, about two feet deep. This is quite open, and the rocky sides of the spot are cut smooth: on the south side a flight of steps leads down to it; the water is clear and cool, and flows down the mount into the valley beneath to a considerable distance. At this stream the women of the city generally come to wash their linen, and its banks are in some parts shaded with trees. On a pleasant spot here, a poor Turk had brought his little coffee-shed, his pipes, and bread, to refresh the passenger. Down this romantic valley, watered by the stream from Siloé, was my favourite walk; at the head of it the valleys of Hinnom and Jehosaphat meet, and it winds between rugged and desolate hills towards the wilderness of St. Saba. It was frequented by few.

One evening, I observed two poor Turks, who were returning to their homes: the hour of prayer being come, they quitted the path, and crossing the stream, knelt down side by side on its bank, in deep and silent devotion. It was infinitely striking; and if weighed in the balance with the vain processions and vile ceremonies in the ill-fated city, which would be lightest in the account?—To the north of the town, and not very far from the walls, is the magnificent cavern, called that of the prophet Jeremiah. Here, it is said, he retired to pour forth his lamentations. As far as size, gloominess, and grandeur go, it well merits its appellation: it is held in no small regard, as the key of the gate is carefully kept. No spot could have been more suitable to the utterance of the woes against the devoted city, and the mournful and impassioned feelings of the inspired prophet.

A pilgrim, however, who comes to the city, must set no bounds to his faith, as he is shewn the place where the head of Adam was found, the rock on which the martyr Stephen was stoned, and the place of the withered fig-tree; with the milk of the Virgin Mary, and some of the tears that St. Peter wept on his bitter repentance. Beneath a large spreading tree down the valley, where the soil is rather elevated, is the place where the prophet Isaiah was sawed asunder.—Among the pilgrims was a Servian and his wife, who had come a great distance from their own country to visit the Sepulchre. This poor man was so enraptured at what he saw, that he gave forty pounds, great part, no doubt, of his property, as a present to the convent.—An Armenian, a man of property, died about this time in the convent: the monks, as is

the custom, took possession of all he had with him, and turned his poor servant out, without even paying him the wages due from his master. —A curious instance was related to us of the uncertainty of regarding too highly many of the spots pointed out as sacred, by a gentleman whose travels brought him to the city about this time. He had gone to the summit of Calvary ; and his mind being deeply affected with the solemnity of the scene, he knelt down, where the hole of the true cross was pointed out to him, and though no worshipper of that, yet it served to bring vividly to remembrance all that had passed around. But in the midst of his beautiful reverie and blissful feelings, he was suddenly startled by the guide Antonio clapping him on the shoulder, with “ Signor, Signor, this is not the true hole, it is farther on.” In an instant every solemn feeling was put to flight, and the charm irreparably broken.

## GIULIO AND ZELMA.

’Twas nigh unto that sunny shore  
 Where Venice rises from the wave,  
 And ere the Adriatic roar  
 Peal’d on her freedom’s grave  
 And buried glory—ere the sky,  
 The bright blue heaven of Italy,  
 Was sullied by an Austrian slave—  
 It was upon that sparkling sea,  
 Mocking the heaven with hues of pride,  
 That oft at morning’s silvery grey,  
 A lonely skiff was seen to glide.  
 It left a narrow strait that lay  
 Deep in the bosom of a bay,  
 Clothed with eternal green, and bound  
 With mountain precipices round,  
 That barr’d up all approach by land ;  
 Yet on its yellow glossy sand  
 The mariner might leap ashore,  
 Upon a spot so wild and sweet,  
 It tempted the most wandering feet  
 To linger there and part no more.  
 From thence when in her robe of pearl  
 The Morning walks along the sky,  
 Where airs are fresh and gently curl  
 The waters blue resplendency,  
 Yielding to man those dreams of bliss  
 That mock in such a world as this—  
 The frail boat glided swiftly on,  
 Steer’d by a youth its snowy sail ;  
 The headland weather’d, it is gone,  
 Hid by Chioggia’s island pale :—  
 Haply again at night he’s seen  
 Doubling the promontory’s side,  
 And moving on the gold serene,  
 Like truth ’mid pleasure’s gilded tide ;  
 Till entering in the sunny bay  
 • The youth and boat have pass’d away.  
 A bower of bliss is hidden there—  
 A nest of beauty fresh and fair

As bird's in the first paradise,  
 That had no fear of mortal eyes, *&c.*  
 Yet loved a secret home.  
 A path bann'd to the stranger's eye  
 By labyrinths green, wound cunningly  
 Far from the ocean foam,  
 Round shady crags whence clear streams fall.  
 Near cliffs tower inaccessible,  
 And grottoes frown in hollow shade,  
 And rich flowers gem each mossy glade—  
 A spot that never bandit wild,  
 Nor beaded hermit had beguiled.  
 In that secluded bower enshrined,  
 Lye love in her own gentle mind,  
 A southern maiden dwells :  
 A maid of Cyprus, princess born,  
 Who holds a purple court in scorn,  
 And grandeur's empty spells,  
 And closer clasps to her warm heart  
 True passion's hope, love without art,  
 Than things of gaudiest hue—  
 Than aught her father's court can shew—  
 For every earthly thing above,  
 She learns to prize her dream of love.  
 She dared her fate, content to flee  
 With that bold youth to Italy ;  
 Braving the sea not unpursued,  
 To live with him in solitude.  
 They might not live among their kind—  
 Her sire had spies on land and sea  
 The lovely fugitive to find—  
 One princess who would dare be free,  
 Nor trail a load of years away,  
 Wedded to royal apathy.  
 With her two handmaids in that bower  
 Well pleased she pass'd the waning hour ;  
 And if a moment's pain she knew,  
 'Twas when slow fading on her view  
 Giulio's boat the headlands veil,  
 Or night brings not his little sail,  
 Laden from far Chioggia's isle  
 With needful nutriment and wine—  
 For much he fear'd of force or guile  
 Trusting another near the mine  
 Where safely the rich jewel lay,  
 In caution might purloin away,  
 The youth and boat have pass'd away,  
 On the deep blue waves of that lovely bay ;  
 In the foliage dark a white robe moves fast  
 And descends to the level sand,  
 And swiftly the boatman the wave sweeps past,  
 And springs from his skiff on land.  
 The maiden is there with her arms stretch'd wide,  
 In her dark eyes joy, and her bosom's pride,  
 And her raven hair on her white shoulders straying,  
 And her garment of snow with the sea-foam playing.  
 'Tis Zelma—she stands with one foot in the wave—  
 A foot bright as the sunbeam that fountains lave.

Her lover and she are alone moving there,  
 Around them is solitude every where.  
 Their greeting is joyous, as greetings all be,  
 Where nothing o'erlooks them, and action is free ;  
 And passion is hallow'd by nature, and art  
 Can intrude not to wither the bloom of the heart—  
 And her welcome to Giulio is sweet as heaven's rest  
 To spirits arrived on the shores of the blest.

L.

OLD PAGES AND OLD TIMES.—NO. II.

“Thou need'st not make new songs, but sing the old.—*Cowley*.”

Our last number contained some extracts from an ancient Monthly, illustrative of the mania for speculation, which in 1699 was checked by the interference of Parliament, and which in our own days has, it is to be hoped, been tamed down into a little rationality by the warnings and enactments of the Lord Chancellor. As it is probable, however, that his interference will have been too late to prevent many from becoming beggars, we shall proceed, in conformity to our plan of making the past reflect upon the present, to show these modern paupers in what quarter their ancestors used to assemble, and what devices they practised for levying contributions upon the charitable. Our authority is entitled “The English Lucian, or Weekly Discoveries of the Witty Intrigues, comical passages, and remarkable transactions in Town and Country: with reflections on the vices and vanities of the times. From Friday the 13th of January, to Wednesday the 18th, 1698.” A more captivating title than we have found the contents to warrant, although a diligent gleaner may here and there pick up a trifle for his wallet. It appears that Lincoln's Inn Fields were in those days the head-quarters of the beggars, who in the non-existence of the Mendicity Society, laboured in their idleness after the following fashion.

“Lincoln's Inn Fields, January 18th.—Here is a general rendezvous of common beggars, who resort to this place as constantly as merchants to the Exchange, or gallants to the playhouse: these are your standing beggars, by whom you know the time of day as infallibly as by the two club-men at St. Dunstan's Church. They have as many ways of winning people to compassion, as lovers find out to gain their mistresses' favour: some do it by importunity, others do it by whining and sniveling, others by hectoring, others by entreaty, and others by silence, which with many passes for the most powerful sort of oratory, as if the sincerity of a man consisted in saying nothing. They have more disguises than a Jesuit, and the lustiest rogue of them all (which in canting they call upright-man) will counterfeit sickness, blindness, lameness, nay, and (like Ulysses) madness itself, rather than serve his country, or take up arms upon an honest account. By such arts as these they pick-lock men's benevolence, and (as it were) rob the credulous and merciful, who by a charitable mistake supply their riot instead of their necessity; for their clubs and villanies are propagated by the farthings and halfpence of some well-disposed Christian, as the late rebellion was by the zealous contribution of bodkins and thimbles. Many have the trick of making themselves cripples (at least in appearance), on purpose that they may move men to charity; as I have known a fellow in the country set his cottage on fire with a design to get a contribution from the parish; or as a mountebank's fool pretends to scald his hands with the fat of bacon, in hopes that the ignorant crowd will prove the better customers.”



As a counterpart to certain advertising pedagogues, who have discovered the long-desiderated royal road to geometry, illuminate their scholars with instantaneous light and knowledge, and teach them to translate the *Æneid* in seven lessons, we may copy the following announcement of the English Lucian.

"This therefore is to give notice, that ever since his first arrival, he has been disciple to a germanized Briton, or an English Almain, who for three guineas down, and seven more when he makes good his undertaking, which will be at least seven months after the Greek calends, will teach any living creature endued with sermonical organs, to speak seven several languages, speeches, dialects, or locutions, which you please, as distinctly, readily, or articulately, as Friar Bacon's brazen head, or the female orators at Billingsgate. For fear you should be mistaken in my master, he is a grammarian, armed cap-a-pee, from "In speech," to the end of Prosodia; a nice logician *secundum* Keckermannum; and a meer natural philosopher; for if he has one dram of true knowledge more than Nature dubbed him with at his creation, he ought to be seized on as a felon, and shew how he came by his goods. Under such a tutor, you must at least suppose me by this time an accomplished scholar; and having, by his careful instruction, become perfectly capable of reading good English, I thought the next step was to pitch upon good authors; and, asking advice of a cast parson, he told me those most in use and request were the fittest, upon which counsel I began with the newspapers."

The following extract may afford the reader a fair insight into the matter and style of those *facetæ*, which conferred an easy celebrity upon the periodicals of former days.

"St. Margaret's Hill, Southwark, Feb. 3d, 1698.—This day the wife of a well-known *seasoner*, who took equal delight in feasting her own carcass and starving her servants, sent her prentice to the bakehouse with two puddings, one of curious almonds for her own sweet tooth, the other of coarser flour for servile grinders: the maid who envy'd her mistress's delicacy, said to the boy, 'I wish I had a taste of that pudding.' 'Faith,' quoth the boy, who was an arch wag, 'I'll contrive you a lusty luncheon;' accordingly, when stuff-gut hour was come, he went to the lumber-pudding baker's, fetched away the different belly-timber; by the way, slyly slipping into a corner, pulled the tiles from the almond structure. After which, he returned home, whimpering and sniveling like a wench before a justice,—'Indeed, mistress, I could not help it; indeed, mistress, I could not help it.' She, wearied with his irksome repetitions, hastily demanded what was the matter; to which with abundance of seeming concern, he replied, 'Forsooth, madam, as I came by the farrier's shop, he unhappily threw a bowl full of liquor he had been bathing a galled horse's back with upon your pudding; however, forsooth,' quoth he, 'I pair'd it off as clean as I could.' The enraged mistress forthwith called to the maid, strictly commanding her to give the boy no victuals till he had eat up all the pudding; by which cunning shift they frankly feasted with their mistress's dainties. Nay, to complete the banquet, that day it fortunately happened, the mistress sent the same boy for a quart of sack; coming home he took one swigg at it, and then came whining to his pinch-gut dame, as aforesaid, who asked him the occasion of his whimpering. 'Alas,' said he, 'coming along, a huge filthy spider dropt into my pot, which I unhappily burst by endeavouring to take her out with my fingers: however, I think I have pretty well cleared the wine of all her nasty reliefs.' Without any more words, she strictly enjoined the maid to see the boy drink the wine up, which accordingly was done, both making themselves very merry with it."

Returning to our former friend, the "London Spy," for November

1698, we find the following description of a tavern party, which we transcribe as containing curious portraits of some of the leading city beaux at that period, (for we doubt not that they are all pictures of real personages,) and which the reader may contrast with the pursuits and dresses of our modern civic dandies.

"After the victuals was pretty well cold in complimenting who should begin first, we all fell to, and efaith I found by their eating they were no ways affronted at their fare, for in less time than an old woman can crack a nut, we had not left enough to dine the bar-boy. The conclusion of our dinner was a stately Cheshire cheese of a groaning size, of which we devoured more in three minutes than a million of maggots could have done in three weeks. After cheese comes nothing; then all we desired was a clear stage and no favour. All our empty plates and glasses were in an instant changed into full quarts of purple nectar, and unsullied glasses; then a bumper to the King in general, another to the Church established in particular, a third left to the whimsie of the taster, till at last their slippery engines of verbosity coined nonsense with such a facil fluency, that a parcel of alley gossips at a christening, after the sack has gone twice round, could not with their tattling tormentors be a greater plague, than their lame jests and impertinent conundrums were to a man of my temper."—"After we had got clear of their noisy flatteries, did you take notice, says my friend, of the gentleman in a bleu coat, red stockings, silver-hilted sword, and edged hat, who sat at the upper end of the table? He was a sword-hilt maker by his trade, but proved so very ingenious at his tools that he has acquired the art of cutting medals or stamps, and is mighty great with most of the bankers and topping goldsmiths about town. He keeps his brace of geldings, and a great many brace of worse cattle, living at the rate of a thousand pounds a year, and his bills will pass as current in Lombard-street, as the best merchant's in the city."

"There was a handsome lusty young fellow who sat next him, with a wheel-barrow full of periwig on, and a whole piece of muslin about his neck, and stunk as strong of orange-flower-water as a Spaniard does of garlick. He was t'other day but a wine-cooper's prentice; and a brisk young dame in the city, who was forced by her father to marry an old merchant for the sake of his riches, maintains him in that equipage you see.

"If you observed, there was a little demure spark in a diminutive cravat and fox-coloured wig, with a hat as broad as an umbrella, whose level brim discovered it was carefully preserved in that order by a hat-case and smoothing-iron. He seems greatly to affect antiquity, and would have his coat made in the ancient mode with little buttons, round cuffs, narrow skirts, and pockets within two inches of the buttons; and for all 'tis so scanty, he makes it serve him for a cloak, with which he covers abundance of shame, and a great deal of knavery.

"Another you must needs take particular notice of that plucked out a pair of pocket-pistols and laid them in the window, who had a great scar across his forehead, a twisted wig, and a laced hat on; the company called him Captain, and indeed I do believe he fears no man in the world but the hangman, and dreads no death but choaking. He loves his friend as dearly as the ivy does the oak, and will never leave him till he has hugged him to his ruin. He has drawn in twenty of his associates to be hanged, but has always wit and money enough to save his own neck from the halter. He has good friends at Newgate, who give him now and then a squeeze when he is full of juice. He's well acquainted with the hostlers about Bishopsgate-street and Newgate, and gains from them intelligence of what booties go out that are worth attempting. He pretends to be a disbanded officer, and reflects very feelingly upon the hard usage we poor gentlemen meet with, who have hazarded our lives and fortunes for the honour of our prince, the defence of our country, and safety of religion; and after all to be broke without our pay,

or turned out without any consideration for the dangers and difficulties we have run through, at this rate. Wounds! who the devil would be a soldier?"

The old Bobadils and Pistols, and swaggering Thrasos, who formed a stock character in so many of our old comedies, have naturally become obsolete with the disappearance of the originals; our soldiers have achieved so much that they have no longer any occasion to become their own trumpeters; the bully and the gasconader have ceased to be found in a military jacket; but our sailors being more primitive and elemental in their character, and debarred by their mode of life from participating in the general progress of refinement, seem to undergo very little change in dress or manners with the lapse of years, and continue to be reckless, cordial, boisterous and sensual, while the community of which they form such an anomalous portion, has become calculating, cold, worldly, and hypocritical. There is every tint of contemporaneous freshness about the following portrait drawn by the London Spy of December 1699, in describing a ramble through Wapping.

"Sometimes we met in the streets a boates-crow just come on shore in search of those land debaucheries which the sea denies them; looking like such wild, strange, gamesome, uncouth animals, that a litter of squab rhinocrosses, dressed up in humane apparel, could not have made a more ungainly appearance. So mercurial in their actions and rude in their behaviour, that a woman could not pass 'em but they fell to sucking her lips like so many horse-leeches: every post they came near was in danger of having its head broke, for every one as he passed by would give the senseless block a bang with his oaken cudgel, as if they wished every post they met with to be either the purser or the boatswain. The very dogs in the street, I observed, shunned them with as much fear and aversion as a loitering vagrant would a gang of press-masters, being so cautioned against their ill-usage by the stripes they have formerly received, that as soon as ever he sees a seaman, away runs the poor cur, with his tail between his legs, to avoid the danger. I could not forbear reflecting on the prudence of such parents who send their unlucky children to sea to tame and reform 'em, which I am well satisfied is like sending a knave into Scotland to learn honesty, a fool into Ireland to learn wit, or a clown into Holland to learn breeding, by any of which measures they that send 'em may be sure that the first will return more wild, the second more knavish, the third more foolish, and the fourth a greater clown."

"We now straggled into a public-house to refresh ourselves with a sneaker of punch, where presently bolted in two seamen with a little crooked fiddler before them, short pipes in their mouths, oaken truncheons in their hands, thrum caps upon their heads, and canvass trowsers, whose unpolished behaviour, apish gestures, and maritime nonsense added no small pleasure to the night. The Tarpaulins began to talk to each other of the remarkable accidents which had happened in their voyages. One swore they had once found it so excessive <sup>not</sup> going to Guinea that they used no fire to boil the kettle, but drest all their beef upon deck in the sunshine, and could bake, boil, fry or stew, as well as in an ameral's cook-room. Says his companion that's very strange, but I have known stranger things to be true. I once was sitting upon my chest between decks, mending an old canvass jacket, when we were within a few minutes of being under the tropic of Cancer, and on a sudden it began to lower, and the larboard watch handed in our sails for fear of a tornado or a squall. At last a beam of lightning darted through an open port, melted one of the guns, and went through a pair of buckskin breeches I had on, and burnt the lappets of a blue shirt to tinder, and hissed as it came out like a rattlesnake, but did my body no manner of damage."

"Presently in steps another of the tarpaulin fraternity with his hat under his arm half full of money, which he hugged as close as a schoolboy does a bird's-nest. 'Ounds, mother, says our marine Cræsus to the landlady, where are you? She hearing his tongue, thought by his lively expressing himself he had brought good news, and came running with all speed to meet him, crying 'Here I am, son Bartholomew, you're welcome ashore: I hope your captain and ship's crew are all well. By fire and gunpowder! I don't care if they be all sick; why, we are paid off in the Downs, and I am just come up in a hoy. Come, mother, let me have a bucket full of punch, that we may swim and toss in an ocean of good liquor, like a couple of little pinks in the Bay of Biscay.'—'I could not but reflect on the unhappy lives of these salt-water kind of vagabonds, who are never at home but when they're at sea, and always are wandering when they're at home. They're never at ease till they've received their pay, and then never satisfied till they've spent it; and when their pockets are empty, they're just as much respected by their landladies (who cheat them of one half if they spend the other), as a father is by his son-in-law, who has beggared himself to give him a good portion with his daughter.'"

## A FABLE.

A SERAPH, who once had his plumes unfurl'd  
From his Eden, among the stars to stray,  
As, returning, he flew by this unknown world,  
Had to learn where he was, ere he found his way.

He saw a young Bridegroom,—his wings he stay'd,  
Hung his dazzling wreath on a cloud of even,  
Then, lighting, he ask'd to what world he had stray'd—  
The happy young mortal exclaim'd 'twas a "Heaven."

"Nay, nay," the radiant stranger cried,  
"If this be a Heaven, Oh it is not *ours*!"—  
So, regaining his wreath, he flew on, and sigh'd  
For his own glad land of immortal flowers.

Next he found, in a clime all sunny with fame,  
A Bard, who could darken the heart too well;  
The bright visitant ask'd him his world to name—  
In a moment of gloom he replied, "a Hell."

"Oh no," thought the Seraph, "though newly come down,  
Well I know that neither of these is here."—  
So again he resumed his shining crown,  
Too bright for the eyes of a twilight sphere.

Last he lit before one, whose eyes, though dim,  
Were fix'd on the tale of Redemption's birth;—  
Asking what the planet was called of him,  
The old man told him its name was "Earth."

"Happy they," said the Seraph, "who dream it no *heaven*!  
Happy they," said the Seraph, "who make it no *hell*!  
For 'tis written above, that to them 'twill be given,  
Who shall use it as *earth*, with their God to dwell."

## THE YOUNGER BROTHER.

*To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,—I was not a little struck at a conversation, at which I was present the other evening, and which was chiefly carried on between a foreign professor and my elder brother, who is the head of a noble family, and in the enjoyment of a large fortune to support his title withal. When a person has been accustomed to one condition all his life, it is astonishing how little it affects his imagination. Although, therefore, the ungracious thought has sometimes, I confess, crossed my mind of the extent to which I should profit by my brother's "slipping his wind," yet it never occurred to me to conceive the possible existence of any other disposition of property, than that which gave him all, and left myself and the rest of the youngers nothing. My curiosity accordingly was intensely roused, when the professor, after many remarks on certain anomalies in our institutions, and the want of harmony between our general spirit of liberty and our particular notions on the means and end of government, fell upon the subject of primogeniture. The opinions of the professor, a man of great learning and celebrity, were of that cast which the members of our family are in the habit of censuring, as smacking of the Carbonaro; and with the timidity common to all natives of the despotic states of the Continent, mingled perhaps with the natural politeness of a travelled gentleman, he was at first rather unwilling to speak out in the presence of strangers and men whose notions, he felt, were not his own; but being pressed on the point by my brother, and encouraged by a sort of wondering attention in his auditors, he at length entered very much at large, into the bad consequences which, as he imagined, proceed from the establishment of the right of eldership in the distribution of property. His arguments were not, indeed, greatly relished by the party he addressed, being considered any thing but *bon-ton* by a reviewing lord and an official M. P., who are wont to set the fashion in matters of opinion, and who were present at the discussion; but somehow or other, notwithstanding this irrefragable proof of their insufficiency, whether they went to the head or the heart, the intellect or the pocket, they did seem to me to have more in them than the company gave credit for. My brother, however, who is accustomed to be listened to, and who speaks with an air of great self-conviction, maintained an excellent defence; being "on his legs" three quarters of an hour, and talking as fluently as if he had crammed for the debate, or as if he had gutted an article of the *Edinburgh Review*. No wonder then he had the thing hollow, and that the poor professor was voted a twaddle and a bore. Indeed, I question if he will again be asked to dine at — house, in a hurry. For my own part, although I do not pretend to understand all he said, and indeed, did not at first pay much attention to what he was talking about, yet being by degrees interested in the dispute, I was both surprised and amused to perceive how little either of the parties knew of the real facts of the case. I soon found that neither of them felt where the shoe pinched, as I did; and though, in general, I do not affect to be a judge of any thing but horses and wine, I was soon satisfied that I could have given them some hints that would have vastly enlightened their intellects. But as my public speaking never extends beyond a

monosyllable, I wanted confidence to join in the debate; and not being willing that my experience should be lost to the world, and authorship, moreover, being at present rather voted a good concern, I have determined, Mr. Editor, to open my mind to you on the subject.

Very few people, Sir, but the parties themselves, can conceive what a cursed thing it is to be a younger brother, or can imagine a tithe of the annoyances which we poor devils undergo, who are launched into the world of fashionable extravagance, with no other means of carrying on the war than a commission in the army, or an odd five thousand pounds. We are neither provided for by our relations, nor qualified for shifting by ourselves. However blunted and cramped by circumstances, I am conscious of powers that, in another rank of life, would have enabled me to make a fortune with credit;—but for the Hon. Major ——— to work for his bread! what a solecism in the nature of things! Sir, the miseries of a younger brother begin from the starting-post; and the line of distinction between the cadet and his titled superior, (no *serpentine* line like that of the ministry, but a straight-forward, bold, broad dash,) is as strongly drawn by the nurse, as the herald. Servants are infernally quick at seizing the difference between uncommunicable blood, and wealth which is to be won by flattery and sycophancy; and the rascals can be as insolent to a seedy lord John, as to a tradesman. At school, things generally go somewhat better; the natural unsophisticated spirit of boyhood, tending powerfully towards equality. But, even there, tutors know who is who, and distinguish with an instinctive sagacity the embryo dispenser of deaneries and livings, from the uninfluential dependant upon the family patronage. Of this, however, I do not so much complain. It would indeed be better for us, if matters were pushed much further; for our destiny in life is so different from that of our more fortunate elders, that the less we are assimilated and associated, the better. Why should we be permitted to partake of the privileged idleness of the life tenants of the family estates; or why, by participating in their lavish expenditure of pocket-money, should we be encouraged in habits of indulgence so unsuited to our future havings? I and my brother were always on the best possible terms, and at college all our amusements were in common. We hunted, shot, drank, &c. &c. together; and at the end of three years my debts were nearly as heavy as his. By this time likewise I had acquired the same inaptitude for application, the same distaste for labour, and the same devotion to a trifling and lounging life. Thenceforward our position became widely different. My brother could borrow as much and as often as he chose, while I had no estate to anticipate. With the same taste for extravagance as he, I found old Post Obit as deaf to my prayers as a lawyer to a *forma pauperis* client. My father, it is true, pushed me up the stick in my regiment, and more than once paid my debts; but he was himself a man of expense, and had daughters to portion. A thousand times in my better hours I have lamented that chance had not placed me in a merchant's counting-house: a thousand times, in the depression of *ennui* and apathy, I have cursed my stars for not having made me the child of my uncle the bishop. All my four cousins have snug births in the church, and two of them are already dignitaries; while my honourable self have not a shilling to ring on a mile-stone, and but for

the privilege of parliament, for which I am indebted to my brother, I should be unable to walk the streets. Even here the chances are against me. Ours is an old Whig family, and my lord is too proud to rat; so that I am cut out of all the good things going,—the governorships and embassies: and God knows if I shall ever get even a regiment, if the present men keep in office. The contrast between the situation and the circumstances of our class comes home to us in a world of particulars:—from the tyranny of the ministerial whipper-in, to the insolence of the duke's porter, who refuses to our "*agony*" an entrance to his master's doorway; from the haughtiness of the princesses of Almack's to the contempt of the unpaid waiting-maid, the cut-mutton Lord Charles's and the Hampton-court Lady Mary's, are the butt of all sorts of indignities. Even in my mother's lifetime, my poor sisters were regarded by her *femme de chambre* as a natural enemy; but now, when they are in my brother's house, but not of it, when they are considered as much a burthen on the family establishment as on the family estate, they are viewed in no other light by the servants, than as interceptors of lace and little odd trinkets, and as troublesome guests who give no vails.

Young men of our rank generally come from the University, where they have figured in gold or silk, with a pretty strong conceit of their own importance; and the finery of a guardsman's uniform is little calculated to abate the failing. I had likewise the additional advantage of a good person and a confident address. Judge then of my astonishment, on my entrance upon London life, at finding that I was an object of the decided neglect and abhorrence of all prudent mothers;—at discovering that their equally prudent daughters had as instinctive a conviction that I was "not at all the sort of thing that would do." My brother, who by the by is as lively as my Lord Chancellor's woolsack, was one in all the snug dinners and family parties of speculating mammas; while I was thrown upon the mess-room and the club-house: and if by chance I could now and then prevail on a disinterested Lady Cecilia or Lady Jane to trust herself with me in a waltz, neither fun nor fire could thaw the ice of her looks and demeanour. Not, however, that *that* was of much consequence. All the Lady Janes in the world might go to the devil for any interest they had with me; but then Clara! poor Clara! she *had* a heart; and I also was only too well convinced that, had I been born to my brother's estate, we might have been happy! Even now, when I see her dragging through the world the intolerable load of her dotard lord, her fine form faded, and her lovely eyes involuntarily confessing her bankrupt hopes, it requires all my knowledge of the world to preserve the calmness of my exterior, and all my affection, not to urge her upon guilt and shame. But I do not mean to be pathetic; younger brothers have no right to the luxury of love, and I was a fool, with Malthus staring me in the face, to think of it. A summer in Spain, and a ball through the thorax at Badajos, have almost driven the lovely Clara from her position in my heart; and I do not wisely thus to recall her image. What then is left for me! I am no longer young, yet I have neither purse nor habits for growing decently old. I pass my winters in London in an endless round of gaieties, which are no longer gay,

without occupation, without pursuit. I am too gouty to drink, too poor to gamble, and too shattered to intrigue. I pass my nights in sleeping over debates I do not understand, and in voting on interests I do not comprehend, according to the implicit instructions of my fraternal nominator. I listen to operas that have ceased to charm, and attend assemblies as uninteresting as a methodist conference. My summers are no less wasted in the country seats of anybody who will be charitable enough to give me a shelter from my creditors, and from that worst of all duns, myself. There I visit horse-races, to bet on other men's horses; I hunt with other men's hounds, shoot on other men's preserves, talk with other men's ideas, and save money to pay my tailor, and my club-house subscription for the next winter's campaign. With just sense and spirit enough to detest the thing I am, I want both activity and motive for becoming any thing else. A burthen to my country, my family and myself, my life slips away in weak repinings and unavailing regrets. In the mean time I daily witness the rising eminence of those individuals, my contemporaries in school and in college, who were then the objects of our childish contempt; and I see the virtues by which, from the circumstance of my birth, I have been excluded, obtaining rewards, to which titled poverty may look up in vain. Yet, unhappy as I am in my individual person, I am by no means the worst of my class. With many of its vices and follies, I have still avoided its graver crimes. I have not beggared a minor at play; I have not married a wealthy dowager to break her heart; I have not trafficked in the liberties of my country. I am not an ordained pluralist, nor a lay dealer in sinecures; a fungus in the state (to adopt the professor's words), an excrescence on society, nurtured at the expense of honest industry, under the false plea of decorating "the Corinthian capital." I am no hired stumbling-block in the way of reform; no standing advocate for every abuse. All this, my brother would call radicalism, and my uncle denounce as irreligion; and for aught I know, they may be right in their denunciations! But this I can tell them, that, if such things must be maintained for the benefit of social order, none suffer more severely from their establishment, than those who are supposed to profit by it the most directly. As I hope to be saved, if I had the world to begin over again, and could choose between being a younger brother or a brewer's horse, I should not have a moment's hesitation in preferring the service of the fermentator, to dragging in the harness of dependence. I am, Mr. Editor,

Your very obedient Servant,

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M.

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EPIGRAM.

JACK keeps his bed, and swears he's very ill,  
 Yet eats and drinks, and sleeps from eve to dawn.  
 He takes from doctors neither draught nor pill.  
 What ails poor Jack?—his breeches are in pawn.

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## ILLUSTRIOUS EXAMPLE OF GRATITUDE.

A YOUNG man was passing with his regiment through Lyons, in 17—, where he fell sick, and was obliged to remain at an hotel. He was very ill supplied with money, and his purse was speedily exhausted by the expense his malady occasioned him: his hostess, untouched by his destitute situation, had him carried into a granary, where all the furniture she allowed him was a palliasse and a chair, and all the sustenance, a little barley-water; refusing to call in the aid of a physician, to avoid the responsibility in which she apprehended such an additional charge might involve her. It happened that the first floor of this furnished hotel was occupied by two Genevese ladies, Madame and Mademoiselle Agiée, who had visited Lyons for the benefit of change of air: they were both advanced in years, Mademoiselle Agiée being near fifty. These two ladies were clever and well informed; but, according to the Genevese habit, they did injustice to their real merit by a pretension to something beyond it, and a pedantry completely national. The fate of the young soldier interested all the domestics of the hotel, and the particulars of his friendless condition reached the ear of Mademoiselle Agiée through her maid, who acquainted her at the same time with the cruelty of the landlady, who threatened to send him to the hospital. The maid succeeded in awakening the sympathy of her mistress, who immediately sent for a physician, informing the hostess that she would answer all expenses, and that it was her pleasure the sick man should be removed without delay to a comfortable chamber. The humane Abigail, meanwhile, never quitted the chamber of the invalid whom she had taken so happily under her protection. Weakened by his illness, which had been so aggravated by neglect, the young soldier was in a frightful state of delirium when the physician visited him, and during the process of changing his apartment, so that, when he recovered his senses, he was greatly astonished to find himself in a well-furnished chamber, and believed himself dreaming. Near his bed was his faithful nurse, whom he began to question, but who contented herself with replying that a friend, who took an interest in him, had given orders that he should be properly attended. Days, and even weeks escaped thus, till at length the young soldier, recovering his strength, insisted on being informed to whom he was indebted for so many benefits. There was in the expression of his countenance something that commanded respect, which perhaps even excited fear; the good woman named her mistress, and, with all possible delicacy, related to him the miserable circumstances in which she had found him. He entreated to see Mademoiselle Agiée, that he might lighten his heart of some of its gratitude; he was not yet able to rise, nor was he permitted to read; but he was, nevertheless, sufficiently re-instated to feel the weight and weariness of an idle life. Mademoiselle Agiée consented to the demand of the young soldier, and paid him her first visit; she remained with him only a few moments, but promised to return and bring him books, desiring him to make his choice, and offering to read for him till he should be no longer forbidden to occupy himself. He accepted her proposal with joy, and selected the “*Life of Turenne*,” and a book on geometry. Every day Mademoiselle Agiée passed some hours with the convalescent soldier, who listened eagerly

as she read, often interrupting her to make observations, which were always just, and sometimes very striking. He did not seem easily inclined to confidence, and it was not till some time had thus elapsed, that one day, as if led on by a military ardour beyond his power to restrain, he began to speak of his projects to Mademoiselle Agiée; she smiled as she listened to him, "In truth," said she, "I believe we shall one of these days see you a colonel." "Colonel!" replied he in a tone of indignation, "I shall be a general—and perhaps——" but he interrupted himself, as if alarmed at what he was about to say, and perhaps even internally rebuking himself for what he had said. "Until now," said Mademoiselle Agiée, "I have never asked you a single question, either with regard to your country or family. By your accent, I conceive you to be a foreigner, although you belong to a French regiment." "I am a Corsican, and my name is Napoleon." The young man was Bonaparte.

Mademoiselle Agiée every day became more and more interested in Napoleon; and when he was entirely recovered, she equipped him, and supplied him with the money necessary to enable him to rejoin his regiment. On taking leave of his benefactress, the young man was much affected. "Believe me," said he, "I shall never forget what you have done for me! You will hear of me." He departed, and Mademoiselle Agiée with her mother returned to Geneva. Very soon the name of Napoleon became celebrated; and Mademoiselle Agiée, in reading the gazettes, exulted in the successes of her protégé, who meanwhile, seemed to have entirely forgotten her. Years passed thus away, when sometime before the battle of Marengo, Bonaparte passed through Nyon, a little town of the Canton de Vaud, twelve miles from Geneva, on his way into Italy;—he could only stop a few hours;—he sent an aide-de-camp to Geneva, with orders to enquire for a lady; named Agiée, very ugly, and old, and to bring her to him; such were his directions. In Geneva, as in all small towns, every body is known, and the aide-de-camp succeeded in finding Mademoiselle Agiée; she was become nearly blind, and very seldom quitted her own house, but the name of her hero seemed to inspire her with new strength, and she hesitated not to follow his messenger. Bonaparte was impatient, and came to meet his friend on horseback, attended by his staff, as far as Versois; as soon as he perceived her carriage, he spurred on to receive her, and the feelings of Mademoiselle Agiée on this rencontre may better be imagined than expressed. "Gentlemen," said Bonaparte, turning towards his suite, "you see my benefactress, she to whom I am indebted for life; I was destitute of every thing when she succoured me. I am happy and proud to be obliged to her, and I shall never forget it." Mademoiselle Agiée passed two hours at Nyon with Bonaparte, at the hotel of the Croix Blanche, where he detailed to her all his plans, and, on taking leave of her, repeated the same words he had uttered at Lyons, "You will hear of me." From that hour to the epoch of his coronation, she received from him no token of his existence; but fifteen days before the coronation, General Hullin was announced to Mademoiselle Agiée. He desired her to prepare to accompany him, as Bonaparte was resolved that she should witness his glory; he was furnished with the strictest and most minute orders. Mademoiselle Agiée was permitted to carry nothing with her, beyond what was merely indispensable during the journey; and in spite of her age

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and her infirmities, the day after the general's arrival, she set out. On arriving at Paris, she alighted at a house in the Place du Caroussel, opposite the palace of the Tuileries; there she found domestics in the livery of Bonaparte, and, in short, a completely furnished mansion; a well-stocked wardrobe had been prepared for her, Bonaparte had recollected even her favourite colours, and had omitted nothing he imagined would give her pleasure; she had a long audience of Napoleon; he assigned her, besides a house, carriage, and domestics, maintained at his expense, an annual income of six thousand francs. He continued to preserve towards Mademoiselle Agiée the most marked regard, often consulting her even on the most important affairs. On the fall of Bonaparte, Mademoiselle Agiée lost the house and the advantages he had conferred upon her; but I have reason to believe, that her pension was always regularly paid by the agents of Napoleon, till her death, which happened, I believe, in 1822. It is from herself that I received the details I have given;—it is easy to imagine with what animation she descanted upon her hero; even without partaking her enthusiasm, it was impossible not to listen to her with interest; besides, noble and generous sentiments belong to our intellectual existence, no matter what country we belong to, or what are our opinions, the emotions of the heart wait not to consult our prejudices. Mademoiselle Agiée died in the Hotel de la Rochefoucauld, Faubourg du Roule, at Paris, of which she inhabited a small wing, after having quitted her house in the Place du Caroussel. A. D. T.

WRITTEN AFTER READING "ANTOMMARCHI'S LAST  
MOMENTS OF NAPOLEON \*."

'Tis *not* the end—he will live again  
In the days and years to come;  
His name shall stir the hearts of men  
As 'twere a battle-drum.  
And kings, whose sires he had uncrown'd,  
Shall shrink and tremble at the sound.

'Tis not the end—although his life  
So darkly pass'd away,  
Not as it should pass, in the strife  
Of some great battle-day;  
Yet men shall turn from might and power  
To think upon that lonely hour.

'Tis not the end—for many an age  
The high-soul'd and the brave  
Shall dare the ocean pilgrimage  
To seek his silent grave;  
There to forget his faults and pride,  
While fancy shadows *how he died*.

H. M. P.

\* "Napoleon was about to breathe his last! a slight froth covered his lips—he was no more!—such is the end of all human glory!" (Vol. II. p. 157.)

## NOUVEL ALMANACH DES GOURMANDS.—NO. II.

“ Tout s’arrange en dinant dans le siècle où nous sommes,  
Et c’est par les diners qu’on gouverne les hommes.”

*Les Comédiens.*

IN our first notice of this most scientific and stimulating book, we merely whetted the appetites of our readers by certain extracts which, like oysters before dinner, were served up as provocatives before the appearance of the regular banquet. Our author is classical in his cookery, a staunch advocate for the unities, a stickler for culinary order in all his proceedings; and we are, therefore, immediately ushered into what he terms his *Alimentary Calendar*; under which head he is thus pleased to recommend an apotheosis of that animal which Moses most religiously denounced—so various are the palates and judgments of mankind upon the same squeaking and four-footed subject.

“ The Pig is the true hero of February. In the time of the Carnival he disguises himself in a hundred different manners; but under all these amiable travesties his merit invariably betrays him. In vain does he wear by turns the sable cloak of the black-pudding, the white robe of the chitterling, the close coat of the polony, the speckled frock of the sausage; he neither escapes the tooth nor the memory of the epicure; and, if ever the calendar be reformed, we vote that this month be baptized with the name of the amiable companion of Saint Anthony.”

The month of March, in which the good folks of Paris ought to be restricted to “lenten entertainment” and ichthivorous meals, draws from our author the following pious and apposite remarks:—

“ Let us never cease repeating with Doctor Pangloss, that every thing is for the best in this best of all possible worlds. When March expiates, by its days of abstinence, the libertinism of its elder brother, let us remark, like that worthy Capuchin who blessed Providence for the care which it generally takes to send a navigable river through the middle of every great town,—let us remark that March is, of all the months in the year, the most abundant in fish.”

In April we are informed that

“ Ham and lamb achieve a simultaneous triumph. The latter, a somewhat tasteless visitant, has usurped rather than won a most distinguished place among our roast meats: the true epicure only eats it out of friendship; the whiteness of its complexion, its sweetness, and its timid tenderness, scarcely sufficing to obtain pardon for its insipidity. But Ham boldly presents himself with an assurance of victory. At Easter he is in all his glory; and his merit is so thoroughly appreciated, that he takes the post of honour at breakfast as well as at dinner. His flesh is nutritious, delicate, substantial, and of easy digestion, especially if, to prevent his being homesick, we give him, for a companion at table, a wine from his own country. Roussillon is the Pylades of the Bayonne ham, as much as Rhenish wine is the indispensable accompaniment of the ham from Mayence. It is more especially of the days in this month that we may say, the last are the best; for then do we renew acquaintance with the dearest and most succulent of our friends: we already see, in perspective, green peas and gooseberries; and Heaven, to afford the epicure a glimpse of consolation, already pushes up the young asparagus from the earth. The lover of good cheer, who has suffered a long privation, anticipates with ardour the charms of this earliest vegetable, whose personal merit, as well as graceful and elegant form, are well calculated to reward his patience.”

May is ushered into notice by the following animated exordium :—

"It comes! it comes! rich as well as poor listen to the glad tidings! Amiable, brilliant, accessible it is esteemed, beloved by all the world; and the simple housekeeper, as well as the professed cook, boasts its good qualities. Peas are never so sweet, so tender as in the month of May. Interesting vegetable! it occupies our attention, and merits all our esteem, by its complaisance in lending itself to all our caprices. For our pleasure this pearl of esculents marries itself to flesh and fowl, undergoes every kind of preparation, and plays every part with equal success. But it is with the young pigeon that the pea contracts the most amiable union; and the former is so aware of this fact, that it exactly awaits the appearance of the pea to attain its excellence,—an innocent coquetry which we easily pardon in the heir presumptive to the bird of Venus."

"For the romantic and the amorous, the month of June is, in France, the finest of the year; but, alas! it is negative for the epicure. Nature, it is true, displays her odoriferous treasures; but the poultry-yard, but the plains, but the preserves!!! The founder of a feast must almost restrict his guests to vegetable diet, the only product that is then savory and abundant. A single friend appears in this moment of affliction to dry up the tears of the epicure;—it is the turkey-pout. Amiable adolescent! He advances with candour to make an offer of his innocent head; he is young and stately; and at that happy age, when his flesh, without possessing the flatness of the fowl, has not yet acquired that mature savour which will hereafter fill us with delight. Epicurism must, indeed, be half famished before it can resolve thus to depopulate a poultry-yard, the depository of so many sweet hopes. But who calculates with the appetite? A new Ugolino, the epicure places this dear child upon the spit, and greases his chin with its remains."

"Summer is a punishment to the *bon vivant*. July supplies us vegetables and fruits, which are good things, but only as farces and melodramas after a substantial tragedy in which blood has been shed. As to the following month I am astonished that Augustus, who has the reputation of having been a glutton and a man of good sense, should have consented to stand godfather to such a villainous æra. What is there in common between the season of young rabbits, leverets, young partridges, and sucking pigs, and the protector of Virgil and Horace? In August every honourable kitchen-range is dismantled; a general *sauve qui peut* is heard, and every one flies to the country. Then commences a true massacre of the innocents. A whole generation, the hopes of our fields, of our woods, and ultimately of our tables, are sacrificed at once. Barbarians! stop your hands. That young rabbit, so insipid at present, in a month will be a rabbit; that leveret which you eat without pleasure, will shortly consolidate for your palate his generous flesh. They hear me not, or reply like Louis XV. 'It will last my time.' But your descendants, can they exist without game? To what enormities do we not push our barbarity! Even that graceful and timid animal, the sucking pig, is not spared. Inhuman! what reply will you make to its interesting mother when she accuses you by her cries? Blind as you are, does not even your interest appeal to you in favour of innocence? That sucking pig, which is served at your table sparkling in its golden crackling, would have yielded you two hams, a face, ears, feet, a salted hand, black-pudding, polonies, sausages, a tongue. Have you never pondered the fables of La Fontaine? Read once more, the Goose with the Golden Eggs."

"In October we may throw open both doors of the dining-room. Crammed fowls become as fat as monks: the Abeldard of the poultry-yard presents his plump crupper to the fire; the hare and the turkey have attained virility. The cook sharpens his knives, and feels all his ardour revive. Butcher's meat also begins to be humanized. Beef acquires a respectable rotundity; mutton and veal no longer shrink from a conscientious examination. The fish-market slowly recovers from its horrors of the heat, and the

timid whitening makes its *début* upon our tables. Normandy gathers in its vintage by threshing the trees, and the apple, that unlimited Proteus, begins to embellish our desserts."

In his dedication to the intestines, that the author designates as his "illustrious brethren," he congratulates them on their happy indifference to the revolutions of empires, since, although a thousand constitutions may perish, *they* will always belong to the party which dines. Smitten, as he proceeds, with a patriotic and gastronomic enthusiasm, he eloquently exclaims :

"May the more solid glory of the table succeed to the vaingloriousness of arms! May all parties become reconciled, glass in hand, and deposit their animosities upon the sideboard, the altar of Comus! May your example, in short, give birth to a new kind of emulation in the assembly of which you form the most honourable portion, converting it, if we may thus speak, into a vast stomach, and changing the chamber of deliberation into an immense dining-room, wherein the present eloquent and useless discussions may be succeeded by jovial conversation, bacchanalian songs, the tinkling of glasses, and that sweet and gastronomic fraternity, which knows no other rivalry than that of the stomach, no other distinctions than those of the appetite, and which may finally propagate throughout Europe this salutary maxim—that there is nothing true in the world but the kitchen, nothing really useful but mastication."

The next chapter, which is perhaps the most profound and argumentative in the whole work, has for its subject "The accordance between epicurism and the representative system;" and is discussed with an acumen which renders it doubtful whether the author be more distinguished for the clearness of his head or the delicacy of his palate. It has been generally thought, he observes, that we pronounce the highest praise of the representative system when we say that it is founded upon opinion; but we should much better appreciate the nature of things by maintaining that, if this be the best possible mode of government, it is because it is founded upon the eternal basis of epicurism; and he most earnestly intreats that he may be acquitted of all attempts at pleasantry in advocating this doctrine. It will be difficult to find any law, any public act, any important measure which has not had a dinner for its basis.

"The road along which a law travels from its origin and successive formation up to the time of its promulgation, is (so to speak) watered with Champagne, bordered with Strasburg pies, and turkeys stuffed with truffles; and in fairly considering the influence which these delicious viands have exercised over every stage of the bill, we arrive at the inevitable conclusion that they are, in fact, the first, the most eloquent, and almost the sole legislators. Every thing is, has been, or is to be epicurean in a constitutional state."

This dictum our author follows up by a variety of ingenious illustrations, and in our opinion completely establishes his point. Nor are we less disposed to admit his position, that in this age of clubs and good cheer, no aspirant to literary celebrity can hope to succeed, unless he have propitiated his bookseller, and ingratiated himself with the public, by being enrolled a member of some dining association.

"Read the history of representative government," says M. Perigord, in conclusion, "and tell me whether there was ever an insurrection without a dinner, or a dry conspiracy: not to feast, one's accomplices has been always

deemed the height of imprudence ; fidelity wavers when the gullet is dry. If, finally, I may compare the state to a great car, I should say that the kitchen artist is its driver, and epicurism the shafts."

From a minute and most interesting account of the author's personal habits we shall only extract his notions upon the subject of dinner when he is quite alone, which will be found rational and moderate.

"To eat things hot is a principle of gastronomy as well as of health. I am always served dish by dish. In general I consider myself to have dined badly when I have not had a substantial dish of meat, one of fish, one of game, one of poultry, and, above all, a ragout with truffles. These different sorts of viands are as necessary to a dinner as the three unities to a tragedy. They form the minimum of a dinner for one person. 'Rien ne doit deranger l'honnête homme qui dine.' My door is so inflexibly shut at this period that the king himself would not be admitted. This meal seldom lasts more than three or four hours when I am alone, six hours when I receive company."

It might have been expected that so vigorous and resolute a feeder at this hour, would be rather ethereal and camelionish at breakfast; but, on the contrary, we find him a zealous advocate for a substantial *dejeuner à la fourchette*. With a somewhat indecorous energy he exclaims:—

"As it is in the very nature of mankind to abuse the best things, they have even dared to attack the noble and philanthropic institution of the *dejeuner à la fourchette*. Horrible blasphemies have been uttered upon this subject by melancholy stomachs, cacochemical doctors, and literati without conscience, who pretend that solid nourishment paralyses the imagination, clogs the senses, offuscates the intellect. A man who has substantially breakfasted is worth two drinkers of tea and coffee. He has more shrewdness, activity, energy; his perceptions have greater clearness and audacity; and many a speculator, whom a single operation at the Stock Exchange has enriched, has only owed his fortune to his boldness, and his boldness to his breakfast."

In these days of nocturnal dinners we certainly opine that a certain solidity of breakfast is "*haud omnino spernendus*;" and at a time when every body is a jobber, or candidate for sudden wealth from stocks or mines, pearl fisheries, or South Sea bubbles, our author could scarcely have advanced a more winning argument in favour of the *dejeuner à la fourchette* than that with which we concluded our last extract. He would be delighted to learn the progress we are making in England when a single entertainment of this sort, given last autumn by a wealthy dame at Kentish Town, is said to have cost little less than five thousand pounds.

The next chapter of the work is a learned Treatise upon Dinner; but as the gastronomic M. de Perigord himself characterises this meal as by far the most important of the daily drama of Epicurism, we cannot discuss it at the close of an article, and therefore respectfully invite our readers to dine with us on the first of next month.



## THE PARTING SONG.\*

A YOUTH went forth to exile, from a home  
 Such as to early thought gives images,  
 The longest treasured, and most oft recall'd,  
 And brightest kept, of Love. A mountain-home,  
 Which, with the murmur of the rocking pines,  
 And sounding waters, first in childhood's heart  
 Wakes the deep sense of Nature unto joy,  
 And half unconscious prayer. A Grecian home,  
 With the transparence of blue skies o'erhung,  
 And, through the dimness of its olive shades,  
 Catching the flash of fountains, and the gleam  
 Of shining pillars from the Fanes of old.  
 —And this was what he left!—Yet many leave  
 Far more:—the glistening eye that first from theirs  
 Call'd out the soul's bright smile; the gentle hand,  
 Which through the sunshine led forth infant steps  
 To where the violets lay; the tender voice,  
 That earliest taught them what deep melody  
 Lives in Affection's tones.—*He* left not these.  
 —Happy are they that weep fresh tears to part  
 With all a mother's love!—a bitterer grief  
 Was his—to part *unloved*!—of her unloved  
 That should have breathed upon his heart, like Spring  
 Fostering its young faint flowers.

—Yet had he friends,  
 And they went forth to cheer him on his way  
 Unto the parting spot;—and she too went,  
 That mother, tearless for her youngest-born!

The parting spot was reach'd:—a lone deep glen,  
 Holy, perchance, of yore, for Cave and Fount  
 Were there, and plaintive Echoes; and above,  
 The silence of the blue, clear, upper heaven,  
 Hung round the crags of Pindus, where they wore  
 Their crowning snows.—Upon a rock he sprung,  
 The unbeloved one, for his home to gaze,  
 Through the wild laurels, back. But then a light  
 Broke on the stern proud sadness of his eye,  
 A sudden quivering light, and from his lips  
 A burst of passionate song —

“ Farewell, farewell!

I hear thee, O thou rushing stream! thou 'rt from my native dell,  
 Thou 'rt bearing thence a mournful sound, a murmur of Farewell!  
 And fare *thee* well—flow on, my stream!—flow on, thou bright and free!  
 I do but dream that in thy voice one tone laments for me.  
 But I have been a thing unloved, from childhood's loving years,  
 And therefore turns my soul to thee—for thou hast known my tears!  
 The mountains, and the caves, and thou, my secret tears have known;  
 The woods can tell where *he* hath wept, that ever wept alone!

“ I see thee once again, my home!—thou 'rt there amidst thy vines,  
 And clear upon thy gleaming roof the light of summer shines.  
 It is a joyous hour when Eve breathes whispering through thy groves,  
 The hour that brings the son from toil, the hour the mother loves!

\* For the tale on which this piece is founded, as well as for some interesting particulars respecting the extempore parting songs, or songs of expatriation, of the Modern Greeks, see Fauriel's *Chansons Populaires de la Grèce Moderne*, p. 30. 32, 33.



The hour the *mother* loves!—for *me* beloved it hath not been,  
 Yet ever in its purple smile *thou* smil'st, a blessed scene!  
 A scene whose beauty o'er my soul through distant years will come;  
 Yet what but as the Dead to thee shall I be then, my home?  
 "Not as the Dead!—no, not the Dead!—we speak of *them*, we keep  
*Their* names, like light that must not fade, within our bosoms deep!  
 We hallow ev'n the lyre they touch'd, we love the lay they sung,  
 We pass with softer step the place *they* fill'd, our ~~and~~ among!  
 But *I* depart like sounds, like dews, like aught that leaves on earth  
 No trace of sorrow or delight, no memory of its birth!  
 I go!—the echo of the rocks a thousand songs may swell,  
 When mine is a forgotten voice—woods, mountains, home, farewell!

"And farewell, mother!—I have borne in lonely silence long,  
 But now the current of my soul grows passionate and strong!  
 And I will speak, though but the winds that wander through the sky,  
 And but the dark, deep-rustling pines, and rolling streams reply!  
 Yes, I will speak!—within my breast whate'er hath seem'd to be,  
 There lay a hidden fount of love, that would have gush'd for thee!  
 Brightly it would have gush'd; but *thou*, my mother! thou hast thrown  
 Back on the forests and the wilds, what should have been thine own!

"Then fare thee well! I leave thee not in loneliness to pine,  
 Since thou hast sons of statelier mien and fairer brow than mine!  
 Forgive me that thou couldst not love!—it may be, that a tone  
 Yet, from my burning heart may pierce through thine, when I am gone!  
 And thou perchance may'st weep for him, on, whom thou ne'er hast  
 smiled,  
 And the grave give his birthright back to thy neglected child!  
 —Might but my spirit *then* return, and midst its kindred dwell,  
 And quench its thirst with Love's free tears!—'tis all a dream—farewell!"

"Farewell!"—the Echo died with that deep word,  
 Yet died not so the late repentant pang,  
 By the strain quicken'd in the mother's breast!  
 —There had pass'd many changes o'er her brow,  
 And cheek, and eye, but into one bright flood  
 Of tears, at last all melted; and she fell  
 On the glad bosom of her child, and cried  
 "Return, return, my son!"—the Echo caught  
 A lovelier sound than song, and woke again,  
 Answering—"Return, my son!"

F. H.

## LIVING FRENCH POETS.—NO. IV.

*Pierre Antoine Le Brun, &c.*

It would be very difficult to select one from among the living French dramatic writers, to rank with those poets whom we<sup>e</sup> have already noticed, were the choice to be influenced by considerations of mere poetical talent as confined to the stage. There is at this moment in France a number of authors whose powers are in full and constant display, and whose merits are so nicely balanced, as to make the choice of any in exclusion of the others an act of considerable injustice, were we not guided by reasons distinct from those which apply to several of M. Le Brun's successful contemporaries, and which will be developed as we go on.

National causes, which have been frequently explained, have at all

times turned the chief products of French poetry into theatrical channels. All the first-rate versifiers, with the exception of Boileau, La Fontaine, and one or two more, have founded their fame on play-writing, and have thus done serious injury to their drama, inasmuch as poetry, instead of passion, thereby became its chief ingredient; and great must be the merit of that poetry, let us think of it as we may, that could tame down into cool criticism, and satisfy with *des beaux vers*, the turbulent delight of the most theatrical nation in Europe. This point, although not proving much taste either in the people or the poets, seems generally misunderstood by English critics, when it is made a subject of exclusive reproach without any admission of praise; for it is clear that if the nation suffers itself to be dazzled by a minor dramatic merit, it at least must be considerable, to produce such an effect. After all that has been written in this country on the subject of French poetry, it would be vain to enter into an examination of it *as opposed to our own or that of other nations*. The merits of almost all things must certainly be judged by comparison. But among the exceptions is assuredly that poetry, the chief beauties of which avowedly lie in *difficulties of construction*, and to feel which a peculiar tact must be acquired, which the mass of foreigners never can possess. A few individuals of other countries may from long habit catch, as it were, this new sense, and be able to appreciate French versification, but in nine cases out of ten they would lose the relish for that of their own nation; and to judge of the former, in all its measured movements, by an ear familiar with the accented melody of English rhythm, would be, generally speaking, as impossible as to learn the science of fortification by the rules of musical composition. The feelings and habits which lead the two nations to their respective modes of poetical taste are utterly distinct, indefinable, and incapable of being blended together. It is therefore as useless, we conscientiously believe, to spend the breath of criticism on this subject, as it would be to turn the powers of chemistry to the vain attempt of forming a fusion between metals which are not susceptible of it by nature. We are not, however, to jump to a conclusion not warranted by the premises, and say that the boasted beauties of French poetry are merely imaginary, because we cannot comprehend them. We may, on the contrary, be certain that there is a charm, and a very powerful one, although for our particular parts we may not be conjurors enough to analyse it.

But, however dull our ears may be to the delicacies of the poetry, we may be fully capable of understanding the merits or demerits of the poet distinct from niceties of style. We can judge amply of his thoughts, his images, and touches of nature, although we may not seize upon the charms of their expression; and there is one defect of the standard dramatic writers of France too obvious for escape—that is, their constant effort to mingle the epic with the dramatic style, and by engrafting the pomp and declamation of the former upon the brevity and pith which are the soul of the latter, misplacing the one while overloading the other. That seems to be, after all, the most flagrant fault of French tragedy and French tragic writers. Their best poets, perceiving that the weakness of their versification was unable of itself to command the heart and lead the mind in epic productions, were forced

to associate it with scenic deception, and, not daring to rest on the sublimities of nature, sought aid in the intricacies of art. But this forced alliance suited ill with the object of those poets. The author truly dramatic, is contented with this limited sphere of action. Debarred from speaking in his own person, or giving vent to his own emotions, he labours as much as possible to forget himself, to fancy himself in situations where he never could have been ; and his great triumph is to produce touches of passion and traits of character, the most foreign, perhaps, to his own. But this would never satisfy a French author. His *amour-propre* takes the alarm, and its sensitiveness is fostered by the national taste. He must give declamation and description and sentiment, all plainly coming from *him* ; and the nation enchanted with his efforts, because trick is more clever than reality, takes his quackery instead of wholesome food, and prefers his epi-tragic abortion to the healthiest offspring of the stage. All this is simply because the French are not a dramatic, though pre-eminently a theatrical people ;—by which distinction we mean a people tenderly alive to all the *éclat* of recitation and *spectacle*, but unmoved by, and almost insensible to, the deep bursts of passion and nature which form the grand essentials of the drama.

Considerable efforts were made by La Motte, a man of very general talents, but of much deficiency in their application, to shake off, in a degree, the trammels imposed upon French rhyme. His efforts were, however, crushed by the counter-criticisms of Voltaire ; and from that time to the present the measured monotony of tragedy has run its insipid career ; producing occasionally those “miracles in art and treasons against nature,” which have been common to French poetry since the days of Ben Jonson. The use of every incident and every expression which verged towards natural feeling, was rigidly discarded, in sympathy with the lamentations of Voltaire, La Harpe, and the rest ; and Schlegel in his admirable work asserts, that up to the period of its publication, “Language and versification, which in the classification of dramatic excellence ought to hold a secondary place, are *alone* in France decisive of the fate of a piece.” But a new era appears to have dawned, not only upon the discursive and unlimited efforts of French elegy and ode, but even in a faint degree upon the regular march of tragic formality. When we say in a faint degree, we mean as it may present itself to the notions of foreigners, more particularly to English, Germans, and Spaniards. But with regard to the French themselves, a prodigious stride seems to have been made, in that *premier pas*, which, according to their just proverb, most just when applied to their national movements, is the only one *qui coûte*. That effort towards enfranchisement, which might be well considered chivalrous were it wildly planned or rashly executed, has certainly been made ; and what is still more important, it has been tolerated. A poet has been found daring enough to plan the innovation, and prudent enough to venture it with temperance ; and the public, following as it generally does, the impulse given by well-regulated genius, has not only sanctioned but sympathized with the great attempt.

The piece which was the instrument of this great change was the tragedy of “Marie Stuart ;” and its author, the writer whose name stands at the head of this article. But before speaking particularly of

him, we shall shortly enumerate the names, and slightly notice the qualities of his most known contemporaries.

The veteran Lemercier acquired a reputation about twenty years ago by a translation into harsh but energetic verse of the "Agamemnon" of Alfieri. Since then he has sent forth ten tragedies, to which the word *indifferent* would be a gentle epithet, and one excellent drama in prose, entitled "Pinto." He has also written eight or ten poems that are absolutely unreadable, but from each of which might be extracted a hundred fine and powerful lines. With this irregular and unequal genius, M. Lemercier possesses an elevated and independent character, and he has the honour of being one of the very few who disdained to crouch at the feet of Napoleon when in the meridian of his power.

The two Arnaults, father and son, have obtained and are enjoying a very respectable share of popularity; the first by his own talent, and the latter by inferior powers, aided, however, by the splendid display of those of Talma, who is the representative of all his heroes. Of Viennet, Giroux, Liadères, Ancelot, and Soumet, the latter is the most remarkable from having commenced his dramatic career by the success of two tragedies, represented for the first time at the rival theatres of The Français and The Odéon on the same night, we believe, but certainly in the same week. Ancelot is an elegant and harmonious versifier, but tame and inefficient as a dramatic writer; while Soumet, more elevated and striking, wants all the *verve* and animation so essential for success on the stage. His political opinions have gained him the place in the Academy, twice refused to his more popular rival Casimir Delavigne, whose varied talents, both in tragedy and comedy, have made him one of the most distinguished writers of the day. With the exception of "L'Ecole des Vieillards," of the last named author, comedy is in France nearly in the same lamentable state of degradation as it is with us. Duval, author of "Le Tyran Domestique," is a heavy and spiritless writer, whose productions are nevertheless applauded by the public, because the author was persecuted by the Censors. About eighteen years ago M. Etienne produced a satirical comedy, called "Les deux Gendres," initiated from a forgotten little piece, written by a Jesuit. The success of this play was as great as that of the recent tragedy of "Sylla," by M. Jouy; and, like it, much owing to some circumstances of the moment. M. Etienne is also author of "Joconde," and a number of other pleasant little operas, which have rendered his name very popular, particularly in the provinces. But the most remarkable of the comic writers is M. Scribe, who, not much exceeding thirty years of age, has produced probably a hundred small dramatic pieces, interspersed with songs. They are light and *piquant* sketches of existing manners, many of them abounding in grace, wit, delicacy of touch, and truth of colouring. Were it not for the lethargic indolence of the principal theatre, M. Scribe might have enriched French literature with half a dozen excellent five-act plays, for he is undoubtedly possessed of genuine comic talent. But not being opulent enough to sacrifice his personal interests for future fame, he has spread out his talent over innumerable *Vaudevilles*, which bring him in a sure and ample income.

Many names must necessarily be passed over, to allow us to keep within our limits, and do justice to the author to whom we are disposed

to assign the chief place in our notice. Returning then to M. Le Brun and his play of "Marie Stuart," we will observe that, until its production, not one effectual step had been made towards the object which it has accomplished—the introduction on the French stage, (as M. Le Brun says in his preface,) "sans blesser la severité de notre gout et de nos regles, des formes et des couleurs qui *manquaient* à notre littérature dramatique, et que je crois *indispensable* à la Tragedie Moderne." This was bold language, in the teeth of the long-loved prejudices of the nation; and the success of the poet and his play goes a great way, in our opinions, to prove that the French are in point of true dramatic taste, about to undergo a revolution, that twenty years ago was considered as impossible. The plays of Ducis, which cannot be called either translations or imitations of Shakspeare, did nothing whatever towards the introduction of this taste into France. They are perfectly French in all their conventional defects, and they strengthened, rather than removed, the prejudice against Nature, as Shakspeare drew it, by proving (to the satisfaction of the nation) what it *ought* to have been, as daubed by Ducis. But the genius of Shakspeare was, nevertheless, destined to penetrate into France. Having probed to their inmost recesses the mysteries of nature, it was not to find insuperable obstacles in the factitious intricacies of art. False taste and frigid criticism had placed a boom before the harbour where the drama was blockaded, but Le Brun burst through it gallantly, under the feigned colours of Schiller, and freighted with the genius of England's immortal bard. His play was avowedly borrowed in all its essential parts from that of the German poet; and all the world allows that *his* inspiration was derived from the influence of Shakspeare. But to remove any doubt as to M. Le Brun having owed this impulsión towards the regeneration of French tragedy, to that source which is in our eyes the purest, we shall give a short sketch of his literary career and opinions, which may be relied on as coming from the best authority whence they could be derived.

Pierre Antoine Le Brun was born at Paris in the year 1786, and was placed early in the college of Saint-Cyr. He had, at a remarkably early age, shewed a strong disposition for poetry; and, even before he reached his tenth year, had attempted something in the shape of a dramatic effort. The early developement of his literary talents induced his family and the director of the college to refuse for him the offer of military patronage; and when Napoleon, on a visit made to Saint-Cyr, questioned the young poet as to the object which he would wish to pursue in life, Le Brun replied—"Sire, je veux chanter votre gloire." The first production which he ventured before the public was a tragic pastoral, borrowed from Virgil, called "Pallas fils d'Evandre." This piece contained much promise, but it was never represented on the stage; and it could hardly command great attention from the public, being ushered by a preface, which contained the boyish vanity of asserting that it was written in eight days. The next effort of Le Brun was an ode "à la Grande Armée," which is written throughout with a vigorous hand, and unites to a high tone of triumph, quite in unison with the subject, the deep expression of hatred against England, which is doubly gratifying to Englishmen, while it gives proof of the poet's nationality, and adds to the pride of their own. This ode was

put into the hands of the Emperor almost immediately after its publication, while he stood on the battle-field of Friedland, and saw his vanquished enemies flying before him. How far poetry might have been a seasonable relief after such a scene, or what may be the justice of Napoleon's criticism, it is not our purpose to enquire; but we believe that he glanced over the verses, exclaiming "Le Brun has here surpassed himself!" for he attributed the ode to the celebrated poet of that name; and we know that he ordered on the spot a pension of 6000 francs a year to the supposed author. A few days afterwards the mistake was discovered. The old poet had not his annuity confirmed on the occasion (although he subsequently got one to the same amount); and the youthful student was placed on the pension list for 1200 francs, a sum more suitable to his station, though not equivalent to his merit, if the Imperial valuation was correct.

Thus encouraged, Le Brun pursued with vigour the career which was opening out before him. He published, from time to time, a succession of odes, which all evinced a considerable degree of talent. He composed a poem for the Institute, and gained a prize from that body—that essential step towards literary success in France, where the narrowed structure of poetic fame has been hitherto built on the cramped foundation of academic rule. He finally made that grand stride towards celebrity—the production of a successful tragedy; and having thus reached the term where the mass of French poets have been contented to end their struggles for a name, and begin their race of monotonous servility to the prejudices of established forms, the author before us felt, in his own strength, that he had only planted his foot on the outer bounds of the domain of which he was ambitious to become the possessor. The fame he coveted was not of that kind which is gained by the cultured mediocrity of common minds. His ambition was of a more extended and elevated range. Up to the period of the success of his tragedy of "Ulysse," his mind, trained within the limits of classic study, had no conceptions beyond its beautiful but beaten paths. He felt, like most of his compatriot precedents, and the mass of his contemporaries, that devotion towards classic models, which, while creating a just apprehension of the minor beauties of style and sentiment, caused a blindness to their chief merits—their freedom, their originality, and their natural truth. Le Brun, and the school to which he then belonged, felt deeply and justly impressed with the admiration which must ever be excited by the exquisite productions of Greek and Roman genius; but they forgot in their enthusiasm, that what was admirable in their models was absurd in them; and La Harpe, for instance, in his retrospective imaginings of the effect produced on an Athenian audience, some thousands of years back, by the combinations of poetry, history, and the wonders of mythology, was blind to the fact, that their reproduction in a Parisian theatre in the eighteenth century was burlesquing what he meant to honour. He did not feel that what we call *classic*, was in Sophocles *romantic*; or that "Philoctete" with his divine arrows, and Jupiter descending in a cloud, are in our eyes but the mockeries of Harlequin's wand, and the commonest of pantomimic tricks. It was, however, in the spirit of this misconception that Le Brun thought, and felt, and wrote. He had confirmed all his classical partialities by a tour through Italy and

Greece; and he might have gone on to this day fancying Paris to be Athens, and Frenchmen to be Greeks, had not chance thrown before him some scattered volumes of translations from Shakspeare, Lord Byron, and Walter Scott. Dazzled by the splendid conceptions of the greatest of great minds, he looked for their brilliant yet subdued reflections in the fervour and variety of the other two. A new creation seemed opened to the Frenchman. He gazed out upon enchantment—and boldly quitted “the Happy Valley” of his national restraints, to dare the perils of the world that spread before him. He studied English, and read Shakspeare stripped of his masquerade translation. He learned German and Spanish; and, filled with new notions and high aspirings, he pondered long and deeply as to the means of carrying into effect his designs against the idolized formalities of French tragedy. He made choice of a method, which was certainly wise, if success be a just criterion. Not venturing to introduce Shakspeare, in all his *barbarian* magnificence, to the nervous insipidity of Parisian taste; and not caring to cope with Ducis, in marring the conceptions while trimming down the genius of his master, he fixed upon the “Maria Stuart” of Schiller as the medium for his experiment. The play afforded ample field for working, not only on the national vanity, but on the chivalrous generosity of a French audience. Mary has always been wholly a heroine in France, because half a Frenchwoman; and though History may continue its “still small whisperings,” they are not expected to be audible on the stage. The play was eminently successful; a change of scenery was suffered, without its being pronounced Melodrame; and Talma tolerated in a character that descends to a representation of natural feeling, without its being declared within the confines of comedy. This signal victory over the legioned prejudices of France, which, like their military prototypes, were thought invincible—till they were conquered, placed Le Brun at once on a height of reputation far above what he would have acquired as the translator, or adapter, of a German drama. The evident improvement of his versification kept pace with the enlargement of his ideas. “Ulysse” was principally remarkable for the odour of antiquity, in which the poet’s thoughts were embalmed. The style was forcible and lofty, without being tinctured by declamation or conceit;—but a still happier tone is observable in “Marie Stuart.” In the prize poem on “Le Bonheur de L’Etude,” the author had shewn that the ornaments of style were not beyond his reach; but without the *eclat* of De Lamar-tine, or the elegance of Delavigne, his natural expression is rather nervous than refined. He may be sometimes charged with amplification, but more frequently with a too great, sententiousness, the natural bent of his style leaning to strength rather than elegance.

The death of Napoleon in 1822 brought Le Brun again before the public, to chant the fall, as he had already “sung the glory,” of his idol. The lyric poem which he published on that occasion, possesses charms for us infinitely greater than any of his other productions, and seems to be most truly what he describes it in his preface, the result of a spontaneous and involuntary movement. He says, “J’ai fait ces vers dans la solitude, à la campagne, au moment même, ou la surprennante nouvelle m’est arrivée. Ce n’est pas un sujet que j’aie choisi ni médité. J’ai été ému; mon émotion s’est répandue en vers, et ce

poème s'est trouvé fait." The government of France shewed their estimate of the fine feeling which prompted this effusion, by taking from the poet his pension of fifty pounds a year, the only benefit he ever received from the sovereign to whose memory he sung a dirge. He is married, and lives a retired life, of moderate independence and quiet happiness.

Le Brun is soon again to come before the world. He has not only completed a series of lyric poems on Greece, but a play of his is now in rehearsal at the Theatre Français, which is meant to carry a step further than "*Marie Stuart*" the reformation, of which the author is most assuredly the prime mover.\* The subject is one of those romantic stories which abound in the history of Spain; the title "*Le Cid D'Andalouse*."—Not venturing to give to this piece the hallowed title of tragedy, the author calls it a "*comédie héroïque*;" and we trust it may be a triumphant novelty in the present state of the French stage, and a fresh stimulus to the new-springing taste of France.

We cannot more agreeably conclude this article than by recording, that the principal influence in removing some objections of the censorship to the representation of this play proceeded from the interference of Monsieur de Chateaubriand—a pleasing, and not a solitary instance, that the literary mind of this ex-minister was too well filled, even when he was in power, to afford a cranny for the littleness of party prejudice.†

#### ON VISITING THE RUINS OF LEICESTER ABBEY.

GREY mould'ring walls, relics of other days,  
How Time hath laid her withering hand on thee,  
As envious of thy greatness! Thus she lays  
The proud and mighty low; nor leaves to see  
So much of what has been, to those who be;  
Nor like the proud man in his fall, for thou  
Hast still an honest friend left clingly,  
Bespeaking reverence for thy years, and now  
An ivy garland wreathes thy venerable brow.

I stand where Wolsey stood, helpless and shorn  
Of all his greatness—in his saddest hour—  
His body bow'd down to the grave, though worn  
Less with the lapse of years than loss of power:  
For he had courted Fortune's highest dower,  
And she had petted him; nor dream'd he then,  
A face so clothed in smiles could ever lower—  
That kings for sport do ever thus with men,  
Raising them high, to hurl them down again.

\* The influence of M. Le Brun's example has been already felt and followed up by several able disciples—Jouy, Arnault, Soumet, and others.

† The tragedy of "*Pierre de Portugal*," lately produced at the Theatre Français, from the pen of M. Arnault fils, author of *Regulus*, owed its appearance entirely to the interference of M. de Chateaubriand; an interference alluded to in the author's preface, but not as explicitly acknowledged as could have been wished.



SUGGESTIONS RESPECTING THE PLAN OF AN UNIVERSITY  
IN LONDON. BY MR. CAMPBELL.

A DAY or two after the publication of a letter which I addressed to Mr. Brougham, on the subject of a London University, I received a message from a man of distinguished public character, pledging himself to raise 100,000*l.* for the project, and requesting me to draw up a plan for the establishment. Many other individuals, of substantial influence and respectability, have honoured me with the same request. I certainly think that it would be better for one person to prepare a digested plan of an university, which should be afterwards subjected to the revision and correction of a committee, than for a crowd of plans to be presented together:—but the commission for such an undertaking is of grave importance, and I should not think myself justified in setting about it unless I had a more general expression of consent from the public.

I think, however, that I shall do no injury to the success of the scheme by offering a few farther suggestions as to its propriety:—and the first suggestion which I take the liberty of making to its well-wishers is, to implore them not to take it up either with the outward aspect or inward feeling of party spirit. The cause has, or at least it ought to have, no connexion with politics; and whatever such connexion you give it, will be doing it a gratuitous injury. I have remarked, with regret, in some newspapers, that an university in the metropolis is demanded, on account of the alleged abuses of existing universities. Now, we demand it on no such account. The universities cannot help being distant from London. As little can they help its being possible for a youth to be maintained with the same comfort more cheaply at home, than where others have to profit by his board and lodging;—and they are equally blameless for the impossibility of preventing other and more serious evils, which naturally result, in spite of all human care, from young men being crowded together, at a distance from home, and removed from the wholesome restraints of domestic influence and endearment. Add to this, that the universities are overstocked, and in point of fact inaccessible to the middling classes of London. If then a body of Londoners were to associate and agree to petition Parliament for a charter to endow a great place of education, what language would it become them to address to Parliament?—Not surely a string of complaints against the two venerable bodies of English learning!—You could not assemble a small, much less a great body of London citizens, without meeting the most opposite opinions respecting the mode of education pursued at Oxford and Cambridge. But thousands of the inhabitants of London, I believe, agree in this point, that those places are too dear for their purses; and that it would be convenient if London had a cheaper and nearer place of education.—Wherefore, then, mix up this plain fact with either praise or blame of the two universities? It is unwise, unnecessary, and unjust. I even dislike predenominating the establishment an university on the Scottish plan. It has nothing in common with the Scottish universities, but the circumstances of the professors being chiefly maintained by fees from their pupils, and the youth being able to reside at home. But even at the Scottish universities the students are often from the country, and lodge in town, (an un-

favourable circumstance); whereas London is sufficient to supply domesticated students, and we have a place better fitted than any Scottish town, to enjoy the benefits of united domestic and public education. Besides, the Scottish universities are, in certain respects, very defective, whilst the English and foreign universities are, in some points, more to be imitated than ours of the North. Let us abstain then from blending either polemic or national feelings with this proposal. What people choose to say or think about Cambridge or Oxford, we (the friends of the scheme) have no right to dictate. But if it be true that an university would be desirable in London, let that important truth rest simply on its own foundations, and let it not be pettishly deduced as a corollary from charges against Oxford and Cambridge. If those universities were even cheap places, they are still overstocked and of inconvenient access to the Londoners.

I now address myself not so much to the friends of the scheme, as to those who think unfavourably of it, or who may not have thought of it at all. The sanguine friends of the proposal tell me, that they consider all the objections urged against it as too ridiculous to be answered. I certainly regard the arguments of our opponents as very light; but still there are some of them connected with prejudices which are too pernicious to deserve the compliment of being treated with levity.

I have been asked, in the first place, if there are not plenty of places already existing for educating men for the learned and liberal professions. My answer is, that thousands who have not the honour of belonging to those professions, are nevertheless desirous of knowledge and education. The objecting question itself implies an opinion that if you educate the priest and lawyer and physician WELL, you need not trouble yourself farther about the liberal education of society. Bacon however has said, "*that man is but what he knows*;" and in this metropolis, from its enlightened bishop down to its intelligent mechanic, there is a general persuasion that man is elevated by knowledge and degraded by ignorance. At the same time the persuasion is still too far from being universal. I have spoken with men, themselves well educated, who have told me that a little learning is a dangerous thing, and have objected to the scheme because half-educated men are more apt to have crude notions than men not educated at all.

Before I admit the bad effects of a little learning and of half-education, I must know what is meant by those terms. If you mean by half-education, a man having been well taught only half the things that can be learnt, I should be glad to be entitled to-morrow to the denomination. But if you mean a smattering in many branches of knowledge without a tolerable knowledge of any one branch, I grant that crude ideas will be the probable result of such learning. Recollect, however, that this is not to be HALF-EDUCATED; it is to be MIS-EDUCATED, and we are proposing no place of MIS-EDUCATION. On the contrary, we propose a place where a man may be THOROUGHLY and CHEAPLY grounded in any single branch of learning or science, or in as many branches as he may choose. A great many prejudices on the subject of education arise from confounding two things, essentially opposite, namely, a scattered and confused acquisition of knowledge, and a small degree of knowledge properly acquired. A man may

have a great deal of confused information in science, and yet be a worse reasoner, on that account, than one who simply knows the multiplication table ; and he may know a Babelish confusion of languages with less advantages, than one language completely. But dabblers are most apt to abound in places where men have leisure and curiosity, whilst they are without the proper means of education. To own the truth, I should prefer any imperfect mode of education to the total want of it among any class of men. Imperfect knowledge will, at the worst, only enable persons who would talk nonsense, at all events, to talk it a little more consequentially. If there be any cure for such an evil, it is a great place of sound education. Establish an university in the metropolis, and if there were numerous students, every thing worth knowing might there be taught on the cheapest terms. All exclusion on account of age and condition would be improper, yet the poorer class, who must go to labour early in life, could not be included in the benefits of this plan. It would be adapted to the circumstances of all that class of society whose incomes extend from 400*l.* or 500*l.* a-year, to nearly as many thousands. Its advantages would therefore extend down to the son of the less opulent master tradesman ; and supposing such a tradesman able only to give his son a year's education, is it not evident that *that* year might be profitably spent ? By proper contrivances the courses of teaching might be kept up all the year round, and in one year surely some one language or science may be competently learnt.

It is a vestige of barbarism in our language that learning only means, in its common acceptation, a knowledge of the dead languages and mathematics. I shall now, however, use it in the sense of *liberal* knowledge, or, I might say, of knowledge universally, for what kind of knowledge can be called illiberal ? All knowledge is more or less useful. I have been asked if I would invite a shopkeeper to study Greek and Hebrew ? I answer, that I cease to think of a man's keeping a shop, when he tells me that he believes in the immortality of his own soul, and in a book concerning his eternal salvation, written originally in Greek and Hebrew. Nay, it fills me with wonder that any human believer should be without a wish to know the original text of that book. But, setting Greek and Hebrew out of the question, there are many branches of liberal knowledge almost requisite to certain vocations, although the etiquette of language obliges us to call those vocations trades, and not professions. By the way, in our trading nation, this distinction is so fine, that I own it eludes my comprehension. Let the mercer give me his stuffs for nothing, and I will confess his vocation to be liberal. Let the physician give me prescriptions for his stuffs gratis, and I shall think the same. But the physician sells his *prescriptions*—the priest his exhortations—and the lawyer his eloquence ; whilst I am obliged to call this sale not a trade, but a liberal profession. We are all traders, and I am inclined to call those professional men *the tradesmen, who have the fewest bad debts*. I know I shall be told that certain professions are liberal, because they require or suppose a liberal education. If so, I would implore society to allow two trades to be transferred immediately to the list of learned professions—I mean those of Publishers and Printers, for in no vocations can liberal knowledge be of more importance. Even as matters stand publishing booksellers are the best and most natural friends of authors.

But an accomplished education would make them the friends of literary talent, with a great deal more discriminating liberality. If they were so, they would discourage mere book-making, and encourage originality. I do not deny that there are booksellers who do this, but it is not done sufficiently. But their education seldom enables them to have a cultivated taste. Sometimes attending more to the body and bulk than the spirit of books, they imagine that true literature can be manufactured cheaply. On this principle, they force a sale of second-rate works by mere strength of capital, instead of engaging men of higher powers in original enterprises.

I have put the question to several eminent booksellers, to what age a young man might continue his education consistently with learning the business; and they have generally answered to about eighteen.

Looking generally at the trades and businesses of middling life, it seems to me that the greater part of them might be learnt after the age of eighteen. The education of a vast mass of London youth is over at fourteen, and is very frequently stinted to this period, I believe, from the expensiveness of proper places of PUBLIC EDUCATION. Now here are four precious years, during which I have no more doubt, than of my own existence, that by adopting the improvements known and proved to be efficacious in teaching, you might make a young man either an accomplished scholar, or soundly imbued with the principles of science. I say either of those characters; for though I am far from inculcating the neglect of any attainable branch of knowledge, yet when the mind takes strongly to literature, it is apt to keep mainly to literary pursuits, and *vice versa*, when it is addicted to science. And I think it is right to follow the bias. I am not, however, prepared to contend this point very strongly, nor is it essential to my object. The main point is, to have a great and good place of education.

I have been told that we ought not to call the proposed place an University, but a School, because we do not intend to ask for a power of conferring degrees. But why call it by any other name than what it will deserve? I would have as few limitations as possible as to the age at which it should receive young men; and I speak of their quitting it at eighteen, only on the supposition of their being obliged to go to business. But let it be adapted to the studies of men beyond that age, and capable of instructing people as long as they wish to be instructed. Now a school generally means a seminary for mere boys, and an university means, both in common parlance and in the dictionary, not a place for getting degrees, but for getting instruction as universally as possible. If there be ridicule then in disputing about words, let it fall exclusively on those who would distort their etymology. I would by no means abandon the title.

In my letter to Mr. Brougham, I believe I made rather too low an estimate of the expense of building such an establishment. A friend, who has studied architecture, informs me, that he thinks it could not be well accomplished under £150,000. But, say that £200,000 were raised;—and what is that sum to wealthy London?—it would still require but £100. from each of the two thousand subscribers, to have the privilege of sending a son to the University. That is, in other words, £5. a year,—for any creditable person can borrow money at

5 per cent. In addition to this expense of 5*l.* a year, a few pounds a year would require to be given to each of the professors, whom the youth might attend. It can still be proved, however, that the entire expense of the youth's *ample* education, including even books, and the 5 per cent. for the borrowed subscription, would not exceed 30*l.* a year. The cost of his maintenance, clothing, and pocket-money, must of course be decided by the parents themselves; but it is evident that he will cost less at home than where others have profits on his board. He might walk every morning at least two good miles, after an early breakfast, to his classes; he might study a considerable number of hours in the morning, and return by day-light to a not very late dinner at home. His parents or friends might know to a certainty how he spent both his days and his evenings. Acquaintance at such day universities is much less intimate than at places where students board and lodge together; and if you attach importance to a young man's keeping company with those of his own station, you may leave the matter pretty safely to his own discretion. Again, as it is highly desirable that youth should associate at times on terms of hospitality, you could invite his companions to your own house, and without interfering with their happiness, you may see that it did not degenerate into intemperance.

As to the improvements in education, which might be introduced into this establishment, I abstain from describing, to the full extent, what I picture and firmly believe them to be in my own mind; for I might injure the cause by exposing myself, however unjustly, to the charge of enthusiasm. I will not, therefore, plead here for the Hamiltonian system. Indeed, it needs no advocate. But, taking infinitely more limited views of the economy of time in teaching languages than Mr. Hamilton has taken, and without reference to his system at all, it is still admitted, on all hands, that the Bell and Lancaster improvements, and others that could be named, have momentarily advanced the science of education. It is no enthusiasm—it is nothing visionary to say, that four years of well-taught instruction now, are worth six or seven years of education on the old system. I cannot believe that any man who loves his son, and has the ambition of a father's heart for his boy's intellectual character, will grudge 100*l.* or a year or two from his apprenticeship, to place him in the rank of cultivated minds. "But you will find," said one, and only one, gentleman of my acquaintance to me,—"that the citizens of London care little about education, and will keep their money in their pockets." My belief that the people are any thing but indifferent about education, would not be shaken even by disappointment in this appeal. No, Londoners, I do not believe that you are careless on that subject, or that you will abstain from subscribing, from the love of money. I am not, to say the truth, unprepared for the scheme misgiving. On the contrary, we, for I speak in the name of many, are ready to anticipate and repel the reproach of eventual failure by this unanswerable allegation, that the scheme deserves success. But why should it fail then, this gentleman will ask, unless the Londoners be avaricious? 'Why there is no want of either enterprise or liberality in London; but it is a part of human nature to be slow to act on new truths and principles, even after they have been acknowledged. Men hesitate, or are against a good propo-

sal, of much novelty, at first; they believe in it after a time—and, finally, but often after long reflection, they adopt it.

Perhaps this process may fortunately not be tedious in the mind of our enlightened Capital, respecting this proposal. Let us discuss all that has been, or that can be alleged against the propriety of London being the seat of an university. Its unhealthiness has been objected to by a physician living in a country town. Without disrespect to that gentleman, the London physicians ought to be first consulted;—some of them have been consulted, and their opinion is very different. Indeed, it seems to me that the first persons who should be consulted are the Londoners themselves. There is something ludicrous in asking doctors, whether the youth who has probably been half his life in London, and will as probably spend the remainder also in town, is to be sick or healthy at a London university. If my Cheltenham medical friend will come to town, and ask as many of the Londoners as he pleases, how they and their families keep their health, I will confidently anticipate his receiving, in general, the same answer which the Irishman alleged the echo in his mother's garden returned to a similar question.

But, treating this objection perhaps a great deal more seriously than it deserved, I waited on a gentleman who has better tests for knowing the healthiness and mortality of London than any single physician can have, namely, Mr. Friend, of the Rock Insurance-office; and he gave me his opinion that the unhealthiness of London could not be held a valid objection to the establishment of an university. The removal of very young children into the country, I believe, may be often very salutary; but as we neither propose to bring students from the country, nor to establish an university for infants, the case of London agreeing with young men is not to be decided by infant nosology. Besides, the existence of four large schools of healthy boys in the heart of the metropolis, and the general health of a thousand students who walk the hospitals, are direct and clear refutations of the objection. I should be ashamed to notice the argument of the noise of London being unfavourable to study, unless I were anxious to answer all objections however frivolous. I know it by experience to be frivolous, and hundreds know it also, who carry on much more important operations of thought in the noisiest streets of London. Besides it would not be necessary to place the establishment in a noisy situation.

Yes, but London is immoral, say other objectors to the scheme. Recollect, I say again, that we are not proposing to bring your rustic innocents from the country, but to educate those youth of London, who, from the residence of their parents, must be in London more or less, and probably altogether, whether they are educated or not. They would therefore witness nothing at this university which must not meet them, either constantly or at intervals; and if at intervals, with greater danger than constantly. It has been suggested to place the university some miles out of London. But I deprecate the proposal altogether, of its being either in the country or a small town. The students would thus be obliged to board and lodge at a higher cost than their home-maintenance, and it would involve all the trouble of changing teachers into magistrates, and of organizing a code of discipline. The necessity for all that, is directly dispensed with, by making the

establishment a day-university. Young men are the same in all countries; and the bad effects of crowding numbers of young men together in places of small population, have been made manifest, both in this and other countries. They assume an *esprit de corps*, and a bad collective character that may belong to few of the individuals. It is not natural for British boys to bully and insult the weak: take them separately, and there would not probably be one in a hundred that would not blush for cowardly cruelty; but give thoughtless lads there the example, power, and opportunity of being tyrannical, and even the amiable will join in cruel frolics. I wish to exaggerate none of the consequences of placing large depôts of young men in small towns or villages; but I appeal to the inhabitants of Bonn or Heidelberg, how often they have felt the presence of the students to be a nuisance. Profitable to the tavern they may be, but not to the peace or purity of the neighbourhood. At Berlin and Vienna the students are orderly, for the best of all reasons, that they dare not give themselves airs—it would be so in London.

Besides, what would be the use of sending the young Londoners, say at the age of fourteen or fifteen, out of London? Is it to be out of harm's way? (as the phrase is.) I deny that they can be *even physically* out of harm's way. Have they known what vice is?—Yes, it possibly will be allowed, but they have had yet but little knowledge of it. People talk as if the knowledge of vice were a science like algebra:—on the contrary, it is a simple kind of knowledge, and, when once known, cannot be unlearned. The time at which it may be learned depends on circumstances utterly beyond your power, either in town or country, to determine. It depends, in the greatest degree, on the child's own sagacity; and when that knowledge is once known, there it is in the heart, and beyond your physical reach—affecting the heart, ay! and the health and habits, in spite of all practicable human control. It defies your vigilance. This is a question, and an important one, about the effects of localities on vice and virtue. Meet it then like rational beings, not with the mere *truths that please you*, but with the *truths that are*. Does any man say that juvenile virtue is secured by locality after a simple knowledge of evil? I cannot think him sincere; if he be so, I can only say, that a knave intending to cant about morality, and to pervert the views of ignorant women into false systems of education, could not utter any thing better fitted for the purpose than to deny this truth, that the knowledge of vice, when once in the mind, is not to be got out of it by change of place, and must be counteracted by influencing the mind itself—its religion—its affections—and its modesty.

On the subject of preventing human vice, two systems have been practically acted upon, and a third has been *propounded*, which I shall not think proper to treat of at all, as although it has come, in many instances, from persons not suspected of libertinism, it is accused of tending to it. This theory is to take no heed about the matter, but to let the matter take care of itself. I address a public very unlikely to sanction the doctrine of permitting vice, or conniving at it, which is only a cowardly way of permitting it. But calling vice still vice, according to its old meaning, I return to consider the two great means

that have been employed to meet the evil, namely, physical and moral restraint. The first is physical restraint, including fear of punishment and separation from women. The separation of boys from being what is commonly termed out of harm's way, is in so far a moral restraint that they are put under moral teachers. But they are herded together, not simply to meet in a class-room, but to lodge and converse apart. Every body knows the proverb about one bad sheep, and thus you are gaining one moral influence at the expense of losing another, namely, domestic influence. In other respects, removing depots of youth out of town, is nothing but physical restraint, and that of a most inadequate nature; for remember that to want opportunity, is not to want vice, except in the worst sense of the word want. Nor (as momentous truth is not to be paltered with) does it ensure the absence of vice at all. Monks and sailors and Turkish women have been subjected, in different ways, to the system of physical restraint, with pretty similar success as to their virtue. The Turkish system of restraint has, at least, the merit of being perfect in its kind, and of illustrating the best method of extinguishing the very sense of honour, whilst our confiding system in the treatment to women, makes them faithful, generally speaking, in the exact ratio of our confidence. The good effect of acting on confidence is shewn in the purity of our very fraternal affection. It is shewn in our delicacy towards women, and perhaps still more in our innocent gallantry. But it is most perfectly shewn when our conduct reminds them neither of their sex nor their beauty, but merely of their being agreeable human beings. How far this system of the treatment of women is still defective, and how much further it might be carried, not merely with impunity, but with benefit to virtue, is a question that would carry me out of my subject. But I cannot compliment our system in the treatment of the sex, without saying, at all hazards, that it is yet barbarously unlike what it should be. This, however, is a digression from my present point, which is to recommend the same system of confidence towards youth, which you find, imperfect as it is, beneficial to the honour of women. In fact, what is honour unless spontaneous? When I speak, however, of the benefits of treating young men with confidence, I by no means imply leaving them to their own discretion, or without precautions, that may be tacitly avowed, to a much greater extent, than any precaution (if there be any) which a man can take to secure female honour. To a son you ought to say, shun temptation; to a wife the exhortation would imply suspicion. Only the precautions even for guarding puerile virtue, in proportion as they are impalpable, are likely to be efficacious. It is no indelicate precaution to cause my boy to live in my own house, instead of being banished from my society, and to discourage his inviting companions of questionable character to his little fêtes and entertainments. At those I would not be a spy on his conversation. \*Neither is a general supervision of his books, and of his use of time, and of the nature of his amusements, a departure from the system of confidence, but the contrary, for there is a way of doing it that can make him my friend. Parents, in general, surely love their children, and their treatment of children has become not a little, but a great deal milder and more judicious within our own recollections. If parents are conscious of being unfit for the guardians of their own



children, it is right that they should send them away. But unless they are themselves immoral, or absurd, or bad-tempered, they are the natural, and therefore ought to be the best guardians of their children's morality. But it is good, some people say, for a young man to go from home and see the world; and so it may, if it be to travel. But is shutting him up at his studies in cloisters, sending him to see the world? No, it is rather shutting him out of it.

Place an University out of town, and you make it dearer. Build lodgings for the students, and unless you debar their meeting at each other's rooms, you permit at once a rivalry in conviviality to commence, from which your son must be debarred to his mortification, if you deny him the means of mixing in it, and in which if he does mix, you have no knowledge of his associates and conversation. I grant that this sending him away is acting on the confiding system, but it is acting on it in a wrong way. Granting the College Proctors, whom you appoint, to be the strictest and most conscientious; still, how poor is a proctor's influence to a father's, to a mother's, and to the purity of conversation ensured by the presence of sisters, and respectable friends. I wish to draw no exaggerated contrasts. I suggest not that your son's conversation with his comrades in a college-room would be always licentious, or his merry-makings dissolute. But can you deny that his conversation and conviviality are more unsafe amidst associates of youth in his own lodgings, than under his paternal roof? I desire not to magnify the evil of the separative system; but let me put the question in one sentence. Do men, and especially in convivial hours, speak so purely among themselves as in the company of women; and has habitual conversation no influence over moral feelings? If you ask me, if I can be sure that even domestication will ensure juvenile virtue? I demand in answer, if you know of any system that does? I only recommend what I think the best. Are you decent yourself? then teach and shew the example of decency to your son. Are you religious? the Psalmist will tell you, that the means by which a young man is to purify his life, is not by shutting himself up in cloisters, but by meditating on the law of God. Train him then to that meditation, if you believe in its efficacy; and if a college acquaintance has taught him ribaldry or infidelity, lay no flattering unction to your soul, because you have sent him to study under a religious tutor, amidst the innocence and tranquillity of a small town. Can one but laugh at the inconsistency of men, who talk of the innocence of country towns? If printing can convey vicious knowledge, there is no rustication that can snatch any child, who can read, from knowing that which may contaminate him. And when he gets the dangerous knowledge, which he may get from every village newspaper, the solitude and the country give actually more opportunities of vice, than the town—yes, than that town, where there are, no doubt, chances of vice, but where your influence exists also, to counteract them, as far as moral influence can counteract vice. A man confessing that a college proctor can make his son more religious than he can make him himself, gives but a poor account of his religion. As to country and town, one single circumstance levels, at one blow, all distinction with respect to the chance of any reading being, escaping, in either, from acquaintance with vice; and that is, the publication of newspapers.

It matters not to say that this cannot be remedied, or that it is a general good. It is sufficient for my argument that it is a fact. There is no such thing as the country in England with regard to ignorance of evil. The Turks strangle their women for infidelity; but our newspapers do worse, they strangle at a blow the modesty of a thousand readers. That they work no more actual immorality than they do, shews the effect of the CONFIDING SYSTEM. No thanks to the newspapers; but this is the main fountain of immodest knowledge, and whether it be curable or not, it must continue, whilst it deluges town and country alike, to equalize all localities as to acquaintance with evil.

I have heard the amusements which are to be found in London alleged against the propriety of its being the place of an University. Now to me they seem a strong argument the opposite way. It would be as rational to argue against education in London, from the existence of hospitals where contagious fevers may be caught, as from dissipated places of pleasure chiefly frequented by the wealthy classes of the profligate. Do the sons of decent families in middling life frequent the hells and the little-gees? But there are other bad places, it may be said. Then you have, sure, some moral power to prevent his frequenting them.—Yes, but, it will be argued, I cannot eradicate his passions; to moderate them is all that can be hoped. But do you ensure this moderation, by sending him into the country, or into a country town? Remember, the physical suppression of practical vice is ensured by no locality; and as to moral restraint, do you call dismissing a son from your own society, to herd with the young, the thoughtless, and for aught you know, the profligate, the means of teaching him modesty? But there are innocent amusements in London; and I would earnestly warn all men, thinking or willing to think on this subject, not to confound the idea of amusement and vice. Amusement is a refuge from vice; and the various innocent attractions of the capital are so many means which a father possesses of relieving and rewarding his son's fatigues of study, and of sharing in his very pleasures. Take your boy with you to the theatre, and that amusement would be cheaper, if monopoly were not still the great blotch on the face of our institutions. Let him be happy in the evening, if he has studied sufficiently in the day; and he will study sufficiently if you give him teachers and not task-masters, who save themselves from trouble by imposing the burthen of education on their scholars. Regulate generously and wisely your son's amusements, and the facility of finding amusements in London will be in your hands an engine of moral influence. In many respects London is a place of residence not to be exchanged with impunity for smaller places. Where is there the same exemption from personal hatred on account of opinion, and the same acuteness of intellects produced by collision? I return to my position, that the union of domestic and public is the best kind of education, and that London is the place best fitted for enjoying that advantage.

I therefore exhort the inhabitants of London to apply to Parliament for the simplest charter which they require for this purpose; namely, for the right to sue and to be sued as a corporate body. I exhort the friends of the plan to give it the name of an University—to divide it

into two colleges—one for science, another for literature, and to separate the proposal, as far as may be, from all polemical and party and national spirit. The affair, in fact, rests with yourselves. Parliament could not well refuse a degreeless university to a number of Londoners sufficient to wish for it, and to found it. Will it make you seditious? No; sedition belongs to men without property, and you are as likely to rise one fine morning and to agree to drown yourselves in the Thames, as to disturb the peace of society. Will it make you insolent, as tradesmen? No; for interest makes a tradesman civil, and knowledge will only prevent your civility being servile.

The main part of this question seems to be, whether the education of the mercantile and trading part of this community is to be neglected, because there are already places for training men to the learned professions. Is the education of a merchant and tradesman, then, of no account? Are the sweets of science to be denied them? Are the gates of knowledge to be shut upon them? Or rather, are they to deny themselves those sweets, and to shut those gates upon themselves? All this will be done by those who discourage an University in London.

Let the inhabitants of the metropolis be asked, if they wish for the realization of this scheme? Some persons say, that they are a mere money-loving generation. If this be false, men of London, refute it by your conduct. I invoke you by your general character for spirit, sagacity, and liberality—by your being the largest influential class of English society—by your being the metropolitans of a people whose navies command the deep, and whose strength worsted Napoleon—I invoke you by your numerous population of 1,300,000—a nation within itself, to found an establishment worthy of your greatness. The Turks have no university, neither, I believe, has Madrid; but every other great city of Europe, excepting London, has; and the fishing-town of St. Andrew's possesses what London ought to possess.

I have mentioned the New Road as a convenient locality for this establishment. Its situation, however, must of course be determined by the residence of the majority of the eventual subscribers. I have suggested also the laying out the whole sum that may be raised, on building and keeping open the establishment, without endowing the professorships with salaries; not that I should propose them all to continue unendowed. It would be useful to teach several branches of knowledge, which might nevertheless attract too few students to repay the professors without exacting large fees, and that would be against a main principle of the establishment. But I calculate on future benefactions being adequate to endow such chairs as would come under this description. In the mean time you might begin with teaching only the branches of learning that would repay the teachers; and these are many. To say what they ought to be, is to anticipate the decision of the subscribers. They know best what they wish their sons to learn. If they want a little advice on the subject, it is time enough to offer it when they ask it.

It seems to me that the professorships should be all made to continue during good behaviour. Lectureships are apt to degenerate when a man has no permanent interest in the reputation of the institution which

employs him, and when he makes a new bargain for his hire every season. But give him a nomination, which from its nature is honourable, and at the same time a sense of security, that whilst he deserves students, he shall have them, and he will continue to make a bargain from year to year, not with his employers, but with his own ambition and interests. It is a profession for life—or a trade, I have no objection to call it, but a trade important and respectable; and the advantage of his place is not a mere title. He could gain as an insulated lecturer no such profit as the mere vicinity of other lectureships would afford. The more professors there are in the establishment the better chance every individual teacher has of a numerous attendance; as the greater variety of articles that a market contains, the more it is likely to be frequented, and the sale of each particular article increased.

I would suggest leaving the professors to be paid by the fees of students entirely; for the present, at all events, and in proportion to their labour. But all kinds of teaching are not equally laborious; languages for instance, and some other branches of instruction, are not to be communicated by either merely reading or speaking to the student. The teacher must speak *with* him and exercise him, which is a very laborious profession. It would require men of strong health, strong abilities, and strong ambition for fame, but for no other fame than that of teachers. An author fatigued with writing books over night, and likely to send an apology in the morning, for absence, on account of indisposition, or to be thinking in his class about his books, when his attention ought to be absorbed in teaching, is not the man for such a professorship. The fees given to those more laborious professorships ought to be sufficiently high to induce distinguished, spirited, and promising men to accept them. I say promising, for men who have their reputation mostly yet to acquire, are likely to be the most zealous candidates for popularity as teachers. I would suggest making those professorships so onerous, as to make it inconsistent with retaining them to pursue any other vocation; and I would pay them, if possible, very handsomely. Those chairs, I believe, could be made highly lucrative. But I repeat my opinion, that they should not be given to men who have any ambition to be authors. I would make an express agreement that a man should devote himself for the time being to his professorship exclusively. If he wishes to live by writing, let him give up this vocation, which would be both laborious and lucrative. There are other professorships which would require no such toil, and which being honourable nominations in themselves, would need but small remunerations. They might, in fact, be discharged by short courses of lectures; say for three months. I should propose no holidays, but rather to divide a class between two colleagues, lecturing alternate seasons, than have the establishment vacant a week in the year. London, I may be told, is deserted for some weeks in the year, by almost every body. But a young man may be going abroad, or entering on business, and even a week's opportunity of studying some particular subject may be of importance to him. Were it not a pity that he should find that university shut, because the month was September? In the evening there might be popular lectureships for grown people, on the plan of other institutions. As to the number and size

of rooms and fees of admittance, these and many other particulars are subjects evidently fitted for the consideration of a committee; and the decision of them must be preceded by a declaration of the public intention to adopt the general scheme.

The establishment of such a place of education would produce, I conceive, the most salutary and cheerful effects on the public spirit. The effect of one or two lectureships being held in one place can give no idea of what the collective effect of thirty would be, if assembled under public patronage, and made the scene of public rivalry to youthful intellects. Dismiss, unless you prove them to be solid, the objections already alluded to about health and morality,—absolute chimeras, I humbly think,—and what other bad effects could be apprehended? Would it overstock the learned professions? No; we propose not to give degrees. Would it make men of unlearned vocations discontented with their business? No; men labour for bread, and not from the love of trades or business; and as long as these are gainful, there will be plenty of people to supply them. On the other hand, as we should give no degrees to students, to facilitate either their entering the church, or belonging to the faculty, we could not increase the number of candidates for either of those professions. Besides, a bishop can ordain any man with or without an English University degree, and law is studied in London already, and its honours are attainable by men who have never been at an university. The establishment would simply increase the general stock of knowledge in the middling classes of the metropolis. Would that make them insolent?—It is uneducated wealth that makes men vulgar and insolent. It is dependence on civility for success in business that makes them civil. The very rich have little intercourse with the laborious classes; but the middling ranks have much. If the knowledge of the poor be dangerous (I believe it to be directly the reverse), the improvement of those immediately above them would be the more required to counteract any discord in society. But the only upward movement against the peace of society that can be dreamt of, or imagined, is from those who have no property. The possessor of small wealth that is held, and is increasing by industry, is the most timid alarmist on that score.

On the other hand, look to the moral effects that might be rationally and soberly anticipated from the success of this scheme. I know that there are many eminent lecturers in London, but they have no rallying point for acting in harmony and concert, no centre for collecting their light into a focus. I know also that the two Universities have men of superlative celebrity; but, from the nature of things, we can only hear of them in London; and though they give us accomplished statesmen and gentry, they shed no inspiring influence on the great mass of the metropolitan mind. I may read the lectures of Copleston, and hear of those of Smyth, yet I must travel a day's journey in order to hear them delivered, or acquire, from personal acquaintance, the idea of a consummately polished English scholar. Yet there are hundreds in London who could enjoy the classical periods of the one, and thousands who could relish the historical intelligence of the other. The influence of such speakers in a great capital would be, eventually to chase vulgarity from the character, habits, and pursuits, and from the very idioms and utterance of the vulgar wealthy.

I know there is nothing more justly offensive, even to a liberal Englishman, than the cant of Scotch nationality, invidiously comparing the intellectual rank of the two countries. After all, with our Buchanan, Napier, Watt, and the Great Unknown, our old mother tempts a dangerous comparison with the parent of Shakspeare, Locke, Bacon, and Milton. But still she has no reason to blush, considering her small population, for her intellectual family; and though other causes may have contributed, her universities have tended much to make it numerous. Whatever is advantageous in the mode of teaching at the English Universities, those who may eventually concert the plan of the University now proposed, ought to learn and to adopt. Those who have studied at them must be consulted on that subject. It would be absurd in me to treat of places, about the institution of which, I could at best only imperfectly inform myself. But I can speak of the Scottish Universities from personal knowledge, and of the benefits to which their institutions conduced, when professorships were filled by such men as seemed to realize the idea of great and effective teachers. Dugald Stewart was one of these, and is, by the general consent of his countrymen, placed, I think, as decidedly at the head of Scottish philosophical literature, as Sir Walter Scott is placed at the head of the literature of imagination. I am not contending for Professor Stewart's individual doctrines of philosophy, nor for any thing that is peculiar to Scotland, in the character of her philosophical school; I speak only of that influence which D. Stewart exercised as a public character, over the temper and spirit of the place where he taught. Some shame I must take to myself, in confessing that I heard but too few of his lectures; but I heard enough to convince me that his influence in his own country, in supporting what most men, in their cool moments, will acknowledge to be the cause of truth, was greatly beneficent and important. He attached, through a long and trying period of exasperated party-feelings, respectability to the spirit of clemency and conciliation in the discussion of principles. As he had to deal with temper-trying times, and as he was called, in his metaphysical capacity, to illustrate practicable principles on deep abstract grounds of argument, he may have carried his tone of abstraction and clemency to a pitch which it would not be advantageous to imitate in discussing less philosophical matters, or in times and places where cautious delicacy is less required. Imitation always exaggerates its model; and an imitator of Stewart might refine upon calmness and caution till he caricatured them; but still, that error would not demonstrate the inefficiency of those primary virtues in conducting the cause of truth.

When I described the laboriously useful class of professors, (meaning to give labour its most honourable meaning)—such professors as I would wish to see in this establishment, I had Professor Jardine, of Glasgow, all the time in my recollection, as a model of that character. He came up to the idea of a teacher who does not depend upon the capacity of a student, but who brings him on by the strength of his own; and teachers are then, and then alone, intellectual masters in the proper sense. Let no place of public education be founded without a recollection of this truth, that the progress

of the scholar ought not to be dependent on his own efforts, in any degree so much, as on the humblest capacity being turned to the best account. Jardine was doomed for a long time to teach the Aristotelian logic. I was one of the last to whom he taught it. But his strong plain sense saw, that teaching the Baconian philosophy, the general laws of taste, and the practice of English composition, were more important than old logic; and he divided his course between these different kinds of study. At last he became, though I believe not without opposition from the admirers of the wisdom of our ancestors, the reformer of his own professorship; he dismissed the old logic altogether, and taught only the rules of analytical reasoning, the principles of taste, and the practice of English composition. He taught, generally, three hours a day, till he was near the age of ninety. Not a moment of any hour was lost in digression or bad humour. We wrote and criticised each other's themes, he read our criticisms, and reasoned them down if they were uncandid. If you ask me what great minds his class produced, I will answer that the object of his class was to make useful men. He was not responsible for the production of greatness. But if one were to remind hundreds of the clergy of Scotland and the north of Ireland, of the name of Jardine, I know they would say that he practically taught them to compose their sermons. I cannot compute the amount of his influence on the increase of the taste and rationality of Scottish preaching, for that sort of influence has no distinct terms of measurement; but that he has influenced the moral improvement of his country, I have not a doubt. What motive but truth, can I have to speak of him thus, when a whole community, who know him, would despise me if I were describing him unjustly?

This is the description of the energetic men of plain sense and practical zeal, (and England teems with such,) whom I would recommend you to seek for the most important part of teachers in the proposed University.

Glasgow also possessed, in John Millar, another exemplar of professional character. He lectured to a more advanced class of students, and was less expressly an exercising teacher than Jardine—but he was the model of a different species of excellencé. I still allude to personal influence more than abstract doctrine. No teacher can be infallible; but if he electrifies the mind under his charge with a love of truth, he provides an antidote for his own fallibility. So as he makes us in love with truth in the main, he may teach doctrines partially untrue with impunity. Whether John Millar's doctrines were always right, is one question; but that they were generally so, and that right doctrines could not have been expounded by a better teacher, I believe is questioned by none who ever listened to him. His writings always seem to me to be imperfect casts of his mind, like those casts of sculpture which want the diaphanous polish of the original marble. I heard him, when I was but sixteen, lecture on Roman law. A dry subject enough it would have been in common hands; but in his hands Heineccius was made a feast to the attention. His eyes, his voice, his figure, were commanding; as if Nature had made him for the purpose of giving dignity and fascination to oral instruction. Such was the truth, cheerfulness,

and courage, that seemed to give erectness to his shapely bust. He might have stood to the statuary for a Roman Orator ; but he was too much in earnest with his duty, and too manly to affect the orator ; but keeping close to his subject, he gave it a seriousness that was never tiresome, and a gaiety that never seemed for one moment unillustrative or unnecessary. His cheerfulness appeared as indispensable as his gravity, and his humour was as light as his seriousness was intense. But he was the contrast of those weak men who suffer either their gaiety or gravity to run away with them—he was master of both. His students were always in the class before him, waiting as for a treat. It was rumoured that he was coming. There was a grave look of pleasure on every face when he began ; and I thought (but it might be imagination) that there was a murmur of regret when the hour was at an end. Once, when he was lecturing in his best style and spirit, an English student, though perfectly sober, and meaning no offence, was so carried away by interest in the subject, that, forgetting himself, he made a remark aloud to the professor. It was as much against etiquette as speaking to the parson in church. A look from John Millar was sufficient to bring any man to his recollection ; and the face of the student who had offered this involuntary compliment, was instantly covered with blushes.

It would be unbecoming in me to quote such recollections if they were not intimately connected with the subject. But they seem to me to illustrate the utility of University Professors lecturing daily and regularly, and of the influence which their lectures are likely to have on public spirit and information.

Until a meeting of the friends of this scheme shall have been convened, I think it is hardly necessary for me to say more on the subject.

#### THE FAMILY JOURNAL.—NO. V.

##### *April Fools.*

THERE is not a holiday, or a public custom, which I do not like to maintain, provided it be one made for every body. Though a bachelor, I have my pancakes on Shrove Tuesday. Christmas is not Christmas without mince-pie. We always keep May-day at Bowering-Park : St. Valentine (charitable go-between!) enables me to give pleasure to any interesting face that I happen to meet, and that I may never be able to meet otherwise ; and on the day before us, I make fools of half a dozen of the most sensible and good-natured of my acquaintances ; for I never venture on the stupid. I do it merely *en passant*, and to preserve a custom. A *hoax* is too long and treacherous. Pretty women are those I like to make fools of ; and if they do not make a fool of me in return, I am disappointed. It loses me my revenge. The provocation should be given handsomely, quietly, briefly. What follows, may be more elaborate. The long embassies, on which the uninstructed send one another, for cobbler's oil and pigeon's milk, are what I cannot approve of. The common joke of calling the attention to something not to be found, is better ; and may be turned to good ac-



count. But, in the hands of wit and good-nature, any thing may be turned to account. A reputation for spirit and good-humour, mixed with a certain real regard for those whom a man plays upon, will enable him to do all in triumph. There is Tom Nevile, who can snap a horse-shoe. Every body knows, that Tom, for all he is such a tough junior, would as soon break his own heart, as cause any body he loves an affliction. For which reason, he may play what pranks he pleases. I have known Tom, upon the strength of a common joke about *lips* and *tulips*, make April fools of all the pretty women of his acquaintance. To one he would say, "Have you seen my tulips?" and upon her turning round to look, salute her in the name of the season. Another he would ask to help him "plant his tulips;" a third, if she would have some "double tulips," &c. But there is a manner in these things, which mere wit cannot attain to. The lady must be given to understand, by a kind of magic, and in the twinkling of an eye, that she would neither be wise nor amiable in resisting, and yet that kisses are not regarded by the operator as vulgar things, or to be given to every body.

But I shall be getting into May instead of April. Would it had been April or May, or any other season, provided we had been old acquaintances, and good-nature have stood me in stead of address, when those two eyes turned upon me, that I saw at the concert at Sir J. L.'s. The strings of her waist caught one of my coat-buttons; and there looked round upon me—such a face! I shall never forget it,—so alive, so cordial, so intelligent, so refined, so every thing. If any body ever saddens it, I hereby inform her that she has a Honeycomb for her champion. I apologized for the involuntary detention of her, but lamented the necessity of undoing it; upon which, without uttering a word, she said a thousand things by the mere turn of her countenance, and all the best-natured and properest in the world.

The making April fools appears to have once trespassed beyond its bounds, and become a standing joke in the time of Swift. It was called a Bite. Rowe produced a comedy on it, which did not succeed. Such jokes are not calculated for any thing continuous. Swift, writing to an acquaintance in Ireland, says, "I'll teach you a way to outwit Mrs. Johnson; it is a new-fashioned way of being witty, and they call it 'a bite.' You must ask a bantering question, or tell some damned lie in a serious manner, and then she will answer or speak as if you were in earnest: and then cry you,—'Madam, there's a bite.' I would not have you undervalue this; for it is the constant amusement in court, and every where else among the great people; and I let you know it, in order to have it obtain among you, and to teach you a new refinement." *Swift's Works*, Vol. XI. p. 12. 8vo. edit. 1801. Swift practised it himself, and so did his friends the ministers. Becoming tiresome by its commonness, Steele wrote a paper in the *Tatler* to put it down. He makes us laugh, however, with his specimen.

Scenc.—"*White's Chocolate House.*" Enter PIP, TRIMMER, and ACORN.

Ac. What is the matter, gentlemen? what take no notice of an old friend?

*Pip.* Plague on it! do not talk to me; I am 'voweled' by the count, and cursedly out of humour.

*Ac.* Voweled! pr'ythee, Trimmer, what does he mean by that?

*Trim.* Have a care, Harry; speak softly; do not shew your ignorance;—if you do, they will 'bite' you wherever they meet you, they are such cursed curs—the present wits.

*Ac.* Bite me! what do you mean?

*Pip.* Why! do you not know what biting is? nay, you are in the right on it. However, one would learn it only to defend one's self against men of wit, as one would know the tricks of play, to be secure against the cheats. But do not you hear, Acorn, that report, that some potentates of the alliance have taken care of themselves, exclusively of us?

*Ac.* How! Heaven forbid! after all our glorious victories: all the expense of blood and treasure!

*Pip.* Bite!

*Ac.* Bite! how?

*Trim.* Nay, he has bit you fairly enough; that is certain.

*Ac.* I do not feel it—How? Where?"

There is all the difference in the world between an every-day lie of this nature and an April joke. The one is for all seasons, and becomes fit for none. The other is transient, and may be looked for; and we must pardon it if it bite us, like the insect that lasts a day.

*Perukes of King Charles the Second's Time.*

IN the perplexity of not knowing what articles to select from the journal, I have come to a resolution, with regard to the minor ones, of opening our quartos at random, and taking the first that presents itself. In these *Sortes Honeycombianæ*, I cannot but regard it as a gallant omen, that the first paper I lit upon was a copy of verses by Dick Honeycomb, on the perukes that flourished in his time. I have written them out with much the same veneration, with which the peruke itself would have been taken out of its box, had it survived to the present age. But see the changes of this world! That which was once the airiest of head-pieces, is now the symbol of gravity. It is to be seen only on the heads of judges, or on those other preparatory ones which maintain so inflexible a countenance in certain windows in the inns of court. The only third instance I can call to mind, is that of a Mayor of Garratt, whom I encountered one day, when a boy, leading his processional splendours up the road to Kennington. "There is nothing secure," as the Parisian said, when he lost his toothpick. On the stage, the peruke is now a burlesque. I confess I wish it were retained in comedy. There are passages in Farquhar and Hoadly, of which we cannot have a proper taste without it. Some are obliged to be altered in consequence, and are much the worse for the alteration. Garrick, in the first scene of the *Suspicious Husband*, used to make a sensation with holding up his two perukes, the one he had worn all night raking, and the fresh one brought in by his servant.—"Why, how like a raking dog do you look, compared to that spruce,

sober gentleman! Go, you battered devil, and be made fit to be seen."  
*[Throwing his wig to the servant.]*

Ranger now throws a cocked-hat; which is a very different business. The wig, tumbled, and jaded, and out of curl, was the representative of the night. It brings the table with it, the rakery in-doors. It was one of the company. The cocked-hat may have done something coming home; encountered a watchman, or been knocked into a gutter. But this is a poor part of the matter. The wig was high and genial. Besides, the hat is all night in an anteroom, and has no pretensions to be be-devilled. The French understand the faculties of perukes and other patrician personages better; and will not commit Louis the Fourteenth, even in a serious drama, without his wig. Comedy, being founded on the manners of particular times, implies a necessity of costume; for which reason there is no comparison between the performance of one of Moliere's plays in France, and one of Congreve's or Farquhar's in England. The stage, in the former instance, is like a piece cut out of the actual times of the Grammonts and Voitures. It is a world of perukes, trimmings, and gallant shoe-leather; and respires pulvilio.

"*Mascarille.* Favour these gloves, Madam, with a slight apprehension of their scent.

*Madelon.* Terribly fine, upon my honour!

*Kate.* I have never inhaled a better-conditioned odour.

*Mascarille.* And this? *(Holding down his peruke.)*

*Madelon.* Quality every inch of it. The sublime is touched there deliciously.

*Mascarille.* You say nothing of my plumes. What do you think of them?

*Kate.* Divine to the last degree.

*Mascarille.* Do you know the *brin* cost me a louis-d'or? It is a passion I have for knowing no bounds in expense, in cultivating the beautiful.

*Madelon.* I assure you we sympathize in that matter. I am desperately sensitive in all my apparel. I cannot endure any thing, even an under-stocking, which does not come from the most scientific hand.

*Mascarille.* *(Crying out on the sudden.)* Oh! oh! come now, softly. It is not fair. Gad damme, ladies, this is very bad usage. Upon my soul, I have to complain of it.

*Kate.* What is it? What's the matter?

*Mascarille.* Two of you at a time! It is really too much. Right and left against one poor heart! No, no; it is not fair: it is contrary to the law of nations. I'll cry murder; I will, upon my soul.

*Kate (to Madelon.)* It must be confessed he has a very particular way of putting things.

*Madelon (to Kate.)* He has an admirable turn of wit."

These *exquisites* of Moliere would tell well on the English stage even now, with the help of the proper costume. The dress and the people are co-existent. I wish I had Cibber's Apology by me, to give his account of the wig which Colonel Brett bought of him. The audience were as much in love with it as the Colonel. Cibber used to have it brought in by chairmen in a sedan, from which he handed it

forth with great ceremony, the spectators clapping as though it had been a lady. One almost fancies, that if the Colonel had been off from his bargain, the wig would have brought an action against him for breach of promise.

Perukes had their conveniences, and have done something for posterity. We owe to them a pleasant variety in our recollections, the distinct marking out of a particular period, and the poetical caps of Prior and Pope. If a periwig was hot in the wearing, it must have been delicious in the taking off. The hot head, poetical or fashionable, must have rioted in its basin of water. The baldness of a lover is not so agreeable to one's imagination; but fashion reconciles every thing. In the scene above-mentioned, Garrick stood bald-headed, while comparing the two perukes; yet Ranger was one of the characters in which the ladies most admired him. The illustrious authors of the French Encyclopædia, in an article of becoming length and solemnity, on the manufacture of wigs, (to wit, fourteen folio pages and upwards, the double columns of which appear like so many periwigs with full bottoms) inform us, that the first person who appeared in a peruke of this kind, was the Abbé De La Riviere. They might have added, that the custom (as my ancestor has informed us) originated in a compliment to Louis the Fourteenth, whose fine head of hair, when young, it affected to imitate. On this account, the first perukes were without powder. The colour varied according to the whim of the day, or the complexion. They were scented, and furnished the beaux with something to do with their fingers' ends, when not handling the snuff-box.

It appears by his verses, that Dick Honeycomb had fallen out with these inventions, owing to a wig that had made his mistress unfaithful. Who Jack Hall was, I have not been able to discover. He rivalled his betters in his lifetime, and must be content to remain obscure. Two or three of the lines are very rough; but Dick could write softly, as the reader may see by the rest. The satirists of those times, till Dryden ran ease and strength together in one fine mass of fusion, thought occasional roughness fitted for their purpose; or at least, a robust carelessness, that gave hard hits with an air of contempt. Some of Butler's verses, cramming their words and thoughts close together, acquire a sort of dignity from their scorn of the melodious. They rattle their consonants and elisions as if the vowels were not worth taking into the account. Donne's ruggedness, in the preceding age, appears to have arisen from a theory about satire, equally unsuitable to verse and to the English language. It was an imitation of the Horatian style carried to excess. But in these, ruggedness is turned to its proper purpose of strength and variety, and looks like the knots in polished wood.

In the concluding paragraph I have omitted twenty lines, in which my ancestor runs riot in similes. Besides the images retained, he compares a wig to the pillory, to a yoke, to a balance (in which the head is found wanting), to the Greek letter  $\Pi$ , to a gibbet, to the *Furcæ Caudinæ*, to the pillars of Hercules, of Samson, of freemasonry, &c.

*Verses on a full flowing Peruke, by Richard Honeycomb, Esq. 1673.*

DID ever laurel, famed in story,  
 Cover a man with so much glory,  
 Or warrant him to look so big,  
 As that great modern boast, a wig?  
 Some Roman ladies wore a front  
 With hyperbolic friz upon't;  
 And we are told of Goths and Scythians  
 With wigs; but their's were short and pithy ones.  
 None of the ancients, as I see,  
 Laid claim to our crinosity,  
 Or took the breath of the beholders  
 With hairy torrents down the shoulders,  
 Melting a dozen scalps in one,  
 Enough to make a lion run.  
 The monarch, whose inglorious look  
 (Having a natural-boin peruke)  
 Gave rise to this great capillation,  
 Ill treateth sure his gallant nation,  
 And takes too many pains by far  
 In seeking such renown in war,  
 Picking for 's head superfluous laurels  
 In shape of Dutch and Spanish quarrels,  
 When he must know, that he who clips  
 Two yards of goats-hair at his chaps,  
 Succeeds at once to all the rights  
 And privileges o' the greatest knight,  
 Reaping such honours from the dead  
 As never yet invested head,  
 And may dispense with wit and parts  
 In vanquishing the ladies' hearts  
 To have a little reading, once  
 Might mark a gallant from a dunce,  
 Some grammar did not come amiss,  
 And wit could much exalt a kiss.  
 But now your man is he who saddles  
 His head with the great'st hairy straddles,  
 And all that separates wits from ninnes,  
 Is, "Did your wig cost fifty guneas?"  
 Hail, two-tail'd comet of this age,  
 Portending bills, and amorous rage!  
 Hail, brains of beaux turn'd inside out  
 Tossing your scented froth about,  
 And turning brisk on the beholders  
 With copied ans across the shoulders!  
 Through thee we come at beauty's blushes,  
 Like Jove through clouds, or Pan through bushes:  
 To thee I owe (besides, I fear,  
 Some hundreds to my perruquier;)   
 To thee I owe my Chloe's passion,  
 Her fears, and fond incarceration;  
 And more than all, I owe to thee  
 That Jack Hall's wig has set me free.

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## THE CATHOLIC DEPUTATION.

THE Roman Catholic Association having resolved to petition the House of Commons against the Bill which was in progress for their suppression, requested Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Sheil to attend at the bar of the house, and prayed that those gentlemen should be heard as counsel on behalf of the body in whose proceedings they had taken so active a participation. They appeared to undertake the office with reluctance. It involved a great personal sacrifice upon the part of Mr. O'Connell; and independently of any immediate loss in his profession, Mr. Sheil could not fail to perceive that it must prejudice him in some degree as a barrister, to turn aside from the beaten track of his profession, in the pursuit of a brilliant, but somewhat illusory object. It was, however, next to impossible to disobey the injunction of a whole people—they accepted of this honourable trust. At the same time that counsel were appointed, it was determined that other gentlemen should attend the debates of the House of Commons in the character of deputies, and should constitute a sort of embassy to the English people. The plan of its constitution was a little fantastic. Any person who deemed it either pleasurable or expedient to attach himself to this delegation was declared to be a member, and, in consequence, a number of individuals enrolled themselves as volunteers in the national service. I united myself to these political missionaries, not from any hope that I should succeed in detaching Lord Eldon from the church, or in banishing the fear of Oxford from the eyes of Mr. Peel, but from a natural curiosity to observe the scenes of interest and novelty, into which, from my representative character, I thought it not improbable that I should be introduced. I set out in quest of political adventure, and determined to commit to a sort of journal, whatever should strike me to be deserving of note. Upon my return to Ireland, I sent to certain of my friends some extracts from the diary which I had kept, in conformity with this resolution. They told me that I had heard and seen much of what was not destitute of interest, and, at their suggestion, I have wrought the observations, which were loosely thrown together, into a more regular shape, although they will, I fear, carry with them an evidence of the haste and heedlessness with which they were originally set down.

The party of deputies to which I had annexed myself, travelled in a barouche belonging to Mr. O'Connell, of which he was kind enough to offer us the use. I fancy that we made rather a singular appearance, for the eyes of every passenger were fixed upon us as we passed; and at Coventry, (a spot sacred to curiosity,) the mistress of the inn where we stopped to change horses, asked me, with a mixture of inquisitiveness and wonder, and after many apologies for the liberty she took in putting the interrogatory, "who the gentlemen were?" I contented myself with telling her that we were Irish — "Parliament folk, I suppose?" to which, with a little mental reservation, I nodded assent. Mr. O'Connell, as usual, attracted the larger portion of the public gaze. He was seated on the box of the barouche, with a huge cloak folded about him, which seemed to be a revival of the famous Irish mantle; though far be it from me to insinuate that it was ever dedicated to some of the purposes to which it is suggested by Spenser that the

national garment was devoted. His tall and ample figure enveloped in the trappings that fell widely round him, and his open and manly physiognomy, rendered him a very conspicuous object, from the elevated station which he occupied. Wherever we stopped, he called with an earnest and sonorous tone for a newspaper, being naturally solicitous to learn whether he should be heard at the bar of the house; and in invoking "mine host," for the parliamentary debates, he employed a cadence and gesture which carried along with them the unequivocal intimations of his country. Nothing deserving of mention occurred until we had reached Wolverhampton. We arrived at that town about eight o'clock in the morning, with keener appetites than befitted the season of abstinence, during which we were condemned to travel. The table was strewed with a tantalizing profusion of the choicest fare. Every eye was fixed upon an unhallowed round of beef, which seemed to have been deposited in the centre of the breakfast-room with a view to "lead us into temptation," when Mr. O'Connel exclaimed "recollect that you are within sacred precincts. The conqueror of Sturges, and the terror of the Veto-ists, has made Wolverhampton holy." This admonition saved us on the verge of the precipice—we thought that we beheld the pastoral staff of the famous Doctor raised up between us and the forbidden feast, and turned slowly and reluctantly from its unavailing contemplation to the lenten mediocrity of dry toast and creamless tea. We had finished our repast, when it was suggested that we ought to pay Doctor Milner a visit before we proceeded upon our journey. This proposition was adopted with alacrity, and we went forth in a body in quest of that energetic divine. We experienced some little difficulty in discovering his abode, and received most evangelical looks and ambiguous answers to our inquiries. A damsel of thirty, with a physiognomy which was at once comely and demure, replied to us at first with a mixture of affected ignorance and ostentatious disdain—until Sir Thomas Esmonde, who is "a marvellous proper" man in every sense of the word, whether it be taken in its physical or moral meaning, addressed the fair votary of Wesley with a sort of chuck-under-the-chin manner (as Leigh Hunt would call it), and bringing a more benign and feminine smile upon a face which had been over spiritualized by some potent teacher of the word, induced the mitigated methodist to reply, "If you had asked me for the Popish priest, instead of the Catholic bishop, I should have told you that he lived yonder," pointing to a large but desolate-looking mansion before us. We proceeded, according to her directions, to Dr. Milner's residence. It had an ample, but dreary front. The windows were dingy, and covered with cobwebs, and the grass before the door seemed to illustrate the Irish imprecation. It is separated from the street by a high railing of rusty metal, at which we rang several times without receiving any response. It was suggested to us, that if we tried the kitchen door, we should probably get in. We accordingly turned into a lane, leading to the postern gate, which was opened by an old and feeble, but very venerable gentleman, in whom I slowly recognized the active and vigorous prelate, whom I had seen some years ago, in the hottest onset of the Veto warfare in Ireland. His figure had nothing of the Becket port which formerly belonged to it. A gentle languor sat upon a face which I had seen full of fire and expression

—his eye was almost hid under the relaxed and dropping eyelid, and his voice was querulous, undecided, and weak. He did not recollect Mr. O'Connel, and appeared at a loss to conjecture our purpose. "We have come to pay you a visit, my lord," said Mr. O'Connel. The interpellation was pregnant with our religion; "my lord," uttered with a vernacular richness of intonation, gave him an assurance that we were from "the Island of Saints," and on the right road to heaven. He asked us, with easy urbanity, to walk in. We found that he had been sitting at his kitchen fire, with a small cup of chocolate, and a little bread, which made up his simple and apostolic breakfast. There was an English neatness and brightness in every thing about us, which was not out of keeping with the cold but polished civility of our reception. The Doctor was, for a little while, somewhat hallucinated, and still seemed to wonder at our coming. There was an awkward pause. At length Mr. O'Connel put him "*au fait*." He told him who he was, and that he and his colleagues were going to London to plead the cause of their holy religion. The name of the counsellor did not give the Doctor as electric a shock as I had expected—he merely said, that we did him very great honour, and wished us every success. He requested us to walk up-stairs, and welcomed us with much courtesy, but little warmth. Time had been busy with him. His faculties were not much impaired, but his emotions were gone. His ideas ran clearly enough, but his blood had ceased to flow. We sat down in his library. The conversation hung fire. The inflammable materials of which his mind was originally composed, were damped by age. O'Connel primed him two or three times, and yet he did not for a long while fairly go off. I resolved to try an expedient, by way of experiment upon episcopal nature, and being well aware of his tendts with Mr. Charles Butler, (the great lawyer and profound theologian of Lincoln's Inn), asked him, with much innocence of manner, though I confess with some malice of intent, "whether he had lately heard from his old friend, Charles Butler?" The name was talismanic—the resurrection of the Doctor's passions was instantaneous and complete. His face became bright, his form quickened and alert, and his eye was lighted up with true scholastic ecstasy. He seemed ready to enter once more into the rugged field of controversy, in which he had won so many laurels, and to be prepared to "fight his battles o'er again." To do him justice, he said nothing of his ancient antagonist in polemics, which a bishop and a divine ought not to say; he, on the contrary, mentioned that a reconciliation had taken place. I could, however, perceive, that the junction of their minds was not perfectly smooth, and saw the marks of the cement, which had "soldered up the rift." The *odium theologorum* has been neutralized by an infusion of Christianity, but some traces of its original acidity could not fail to remain. He spoke of Mr. Butler as a man of great learning and talents; and I should mention parenthetically, that I afterwards heard the latter express himself of Doctor Milner, as a person of vast erudition, and who reflected honour, by the purity of his life, and the extent of his endowments, upon the body to which he belonged. The impulse given to his mind by the mention of his achievements in controversy, extended itself to other topics. Cobbett had done, said Doctor Milner, service to Ireland, and to its religion,



by addressing himself to the common sense of the English people, and trying to purge them of their misconceptions respecting the belief of the great majority of the Christian world. The Doctor spoke with a good deal of energy of the contests which had been carried on between the clergy and the itinerant missionaries of the Bible Society in Ireland, and congratulated Mr. O'Connel and Mr. Sheil on their exertions in Cork, from which the systematic counteraction of the new apostles had originated. Mr. O'Connel expressed his obligations upon this occasion to Dr. Milner's celebrated, and, let me add, admirable work, which has been so felicitously entitled "The End of Religious Controversy." "Oh!" said the Doctor, "I am growing old, or I should write a supplement to that book." After some further desultory conversation, we took our leave. Doctor Milner, who had been aroused into his former energy, thanked us with simple and unaffected cordiality for our visit. He conducted us to the gate before his mansion, (in which I should observe that neither luxury nor want appear) with his white head uncovered, and with the venerable grace of age and piety bade us farewell.

We proceeded upon our journey. No incident occurred deserving of mention, unless a change in our feelings deserves the name. The moment we entered England, I perceived that the sense of our own national importance had sustained some diminution, and that, however slowly and reluctantly we acknowledged it to ourselves, the contemplation of the opulence which surrounded us, and in which we saw the results and evidences of British power and greatness, impressed upon every one of us the consciousness of our provincial inferiority, and the conviction that it is only from an intimate alliance with Great Britain, or rather a complete amalgamation with her immense dominion, that any permanent prosperity can be reasonably expected to be derived. In the sudden transition from the scenes of misery and sorrow to which we are habituated in Ireland to the splendid spectacle of English wealth and civilization, the humiliating contrast between the two islands presses itself upon every ordinary observer. It is at all times remarkable. Compared to her proud and pampered sister, clothed as she is in purple and in gold, Ireland, with all her natural endowments, at best appears but a squalid and emaciated beauty. I have never failed to be struck and pained by this unfortunate disparity: but upon the present occasion the objects of our mission, and the peculiarly national capacity in which we were placed in relation to England, naturally drew our meditation to the surpassing glory of the people, of whom we had come to solicit redress. An occasional visit to England has a very salutary effect. It operates as a complete sedative to the ardour of the political passions. It should be prescribed as a part of the antiphlogistic regimen. The persons who take an active part in the impassioned deliberations of the Irish people, are apt to be carried away by the strength of the popular feelings which they contribute to create. Having heated the public mind into an ardent mass of emotion, they are themselves under the influence of its intensity. This result is natural and just: but among the consequences (most of which are beneficial) which have arisen from the habitual excitation, and to which the Catholics have reasonably attributed much of their inchoate success, they have forgotten the effect upon themselves, and have omitted to ob-

serve in their own minds a disposition to exaggerate the magnitude of the means by which their ends are to be accomplished. In declaiming upon the immense population of Ireland, they insensibly put out of account the power of that nation from whom relief is demanded, and who are grown old in the habit of domination, which of all habits it is most difficult to resign.

A man like Mr. O'Connel, who, by the force of his natural eloquence produces a great emotion in the midst of an enthusiastic assembly of ardent and high-blooded men, who is hailed by the community, of which he is the leading member, as their chief and champion; who is greeted with popular benedictions as he passes, whose name resounds in every alley, and "stands rubric" on every wall, can with difficulty resist the intoxicating influence of so many exciting causes, and becomes a sort of political opium-eater, who must be torn from these seductive indulgences, in order to reduce him into perfect soundness and soberness of thought. His deputation to England produced an almost immediate effect upon him. As we advanced, the din of popular assemblies became more faint: the voice of the multitude was scarcely heard in the distance, and at last died away. He seemed half English at Shrewsbury, and was nearly Saxonized when we entered the murky magnificence of Warwickshire. As we surveyed the volcanic region of manufactures, and saw a thousand Etnas vomiting their eternal fires, the recollections of Erin passed away from his mind, and the smoky glories of Skilton and Wolverhampton took possession of his soul. The feeling which attended our progress through England was not a little increased by our approach to its huge metropolis. The waste of wealth around us, the procession of ponderous vehicles that choked the public roads, the rapid and continuous sweep of carriages, the succession of luxurious and brilliant towns, the crowd of splendid villas, which Cowper has assimilated to the beads upon the neck of an Asiatic Queen, and the vast and dusky mass of bituminous vapour which crowns the great city with an everlasting cloud, intimated our approach to the modern Babylon. Upon any ordinary occasion I should not, I believe, have experienced any strong sensation on entering London. What is commonly called "coming up to town," is not a very sublime or moving incident. I honestly confess that I have upon a fine summer morning stood on Westminster Bridge, upon my return from the brilliant inanities of Vauxhall, and looked upon London with a very drowsy sympathy in the meditative enthusiasm which breathes through Wordsworth's admirable sonnet. But upon the occasion which I am describing, it needed little of the spirit of political romance to receive a deep and stirring impulse, as we advanced to the great metropolis of the British empire, and heard the rolling of the great tide—the murmurs, if I may so say, of the vast sea of wealth before us. The power of England was at this moment presented to us in a more distinct and definite shape, and we were more immediately led, as we entered London, to bring the two countries into comparison. This, we exclaimed, is London, and the recollection of our own Eblana was manifest in the sigh with which the truism was spoken: yet the reflection upon our inferiority was not unaccompanied by the consolatory anticipation that the time was not distant, when we should be permitted to participate in all the advantages of a real and consummated junction of the two countries, when the impediments to our national prosperity should be

removed, and Ireland should receive the ample overflowings of that deep current of opulence which we saw almost bursting through its golden channels in the streets of the immense metropolis.

Immediately after our arrival, we were informed by the agent of the Roman Catholic Association in London, Mr. Æneas M'Donnel (and who, in the discharge of the duties confided to him, has evinced great talents, judgment, and discretion), that Sir Francis Burdett was desirous to see us as soon as possible. We accordingly proceeded to his house in St. James's Place, where we found the Member for Westminster living in all the blaze of aristocracy. I had often heard Sir Francis Burdett in popular assemblies, and had been greatly struck with his simple, easy, and unsophisticated eloquence:—I was extremely anxious to gain a nearer access to a person of so much celebrity, and to have an opportunity of observing the character and intellectual habits of a man who had given so much of its movement to the public mind. He was sitting in his study when we were introduced by Mr. M'Donnel. He received us without any of that *hauteur* which I have heard attributed to him, and for which his constitutional quiescence of manner is sometimes mistaken. We, who have the hot Celtic blood in our veins, and deal in hyperbole upon occasions which are not calculated to call up much emotion, are naturally surprised at what we conceive to be a want of ardour upon themes and incidents in which our own feelings are deeply and fervently engaged. During my short residence in London, I constantly felt among the persons of high political influence to whom we approached, a calmness, which I should have taken for the stateliness of authority in individuals, but that I found it was much more national than personal, and was, in a great degree, an universal property of the political world. There was a great deal of simple dignity, which was entirely free from affectation in the address of Sir Francis Burdett. Having requested us to sit, which we did in a large circle (his first remark indeed was, that we were more numerous than he had expected), he came with an instantaneous directness to the point, and after a few words of course upon the honour conferred upon him by being entrusted with the Catholic question, entreated us with some strenuousness to substitute Mr. Plunket in his place; he protested his readiness to take any part in the debate which should be assigned him; but stated, that there was no man so capable, and certainly none more anxious than the Attorney-General for the promotion of our cause. But for the plain and honest manner in which this exhortation was given, I should have suspected that he was merely performing a part, ~~but~~ I have no doubt of the sincerity with which the recommendation was given.

He dwelt at length upon the great qualifications of Mr. Plunket as a parliamentary speaker, and pressed us to wave all sort of form with respect to himself, and put him at once aside for an abler advocate. We told him that it was out of our power to rescind the decision of an aggregate meeting. This he seemed to feel, and said that he should endeavour to discharge the trust as efficiently as he was able. His heart, he said, was in the question—he knew that there could not be peace in Ireland until it was adjusted; and for the country he professed great attachment. He loved the people of Ireland, and it was truly melancholy to see so noble a race deprived of the power of turn-

ing their great natural endowments to any useful account. These observations, which an Irishman would have delivered with great emphasis, were made by Sir Francis Burdett almost without a change of tone or look. He made no effort at strong expression. Every thing was said with great gentleness, perspicuity, and candour. I thought, however, that he strangely hesitated for common words. His language was as plain as his dress, which was extremely simple, and indicated the favourite pursuit of a man who is "mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate." I watched his face while he spoke. His eyes are small and bright, but have no flash or splendour. They are illuminated by a serene and tranquil spirit: his forehead is high and finely arched, but narrow and contracted, and although his face is lengthy, its features are minute and delicately chiselled off. His mouth is extremely small, and carries much suavity about it. I should have guessed him at once to be a man of rank, but should not have suspected his spirit to be a transmigration of Caius Græchus. I should never have guessed that he was the man whose breath had raised so many waves upon the public mind, and aroused a storm which made the vessel creak. I saw no shadow of the "tower of Julius" in his pure and ruddy colour, and should never have conjectured that he had inhaled the evaporations of its stagnant moat. At the same time I should observe, that if there were no evidences of a daring or adventurous spirit about this champion of the people, there are in his demeanour and bearing many indications of calm resolve and imperturbable determination. I was a good deal more occupied in watching this celebrated person, than in observing my companions. Yet I at once perceived that we were too numerous and gregarious a body for a council of state, and was glad to find Mr. O'Connell take a decided, and what was considered by some to be, a dictatorial tone amongst us. I saw that unless some one individual assumed the authority of speaking and acting for the rest, we should, in all likelihood, be involved in those petty squabbles and miserable contentions of which Bonaparte speaks as characteristic of the Irish deputies who were sent to Paris to negotiate a revolution. I was much pleased to find that Mr. O'Connell gave, even in this early communication, strong proof of that wise, temperate, and conciliatory spirit by which his conduct in London was distinguished; and by the manifestation of which, he conferred incalculable service on his country. After this interview with Sir Francis Burdett, the chief object of which, upon his part, was to sound our disposition to confide the conduct of our cause to the Irish Attorney General, we proceeded to the House of Commons, for the purpose of attending the debate upon the petition to be heard by counsel at the bar. We had already been informed by Sir Francis Burdett, that it was very unlikely that the house would accede to the petition, and that Ministers had collected their forces to oppose it. For the result we were, therefore, prepared; but we were extremely anxious to hear a discussion, in which Mr. Brougham was expected to display his great powers, and in which the general demerits of the association would, in all probability, be brought by Ministers under review. The Speaker had the goodness to direct that the Catholic deputies should be allowed to sit under the gallery during the discussions which appertained immediately to the object of their mission; and we were, in consequence, accommodated with places

upon this 'vantage ground ; from which I had an opportunity of observing the orators of the night. We found a considerable array in the house, and attracted universal observation. In the front of our body was Mr. O'Connel, upon whom every eye was fixed. He affected a perfect carelessness of manner ; but it was easy to perceive that he was full of restlessness and inquietude under an icy surface. I saw the current eddying beneath. Next him was Mr. O'Gorman, who carried a most official look as secretary to the Catholics of all Ireland, and seemed to realize the *beau-ideal* of Irish self-possession. (I should observe by the way, that Mr. O'Gorman was of great use in London in controlling that spirit of disputation among the deputies to which Irishmen are habitually prone, and which it required the perfect good-humour and excellent disposition of the learned functionary to assuage.) The house began to fill about eight o'clock. The aspect of the members was not in general very imposing. Few were in full dress, and there was little, in the general demeanour of the representatives of the people, which was calculated to raise them in my reverence. This absence, or rather studious neglect of ceremony, is, perhaps, befitting an assembly of the "citizens and burgesses in parliament assembled." I remarked that some of the members were distinguished for their spirit of locomotion. The description of "the Falmouth—the heavy Falmouth coach," given by a jocular secretary of state, had prepared me to expect in a noble Lord a more sedentary habit of body ; but he displayed a perfect incapacity to stay still, and was perpetually traversing the house, as if he wished, by the levity of his trip and the jauntiness of his movements, to furnish a practical reputation of ministerial merriment. After some matters of form had been disposed of, Mr. Brougham rose to move, on behalf of the Association, that counsel should be heard at the bar of the house. I had seen Mr. Brougham several years before, and immediately observed a great improvement in his accomplishments as a public speaker. Nature has not, perhaps, been very favourable to this very eminent man in his merely physical configuration. His person is tall, but not compact or well put together. There is a looseness of limb about him, which takes away from that stability of attitude which indicates the fixedness of the mind. His chest is narrow—he wants that bulk which gives Plunket an Atlantean massiveness of form, mentioned by Milton as the property of a great statesman. The countenance of Mr. Brougham wants symmetry and refinement. His features are strong, but rather wide.—He has a Caledonian prominence of bone. His complexion indicates his intellectual habits—and is "sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought." It seems smoked by the midnight lamp. His eyes are deeply sunk, but full at once of intensity and meditation. His voice is good—it is clear, articulate, and has sufficient melody and depth. He has the power of raising it to a very high key, without harshness or discord, and when he becomes impassioned, he is neither hoarse nor shrill. Such is the outward man ; and if he has defects, they are not so numerous or so glaring as those over which the greatest orator of antiquity obtained a victory. In his ideal picture of a public speaker, Homer represents the most accomplished artificer of words as a person with few if any personal attractions. The characteristics of Brougham's oratory are vigour and passion. He alternates with great felicity. He possesses

in a high degree the art of easy transition from impetuosity to demonstration. His blood does not become so over-heated, as to render it a matter of difficulty for him to return to the tone and language of familiar discourse—the prevalent tone and language of the House of Commons. A man who cannot rise beyond it, will never make a great figure; but whoever cannot habitually employ it, will be accounted a declaimer, and will fall out of parliamentary favour. Mr. Brougham's gesture is at once senatorial and forensic. He uses his arms like an orator, and his hands like a lawyer. He employs great sweep of action, and describes segments of circles in his impassioned movements; here he forgets his forensic habitudes: but when he is either sneering or sophisticating, he closes his hands together with a somewhat pragmatical air, or uniting the points of his fore fingers, and lifting them to a level with his chair, embodies in his attitude the minute spirit of *Nisi Prius*. If he did this and nothing else, he would hold no higher place than the eternal Mr. Wetherall in the house.—But what, taken apart, may appear an imperfection, brings out the nobler attributes of his mind, and by the contrast which it presents, raises his better faculties into relief. Of the variety, nay vastness of his acquirements it is unnecessary to say any thing:—he is a kind of ambulatory encyclopedia, and brings his learning to bear upon every topic on which he speaks. His diction is highly enriched, or, if I may so say, embossed with figures executed after the pure classical model: yet there are not perhaps any isolated passages which are calculated to keep a permanent residence in the recollection of his hearers. He does not venture like Plunket into the loftiest regions of eloquence; he does not wing his flight among those towering elevations which are, perhaps, as barren as they are high; but he holds on with steady continuity in a very exalted course, and never goes out of sight. His bursts of honest vehemence, and indignant moral reprobation, are very fine. He furnished, upon the night on which I heard him, an admirable exemplification of this commanding power. I allude to his reply to Mr. Peel upon the charges made against Hamilton Rowan. The Secretary for the Home Department is said to have delivered upon this occasion one of the best speeches which he ever pronounced in parliament. I own that he greatly surpassed my expectations. I was prepared from the perusal of his speeches, and the character which I had heard of him, for a display of frigid ingenuity, delivered with a dapper neatness and an ironical conceit. I heard the late Mr. Curran say, that “Peel was a mere official Jack-an-apes,” and had built my conceptions of him upon a phrase which, valueless as it may appear, remained in my memory. But I was disabused of this erroneous impression by his philippic against the Association. I do not mean to say that Mr. Peel has not a good deal of elaborate self-sufficiency. He is perpetually indulging in encomiums upon his own manliness and candour—and certainly there is much frankness in his voice and bearing—but any man who observes the expedients with which he endeavours to effect his escape from the grasp of some powerful opponent, will be convinced that there is a good deal of lubricity about him. He constantly advances arguments of the fallacy of which he cannot fail to be conscious, and which would be a burlesque upon reasoning if they were not uttered from the Treasury Bench. As a speaker, he should

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not be placed near Brougham, or Canning, or Plunket, although he rises far beyond that mediocrity to which in Ireland we are in the habit of condemning him. His language is not powerful, but it is perfectly clear, and uniformly correct. I observed indeed that his sentences were much more compact and unbroken, and their several parts better linked together than those of Mr. Brougham; but the one evolves his thoughts in a lengthened and winding chain, while the other (having a due fear of the parenthetical-before his eyes) presents an obvious idea in a brief and simple form, and never ventures to frame any massive or extended series of phrase. His gesture is, generally speaking, exceedingly appropriate, and if I found any fault with it, I should censure it for its minute adherence to grace. His hands are remarkably white and well formed, and are exhibited with an ostentatious care. He stands erect, and, to use a technical expression employed by French dancers, "*a-plomb*." This firmness of attitude gives him that appearance of determination, which is wanting perhaps in Mr. Brougham. I do not like his physiognomy as an orator. He has a handsome face, but it is suffused with a smile of sleek self-complacency, which it is impossible to witness without distaste. He has also a trick of closing his eyes, which may arise from their weakness, but which has something mental in its expression; and however innocent he may be of all offensive purpose, is indicative of superciliousness and contempt. I doubt not he found it of use in Ireland among the menials of authority, and acquired this habit at the Castle. In one, the best passage in his speech, and I believe the best he ever uttered, he divested himself of those defects. Upon the moral propriety of his attack upon Hamilton Rowan it is unnecessary to say any thing. The misfortunes of that excellent gentleman ought not to have been pressed into the service. After every political convulsion, a Lethe should be permitted to flow upon the public mind, and a sin of thirty years' standing ought not only to be pardoned but forgotten. Mr. Peel, however, could not resist the temptation of dragging upon the stage a man whose white hair should hide every imperfection upon his head.\* Laying aside all consideration of the generosity evinced by Mr. Peel in the selection of the topic, it must be acknowledged that he pronounced his invective with great and very successful force. He became heated with victory, and, cheered as he was repeatedly by his multitudinous partisans, turned suddenly towards the part of the house where the deputies were seated, and looking triumphantly at Mr. O'Connell, with whom he forgot for a moment that he had been once involved in a personal quarrel, shook his hand with scornful exultation, and asked whether the house required any better evidence than the address of the Association to "an attainted traitor." The phrase was well uttered, and the effect as a piece of oratory was great and powerful. But for the want of moral dignity I should say that it was very finely executed. We hung down our heads for a moment and quailed, under the consciousness of defeat. But it was only temporary. Mr. Brougham was supplied with various facts of great importance on the instant, and inflicted upon Mr. Peel a

\* I had intended to introduce a sketch of Mr. Rowan's character into this article, but found that I could not compress it within its appropriate limits. The reader will find it appended in a separate article.

terrible retribution. His reply to the minister was, I understand, as effective as his celebrated retort upon the Queen's letters. He shewed that the government had extended to Mr. Rowan conspicuous marks of favour, and reproached Mr. Peel with his want of nobleness in opening a wound which had been so long closed, and in turning the disasters of an honourable man into a rhetorical resource. He got hold of the good feeling of the house. Their virtuous emotions, and those high instincts which even the spirit of party cannot entirely suppress, were at once marshalled upon his side. Conscious of his advantage, he rushed upon his antagonist, and hurled him to the ground. He displayed upon this occasion the noblest qualities of his eloquence—fierce sarcasm, indignant remonstrance, exalted sentiment, and glowing elocution. He brought his erudition to his aid, and illustrated his defence by a quotation from Cicero, in which the Roman extenuates the faults of those who were engaged on Pompey's side. The passage was exceedingly apposite, but was delivered perhaps with too dolorous and lacrymatory a note. A man should scarcely weep over a quotation. But altogether the reply was magnificent, and made the minister bite the dust. With this comfortable reflection we left the house.

It is not, of course, my intention to detail every circumstance of an interesting kind which occurred in the course of this political excursion. From a crowd of materials, I select what is most deserving of mention. I should not omit the mention of a dinner given to the deputies by Mr. Brougham. He invited us to his house upon the Saturday after our arrival, and gave the Irish embassy a very splendid entertainment. Some of the first men in England were of the party. There were four Dukes at table. I had never witnessed an assemblage of so much rank, and surveyed with intense curiosity the distinguished host and his illustrious guests. It is unnecessary to observe, that Mr. Brougham went through the routine of convivial form with dignified facility and grace. It was to his mind that I directed my chief attention, with a view to compare him in his hours of relaxation, with the men of eminence with whom I had conversed in my own country. The first circumstance that struck me, was the entire absence of effort, and the indifference about display. I perceived that he stretched his faculties out, after the exhaustion of professional and parliamentary labour, in a careless listlessness; and, if I may so say, threw his mind upon a couch. Curran, Grattan, and Bushe, were the best talkers I had ever witnessed. The first (and I heard a person make the same remark in London) was certainly the most eloquent man whose conversation I ever had an opportunity of enjoying. But his serious reflections bore the character of harangue, and his wit, with all its brilliancy, verged a little upon farce. He was so fond indeed of introducing dialogue into his stories, that at times his conversation assumed the aspect of a dramatic exhibition. There was, perhaps, too much tension of the intellect in those masterpieces of mirth and pathos, in which he appeared to be under the alternate influence of Momus and of Apollo. The conversation of Mr. Grattan was not of an after-dinner cast. You should have walked with him among the woods of Tinnahinch, and listened to his recollections of a better day by the sound of the lulling and romantic waters of those enchanting groves, in which, it is said, he studied the arts of elocution in his youth, and through which he de-



lighted to wander in the illuminated sunset of his glorious age. It was necessary that his faculties should be thrown into a swing before they could come into full play. He poured out fine sentiments in glittering epigrams. His mind became antithetical from continued habit, but it was necessary that it should be thrown into excitement to bring it into action. It was in sketches of character that he excelled; but you should give him time and leisure for the completion of his miniatures. Bushe . . . . . But I am deviating from my theme. To return to Mr. Brougham, he is, perhaps, more negligent and heedless of what he says, than any of these eminent persons to whom I have alluded, and flings his opinions into phrase without caring into what shape they may be moulded. I remember to have read an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, upon Curran's life, that eminent men in England never make any effort to shine in conversation; and I saw an illustration of the remark at Mr. Brougham's table. He did not tell a single story—except indeed, that he mentioned a practical joke which had been played upon Joseph Hume, who takes things “*au pic de la lettre*,” by passing some strange uncouth person upon him as Mr. O'Connell. The latter sat between the Dukes of Devonshire and Leinster. It was the place of honour, and the learned gentleman filled it without airs or affectation. In all his intercourse with the great in London, I remarked that he comported himself in a manner perfectly becoming his character and station in his own country. I was glad to find that, unlike Sir Pertinax, “he could stand straight in the presence of a great man.” The attention of the company was very much fixed upon him. But he spoke little. I remember Mr. Moore telling me an anecdote of Mrs. Siddons, which is not unillustrative of the scene. A large party were invited to meet her. She remained silent, as is her wont, and disappointed the expectations of the whole company, who watched for every syllable that should escape her lips. At length, however, being asked if she would have some Burton ale, she replied with a sepulchral intonation, that “she liked ale vastly.”\* To this interesting remark the display of her intellectual powers was confined. I do not think that Mr. O'Connell upon this occasion gave utterance to any more profound or sagacious observation. Nearly opposite to him sat Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Lambton. The latter seemed to me to watch Mr. O'Connell with a very unremitting vigilance. He hardly spoke himself. His air is foreign—he is full of intelligence, and looks like a picture by Murillo of a young Spanish Jesuit who has just completed his noviciate. At the other end of the table sat the celebrated Mr. Scarlet, who is at English Nisi Prius *Facile Princeps*. I thought I could perceive the wile of a lawyer in his watchful and searching eye—

“He is a great observer, and he looks  
Quite through the thoughts of men.” \*

His smile, too, was perhaps a little like that of Cassius. He said little—altogether there was not as much alertness in the dialogue as in the champagne. The Duke of Sussex seemed to me the only person who exhibited much hilarity of spirit. There is a good deal of buoyancy in

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\* I remember mentioning this anecdote to the late Mr. Maturin, who said, “The voice of Mrs. Siddons, like St. Paul's bell, should never toll except for the death of kings.”

the temperament of his Royal Highness. He speaks with great correctness and fluency : is perfectly kind and affable, and laughs with all his heart at his friend's jokes as well as at his own. If the Duke of Sussex were our Lord Lieutenant, (as I hope he yet may be,) he would put us into good humour with each other in a month. I would substitute Oberon's whistle for Alecto's horn.\* I should like to hear the honest and cordial laugh of the Duke of Sussex at an aggregate levee of Catholics and Protestants at the Castle. I should like to hear the echoes of St. Patrick's hall, taking up the royal mirth in a long and loud reverberation. What might, peradventure, be an excess of vivacity in a gentleman, would be condescending pleasantry in a prince.

I understood at Mr. Brougham's, that it was intended to give a public dinner to the Catholic deputies, at which the leading advocates of emancipation were to be present. Much preparation was made for this festival of liberality, but it was afterwards conceived that it would be more judicious upon the part of the friends of religious liberty, not to provoke their antagonists into a re-action, which it was thought likely might be produced. The idea was abandoned ; but, in order to give the deputies an opportunity of expressing their sentiments in public, the British Catholics held a general meeting at the Freemasons' Hall. The Duke of Norfolk was in the chair. The assembly was not as numerous as I had expected—it was in a great measure composed of Irish. Many persons were deterred from attending by the title of the meeting, which seemed to confine it to Roman Catholics. In consequence of the impression that Protestants were not invited to assist in these proceedings, few of the parliamentary supporters of emancipation attended. Mr. Coke of Norfolk, who sat next to the chairman, was almost the only English Protestant of distinction whom I observed at the meeting. I believe, however, that an anxiety to hear Mr. O'Connell, induced a great number of the literary men attached to the periodical and daily press to attend. Mr. O'Connell appeared to me extremely solicitous about the impression which he should produce, and prepared and arranged his topics with unusual care. In public meetings in Ireland, he is so confident in his powers, that he gives himself little trouble in the selection of his materials, and generally trusts to his emotions for his harangues. He is on that account occasionally desultory and irregular. But there is no man more capable of lucid exposition, when he previously deliberates upon the order in which he should array the topics upon which he intends to dwell. He undertook, on this occasion, the very laborious task of tracing the progress of the penal code, and epitomised in some measure the history of his country. For the first hour he was, perhaps, a little encumbered with small details ; but when he advanced into the general consideration of the grievances under which the great body of the people are doomed to labour—when he painted the insolence of the dominant faction—when he shewed the effects of the penal code brought to his own door—he seized with an absolute dominion upon the sympathies of his acclaiming auditors, and poured the full tide of his own emotions into their hearts. I did not greatly heed the results of Mr. O'Connell's

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\* In Wieland's *Oberon*, at the sound of a magic whistle, laughter is instantaneously produced, and merriment takes the place of strife.

oratory upon the great bulk of his audience. Many a big drop compounded of heat and patriotism—of tears and of perspiration, stood upon the rude and honest faces that were cast in true Hibernian mould, and were raised towards the glory of Ireland with a mixed expression of wonder and of love. I was far more anxious to detect the feeling produced upon the literary and English portion of the audience. It was most favourable. Mr. Charles Butler, near whom I happened to sit, and whom I should be disposed to account a severe but excellent critic, was greatly struck. He several times expressed his admiration of the powers of the speaker. The applause of such a man is worth that of a "whole theatre of others." Mr. Coke also, whose judgment is, I understand, held in very great estimation, and who has witnessed the noblest displays of parliamentary eloquence, intimated an equally high opinion. Immediately under Mr. O'Connell there was an array, and a very formidable one, of the delegates from the press. They appeared to me to survey Mr. O'Connell with a good deal of supercilious distaste at the opening of his speech, and although some amongst them preserved to the last in their intimations of national disrelish, and shrugged their shoulders at "Irish eloquence," the majority surrendered their prejudices to their good feelings, and ultimately concurred in the loud plaudits with which Mr. O'Connell concluded his oration. It occupied nearly three hours and a half.—Mr. O'Hanlon succeeded Mr. O'Connell. He spoke well, but the auditory were exhausted, and began to break up. Less attention was paid to Mr. O'Hanlon than he would have received at a more opportune moment. The excitation produced by Mr. O'Connell, the lateness of the hour, and the recollections of dinner, were potent impediments to rhetorical effect. Mr. Sheil rose under similar disadvantages. He cast that sort of look about him, which I have witnessed in an actor when he surveys an empty house. The echo produced by the diminution of the crowd drowned his voice, which being naturally of a harsh quality, requires great management, and, in order to produce any oratorical impression, must be kept under the control of art. Mr. Sheil became disheartened, and lost his command over his throat. He grew loud and indistinct. He also fell into the mistake of laying aside his habitual cast of expression and of thought, and in place of endeavouring to excite the feelings of his auditory, wearied them with a laborious detail of uninteresting facts. He failed to produce any considerable impression excepting at the close of his speech, in which, after dwelling upon the great actions which were achieved by the Catholic ancestors of some of the eminent men around him, he introduced Jean of Arc prophesying to Talbot the observation of his illustrious name, and the exclusion of his posterity from the councils of his country. I should not omit to mention the speech delivered by Lord Stourton at this meeting. It was easy to collect from his manner that he was not in the habit of addressing a large assembly, but the sentiments to which he gave utterance were high and manly, and becoming a British nobleman who had been spoliated of his rights. His language was not only elegant and refined, but adorned with imagery of an original cast, derived from those sciences with which his lordship is said to be familiar. Some of the deputies dined with him after the meeting. They were sumptuously entertained.—I had now become more habituated to the

display of patrician magnificence in England, and saw the exhibition of its splendour without surprise. Yet I confess that at Norfolk-house, where the Duke did Mr. O'Connell, Lord Killeen, and others of our deputation the honour to invite them, and in compliment to our cause, brought together an assemblage of men of the highest rank and genius in England, I was dazzled with the splendour and gorgeousness of an entertainment to which I had seen no parallel. Norfolk-house is one of the finest in London. The interior, which is in the style prevalent about eighty years ago in England, realizes the notions which one forms of a palace. It was indeed occupied at one time by some members of the royal family; and the Duke told us that the late King was born in the room in which we dined. We passed through a series of magnificent apartments, rich with crim-on and fretted with gold. There was no glare of excessive light in this vast and seemingly endless mansion; and the massive lamps which were suspended from the embossed and gilded ceilings, diffused a shadowed illumination, and left the distance in the dusk. The transition to the great chamber where the company were assembled, and which was glowing with light, presented a brilliant and imposing contrast. Here we found the Duke of Norfolk, surrounded by persons of high distinction. Amongst the company were the Dukes of Sussex, Devonshire, and Leinster, Lord Grey, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Shrewsbury, Lord Donoughmore, Lord Stourton, Lord Clifford, Lord Nugent, Lord Arundel, Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Butler, Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Blunt, Mr. Denman, and other persons of eminence and fame. The Duke of Norfolk came forward to meet us, and gave us a cordial and cheerful welcome. This amiable nobleman is distinguished by the kindness and goodness of his manners, which bespeak an excellent and unassuming spirit, and through all the political intercourse which we had with him upon the great question, in which he feels so deep an interest, manifested a shrewd sound sense, and a high and intense anxiety for the success of the great cause of religious liberty; from which very beneficial results have already ensued. He has been very instrumental in effecting a junction between the English and Irish Roman Catholics, and has thus conferred a great service upon both. We were received by him with the most gracious and unaffected urbanity. I was struck with the perfect freedom from authoritativeness which characterised most of the eminent men who were placed about me. There is among the petty-aristocracy of Ireland infinitely more arrogance of port and look than I observed among the first men of the British empire. Certain of our colonial aristocracy are far more bloated and full-blown with a notion of their own importance. The reason is obvious. The former rest in security upon their unquestionable title to respect. Their dignity fits them like an accustomed garment. But men who are raised but to a small elevation, on which they hold a dubious ground, feel it necessary to impress their consequence upon others by an assumption of superiority which is always offensive, and generally absurd. Lord Fitzwilliam was the person with whom I was disposed to be most pleased. This venerable nobleman carries, with a grey head, a young and fresh heart. He may be called the old Adam of the political world; and England might well exclaim to her faithful servant, in the language of Orlando,

“ Oh, good old man, how well in thee appears  
 The constant service of the antique world !  
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
 When none will sweat but for promotion.”

It is impossible to look upon this amiable and dignified patrician of the olden stamp, without a feeling of affectionate admiration for his pure and distinguished patriotism and the warm love of his country, which lives (if I may so say) under the ashes of age, and requires but to be stirred to emit the flashes of its former fire. The natural apathy incidental to his time of life, appears habitually to prevail over him; but speak to him of the great interests of the empire—speak to him of that measure which at an earlier period he was delegated by his sovereign to complete—speak to him of Ireland, and through the dimness that loads his eye, a sudden illumination will break forth. For Ireland he entertains a kind of paternal tenderness. He reverted with a Nestorian pride to the period of his own government; and mentioned that he had preserved the addresses which he had received from the Roman Catholic body as among the best memorials of his political life. That he should live long enough to see the emancipation of the Irish people, seemed to be the wish nearest to his heart. It does one good—it is useful in a moral point of view, to approach such a person as Lord Fitzwilliam, and to feel that there is in public men such a thing as a pure and disinterested anxiety for the benefit of mankind, and that the vows of all politicians are not, whatever we may be disposed to think, “as false as dicers’ oaths.” In describing the impression produced upon me by Lord Fitzwilliam, I have mentioned the result of my observation at Mr. Ponsonby’s, where the deputies afterwards met him, as well as at Norfolk-house. Lord Grey also dined at Mr. Ponsonby’s, where I had a better opportunity of noting him. He is somewhat silent and reserved. It is the fashion among Tories to account him contemptuous and haughty; but I cannot coincide with them. He has, indeed, a lofty bearing, but it is not at all artificial. It is the aristocracy of virtue as well as rank. There is something uncompromising, and perhaps stern as well as inflexible in his aspect. Tall, erect, and collected in himself, he carries the evidences of moral and intellectual ascendancy impressed upon him, and looks as if he knew himself to be, in the proudest sense which the poet has attached to the character, not only a great but an honest man. And why should he not look exactly what he is? Why should he not wrap himself in the consciousness of his political integrity, and seem to say, “*meâ virtute involvo*,” while so many others, who were once the companions of his journey, and who turned aside into a more luxuriant road, in taking a retrospect, as the close of life is drawing near, of the mazy course which they have trod, behold it winding through a rich and champagne country, and occasionally deviating into low but not unproductive declivities? This eminent man, in looking back from the point of moral elevation on which he stands, will trace his path in one direct and unbroken line—through a lofty region which has been barren of all but fame, and from which no allurements of ease, or of profusion, could ever induce him to depart. Lord Grey has a touch of sadness upon him, which would look dissatisfaction to a placeman’s eye; but there is nothing really morose or atrabilious in his expression. He

has found that sorrow can unbar the palaces of the great, as well as unlatch the cottages of the lowly. His dear friend and near ally is gone—his party is almost broken. He has survived the death, and, let me add, the virtue of many illustrious men, and looks like the lonely column of the fabric which he sustained so nobly, and which has fallen at last around him. It is not wonderful that he should seem to stand in solitary loftiness, and that melancholy should have given a solemn tinge to his mind. He spoke of the measures intended to be made collateral to emancipation, and said, \* \* \* \* \*

(The conclusion in our next Number.)

THE THOMPSON PAPERS.

MR. THOMPSON having favoured us with another bundle of the letters he has received from various correspondents during the last thirty days, we proceed, agreeably to the promise held out in our March number, to lay them before our readers.

No. VIII.

*Russell Square, 31st March.*

Sir,—Having had the pleasure of meeting you last year at a Mansion-house dinner given to a few parliamentary advocates of Catholic emancipation, and about a hundred select friends of the Lord Mayor, of whom I had the honour to be one, (which I dare say you will recollect, as it was I who helped you to the very best part of the haunch of venison) I take the liberty of requesting your interference in the House of Commons to protect this respectable quarter of the metropolis against the sarcasms and lampoons which are daily levelled against it, both in and out of parliament. It has become the fashion to make a dead set against this and the adjoining squares, a sort of unmerited indignity to which we cannot tamely submit. In a recent debate, Mr. Croker spoke sneeringly of our whole vicinity, as if we constituted a *terra incognita* which might perhaps have been heard of, but which no fashionable people could possibly think of visiting. The author of "Sayings and Doings," although it is currently reported that his father resided for many years in Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, indulges in perpetual taunts against our neighbourhood, and not only talks of a vulgar expression as a "Bloomsburyism," but has lodged his Abberly family, that immortal specimen of a lawyer's wife, and her frugivorous children, in Montague-street, Russell-square. Grimm's Ghost in the New Monthly Magazine rises up every thirty days to twit us with some new ridicule, pretending, forsooth, that any one undertaking a journey to us from the fashionable haunts of London, must necessarily change horses by the way, so that we threaten to be held up as a by-word and a laughing-stock unless some speedy measures be adopted for the assertion of our gentility.

You are therefore, Sir, authorised by me to state, should any member make further attempts to quiz us, that there are two aldermen and two knights in our square, besides eight other persons who keep

carriages, six of whom are said to be worth a plum, and some a good deal more; and if this does not constitute gentility and respectability, I should be glad to know what does. Our square, indeed, has been always reckoned remarkably select, and they who reflect upon the expense of the houses, must be well assured that they can only be tenanted by people of wit, fashion, and elegance. Let us measure purses with those who presume to turn up their noses at us, and I fancy it will be found that we can buy them all out and out.

Surely, Sir, nothing can be more illiberal than these general attacks upon particular localities, a species of loose libel in which no considerable person would indulge. If it were directed against Bedford-row, indeed, or Guildford-street, I should not so much object to it, for the former could never be meant for carriage-keeping folks, or they would have made a decent approach to it; and as to Guildford-street, I can speak of my own knowledge to its containing some very low-lived people, for I had great trouble formerly in collecting my rent from a poor barrister (though I was told he was a very clever man,) who was at that time my tenant. I have, however, sold my houses in both these places. In Russell-square I am still owner of two, besides that which I occupy; and Sir Matthew Molasses, the great sugar-baker, who wishes to be as refined as the commodity he sells, has already given me notice that he means to cease being my tenant, as he cannot stand these gibes and jeers so perseveringly directed against the square. Does not this give me a ground of action against our slanderers, who, if they be not checked, will alarmingly deteriorate property in this neighbourhood? Let them come to the square any fine morning in the winter, and when they see the green, crimson, and scarlet velvet pelisses, with ermine muffs and tippets, parading on the inside, and the servants in light-blue and orange liveries, with gold shoulder-knots, waiting at the gate, they must be prejudiced indeed if they will not retract their charge of vulgarity against the inhabitants.

You are most earnestly requested, Sir, to protect our interests in parliament, should they be again assailed; and as to any slanders from other quarters, we shall know how to take care of ourselves, for we reckon several lawyers and barristers among the number of the libelled.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

P. S. Should any of your friends be in want of the house which Sir Matthew is about to quit, I can let them have it at twenty pounds a year less than he paid, which is dog-cheap, considering the situation.

#### No. IX.

*Lower Grosvenor-street,  
6th April.*

MY DEAR THOMPSON,

Immediately upon our return from the country we took your advice, and went to see poor Tankerville's magnificent collection of shells, on show at Sowerby's in Regent-street, with which both Kitty and Lady — were much delighted. The latter took a fancy to one of the specimens, but was told the lowest price was thirty-five guineas, at which

I need not tell you, who know her so well, that she declined becoming a purchaser.

We have heard much of the Duchess of Northumberland's jewels preparing at Rundell and Bridge's for the coronation at Rheims, particularly a ten thousand guinea necklace, and as I know you deal with them, pray send me a line certifying that the bearer and party may be indulged with a peep without any danger of their pocketing a sample.

Your's ever,

No.

Brighton, 2d April.

Surely, my dear uncle, you are the most eccentric of mortals, unless, as papa insists, you are at the present moment acting the first person singular. When every body was pouring into London, you scampered away incontinently to Hastings; and now, during the Easter holidays, *quand c'est de la dernière infamie de se trouver à Londres*, you remain in town, to digest the dust of the newly Macadamised roads, blown into your mouth by a sharp east wind, in such quantities as must inevitably destroy your appetite even for a dinner at the Marquis of H——'s in Piccadilly. By the by, what does the latter say to his new neighbour, for we have it here that the famous Mr. Rothschild has taken the house next to Lord Coventry's, which was said to have been originally built for Lord Deerhurst. The Marquis's immense and unexpected accession of fortune, upwards of half a million, (or rather his expectation of it, for he is for the present kept out of it by a single old lunatic female at Birmingham,) will hardly enable him to compete with this celebrated Croesus of the city, should the parties proceed to open rivalry. All this, however, has nothing to do with your fantastical notion of spending your Easter in town, for which I understand you offer no better plea than that you love to witness the happiness of the lower orders, which said excuse my unceremonious papa (pray acquit your dutiful niece of any participation in the rudeness,) pronounces to be nothing but a little bit of radical sentimentality.

If you will not run down to us upon our account, prythee come upon your own, *pour vous désennuyer*, for I promise you the amusements of the polite are quite as entertaining, and perhaps a little more polished, than those of the worthy vulgarians who scamper down the hill in Greenwich Park upon Easter Monday. To induce you to come I will tell you who is *not* here. Not the wealthy widow, whose affair with Lord B—— is *toujours en train*, of which the best proof I can tell you is that when he was escorting her lately on some shopping excursion in London, he was heard to scold the coachman for not cleaning the carriage properly, which assuredly smacks of authority: and it is moreover rumoured that all "poor dear Tommy's" old-fashioned plate has been sent to Rundell and Bridge to be modernised and receive the ducal family's crest. Secondly, you will *not* encounter old General ——, who is always pestering you to make up the trio of "O Lady Fair," and the "Redcross Knight," whereof he learnt to growl the bass about twenty years ago, and has got no further since. And thirdly, you will *not* be congealed by the cold countenance and rustling flounces of Lady



Bab——, with her dress so rigorously "*tenu à quatre epingles*," as the French say, and looking after all as if she had modelled herself upon one of the coloured prints in La Belle Assemblée or Ackermann's Repository.

Are you not delighted with my negative list? so will you be with my affirmative one; but I will only pour this into your proper ear when you come, for it is too long and precious to be committed to paper. Come then, my dear uncle, *sans façon*; and without supposing that I shall have had any share in attracting you hither, I will sing you the "*Venite per me*," (for I have got a capital piano of Moss's,) and play you Bochs's divertimento of the "*Pietosa a miei lamenti*," and May's variations to "*Di tanti palpiti*," and Rossini's "*Aurora che sorgerà*," all which I know you like; and we will sing together every thing for which you have a fancy, from the Maltese Mariner's Hymn, "*O beata virgine*," to Matthews's "Possum up a gum-trec." Does not all this tempt you?

Do not write, but *bring* us word whether it be true that D'Egville and Andrews of Bond-street mean to get up another French theatre next season, in opposition to that in Tottenham-street, and to begin their performances at the Argyle Rooms. Inspect also the northern wall of the Opera-house with your own eyes, that you may give us a faithful report of its condition.

Be pleased to consider this an official letter, as I have it in command from the Earl and Countess to invite you down. If you do not hold yourself amenable to authority, do prythee, my dear uncle, yield to the entreaty of one who loves you, and come down to oblige

Your affectionate niece,

P. S. Country nieces are as importunate as country cousins, so I have one more commission for you, *videlicet*, to learn whether Beethoven and Von Weber are actually coming over, and when.

## No. XI.

SIR,

Oxford Market, 1st April, 1825.

As I have had the honour of serving you with poultry for three years, and never had no complaints, except a turkey and two or three fowls as wasn't sweet, owing to the uncommon muggy weather last season, I think I'm a rights to ask you to stand my friend in Parliament in opposing this here new Poultry Association. Hang me if I didn't think it was a hoax when Jos. Davis, the cheesemonger, told me of it this morning, for it's the first of April you know, and Jos. is an uncommon droll hand. However, he show'd me a quiz against the new company in the newspapers, saying they supposed the present situation of Turkey had occasioned it to be got up, and recommending the Directors to get their lame ducks from the Foreign Stock Exchange, where they are to be had cheap, and to beware of long bills, although they might deal in woodcocks; so you see, Sir, Jos. Davis wasn't making game of me, though I know he's a wag, and loves a merry thought.

'Od rabbit the people, what would they have? One would think we

sold nothing but guinea-fowls, and pluck'd our customers as close as we do our chickens, but the whole thing is a fowl attack upon our reputations. Poultry can't be no cheaper nohow. You must recollect, Sir, that since giblet soup has gone out of fashion, we can't get rid of our insides as we used to do. I'm obliged sometimes to hawk my liver and lights about till they won't keep no longer, and sell 'em for cats' meat after all, which of course goes against one's gizzard. Then feathers is uncommon heavy, and gets cheaper every day; and in the summer time things gets soon blown and spoilt, so that we're obliged to throw away what we can't sell half-price to the taverns and sausage-makers. I suppose the hot weather's call'd dog days, because them animals comes in for such a lot of tainted meat and poultry and other good things at that time. If people wants cramm'd fowls they must pay for 'em, for we can't get nothing for nothing now-a-days, and bran and pollard was riz again last week, and besides, it's the farmers and breeders in the country runs away with all the profit, not the London poulterers.

I hope, Sir, you won't take any shares in the new Company, for you may depend upon it, if they go to undersell us, they will all be dish'd and cut up. We are not going to be pigeon'd and henpeck'd without a struggle; and for my own part, I am determin'd to stand by the regular trade to the last chicken in my shop, and go within a hare's breadth of ruin, rather than be browbeaten and bamboozled by this new Company.

If once they can get their bill in, they will soon try to make head against us; but I hope, Sir, you will skewer us against their designs, and enable us to come off with a claw, which will be a great feather in your cap, and I'm sure all the regular trade will ever after be most happy to serve you. I am respectfully, Sir,

Your humble servant to command,

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P.S. My wife's father, Mr. Steele, the butcher, has three votes, besides interest, for your borough in Sussex, and the new Parliament's a coming on uncommon sharp.

P.S. Beg to inclose my little account to Lady Day, which shall be happy to receive when convenient, as money runs uncommon short just now.

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No. XII.

MY DEAR THOMPSON,

*Park, 8th April, 1825.*

IN spite of the sun-shine, with its Judas-like smiles, I know too well the treacherous character of an east wind to venture up to London, when Wigmore-street is o'ercanopied with all the smoky abominations, wafted from Redriffe and Wapping. Thank Heaven, we have every year less of these odious breezes, and more of the west and south-west; so at least I am informed by our vicar, who for forty years past has sent an atmospherical register to that compendium of other equally interesting facts, the Gentleman's Magazine. The present, to be sure, is an unmerciful spell, intended, I suppose, as a set-off against the four months of south-westers which bluster'd over our heads at the close of last year. As a commercial country we are perhaps an-

titled to these trade winds, for such they may fairly be called; but the breezes will do well to reflect, that if they begin to give themselves airs, (I deprecate a pun,) we shall cut them altogether, and betake ourselves wholly to steam navigation. I shall certainly not go up till the second reading of the Catholic Bill, when I have promised Burdett my vote, and I am happy to learn from you that the popular opposition to the measure is confined to a few stray chalkings of "No Popery," and "Spirit of Luther, arise!" which are to be seen upon the walls by the side of "Hunt's Matchless." Ignorance and intolerance have lost a good portion of the hold they possess'd upon the public mind in 1780, when some anti-papal inscription was necessary for the protection of every house, and old Delpini the clown, willing to conciliate all parties, made the ludicrous mistake of chalking—"No religion" upon his door.

I am nothing surprised at what you write about the Duke's brother and the quondam actress, for we have not had a Countess from the stage for these four or five years, and the occurrence is overdue. Besides this affair of the wealthy widow, there are the nuptial negotiations between Lord W. L—— and Miss P——, Lord H—— and Miss L——, and another to which you allude as a matter of notoriety in London, though it has not yet penetrated the innocent bowers of —— Park. As to the capricious foolery of the pea-green gentleman and the Foote, one advancing and the other receding, like the man and woman of a weather-glass, I am really sick of the subject, and shall be glad when the next six months are over, by which time he will probably have spent all his money, and have sunk into that obscurity from which nothing but his booby extravagance and this ridiculous amour have raised him.

And now, my dear Thompson, *ad rem*—to business, for I always keep the most important part of my letters to the last. Know then that I have received a missive from "La belle Harriette," of the Rue St. Honoré at Paris, recommending me to *buy out*, as she intends to honour me with a niche in one of the forthcoming numbers of her memoirs; which epistle I forthwith inclosed in a blank cover and returned to its rascally writer. Had not Ellice very wisely sent his to the newspapers, I should have adopted that course, as the best method of exposing a new and most villainous mode of extorting money. All my knowledge of this wench is confined to my having once dined in her company, a circumstance of which I am now sincerely ashamed, and should hesitate to mention it to any one but yourself. I am not a saint, nor a rigorist of any sort, as you well know, but I do take credit to myself for having refused, upon principle, to purchase or even to read any portion of this creature's detestable and malignant ribaldry. To suppress such infamous pandering to the vitiated taste of the vulgar, you must destroy its market. There are people who exclaim—"I detest the principle, but one cannot resist seeing one's friends quizz'd." Surely this is as odious as it is false and contemptible. They do not detest the principle, or they would not encourage it by purchasing. Acquit me of a Charles Surface-ism when I declare that in my opinion "the man who" confesses such a worse than womanish curiosity, such a base hankering after tittle-tattle and scandal uttered by the vilest beings in existence, against those whom he professes to respect, would

not scruple to listen at your door, or break open your letters, if he had no better method of prying into your affairs. I am becoming irate, which seems rather ridiculous *from me and to you*, but I do feel this growing system of private slander to be a crying abomination, and am daily more persuaded that it is the duty of every honourable man to assist so far in putting it down as to refuse steadily and unflinchingly to purchase a single sixpennyworth of any such pestilent trash.

Adieu! my dear Thompson. When the wind changes expect me in London; and believe me, whether at — Park, or on the “sweet shady side of Pall-mall,”

Yours.

SCENES OF THE PAST.—NO. I.

*Hyde Abbey.\**

CYCLES roll on, and men forget  
Names that should unforgotten be,  
And scenes that should be sacred yet,  
Low in that plumbless ocean set—  
The oblivion of eternity.  
There is no bosom would suppress  
The sense of its charm'd loneliness,  
When standing over sacred dust  
On battle-field for freedom won,  
Where fought the brave or lived the just—  
The site of Troy or Babylon.  
Yet that soft charm is day by day  
Diminishing its power,  
For time some fresh trace sweeps away  
With every passing hour:  
Our fathers had more cause than we  
To make them love antiquity.  
Lo, here is all—that all a sod,  
To common vision not more rare  
Than yonder green, where giants trod,  
Whom Guy the hermit vanquish'd there †;  
Through which now wreathing their clear line,  
As then the waters flash and shine—  
Yet here is all of that great dust,  
The proudest wreck of king,  
That England ever held in trust,  
Neglected as the meanest thing.  
The traveller passes by the spot,  
Nor dreams of what is there forgot;  
The felon clanks his chain, and there  
Frowns on the walls his dumb despair; ‡  
But few, and very few they be,  
Gaze, shadowy king, and think of thee!  
The sky is blue and tranquil now,  
As some pure lake's delicious face,  
A white cloud in the morning's brow  
Hangs o'er the consecrated place;

\* At Winchester.

† In the plain through which the Itchen winds, Guy of Warwick, according to tradition, vanquished the Danish Giant Colbrand.

‡ Scarce a stone remains of Alfred's favourite foundation of Hyde Abbey. A house of correction stands on the spot. His ashes probably repose within its area.

It moves not in the heaven, the air  
 Above, below, is still and fair,  
 As it would greet the thoughts that dwell,  
 Dead Alfred ! upon thee,  
 And pay that homage due so well  
 To thy true majesty.  
 \* I see thee in thy arms and crown,  
 Dim standing o'er thy fallen town,  
 Looking on ruin'd fane and wall  
 And ivied mass of bower and hall.  
 The waste of years is on thy form ;  
 Pale glory wraps thee round,  
 For that is dimm'd by age and storm,  
 As lightning, when the sound  
 Of its own bolts have traversed past,  
 And its last skirts are on the blast.  
 • Now king no more, with song and lyre,  
 The minstrel's gentle lay,  
 I hear thee chant at feast and fire  
 Of thy realm's enemy,  
 While treasuring in the impervious mind,  
 The sage revenge, the knowledge gain'd,  
 The Danish strength—how to be chain'd  
 The foeman's skill and limb combined.  
 And now I see thee with the poor,  
 Chid by the froward housewife boor—  
 Now making laws, and bettering men,  
 The statesman, poet, king, again.  
 No stone upon thy bier is left,  
 \* The little earth that wraps thy dust  
 Is thine no more—thou art bereft  
 Of monumental words or bust,  
 To tell where they have laid the just  
 Of all the race whom chance or force  
 Urged on a monarch's dangerous course.  
 Yet thou hast that but few may claim,  
 The good, the unperishable name :  
 What reeks it then that thou shouldst have  
 Thy rest in a forgotten grave !  
 Well, let thy bed be desolate,  
 Since worlds themselves must die  
 In lapse of years, and nought is great  
 But immortality.  
 These hills are thy bold sepulchre ;  
 The wild winds rushing by,  
 Chant thy dirge still, and thrilling stir  
 The pulse of memory.  
 What vaulted fane o'erhangs a bier  
 With such an arch as this,  
 Stainless—worthy the ashes near  
 That men have used amiss.  
 The record, too, of thy long sleep,  
 In this old vale is written deep,  
 Upon tradition's viewless scroll ;  
 And deep and sad it strikes the soul,  
 As o'er the wrecks and ruins round,  
 Sight ranges this time-honoured ground.

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## GRIMM'S GHOST.

## LETTER XXIV.

*Darkness of the Middle Ages.*

SIR Mark Medium dined on Wednesday last with Colonel and Mrs. Nightingale in Albemarle-street. Having been born in the year 1775, he could not, with all his manœuvring, escape being fifty years of age in the present year. In fact the decimals have sadly plagued him ever since the year 1805, when he attained the age of thirty. During the short Whig administration of that period he would persist in calling himself twenty-seven. In the year 1815 he was not half so much piqued by the escape of Napoleon Bonaparte from the island of Elba, as by the tormenting reflection that, however much he might persist in calling himself thirty-six, the fact was that he was forty: and not all the blessings of railways, patent milk-pails, floating-chapels, pearl fisheries, and soap-sud companies, which emanate from the present year 1825, can compensate Sir Mark Medium for the tyranny of Time in making him half a century old. All that a middle-aged gentleman can do, however, in the way of fighting with the wielder of the scythe and hour-glass, Sir Mark does. He wears a most hyacinthine wig, one stray lock whereof plays over his forehead in a style of infantine loveliness. His three chins are propped by a perfectly modish cravat, and his belly is so tightly laced, that if any unlucky urchin were to steal behind and cut the bobbin with his pocket-knife, Sir Mark would go off like a Congreve rocket. In his youth Sir Mark Medium had rather a voice for singing. His "Rise, Cynthia, rise," was much admired in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury; but what he most plumed himself upon was the bass of "We be three poor fishermen." His solid reading at that period was chiefly confined to Sydney Biddulph, and Hayley's Essay on Old Maids; while for his lighter perusal the Devil upon Two Sticks in London opened its never-ending pages. But whatever might be his study, whether poetry, prose, or music, he never had any mercy upon the women. On hot summer evenings, the nursery-maids in the Temple-gardens had but a sad time of it. I have heard of three of them in one season precipitating themselves from the broad gravel-walk into the Thames. Luckily, three low tides caused them to be merely engulfed apron-deep in mud, and the coroner had no occasion to summon a jury. In all the houses where Sir Mark is occasionally favoured with a knife and fork, there is a sad uniformity in the article of drawing-room. Take him in blind-folded, like the cobbler in the Forty Thieves, and I will bet him ten to one, that on removing the bandage it would be impossible for him, with all his penetration, to ascertain whether he was in Baker-street, Saville-row, or Finsbury-square. This ditto repeated of architecture is the besetting sin of London dwellings. The beggar of Bethnal-green would be as much at home in all of them, give him but the habitude of one, as Argus himself. He would, as a matter of course, when arrived at the top of the stairs, march forward through the door that accosts him in front. He would know to a certainty that three windows there stared him in the face: that the chimney-piece lay on his right: and that there were two protruding sofas, the one on either side of it. Turning again to the right,

he would enter a back drawing-room through a pair of white painted folding-doors. Here he would, as a matter of course, look for a single bow-window at the end of the room: another fire-place would warm him on his left side, and a grand piano-forte would exhilarate him on his right. One Mr. Megrim actually shot himself last season: the sameness of every body's drawing-rooms was too much for him. All this, however, is digression.

I have often heard people talk of the darkness of the middle ages. Mr. Hallam has written a book upon the subject; but to those who have no time for reading, it may be curious to see it exemplified by living instances. The fact is, that middle-aged people have a strong propensity to forget every thing that happened in their youth. The censorious world is so apt to draw its own chronological conclusions, that folks who are neither young nor old, are uniformly seized with a sable oblivion of all that occurred above twenty years back—and this I call the darkness of the middle ages. Sir Mark Medium is by no means exempt from the general calamity. He has read about Ranelagh, but has not the most distant recollection of the existence of the rotunda. Miss Farren left the stage long before his time: John Wesley had ceased to preach at least ten years before he was born:—he has often heard his father talk of Dodd the player, and the mutiny at the Nore happened when he was a very little boy. Now and then, however, a ray of light shoots through the vast abyss. Some com-middle aged man starts up, who, having given up youth as a bad job, manfully sinks into a bald head, allows his ungirded intestines to wander where fancy leads them, and takes to partridge brown shorts, white stockings, half gaiters and a spencer. When such a man comes forward, he makes as great a merit of remembering as the opposite stamp of middle-aged gentlemen do of forgetting. Mr. Mullens is a man of this sort, and was invited on Wednesday to meet Sir Mark Medium at Colonel Nightingale's. "Sir Mark will be delighted to meet him," said the lady of the mansion;—"they were fellow collegians at Pembroke." Before the cloth was removed, Sir Mark was questioned as to his knowledge of the celebrated Lord Mansfield. He shook his head—the middle ages were absolutely sable:—he remembered Lord Kenyon faintly, but as for Lord Mansfield, he was gone long before his time; whereupon in darted Mullens the meteor, and the middle ages were a blaze of light. "Not remember Lord Mansfield!" said the meteor. "My dear Medium, what *are* you talking about?—don't you remember when you and I stood at the gate of Highgate Chapel one Sunday morning immediately after the service; there are two gates to the church-yard; it was that nearest to London: you had on a new pair of jockey boots, one of which had nearly annihilated your tendon Achilles; and, as his Lordship stepped into his carriage, you cast a glance at his square-toed shoe and mottled worsted stocking; and then eyeing the tight and polished leather that decorated your own matchless limb, you exclaimed 'a pretty fellow for a Lord Chief Justice!'" All this was wormwood in the teeth of the tenebrose Visigoth of the middle ages, but prudence forbade a reply. A little man in black, famous for peeling an orange and deluging it with white wine and sugar, now took advantage of a momentary silence to mention Bowden's Life of John Kemble; and to express his regret, that being a

member of a book-club, he knew nothing of the matter till it came to his turn. "You have seen John Kemble of course?" said the little orange-peeler, turning to Sir Mark Medium. "Only in his decline," answered he of the tight waist. "I don't know what you call his decline," exclaimed the inexorable Mullens, "but I perfectly remember when you and I went to see him in Rover in his own alteration of Mrs. Behn's play of that name. He called it *Love in many Masks*:—he was dressed in blue velvet, and Jack Bannister played John Blunt, an Essex squire: it was in the year 1790: you and I came from Pembroke on purpose. At that period Kemble had a strange fancy to be the fine gentleman: he took to Charles Surface and Don Felix, of which latter personation George Colman said, it possessed too much of the Don, and too little of the Felix. Only in his *decline* indeed! why he had not been on the London boards more than four years." All this our Visigoth would not hear. He had pertinaciously entered into the merits and demerits of the French actors in Tottenham-street. He descanted upon the want of ease in Pelissié, and upon the possession of it by La Porte. He lamented that Délia grew so thin, and St. Ange so fat: he even eulogized the Vaudeville singing, to the grievous horror of Colonel Nightingale, who thought the back wall of his own house, like that of the King's Theatre, would tumble down at such a profane assertion. In short, Sir Mark Medium was absolutely engulfed in the French Theatre, and seemed to breathe freely in that unventilated and dismal emporium of fashion, which a toad would not exchange for his block of marble, when the relentless Mullens again drew him forty years back, by reminding him of Le Texier's Readings.

Colonel Nightingale's knocker now began to beat double-quick time. "What's all this about?" inquired Mr. Thomas Willoughby, helping himself to a glass of water as a symptom of retreat upwards. "Nothing but my wife's evening visitors," answered the Colonel. "I flatter myself there is not a more industrious knocker than mine in the whole parish of St. James's. It is never idle from nine to twelve o'clock. At first it struck rather discordantly upon my ear, (which by the way is become more nice since my acquaintance with Madame Pasta.) But I have now so well drilled the footmen of all my acquaintance, (or, more properly speaking, my wife's) that they keep excellent time with the grand piano above. We tried them last night with *Der Freischutz*; and I can assure you, their rat, tat-a-tat, tat-a-tat, chimed in with "hark, follow hark, follow hark" quite harmoniously." Mr. Willoughby now passed through the parlour door-way into the hall, and took advantage of a momentary cessation of silk rustling, to skip up stairs, cautiously avoiding contact with the balustres, that he might not damage the pile of shawls that overhung them. "I'll tell you a good story about Willoughby," said Sir Mark Medium, thinking it highly expedient that somebody besides himself should be made ridiculous. "Willoughby's wife is evangelic; they have been married seven years, and have no family. \* Women, in that case, always take to old china, geology, charity, poodle dogs, or evangelism. Mrs. Willoughby has selected the last. Willoughby would not take to the collar for a long time; but wives are always victorious in the end. Tom Straitway mended his manners: cautiously abstained from



rapping out an oath ; did not go to one of Catalan's concerts ; (' Poor fellow !' ejaculated Colonel Nightingale,) and deposed Swift's Tale of a Tub from his book-shelf, that Cunningham's Velvet Cushion might reign in its stead. Well, affairs were in this state, when, happening to be walking very disconsolately in the Green Park, with his hands in his breeches pockets, and whistling ' I sigh and lament me in vain !' he popped upon Jack Hammersley—by no means one of ' The Elect'—so far from it, quite the *re-verse*, as Mat the Fulham coachman expresses himself. Well, Hammersley seizes him by the elbow, and exclaims, ' Damme Tom, how d' ye do ?' Upon which, Tom Willoughby, quite forgetting the new part he had to play, answered, ' Thank ye—that's comfortable—that's the first oath I've heard these six months.'"

What happened up-stairs—how our semi-centenarian tried it on at the piano, and found that it would not fit ; and how, disdaining to join the old people at whist, he hung suspended in the door-way of communication between the two drawing-rooms, must be the subject of a future epistle.

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#### THE HOSPITAL.

HOME of the homeless ! blest retreat,  
Where friendless wretches friends may meet,  
Each needful help to proffer ;  
Where poverty on wealth may lean  
For every succour,—such the scene  
The Hospital should offer.

That there are such, our native clime  
Attests in instances sublime  
Of Charity's endowment.  
O ye who undertake to guard  
And guide her bounties—be prepared,  
Nor slumber for a moment.

For the best things abused, become  
The worst ; and this intended home,  
Its blessings turn'd to curses,  
May sting, not calm the patient's soul,  
If left to the abhorr'd control  
Of underlings and nurses.

Misers may give their gold—do ye  
Bestow a nobler charity,  
And claim a higher merit ;  
Your time, your cares, your presence give,  
And if ye wish the frame to live,  
O soothe the wounded spirit.

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## INFLUENCE OF THE FINE ARTS.

*Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros ?*

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been written and said on the subject, the question is still agitated, whether the fine arts should be ranked among the causes favourable, or unfavourable to human happiness ; whether they should be considered as taming the animal into social habits, or as corrupting his affections and enfeebling his will. If credit may be given to the boastings of professors, and the claims which they lay to consideration and respect be admitted, mankind have been painted and sung into all that distinguishes the civilized gentleman and the philosopher from the savage. The fable of Orpheus is indeed but a poor and cold type of such pretensions ; and Horace's proud enumeration of the services of poetry in his epistle to Augustus is modesty itself when compared with the exaggerated self-importance of more than one contemporary painter ; not to speak of the great geniuses of Italy, who gave to that country a new claim to the admiration of mankind. That such lofty notions of the dignity and importance of art should have generally passed current, is not very surprising ; for without dwelling upon the fascination, which even the coldest travellers experience in passing through the great galleries of Italy, it is sufficient to advert to the fact, that the rich and the powerful alone can indulge in the purchase of pictures and statues. The greatest sovereigns have not thought it derogatory to their dignity to make themselves a character by the patronage of art ; and have even sought, by surrounding themselves with its products, to captivate that benevolence which might better have been won by good government ; as if, when they had devastated the country committed to their sway, and harassed its population by their bigotry, their ambition, and the caprice and extravagance of their royal mistresses, their misrule could be redeemed by pensioning the painters who clothe them in the attributes of every Pagan deity, and by corrupting the wits who falsify history, and degrade the Muses by their fulsome panegyrics : as if the decoration of the palace could compensate for the ruin of the cottage ; or the splendours of Versailles blot out the smoking ruins of the Palatinate. The adscititious consideration thus given to the arts, was little likely to be detected. Those who could influence public opinion, were constitutionally admirers of the productions of the pencil and the chisel, while they were but seldom much alive to the sufferings of the people ; being either of the master castes themselves, or the hungry dependants and flatterers of those that were ; and it was by no means inconvenient to such persons to find in the character of their master some traits which they could eulogise without being laughed at or stoned for their obvious falsehood. From Pisistratus to Augustus, and from Augustus to Louis the Fourteenth, a taste for poetry and the arts has been the one redeeming virtue of every despot ; and national vanity has very generally accepted it as a full compensation for national degradation.

The miserable fallacy of this sophism was not, however, qualified for withstanding the scrutiny of that philosophy, which in modern times has given a new turn to human affairs ; and the deplorable effects it has produced, have of late years raised suspicions against the arts themselves,

on account of their unfortunate alliance. There is not wanting a respectable corps of unmalleable republicans, who see nothing in a statue but an object of servile adoration; and who cannot pass a colour-shop without execrations on the unworked elements it contains of despotism, superstition, and Asiatic effeminacy. According to the views of these persons, which are pretty much perhaps those of Cato the Censor, there is something in the cultivation of the arts directly hostile to civil liberty, —something enervating and unmanly; so that while they imply, in the mere fact of their existence, great inequality of fortunes, and consequently of powers, their practice is fitted only for the sensualist and the slave. Directly opposed to this class in every other opinion, but equally inclined to depress the arts, stand the religious fanatics, whose melancholy and forbidding ideas of the great God of nature lead them to reject as fatal, whatever tends to flatter the senses, or seduce to pleasure.

The tendency towards imitation, which gives birth to works of art, and occasions the pleasure we receive in their contemplation, is a common principle in our nature; and is indeed one of the most active causes of social improvement. For the first developements of the arts, therefore, little more is required beyond a moderate supply of food and leisure. But before painting and sculpture can arrive at any thing like excellence, they must have become a trade; that is to say, there must be a regular and steady demand for their products. The progress of the arts is therefore necessarily subordinate to the progress of civilization; and it is to this connexion that the various opinions concerning their influence may be attributed. For as the advance of civilization develops either the good or the evil qualities of the species, as it produces social combinations favourable or unfavourable to public and private happiness, the concomitant progress of the arts may very readily be mistaken for the cause of such combinations. As long as the efforts of society are turned to the equable diffusion of wealth and knowledge, and a nation is making advances in genuine civilization, the developement of the arts keeping pace with improving morals and increasing comfort, will appear to be the cause of every step with which they coexist. But when civilization is confined to a circumscribed and privileged caste, when refinement does not extend beyond the inordinately rich and the exclusively powerful, that refinement is but too apt to degenerate into luxury and depravity; and the arts, from administering to the pleasures of the corrupt and the vicious, are stigmatised as nurturing the degeneration of which they are the victim.

The higher departments of art cannot be manifested without space; and palaces and public edifices alone afford a theatre for those masterpieces which make a reputation. These have too frequently been in the possession of despotism, a circumstance which has much assisted in the delusion. On the other hand, the possession of valuable and perishable objects by the subject, is apt to fetter his will, and to palsy those public efforts for liberty, which are necessary to the maintenance of national independence. This has been made a frequent ground of complaint against the arts; but if there were any validity in such an objection, it militates equally against every other refinement, and is available against civilization itself, which tends directly to the multiplication of property. The truth is, that the arts have never flourished in

epochs of great despotism, without having partaken of its debilitating and degrading influence. The pure age of Greek statuary was the age of liberty; and the finest products of Italian art were created amidst the turbulent freedom of the republics. So hostile indeed is genius of an high order to the trammels of slavery, that where great poets and painters have unfortunately appeared among a degenerated people, and have been unable to assert the native dignity of their character, the force of their temperament has often broken out in irregular and capricious wilfulness, in insubordination, and in licence. The personal character of artists has accordingly been adduced as evidence of the evil tendency of the arts. The fault, however, is obviously in the institutions, and not in the men; and it must not be forgotten, that if some great geniuses have been wayward and vicious in their dispositions, by far the most eminent sculptors and painters have been men remarkable for personal dignity, and propriety of conduct.

It may be taken as an incontrovertible axiom, that when mankind accumulate wealth, they will enjoy; and if circumstances do not favour the indulgence in refined pleasures, the rich and the great will procure for themselves those of a coarser and more sensual character. Considered, therefore, as administering to sensation, the arts cannot of necessity lead to evil. And if, under particular influences, they have been urged to the repetition of voluptuous and enervating imagery, this occasional abuse has proceeded from the commands of purchasers, who would in an equal degree abuse any other power they might possess, to gratify their corrupt and perverted natures. Generally speaking, the self-directed labours of the artist are expended in representing whatever is most elevated and select in nature and in the human heart; and even in the atrocious martyrdoms of Catholic painters, there is some trait of heroism, some sacrifice of natural feeling to an imaginary principle, which is calculated to inspire a love of virtue. Painters and sculptors, however, like meaner artists, must follow the demands of the market for which they labour; and whether their subject be a saint or a Flemish boor, a living Venus or a dead haddock, its character is derived from the taste of the purchaser, and not of the artist who paints that which he can the most readily sell. Considered in their operations on the intellect, the imitative arts cannot but be regarded as exciting. They bring all parts of the world into a single chamber; they exhibit objects of natural history, the phenomena of distant regions, the monuments of remote nations. To the dissemination of useful knowledge, therefore, they powerfully contribute; and if knowledge be not always virtue, the defect is rather owing to its imperfection, than to its own intrinsic nature. In one point of view the arts are manifestly serviceable to human nature. They cannot subsist in any perfection without calling forth much enthusiasm; and without enthusiasm nothing great, nothing noble can exist; although, therefore, a virtuoso and a dilettante of great acquired tact may be deficient in every moral excellence, a nation in which an enthusiasm for the arts prevails, will afford better materials for greatness in the truest sense of the word, than a nation whose imagination has never been so called upon.

Thus much, however, is certain, that, be the effects of art what they may, *art will always exist*. The principle of imitation is too intimately part and parcel of humanity for even a nation of Quakers to reject for

any length of time all representations of external objects. The very Jews, with whom graven imagery was in religious abhorrence, had in their temple the presence of pictured cherubim. The question, therefore, resolves itself into this: whether a good or a bad imitation of nature is most favourable to social developement; and I confess myself, for one, not to belong to the sect, which would believe that Brutus and Cassius would have struck a surer blow, even if the statue of Pompey had been as barbarously executed, as Admiral Hosier, or sweet Poll of Plymouth, on the bowsprit of a man of war. Cicero, indeed, might have been a firmer patriot than he was, but then his timidity did not proceed from his writing verses like Virgil. I cannot, therefore, attribute the time-servingness of Racine and Dryden to their genius for numbers; nor can I fancy our modern laureate a better citizen on account of his hexameters. I cannot bring myself to chant "Britons never will be slaves," on the strength (or rather on the fragility) of the bad architecture of Regent-street; nor shall I ever be persuaded that Italy would now be emancipated from the yoke of Austria, even though her Raffaelles, her Titians, and her Leonardos had one and all painted ill. If knowledge be power, the arts are an instrument of knowledge; if liberty depend upon the intellectual energy of its possessors, the arts, by awakening the susceptibility of the people, must render them more fit for freedom; and lastly, while ambition and the intrigues of selfish statesmen encourage national jealousies and antipathies, the arts form a bond of union between nations, to remind them of their common nature, and insensibly to lead them to the consideration of their common interests.

M.

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THE VALE OF LOVE.

I KNOW a dear, a lovely spot,  
 A scene of sunshine and of flowers,  
 And gladly would I fix my lot  
 Amid its smiling lawns and bowers;  
 There rippling waters softly play,  
 Telling to blossom'd banks their tale,  
 And Music's notes and Pleasure's lay  
 Glide gaily through that joyous Vale.

Yet think not that in bowers and brooks  
 Its best and dearest charm is found,  
 Oh! 'tis the home of one whose looks  
 Shed light and hope and spring around;  
 And were it changed to trackless sand,  
 Love's magic wand the scene would hail,  
 And flowers and fruits of fairy land  
 Would flourish in that desert Vale!

M. A.

## THE FAMILY JOURNAL.—NO. VI.

*New May-day and Old May-day, &c.*

Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on ground,  
 Deckt all with dainties of her season's pryde,  
 And throwing flowres out of her lap around :  
 Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,  
 The twinnes of Leda ; which on cyther side  
 Supported her, like to their soveraine queene :  
 Lord ! how all creatures laught, when her they spide,  
 And leapt and daunc't, as they had ravisht beene !  
 And Cupid selfe about her flutted all in greene. SPENSER.

The descriptions of Spenser often look like absolute paintings on canvass, especially when comprised within the limits of the stanza. This may seem a conceit ; but I believe he felt it himself ; and perhaps the old lady, to whom Pope recommended him, had an eye to the same fancy, when she said it appeared to her as if she had been reading a gallery of pictures. The stanza furnishes the picture with a boundary. It squares the tablet.—What a lovely one has he given us here ! The principal figure is a female beauty, decked with colours and May-blossom. She is supported aloft by two figures of masculine beauty ; creation laughs at her approach ; and the god of Love flutters round about her, his little white body contrasted with green drapery, swelling and flowing away against the blue æther. We fancy him holding it with his two hands like a sail, and making a may-game of the livery. He comes careering and singing along ; tickled as a butterfly, weighty and full of intention as a bee. May scatters her flowers, her lip moist, her cheeks dimpled, her air too divine for bashfulness or immodesty ; a virgin figure, yet announcing plumpness and hilarity. The twinnes of Leda carry her with easy strength and enamoured eyes. Birds warble ; fawns and kids are in motion ; youths and maidens catch her blossoms, and strew branches in her way. She comes, invested with light, like a new dawn ; like a rosier morning, risen upon the common one ; and,

Lord ! how all creatures laught, when her they spide !

These are the passages that silence critics in the old poets, and make them angry with modern ones. They contain two ideas instead of one—an amalgamation of opposite feelings ; seriousness and levity, the familiar and the dignified ; and this is what they cannot reconcile to the formality of their judgments. " Nature puts them out."

Alas ! we too often become like the critics ; and, in obedience to a sorry notion of dignity, help to put Nature out in our turn. Spenser's May was the May of his time,—no foolish time either. It was the May of Shakspeare and Milton, the May of Chaucer, the May of Sidney, and Raleigh, and Surrey, and Elizabeth—herself as much a queen of the May in May-time, as she was a great queen at all times. At present, they might as well be blotted out of the calendar, for all that we know of it in the metropolis, or in a great many other places. In Spenser's time, all England was in motion on May-day, doing homage to Nature, and shewing a grateful sense of something besides their dinner. The whole city went out to invite, as it were, the country to

town; and to welcome her beauty and her bounties with dances, and shouts of joy. Now-a-days, we require a flapper worse than the most mechanical one in Laputa—the clattering of a chimney-brush—to remind us of her existence.

The reader has heard of that modest request of two absent lovers,—that the gods would be so obliging as to annihilate space and time. There is another, recorded of some reading gentleman, who, calling upon a modern poet, and finding him from home, was asked if he had any message to leave. “Merely,” said he, “my compliments, and say that I will trouble Mr. S., if not inconvenient, to write me an epic poem.” I have a modest request of my own, not quite so bashful as these—

*Will any body have the goodness to abolish the May-day chimney sweepers?*

They are a blot upon the season; a smear; a smutting of one's face; a piece of soot in one's soup; a cinder in one's gravy; a rotten core to one's apple. They are like a tea-kettle on a sofa. They are “a story, alas! too true:” “shadowy,” without “setting off the face of things:” children, yet not happy; merry-making, and nobody is the blither. They are out of their element at all times; and never more so than on this, their only holiday. Their dancing is that of lame legs; their music a clattering of stumps; their finery like a harlequin's leavings thrown in the dust-hole. They come like a contradiction to the season, as if, because nothing clean, wholesome, and vernal could be got up, the day should be spited with the squalidest and sickliest of our in-door associations. They do not say, We come to make you happy; but to show to the unhappiest man on this very uncomfortable day, that there are youths and little boys who beat his unhappy lot. They understand their perverse business well, and dress up some of their party like girls, because of all masqueraders their dirty dinginess is least suitable to the sex. They contradict even the spirit of masquerade itself; and, like the miser in the novel, wear real chimney-sweeping clothes, with a little tinsel to make the reality more palpable. It is doubtful even whether they keep their own pence; whether the pittance, which charity itself is ashamed to give them on such a day (angry with the bad joke, and with forgetting them at other times) is not surrendered, at the close of their hopping exposure, to the sturdier keepers who attend them. Nothing is certainly their own but the dirt of which they cannot get rid; and a disease, or the liability to a disease, peculiar to the trade, and disgraceful to human nature.

Our jest has become serious; but so it must, if we think well of it. Will nobody undertake to admonish these *sorry-makers* off the ground, or substitute real merry-makers instead? I have spoken to my friend Mordaunt about it. He is a dandy of a very public spirit; and says, that if no one else obliges me in this matter, he will see, the year after next, what is to be done. I am in hopes he will begin sooner. Some time ago, a lady gave the chimney-sweepers a great dinner, at the west end of the town. She died; and honest Jem White (who had a taste of Shakspeare in him;—see his Falstaff's Letters,) followed up that more serious drama of beef and pudding, with a merry anniversary meal of sausages in Smithfield. There is an association for abolishing the use of chimney-sweepers. Could not that benevolent society do something for May-day? And would it not help them in their greater

purpose? Suppose all the youths who had originally been intended for chimney-sweepers, but escaped into some better though humble trade, together with others rescued out of it, were to form parties in honour of May-day, presenting a fair and agreeable spectacle, in opposition to the dirty dreariness of the present one? Encourage, in addition to this, the milk-maids to revive their "garlands," or any other decent young people to come forth with dances and flowers, and the metropolis might not only have a taste of its old pleasures, but the speculation become a profitable one to those who have the spirit to undertake it. If it were done in high style, there should be processions, with branches of May. The parties ought to take the squares by surprise; fix up their branches round the rails of the parterres; and then levy contributions at every door, to be further paid by dances and music. Next time, perhaps, the leading inhabitants of the square, (if wise enough to be so good-humoured), might set up a may-pole in the midst of it, hung with garlands; and thus, without admitting the populace inside the rails (which might be too much for those tender bits of gardening), restore a proper old May-day spectacle, as good as it could possibly be had in town, and as graceful as it would be popular. But one thing must not be omitted. The chimney-sweepers, as long as they last, ought, above all, not to miss a holiday of some sort. Their dinner should be revived, though the dancing be quashed: or, if that be all, let them dance, in God's name, provided they partake of the hilarity of others, and are not the sole spectacle of the day, and a mockery of it.

Formerly the inhabitants of the metropolis used to go out early in the morning to fetch May from the neighbouring fields, and return with it in triumph. They had dances round May-poles in the street. The church of St. Andrew Undershaft, in Leadenhall-street, is so called from a pole, or shaft, which used to be set up there on May-day, higher than the church steeple. It is mentioned in Chaucer. Another, alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher, flourished in the Strand, up to a late period. A third must have been set up in May-fair, where a fair, which still gives its name to the spot, was held for fifteen days. Such long holidays are not desirable, nor great fairs either. But our ancestors, who took many pleasures, were not less industrious at other times than we; and they were healthier and stronger. "In the holidays all the summer," says old Stowe, "the youths are exercised in leaping, dancing, shooting, wrestling, casting the stone, and practising their shields. The maidens trip with their timbrels, and dance as long as they can well see." The court of the romantic and stately Elizabeth was as dancing a one as that of Charles II.; and much more addicted to rural holidays. At present, all our poetry is in books.

Several reasons have been assigned for the decline of May-day throughout England, and for its total fall in the metropolis. The only real ones, however, are the growth of trade in the first instance; that of fanaticism afterwards; and finally, the conquest of this island by the pretended politeness and reasoning spirit of the French, which rendered us unpoetical and effeminate. It is curious, that the most light and dancing of nations should have conspired to put an end to our merriment; but so it was. The Parisian gentry could sooner bank our naturally graver temper, and pique it on being as reasonable as them-



selves, than they could stop the out-of-door pastimes of their own Boulevards and provinces. Our dancing was now to be confined, like a sick person, to its apartment. We might have as much gallantry as we pleased in a private way (a permission, of which our turn of mind did not allow us to avail ourselves, to the extent of our teachers); but none in a more open and innocent one. All our ordinary pleasures were to be sedentary. We were to show our refinement by being superior to every rustic impulse; and do nothing but doubt, and be gentlemanly, and afraid of committing ourselves. Men of all parties, opinions, and characters, united to substitute this false politeness and quiescence to the higher spirit of old English activity. The trader was too busy for pastime; the dissenter too serious; the sceptic too philosophical; the gentleman too high-bred;—and, like master like man, apprentices became too busy, like their employers; the dissenter must stop the dancing of the village; the philosophers were too much occupied with reading Plato, to remember that he was equally for cultivating mind and body; and the footman must be as genteel as his master, and have a spirit above clownish gambols. It is equally difficult to conceive Addison and Shaftesbury entering warmly into the sports of a neighbourhood, or Hume and Wesley, or Abraham Newland and my Lord Chesterfield. There is a paper in the *Spectator* (written, however, not by Addison, but his friend Budgell) warning the fair sex not to go into the fields in May, lest it should be dangerous to their virtue. A polite and ingenuous admonition! As if they could not stop in town, and do worse. Let us be assured, that a taste for Nature will do none of us harm. What it finds strong in us, it will strengthen. What it finds weak, it will at least divide and render graceful. When Sir Richard Steele retired into the country, after all his experience of the town and mankind, he found no recreation more pleasant than that of setting the young rustics upon their sports and races. Some have wondered, why there is no Shakspeare now-a-days. It is lucky for us, that we have had one; and I think we may reasonably wait some centuries for another. It will cost the world a great deal of change and variety. But if we have no such writers as we had in Shakspeare's time, one of the reasons is, that we have no such variety in our manners to draw upon; and what variety we could have, we do not choose to revive. Knowledge is more diffused; but what is the use of learning the way to be wiser, if we do not take it? Almost every poet now belongs either to town or country. If to the town, he knows, or feels, nothing of the country. If to the country, he knows nothing of the town. I speak of him according to his books. Our authors are poor in images; have no costume, no movement; nothing that implies a healthy possession of all their faculties, physical as well as mental. They are sovereigns of petty districts, not a gallant aristocracy ruling over all England; not

A thousand demigods on golden seats,  
Frequent and full.

The poetry of Shakspeare's time represents the age and the whole nation. There are pelting villages in it, as well as proud cities; forests, as well as taverns. There are gardens and camps; courts of kings and mobs of cobblers; and every variety of human life; its pains and

its pastimes ; business and holiday ; our characters, minds, bodies, and estates. Its persons are not all obliged to be monotonous ; to have but one idea or character to sustain, and find that a heavy one. Its heroines can venture to "run on the green-sward," as well as figure in a great scene. Its heroes are not afraid of laughing and being companionable. Nothing that has a spirit of health in it, a heart to feel, and lungs to give it utterance, was thought alien to a noble humanity ; and therefore the "sage and serious Spenser" can make his very creation laugh and leap at the coming of a holiday ; and introduce May, the flowery beauty, borne up on the shoulders of a couple of demigods.

Lord ! how all creatures laught when her they spide ;  
And leapt and daunc't, as they had ravisht beene ;  
And Cupid self about her fluttr'd all in greene.

Let us see what a picture we make of this now in London :

Then came dark May, the darkest maid on ground,  
Deckt with no dainties of the season's pride,  
And throwing soot out of her lap around.  
Having grown scorn'd, on no one she did ride,  
Much less on gods ; who once on either side  
Supported her, like to their sovereign queen.  
Lord ! how the sweeps all grinn'd, when her they spied,  
And leapt and daunc't, as they had scorched been !  
And Jack himself about her lumber'd all in green.

Such is May-day in London,—once the gayest of its holidays, furnishing the inhabitants with a pleasant prospect and retrospect, perhaps for half the year. May was the central object of one half the year, as Christmas was of the other. Neither is scarcely worth mention now.

The celebration of May in the country is almost as little attended to. The remoter the scene from London, the more it flourishes. In some villages a pole is set up, but there is no dance. In others, the boys go about begging with garlands, and do nothing else. A lump of half-dead bluebells and primroses is sent in at your door, to remind you that May was once a festival.

I wish they who live in the country, and have any goodnatured ambition on this point, would take pattern by our attempts at M., and try to do better. The village of M. is a long way from London, and has always retained a more than ordinary regard for this season. The late lady of the manor, who was a lover of books, revived the old personations of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, but with a difference, and to the exceeding delight of the natives. It was on one of these occasions I became acquainted with her. The relations who came from a distant part of the country to inherit her estate, were nothing remote from her spirit. They have continued every one of the improvements, both grave and gay,—schools, music-meetings, and holidays : (for we borrow wisdom from men of all parties, and from men of none ; and have introduced among us the musical science of New Lanark). Every new invention is added, that can do us good. We have a public library (as well as music-room), where, after working-hours, which are sooner over with us than in most places, you may find a white-headed old farmer with his son on one side of him, and a young gentleman from the manor-house opposite, reading the periodical works. There is the *Agriculturist's Magazine*, the *Mechanic's Magazine*, and other popu-

lar helps to science; besides three or four newspapers of different opinions, and a variety of periodical works. We have also Cooke's British Poets, and the Novelist's Magazine, well thumbed; St. Pierre's Studies of Nature; Bingley's Animal Biography; with other books on natural history; the Tatler, Spectator, &c.; the Arabian Nights; the Adventures of Hai Ebn Yokhdan; the works of Shakspeare, Sir Philip Sidney, &c.; but I will give a catalogue of our books another time. Suffice to say, at present, that the rich fear no information for the poor, because the poor fear no ill-treatment, or hindrance to their knowledge, from the rich.

The publication of Dr. Drake's two quarto volumes on *Shakspeare and his Times* made a great sensation at M—. We were intimate with the great humanist: we longed to know all about his age and the customs of it; what clothes he wore; what sort of people he lived with, &c. The picture was not so much to our disadvantage, as some of us had looked for. He indeed remained what he was; but we congratulated ourselves that we all had as much real regard and respect for each other, perhaps greater, though the distance was not so striking between rich and poor: and it pleased us that our men could be courageous without bear-baiting. But we found ourselves sadly deficient in sports. Our only games were stool-ball and cricket; and both May and Christmas, though kept with good heart, wanted a certain poetry and exuberance. It appeared to us, that we could now plump up our holidays to some purpose; and we grew ashamed that our sports had not a little more daring in them. We envied the thumps in the back given by the *quintain*; we sighed for a broken head from *quarter-stuff*. The gentle spirit of Mrs. S. was startled at first, when this new ambition was laid before her; but a woman finds it difficult not to let a man be as stout and bold as he may; and after some delay, she consented that a little bodily pain should be added to the list of our comforts. An express condition was included, that the combatants should on no pretence whatsoever be encouraged to trespass beyond the limits of a proper human courage; and that the brutal and hog-like wallowing in blood and dirt, of the prize-ring, should never be admitted into the village. A short bout at fisty-cuffs, whether betwixt boys or men, is permitted by the by-standers occasionally, in order to put an end to a sudden heat, and prevent ill-blood and sulking; but we have hits and points that settle a battle within reasonable time; and he who has proved his courage is seldom inclined either to triumph in victory, or to brood over a well-resisted defeat.

But I shall digress a second time.—Till of late years the villagers were content on May-day, with gathering boughs, making garlands, and dancing round a may-pole. They have now revived some of the ancient customs, and improved upon others. They elect a Lady of the May. They choose a Robin Hood, who selects his Maid Marian; and three or four young fellows, who carry away the prize at archery, become his officers under the titles of Little John, Will Scarlett, &c. Our Little John sometimes puzzles us, by being neither little nor big; but jokes make up all deficiencies. The merry-makings last a couple of days, but the holidays altogether continue a fortnight, during which there is no school, and a great deal of playing. But the girls spend

four hours every morning in preparing such clothes and other things, as the old people may want for summer-time; and the young men perform exclusively all the work, which the latter would otherwise be obliged to attend to.

On the morning of the first day (which is the first day of the month, if fine, but put off to the twelfth, or Old May-day, if otherwise) half the village goes out at dawn to gather May, and is met by the other half on returning, with songs and shouts. They then decorate their abodes, and breakfast; after which the Lady of the May is elected; a little drama is performed, of which I shall speak presently; and then there is dancing round the may-pole till dinner-time. The pole is set up the day before, on the half-holiday. In the afternoon, the Lady of the May is brought in procession to the manor-house, where she is welcomed with much respect, and a concert takes place in the great room, which, with an entertainment of cakes and junkets, lasts till bed-time.

On the second day, the other half the village goes out to meet the one that went first. Breakfast follows as before, and then the archery takes place, and Robin Hood's officers are elected. He himself, agreeably to his history, is not chosen for his superiority in that art to the rest, but from the general consent of the village on account of his having made himself acceptable for some gallantry or cleverness in the course of the twelvemonth. In this respect, he holds a kind of moral rank, like the Lady of the May. But the latter is his superior, and queen of the season. Maid Marian is his companion. She is generally some damsel to whom he is seriously attached, and whose attachment is mutual. Robin and his officers being thus chosen, disappear with their fair mistress and a troop of followers; and then the dancing begins. In the midst of it, Robin returns. He declares that he has heard so much good of the village, and of the estimation in which justice and fair-play of all sorts are held in it, to the utter destruction of tyranny, and the opening of every noble opportunity for knowledge and success, that he and his merry men cannot find it in their heart to live any longer in the woods. He had left Sherwood, he says, to come into the neighbouring forest, but, finding that there was no excuse for his living "a man forbid," he has ventured into the village to know if he may come and reside among them, and take a part in their blessings. Upon this, a lady and a village-damsel step forward, hand in hand, to bid him welcome. He pays some gallant compliment, sometimes in verse; and then setting his horn to his mouth, his merry men appear, as of old, running down the hill. Robin joins those of the company who are at rest. His men fall in with the dance; and by and by, Robin falls in too, together with others of the gentry. I say others, because we have ventured upon some peculiar notions respecting gentility, which all manor-houses could not afford. Every body who unites gentleness and manliness with a certain reasonable address to give the union effect,—in other words, he who possesses real good breeding, whether natural or acquired, is considered by us as *gentle-manly* in the best sense of the word; and I am happy to say that my friend Mordaunt not only agrees with us in this reading, but had a main hand in bringing it into vogue; feeling a malicious pleasure, I suspect, in contradicting the notions of the mere men of fashion with whom he is sometimes confounded, and a

more genuine one in cultivating the spirit of so many gallant young peasants, whom he is aware he should have resembled in their state of life. It is really pleasant to see, how little difference there is between him and some of them, when they are playing together, with their coats off at cricket; for Mordaunt is a fine stout person of a fellow, and could send a ball from one end of Bond-street to the other. "Tom," said he one day to the miller's son, during a little dispute at cricket, "you are a gentleman. I hope you don't think me less a gentleman?" "Mr. Mordaunt," said Tom blushing, and with an air of passionate regard, "I could cut my heart out, if I thought I had meant you the least shadow of a disrespect."—Fine words, cries a reader, for villagers!—Yes; we have a way of talking,—that's certain; but all manly and unaffected. Consider;—we are readers;—are deep in Tom Jones and Robinson Crusoe; and, can all write and spell better than people of fashion used to do a hundred years back.

Mention has been made of a drama. It is too great a name to give to a scene or so, adopted for the sole purpose of introducing the dances with additional zest. A painted scene, with other screens at the side, is put up at the opening of the street leading upon the village-green; where the first set of dancers, already assembled round the may-pole, are thus concealed. The others, that is to say the rest of the inhabitants, with the old people, crowd into the street, and the piece commences. It generally contains some allusion to the metropolis, not to the latter's advantage. For instance, last year the scene was a lonely street at the west end of the town; time, May-day. A footman, two maid-servants, the footman's master, and a banker's clerk from the city, successively made their appearance, affording instances of the dullness of the season, which indeed the banker's clerk is the only person that is aware of. The latter is talking with the master of the house, when— But the scene is not long, and it makes such little pretensions that I may as well repeat it as describe it.

*Scenc.—A long set of houses. Enter from one of the doors a footman.*

*Footman.* (*Feeling the air with his hand, to see if it rains.*) Humph! The rain's over. I hope it isn't going to be fine; for I'm cursed feverish with last night's debauch. I could dabble in rain, like a duck. (*Yawns, and stretches himself. Then pulls out his watch.*) What brings us up so early this morning, I wonder? Ten o'clock. We are doing a bit of moral, I suppose. Setting an exa-a-ample (*yawns*) of early rising. My master's going out; and I (*yawning*) am going to bed again. (*Turns and sees a servant-maid next door at a window, hanging out a bird in a cage.*) Ah, Betty, pretty Betty! How do you find yourself after your supper?

*Betty.* Horribly nervous, Mr. John. (*Shuts down the window.*)

*Footman.* Horribly nervous! Poor delicate Betty. (*Sees a servant-maid on his left at another window.*) Ah! and Molly too. How d'ye do, Molly, after your dancing?

*Molly.* None the better for you. (*Shuts down the window.*)

*Footman.* None the better for you! Good-tempered Molly. We all seem in a hopeful way this morning. That fellow the other night

from Bowering Park has done us no good, I fear, with his cruel hard dancing, and his songs. I'm as melancholy as a cat myself, that's the truth on't.

[*Enter his Master from the door, dressed for walking.*]

*Mast.* John, what day of the month is it?

*Foot.* Can't say indeed, sir. Believe it's the 28th or 29th of April.

*Mast.* If any body calls, I shall be back at 3.

*Foot.* Very well, sir.—(*Aside*) Come, there's four hours sleep good, and then time for breakfast. (*Going.*)

*Mast.* And John—Take that message I told you of in the mean time.

*Foot.* Yes, sir. I'll be sure and go—(*aside*) to bed, or I'm a Dutchman. The lady's not at home, I can tell him that.

(*Exit into the house.*)

*Mast.* I was up so late last night, I believe I had time enough to get a habit of waking; for I cannot sleep, somehow or other. If I go to bed soon, I get a habit of sleeping, and overdo the business that way. Something's always wrong. Now which way shall I betake me? To my coachmaker's or my banker's? I'll astonish somebody with a little premature business.

Tower'd cities please us then,  
And the busy hum of men.

*Hum* with a vengeance. I wonder whether it will rain. I wonder what Jones would say. I wonder what day of the month it is. I'll go and buy another pocket-book. Stop—let me see.

[*Enter a Stranger.*]

*Mast.* I beg your pardon. Can you tell me what day of the month it is?

*Stran.* The first of May, sir.

*Mast.* The devil it is! Are you sure of it?

*Stran.* As sure as I have the honour of seeing Mr. Jephson. I bring you those papers, sir, from the banking-house.

*Mast.* Ah—thankye;—I was just thinking of coming. May I ask what book you have there? It does not look official.—“Milton's Poems.”—You are fond of poetry.

*Stran.* So fond, that reading his verses on May-morning just now, I was ready to run my head against the rails, to think that this was May-day, and I a banker's clerk.

*Mast.* It is a hard employment, indeed.

*Stran.* It is nailing a man alive to a piece of wood; unless indeed he has the luck to be out all day on his legs. My walk this morning is but a chance thing with me; and its being on the 1st of May has embittered instead of improved it.

*Mast.* You speak feelingly, sir. And yet I doubt whether you are worse off on this 1st of May, than I am. You, it seems, are not rich enough to do justice to the activity of your mind; and I am just rich enough to be an idle useless fellow, poking about (as I am this very

minute) in search of a sensation. I think, sir, I ought to come and relieve you of part of your work, and you spend a part of my day properly for me.

*Stran.* You do me honour, sir,—and honour to 'yourself. You speak like a friend of our house, who invited me (the more 's the pity) to go down and spend a day or two with him this season at a delightful place called Bowering Park.

*Mast.* Oh ho,—you and I must be acquainted; for I suspect I know your friend. And so you are mad that you are not down to-day at Bowering Park? Well, so am I; for I was invited too.

*Stran.* You were, and did not go!

*Mast.* Come; we will console one another somehow. Let us begin by persuading ourselves that it is not the first of May.

*Stran.* A good proposition; but hark! They will not let us. See who comes here.

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
The—

*Mast.* — Chimney-sweepers, by all that's frightful.

[*Enter Chimney-sweepers, in soot and tinsel, dancing. They cross the Stage; the Gentlemen giving them money, and urging them off.*]

*Mast.* Get on, get on, ye poor devils. There's nobody up in this street;—you'll do better in the next.

*Chimney-sweepers.* God bless your honour. Any thing for your noble honour's sake.

*Mast.* Poor devils! I could find it in my heart to pelt them into their dens with hard money.

*Stran.* And I could see you do it with all the money out of our house.

(*Exeunt all together. Scene is removed, and presents to the shouting spectators the sight of their village-green, with the dance going round the May-pole.*)

*Chorus of Villagers.*

Youths and lasses, dance away  
Round the merry shaft of May.  
'Tis her ensign crown'd with flowers;  
We, the merry dancing hours.  
May, May,  
Is come to-day;  
May the green has come to dress us;  
May the good and fair, to bless us;  
May the gentle, May the strong;  
To set our hearts up with a song,  
And twirl the round so smooth and clear,  
'Twill spin them sweet for half the year.

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## RECORDS OF WOMAN.—NO. 1.

*Imelda.\**

“ Sometimes .  
 The young forgot the lessons they had learnt,  
 And loved when they should hate—like thee, Imelda.”—ROGERS.

WE have the myrtle's breath around us here,  
 Amidst the fallen pillars ; this hath been  
 Some Naiad's fane of old. How brightly clear,  
 Flinging a gleam of silver o'er the scene,  
 Up through the shadowy grass, the fountain wells,  
 And music with it, gushing from beneath  
 The ivied altar !—that sweet murmur tells  
 The rich wild flowers no tale of woe or death ;  
 Yet once the wave was darken'd, and a stain  
 Lay deep, and heavy drops—but not of rain—  
 On the dim violets by its marble bed,  
 And the pale shining water-lily's head.  
 Sad is that legend's truth.—A fair girl met  
 One whom she loved, by this lone temple's spring,  
 Just as the sun behind the pine-grove set,  
 And Eve's low voice in whispers woke, to bring  
 All wanderers home. They stood,\*that gentle pair,  
 With the blue heaven of Italy above,  
 And citron-odours fainting on the air,  
 And light leaves trembling round, and early love  
 Deep in each breast. What reck'd *their* souls of strife  
 Between their fathers ? Unto them, young life  
 Spread out the treasures of its vernal years ;  
 And if they wept, they wept far other tears  
 Than the cold world wrings forth. They stood, that hour,  
 Speaking of Hope, while tree, and fount, and flower,  
 And star, just gleaming through the cypress boughs,  
 Seem'd holythings, as records of their vows.

But change came o'er the scene ; a hurrying tread  
 Broke on the whispery shades. Imelda knew  
 The footstep of her brother's wrath, and fled,  
 Up where the cedars make yon avenue  
 Dim with green twilight : pausing there, she caught  
 —Was it the clash of swords ?—a swift dark thought  
 Struck down her lip's rich crimson, as it pass'd,  
 And from her eye the sunny sparkle took,  
 One moment, with its fearfulness, and shook  
 Her slight frame fiercely, as a stormy blast  
 Might rock the rose ! Once more, and yet once more,  
 She still'd her heart to listen—all was o'er ;  
 Sweet summer-winds alone were heard to sigh,  
 Bearing the nightingale's deep spirit by.

That night Imelda's voice was in the song,  
 Lovely it floated through the festive throng,  
 Peopling her father's halls. That fatal night,  
 Her eye look'd starry in its dazzling light,  
 And her cheek glow'd with Beauty's flushing dyes,  
 Like a rich cloud of eve in southern skies,

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\* See Sismondi's *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*, vol. 3, p. 443.



A burning, ruby cloud. There were, whose gaze  
 Follow'd her form beneath the clear lamp's blaze,  
 And marvell'd at its radiance. But a few  
 Beheld the brightness of that feverish hue,  
 With something of dim fear; and in that glance  
 Found strange and sudden tokens of unrest,  
 Startling to meet amidst the mazy dance,  
 Where thought, if present, an unbidden guest,  
 Comes not unmask'd. Howe'er this were, the time  
 Sped as it speeds with joy, and grief, and crime,  
 Alike: and when the banquet's hall was left  
 Unto its garlands, of their bloom bereft,  
 When trembling stars look'd silvery in their wane,  
 And heavy flowers yet slumber'd, once again  
 There stole a footstep, fleet, and light, and lone,  
 Through the dim cedar shade; the step of one  
 That started at a leaf, of one that fled,  
 Of one that panted with some secret dread!  
 —What did Imelda there? She sought the scene  
 Where Love so late with Youth and Hope had been.  
 Bodings were on her soul—a shuddering thrill  
 Ran through each vein, when first the Naiad's rill  
 Met her with melody,—sweet sounds and low,  
 —We hear them yet—they live along its flow—  
*Her voice is music lost!* The fountain-side  
 She gain'd—the wave flash'd forth—'twas darkly dyed  
 Ev'n as from warrior hearts, and on its edge,  
 Amidst the fern, and flowers, and moss-tufts deep,  
 There lay, as lull'd by stream and rustling sedge,  
 A youth—a graceful youth.—“Oh! dost thou sleep?  
 Azzo!” she cried. “My Azzo! is this rest?”  
 —But then her low tones falter'd:—“On thy breast  
 Is the stain—yes! 'tis blood!—and that cold cheek,—  
 That moveless lip!—thou dost not slumber—speak!  
 Speak, Azzo, my belov'd! No sound—no breath!  
 What hath come thus between our spirits?—Death!  
 —Death?—I but dream—I dream!”—and there she stood,  
 A faint, frail trembler, gazing first on blood,  
 With her fair arm around yon cypress thrown,  
 Her form sustain'd by that dark stem alone,  
 And fading fast, like spell-struck maid of old,  
 Into white waves dissolving, clear and cold;  
 When from the grass her dimm'd eye caught a gleam  
 —'Twas where a sword lay shiver'd by the stream,  
 Her brother's sword!—she knew it—and she knew  
 'Twas with a venom'd point that weapon slew!  
 —Woe for young Love!—But Love is strong. There came  
 Strength upon woman's fragile heart and frame,  
 There came swift courage!—On the dewy ground  
 She knelt, with all her dark hair floating round,  
 Like a long silken stole; she knelt, and press'd  
 Her lips of glowing life to Azzo's breast,  
 Drawing the poison forth. A strange, sad sight!  
 Pale death, and fearless love, and solemn night!  
 —So the moon saw them last.

—The morn came singing  
 Through the green forests of the Apennines,  
 With all her joyous birds their free flight winging,  
 And steps and voices out amongst the vines!

—What sound that dayspring *here*?—Two fair forms laid,  
Like sculptur'd sleepers; from the myrtle shade  
Casting a gleam of beauty o'er the wave,  
Still, mournful, sweet!—Were such things for the grave?  
Could it be so indeed?—That radiant girl,  
Deck'd as for bridal hours!—long braids of pearl  
Amidst her shadowy locks were faintly shining,  
As tears might shine, with melancholy light,  
And there was gold her slender waist entwining,  
And her pale graceful arms—how sadly bright!  
And fiery gems upon her breast were lying,  
And round her marble brow red roses dying.  
—But she died first!—the violet's hue had spread  
O'er her sweet eyelids, with repose oppress'd;  
She had bow'd heavily her gentle head,  
And, on the youth's hush'd bosom, sunk to rest.  
So slept they well!—the poison's work was done,  
Love with true heart had striven—but Death had won.

F. H.

LETTERS FROM THE EAST.—NO XV.

*Jerusalem.*

THE confined situation of the city is redeemed by the magnificent view many parts of it command of the Dead Sea, and the high mountains of Arabia Petræa, forming its eastern shore. This view is towards the south-east, over the valley, between the hills of Judgment and those adjoining Olivet.

The strong and commanding position of Mount Zion could have been the only reason for fixing the capital of Judæa in so extraordinary and inconvenient a situation. Very many parts of the coast and the interior afford a far more favourable site in point of beauty and fertility, or for the purposes of commerce. The city, of old, was often subject to a scarcity of water, the fountain of Siloam and another on the east side, with the brook Kedron, being the chief supplies without the walls; but the latter, probably, possessed little or no water during the summer heats. It was reckoned as a memorable act in one of the kings, that he made a pool and a conduit, which are still called Hezekiah, and are at the end of the eastern valley. The whole compass of the ancient city, according to Josephus, was only thirty-three furlongs, so that an extension of half a mile along the plain of Jeremiah to the north, would give it its ancient size, and in a great measure, it is probable, its ancient position. The present circumference is, no doubt, correctly stated by Maundrell, to be two miles and a half. Josephus distinctly states "the old wall went southward, having its bending above the fountain Siloam," and this fountain in the side of Zion is not far without the present wall. Again the historian says, "the old wall extended northward to a great length, and passed by the sepulchral caverns of the kings," which caverns, or tombs of the kings, are now above half a mile without the walls to the north on the plain of Jeremiah. But the small valleys which divided the interior of the old city are now filled up, and many of the elevations levelled. The whole surface of the hills on which Jerusalem and its temple stood, of which Mount Moriah cannot now be distinguished.

were, no doubt, much loftier formerly, or else the hollows beneath have been partly filled up. The latter, it is very probable, has been the case. "These hills," the history observes, "are surrounded by deep valleys, and by reason of the precipices belonging to them on both sides, they are every where impassable." This description does not apply to the present appearance of either; no precipices, either steep or difficult, existing.

But, although the size of Jerusalem was not extensive, its very situation on the brink of rugged hills, encircled by deep and wild valleys, bounded by eminences whose sides were covered with groves and gardens, added to its numerous towers and temple, must have given it a singular and gloomy magnificence scarcely possessed by any other city in the world.

The most pleasing feature in the scenery around the city, is the valley of Jehoshaphat. Passing out of the gate of St. Stephen, you descend the hill to the torrent of the Kedron; a bridge leads over its dry and deep bed; it must have been a very narrow, though in winter a rapid stream. On the left is a grotto, handsomely fitted up, and called the tomb of the Virgin Mary, though it is well known she neither died nor was buried near Jerusalem. Being surprised, however, on the hills by a long and heavy shower of rain, we were glad to take shelter beneath the doorway of this grotto. A few steps beyond the Kedron, you come to the garden of Gethsemane, of all gardens the most interesting and hallowed; but how neglected and decayed! It is surrounded by a kind of low hedge, but the soil is bare, no verdure grows on it, save six fine venerable olive-trees, which have stood here for many centuries. This spot is at the foot of Olivet, and is beautifully situated; you look up and down the romantic valley; close behind rises the mountain; before you are the walls of the devoted city. While lingering here, at evening, and solitary, for it is not often a footstep passes by, that night of sorrow and dismay rushes on the imagination, when the Redeemer was betrayed, and forsaken by all, even by the loved disciple.—Hence the path winds up the Mount of Olives: it is a beautiful hill; the words of the Psalmist, "the mountains around Jerusalem," must not be literally applied, as none are within view, save those of Arabia. It is verdant, and covered in some parts with olive-trees. From the summit you enjoy an admirable view of the city: it is beneath, and very near; and looks, with its valleys around it, exactly like a panorama. Its noble temple of Omar, and large area planted with palms; its narrow streets, ruinous places, and towers, are all laid out before you, as you have seen Naples and Corfu in Leicestér-square. On the summit are the remains of a church, built by the Empress Helena; and in a small edifice, containing one large and lofty apartment, is shewn the print of the last footstep of Christ, when he took his leave of earth. The Fathers should have placed it nearer to Bethany, in order to accord with the account given us in Scripture; but it answers the purpose of drawing crowds of pilgrims to the spot. Descending Olivet to the narrow valley of Jehoshaphat, you soon come to the pillar of Absalom: it has a very antique appearance, and is a pleasing object in the valley: it is of a yellow stone, adorned with half columns, formed into three stages, and terminates in a cupola.

The tomb of Zacharias, adjoining, is square, with four or five pillars,

and is cut out of the rock. Near these is a sort of grotto, hewn out of an elevated part of the rock, with four pillars in front, which is said to have been the apostles' prison at the time they were confined by the rulers. The small and wretched village of Siloa is built on the rugged sides of the hill above; and just here the valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat meet, at the south-east corner of Mount Zion; they are both sprinkled with olive-trees. Over the ravine of Hinnom, and directly opposite the city, is the Mount of Judgment, or of Evil Counsel; because there, they say, the rulers took counsel against Christ, and the palace of Caiaphas stood. It is a broad and barren hill, without any of the picturesque beauty of Olivet, though loftier. On its side is pointed out the Aeldama, or field where Judas hung himself: a small and rude edifice stands on it, and it is used as a burying-place. But the most interesting portion of this hill, is where its rocks descend precipitously into the valley of Hinnom, and are mingled with many a straggling olive-tree. All these rocks are hewn into sepulchres of various forms and sizes; no doubt they were the tombs of the ancient Jews, and are in general cut with considerable care and skill. They are often the resting-place of the benighted passenger. Some of them open into inner apartments, and are provided with small windows or apertures cut in the rock. There is none of the darkness or sadness of the tomb; but in many, so elevated and picturesque is the situation, that a traveller may pass hours here with a book in his hand, while valley and hill are beneath and around him. Before the door of one large sepulchre stood a tree on the brink of the rock; the sun was going down on Olivet on the right, and the resting-place of the dead commanded a sweeter scene than any of the abodes of the living. Many of the tombs have flights of steps leading up to them; it was in one of these that a celebrated traveller would fix the site of the holy sepulchre; it is certainly more picturesque, but why more just, is hard to conceive; since the words of Scripture do not allow the identity of the sacred tomb to any particular spot, and tradition on so memorable an occasion could hardly err. The Fathers declare, it long since became absolutely necessary to cover the native rock with marble, in order to prevent the pilgrims from destroying it, in their zeal to carry off pieces to their homes; and on this point their relation may, one would suppose, be believed.

The valley of Hinnom now turns to the west of the city, and extends rather beyond the north wall: here the plain of Jeremiah commences, and is the best wooded tract in the whole neighbourhood. In this direction, but further on, the historian of the siege speaks "of a tower, that afforded a prospect of Arabia at sunrising, and of the utmost limits of the Hebrew possessions at the sea westward." The former is still enjoyed from the city; but the latter could only be had at a much greater distance north, where there is no hill in front. Above half a mile from the wall, are the tombs of the Kings. In the midst of a hollow, rocky and adorned with a few trees, is the entrance; you then find a large apartment, above fifty feet long, at the side of which a low door, over which is a beautiful frieze, leads into a series of small chambers, in the walls of which are several deep recesses, hewn out of the rock, of the size of the human body. There are six or seven of these low and dark apartments, one or two

of which are adorned with vine-leaves and clusters of grapes. Many parts of the stone coffins, beautifully ornamented in the Saracenic manner, are strewn on the floor; it should seem that some hand of ravage had broken them to pieces, with the view of finding something valuable within. The sepulchres of the Judges, so called, are situated in a wild spot about two miles from the city. They bear much resemblance to those of the kings, but are not so handsome or spacious.

Returning to the foot of the Mount of Olives, you proceed up the vale of Jehoshaphat on a line with the plain; it widens as you advance, and is more thickly sprinkled with olives. When arrived at the hill in which it terminates, the appearance of the city and its environs is rich and magnificent; and you cannot help thinking, were an English party suddenly transported here, they would not believe it was the sad and dreary Jerusalem they were gazing on. This is the finest point to view it from, for its numerous minarets and superb mosque are seen to great advantage over the trees of the plain and valley, and the foreground is verdant and cultivated. One or two houses of the Turks stood in this spot, and we had trespassed on the rude garden of one of them, where the shade of a spreading tree invited us to linger over the prospect. For some days there had been heavy falls of rain, yet the bed of the Kedron was still dry, and has been so, most probably, for many centuries. The climate of the city and country is in general very healthy. The elevated position of the former, and the numerous hills which cover the greater part of Palestine, must conduce greatly to the purity of the air. One seldom sees a country overrun with hills in the manner this is; in general they are not in ranges, but more or less isolated, and of a picturesque form. Few of them approach to the character of mountains, save Carmel, the Quarantina, the shores of the lakes, and those which bound the valley of the Jordan. To account for the existence of so large a population in the promised lands, the numerous hills must have been entirely cultivated; at present their appearance on the sides and summits, is, for the most part, bare and rocky. In old time, they were probably formed into terraces, as is now seen on the few cultivated ones, where the vine, olive, and fig tree flourish. On a delightful evening, we rode to the wilderness of St. John. The monastery of that name stands at the entrance; it is a good and spacious building, and its terrace enjoys a fine prospect, in which is the lofty hill of Modin, with the ruins of the palace of the Maccabees on its summit. A small village adjoins the convent, in which are shewn the remains of the house of Elizabeth, where the meeting with Mary took place. But few monks reside in the convent, which affords excellent accommodations for a traveller. A German pilgrim had found his way here, a respectable, dull kind of man. One can fancy Greeks and Italians, seeking with ardour the sacred land; but a heavy German, with a pipe in his mouth, travelling about the desert of St. John, and the valley of Elah, is rather odd. Having supped, and the air being chill, a vessel filled with charcoal was brought, and having taken the usual last resource of a pipe and coffee, I lay down to rest in the small cell. But I had very nearly found my tomb in that wilderness; for one of the monks placed a quantity of fresh charcoal on the fire, during my sleep, and closing the door of the little cell after him, there was hardly a possibility of escaping destruction.

In about two or three hours, I awoke in a state of utter weakness, and agony of mind, caused by the suffocating effects of the vapour, which had long filled the apartment. It was impossible to rise from the bed, and all consciousness being soon lost, my travels would have terminated, had not Michel happened to be awake in bed, with his candle burning in the adjoining cell, and hearing some faint cries, instantly run in, and carrying me into the air, by dashing torrents of cold water over me, brought life back again. Lives are frequently lost, in the East, from the same cause. In the convent cells, above all places, if the fathers wished to have a rich devotee out of the way, they have only to put a pan of fresh charcoal beside him at night. In the church, a rich altar is erected on the spot where St. John was born, with an inscription over it. The next morning we visited the wilderness: it is narrow, partially cultivated, and sprinkled with trees; the hills rise rather steep on each side; from that on the right, a small stream flows into the ravine below. The whole appearance of the place is romantic, and the prophet might have resided here, while exercising his ministry, with very little hardship; the neighbourhood still, no doubt, produces excellent honey, which is to be had throughout Palestine. High up the rocky side of the hill on the left, amidst a profusion of trees, is the cave or grotto of St. John. A fountain gushes out, close by. When we talk of wildernesses, mountains, and plains in Palestine, it is to be understood that they seldom answer to the size of the same objects in more extensive countries; that they sometimes present but a beautiful miniature of them. It certainly deserved the term given by the Psalmist to the city, of being a "compact" country. The Baptist, in his wild garb, surrounded by an assemblage of various characters, warning them to repentance, in this wild spot, must have presented a fine subject for the painter. In wandering over the country, we feel persuaded that its very scenery lent wings to the poetical and figurative discourses of its prophets and seers. Sublime and diversified, it is yet so confined and minute as to admit the deepest seclusion in the midst of a numerous population. The monks in the convent are of the Catholic order, and have the advantage of all their brethren in point of situation and comfort; and yet nothing will induce these Franciscans to keep their habitations clean; the Greek and Armenian monasteries are palaces compared to them: the fathers are in general a very ignorant race of men, chiefly from the lowest orders of society. Their tables, except during Lent, are spread plentifully twice a day with several dishes of meat and wine, and so well do many of them thrive, that they would consider it banishment to be sent home to Europe to their friends. From the east end of the wilderness, you enter the famous valley of Elah, where Goliath was slain by the champion of Israel. It is a pretty and interesting looking spot; the bottom covered with olive-trees. Its present appearance answers exactly to the description given in Scripture; the two hills on which the armies stood, entirely confining it on the right and left. The valley is not above half a mile broad. Tradition was not required to identify this spot; Nature has stamped it with evincing features of truth. The brook still flows through it in a winding course, from which David took the smooth stones; the hills are not precipitous, but slope gradually down; and the vale is varied with banks and undulations, and not a single habitation is visible in it. From the apex of some of the battles

and positions of armies in those times, it is difficult to account for the mighty numbers stated as having fought; where could they be drawn up? The numerous kings of the Canaanites, and other people, who dwelt in the mountains, the hills, and towns, and fought against Israel, answered, probably, in power and force, to the great sheiks of the Arabs of the present day, who dwell in and around Hebron, and to the south of it, and in the plains and mountains of Syria. The rich and beautiful plain of Esdralon, is the most spacious area in the country, and was the theatre of some battles; and the plain of Jericho is next in extent; but when we read that many hundreds of thousands of men fought around Mount Ephraim, and other scenes in this country, one is tempted to wonder, how the confined valleys and open places one traverses, could have contained them. The numbers given, as some commentators observe, must have been enormously enlarged in transcribing, or translating from the original. If such multitudes were gathered together, hills, vales, and streams would disappear beneath their feet, and who would be left to bury the hundreds of thousands of the slain? The hosts of the Midianites or Arabs might truly be termed "as the sands on the sea shore," as an Arab camp with its camels, tents, and horses, looks ten times as numerous as it really is; but the armies of Judæa were all infantry, and villages, cottages, and towns must have been drawn into the vortex of battle, from the astonishing population of all parts of the land. It may be said, that their engagements were disorderly and without union, like those of other eastern nations; and being mostly undisciplined armies, called out *en masse*, from their labours and avocations, this was probably the case; but the most close, deadly, and sustained combat, can only account for the tremendous slaughter.

On the same evening, we left St John's, and returned to the city. One morning we had an audience of the governor: the apartments of the palace we entered, were not handsomely furnished. How inviting the area of the temple, with its palm-trees, looked!—it was just beneath the palace windows; women often walk there, and it meets the eye from every eminence, as if to tantalize the unfortunate Christians, to whom it is forbidden. While we were with the governor, an elderly well-dressed Jew entered, and prostrated himself before the chief, touching the earth with his forehead, and presented him with a gold-flowered vase full of a rich sweetmeat; which his excellency commanded to be given to us to make use of. It was rather a degrading scene for the Jew. A loud noise being heard without, four or five soldiers entered, dragging in another, who was a Nubian, and had behaved ill and struggled violently. They held him by the arms and legs, while the governor seizing a kind of baton, with a knob of lead at the end of it, struck him eight or ten violent blows on the body, avoiding, however, the vital parts: the poor fellow cried out *amaun* in good earnest; it was not a very creditable exhibition. This governor is subject to the Pacha of Damascus, and scattered bodies of soldiers were arriving to join in the war. We had met a solitary Arab occasionally on horseback, with an immense lance, on his way to the city. At the south-east of Zion, in the vale of Jehoshaphat, they say the gardens of Solomon stood, and also on the sides of the hill adjoining that of Olivet. It was not a bad, though rather a confined site for them—the valley here is covered with a rich verdure, divided by hedges into a number of small gardens.

A mean-looking village stands on the rocky side of the hill above. Not a single palm-tree is to be seen in the whole territory around, where once every eminence was covered with them. The roads leading to the city are bad, except to the north, being the route to Damascus; but the supplies of wood and other articles for building the temple, must have come by another way than the near and direct one from Jaffa, which is impassable for burdens of a large size, from the defiles and rocks amidst which it is carried; the circuitous routes by land from Tyre or Acre were probably used. The Turk who is chief of the guard that keeps watch at the entrance of the sacred church, waited on us two or three times; he is a very fine and dignified-looking man, and insured us entrance at all hours, which permission we availed ourselves of, to pass another night amidst its hallowed scenes, with interest and pleasure but little diminished.

We chose a delightful morning for a walk to Bethany. The path leads up the side of Olivet, by the very way which our Saviour is said to have descended in his last entry into Jerusalem. At a short distance are the ruins of the village of Bethphage; and half a mile further, is Bethany. The distance is about two miles from the city. The village is beautifully situated; and the ruins of the house of Lazarus are still shewn, and do credit to the good fathers' taste.

On the right of the road is the tomb of Lazarus, cut out of the rock. Carrying candles, we descended ten or twelve stone steps to the bottom of the cave; in the middle of the floor is the tomb, a few feet deep, and large enough to admit one body only. Several persons can stand conveniently in the cave around the tomb, so that Lazarus, when restored, did not, as some suppose, descend from a sepulchre cut out of the wall, but rose out of the grave, hewn in the floor of the grotto. The light that enters from above, does not find its way to the bottom; the fine painting in the Louvre of this resurrection was probably faithful in representing it by torch-light. Its identity cannot be doubted; the position of Bethany could never have been forgotten, and this is the only sepulchre in the whole neighbourhood. It is a delightful Sunday afternoon's walk to Bethany: after crossing the Mounts, the path passes along the side of a hill, that looks down into a wild and long valley, in which are a few scattered cottages. The view just above the village is very magnificent, as it embraces the Dead Sea, the valley and river of the Jordan, and its *embouchure* into the lake.

On the descent of Olivet, is shewn the spot where Christ wept over Jerusalem: tradition could not have selected a more suitable spot. Up this ascent David went, when he fled from Absalom, weeping. And did a Jew wish to breathe his last where the glory of his land and fallen city should meet his departing gaze, he would desire to be laid on the summit of the Mount of Olives.

The condition of the Jews in Palestine, is more insecure and exposed to insult and exaction than in Egypt and Syria, from the frequent lawless, and oppressive conduct of the governors and chiefs. These distant Pachalics are less under the control of the Porte; and in Egypt, the subjects of Mahmoud enjoy a more equitable and quiet government than in any other part of the empire. There is little national feeling or enthusiasm among them; though there are some exceptions, where these exist in an intense degree. In the city, they



appear fearful and humbled, for the contempt in which they are held by the Turks is excessive, and they often go poorly clad to avoid exciting suspicion. Yet it is an interesting sight to meet with a Jew wandering with his staff in his hand, and a venerable beard sweeping his bosom, in the rich and silent plain of Jericho, on the sides of his native mountains, or on the banks of the ancient river Kishon, where the arm of the mighty was withered in the battle of the Lord. Did a spark of the love of this country warm his heart, his feelings must be exquisite: but his spirit is suited to his condition.

## PEGASUS IN HARNESS.

*From Schiller.*

A BARD, who 'gainst the world's neglect,  
 ' With humble hope, full long had striven,  
 At length, by many wants oppress'd,  
 By hunger and by anger driven,  
 Gave up his poetizing trade,  
 Forsook his pen, cast off his muse,  
 And led his Pegasus for sale—  
 A steed to him of little use.

All Smithfield was astound to see  
 How proud, how grand and gracefully,  
 The horse went through his pacing;  
 And cried, "But for those ugly things  
 That look so like a pair of wings—  
 He sure were fit for racing."

They gazed; but yet no one would buy:  
 "Who wants," said they, "a horse to fly,  
 Or drives aerial rounds?"—

A carrier, from the crowd, at length,  
 Admiring view'd his form and strength,  
 And offer'd twenty pounds.

His wings are useless, that I own;  
 But then, said he, I'll tie them down;  
 He's sound and active, young and strong,  
 And well can draw a cart along.

Now was his noble head and chest  
 By collar and by harness press'd;  
 And Phœbus' steed, by a vile thong,  
 Was urged to drag a load along;  
 But when he felt th' unwonted weight,  
 With native force and fire elate,  
 He forward sprung;  
 And threw the cart, with all its load,  
 Disdainfully beside the road,  
 Amidst a heap of dung.

The carrier stared; at length he said,  
 Didst ever see so wild a jade?

The horse is sure possest:  
 He's strong as any two at least;  
 But then so fierce and strange a beast  
 Alone he will not rest.

Next day they tried another plan,—  
Placed him, as leader, in the van,  
A steadier next the load ;  
This seem'd, at first, well to succeed,  
Although with an amazing speed  
They pass'd along the road.

But whilst his hoofs the pathway spurn'd,  
Upward, his look to Heaven was turn'd,  
And soon he left the track :  
And dragg'd o'er hedge and ditch perforce,  
Far distant from its destined course,  
The waggon at his back.

Useless alike were curb or rein,  
His headlong fury to restrain ;  
But to a distant mountain's crest,  
With unslack'd speed he onward prest.  
The carrier thoughtful shook his head,  
Sigh'd, and in piteous accents said ;—  
We'll try what starving him will do :  
Perhaps the want of higher food  
May serve to tame his fiery mood.  
And then I'll try him at the plough.

In three days' time the beauteous steed  
Became a skeleton indeed ;  
And farther still to quell his pride,  
They yoked him with an ox beside ;  
(Sure ne'er before was man beheld  
To drive so strange a team a-field.)  
No longer fitted for the race,  
Compell'd to drag a heavier pace,  
To tread the route his partner treads,  
To follow wheresoe'er he leads,  
His fire and courage all seem'd gone,  
And with them, too, his vigour flown,  
Till, toiling up a rising mound,  
He sank exhausted to the ground.

Confound the brute ! the carrier said,  
And raised his whip above his head ;  
But whilst the lash was poised in air,  
A noble youth surpassing fair,  
With heavenly mien and golden hair,  
Came tripping o'er the green.  
His locks, that floated in the wind,  
Were by a brilliant band confined—  
And,—“oh !” he cried, “my friend, forbear ;  
Where wouldst thou drive so strange a pair ?  
Now trust thy horse to me, I pray,  
He soon shall show as proud and gay  
As ever he hath been.”

But when, discumber'd from the pack,  
The stranger vaulted on his back,  
And laughing seized the rein :  
The steed, obedient to command,  
Knew his celestial master's hand,  
And started forth again.

No longer the same beast he seem'd ;  
 But from his sparkling eyes there beam'd  
     Strange dazzling rays of light ;  
 And long before th' astonish'd swain  
 Could steadfast look at him again,  
     He vanish'd from his sight.

B. V. O.

## NOUVEL ALMANACH DES GOURMANDS.

## Concluded.

“ Tout s'arrange en dinant dans le siècle où nous sommes,  
 Et c'est par des diners qu'on gouverne les hommes.”

Les Comédiens.

HAVING in our previous taste of this most savoury and stomach-stirring work given our readers a smack of the preliminary matter, and gravely discussed the merits of the *dejeuner à la fourchette*, we now arrive at that deeply interesting meal which our author pronounces to be the most important act of the daily drama of Epicurism.

“ At this happy moment,” he exclaims, “ a moment expected with such a sweet impatience, all the affections, all the sensibility of the *gourmand* are concentrated in his palate ; and when with a manly and insinuating voice the *maitre d'hotel*, arrayed in the insignia of his office, announces that dinner is served, the countenance of each guest expands like a rose beneath the fostering rays of the sun. Now it is that the cook can display the whole extent of his genius ; the French kitchen reckons more than six hundred dishes : what a vast field for science !”

It may not be generally known in England, although it is an example well worthy of imitation, that some of the Parisian *restaurateurs* undertake to give anatomical lessons, which they modestly designate “ instruction in the elegant art of carving ;” and that their pupils are by no means limited to professional gentlemen, but embrace amateurs of all descriptions. Their mode of cookery requires much less of this surgical skill than our own, and yet M. De Perigord is so penetrated with its value that he declares—

“ Of all the studies which compose a handsome and liberal education, the most important, the most useful, is unquestionably the art of carving. This amiable talent, which enhances the value of its possessor, may strictly be said to supersede all others. It is a substitute for understanding, for knowledge, sometimes even for fortune. An awkward host cuts but a poor figure beside the useful guest who performs for him the most important of his functions.”

We know not whether our court of aldermen, or our Romeos and Benedicks, be most interested in the following profound remark, which we think it right to extract for the benefit of all parties.

“ There are in fact three sorts of appetite : That which arises from hunger, an animal appetite, easily satisfied, which resembles first love, or the burning desire of an inexperienced young man. The appetite of the second course, which, though less impatient, is not less lively, and may be compared to the conjugal appetite. The third appetite, which requires to be stimulated to the enjoyment of the factitious, but still delicate pleasures for those who know how to relish them, bears some affinity with the fires of libertinism.”

Deeply impressed as we have always been with the science required to provide an unexceptionable dinner, we were not before aware that

there was even an art in eating it. Such, however, appears to be the case.

"How few people," cries this all-accomplished wielder of the knife and fork, "know how to eat a good dinner! Some rush precipitately upon the dishes, pillage the first course, and begin to languish before the second. Others dine more leisurely, but still without method, without calculation, without real pleasure, almost all are ignorant of the art of graduating their sensations, and scientifically preparing their enjoyments. We should begin with tender and light meats, augment and vary the savour of the second course, then call sugar and ambrosia to our aid, scattering a few aromatic spices and volatile spirits, and tempering the whole by the freshness of cooling fruits."

After dinner we are very methodically presented with "a Didactic Essay upon the Dessert," whose mission, we are informed,

"Is to console the satiated stomach by imparting the most seductive sensations to the palate. Its object is to deceive the guest as to his repletion, and persuade him that a full vase may yet hold something more. Gastronomists, not over delicate in the choice of words, are accustomed to say that the dessert is intended for cleansing the teeth. We invoke the most earnest attention of our readers to this last scene of a superb melodrame, this pathetic *dénouement* of a most interesting piece, this concluding display of a splendid firework."

An indignant diatribe now bursts from the author against *plateaux*, *epergnes*, vases of flowers, pasteboard temples, *bisquit* decorations, and all those succedanea for masticable matter, which, as he very justly observes, can have no other partisans in so enlightened an age as the present, than those mean-spirited hosts who presume to give entertainments without daring to face the consequences, and vainly endeavour to conceal their shabbiness beneath masses of crystal and domes of tinsel.

"Let us," he exclaims, "return to more gastronomical principles. I permit you to have temples, but let them be of sugar; vases, but of *fleur d'orange*; flowers, but in confectionary. Let a monument of the richest architecture rear itself in the middle of the table; let crystallised sugar sparkle in the light of the lustres, and imitate diamonds. Let garlands, also of sugar, assume the form of roses, laurels, everlastings, so that, after having been gratified by the sight of this temple, the guest may taste its component parts, and, after having applauded its wonderful and delicate construction, enjoy the not less lively pleasure of its demolition."

From the chapter upon coffee our limits do not permit us to make any extracts; nor from the next, which is entitled "Journey round a Cellar," and gives a list of more than a hundred and fifty different sorts of wine, with which every *gourmet* ought to be acquainted; though we must pause a moment to express our perfect accord with the writer, that the importance of *vin ordinaire* is in general underrated. When judiciously selected, there is no beverage more delicious; and these enjoyments, which are of the most frequent occurrence, should certainly command our most critical consideration.

However presumptuous it may be deemed to differ from so profound an artist as Mon. A. B. De Perigord, candour obliges to avow that after a residence of several years in France, we still remain unreconciled to the subject of the next chapter, which treats of the "Glass of *Eau sucrée*," considered in its political, digestive, and literary attributes," under the former of which divisions we encounter the following anecdote.

"Lady Marlborough was haughty, and was singularly disliked by the Queen of England. Churchill, her husband, had almost reduced France to extremities, menacing Louis in the very heart of a kingdom which until his reign had been free from all invasion. At a ball given by the Queen, she asked for a glass of water, which Lady Marlborough brought, and spilt over her gown. This accident, attributed to intentional insolence, and aggravated by the comments of the Duchess's enemies, occasioned Marlborough to be immediately recalled; the soul of the Coalition was withdrawn, and France was saved."

We knew not that our neighbours had so good an excuse for their bad taste; and we now see the origin of the superstition which considers this insipid beverage an almost universal panacea. Its medicinal and digestive properties are highly vaunted in the work before us; but for our own parts we hate physic at any time, however insinuating may be its disguises. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*; though we concede to our author, that it affords a favourable opportunity to ladies for taking off their gloves, displaying the brilliancy of their rings and the whiteness of their hands.

Passing over the "*Poesie Gourmande*," which, in sooth, is less savoury and stimulating than the prose, we arrive at the "Constitution of a Gastronomical Society," containing copious regulations for the government of an epicurean dinner-club, some of which we shall insert for the guidance of the similar institutions which are now starting up so rapidly in the parishes of St. James's and Marylebone, though our instructions may probably be deemed superfluous.

"Every word uttered during the first course is to be considered abusive, and punished as such.—During the second course conversation is allowed, provided it be consecrated to some gastronomical subject.—An entire freedom of speech is allowed during the third course. Nevertheless, political, philosophical, and literary discussions are forbidden, as calculated to impede mastication, by occasioning an useless distraction of the mind.—The personal liberty of the guests is without limits. They are, however, forbidden to quit the table before the conclusion of dinner, which must always last five hours."

Under the head of "Regulations relative to the Artists who prepare the dinner," it is laid down that the *chef de cuisine* is entitled to the following advantages:—

"Half the dessert is his exclusive property.—He cannot overcharge more than five per cent. upon the purchases.—He may get drunk every night after serving dinner."

Such are his perquisites; and the following are his duties:—

"He must serve hot, under pain of dismissal.—He is not to drink the Madeira given him to put in the sauces.—He is forbidden to taste the preparations with his fingers.—He is not allowed to sell for his own profit more than half the gravy-meat intended for enriching the stews."

Contenting ourselves with merely enumerating the succeeding chapters—"Of the Classical and Romantic, as applied to the kitchen;—of the controversy between the advocates and opponents of larding certain joints and birds;—of Cooks, male and female;—of Haunches of mutton, with illustrative anecdotes;—of gastronomical novelties;" we shall conclude this notice, which nothing but the grave importance and universal interest of the subject would have induced us to extend to

such an unmerciful length, by the following extracts from the author's "Epicurean Aphorisms."

"Sobriety is the conscience of weak stomachs."

"Place no confidence in bad eaters. They are in general envious, foolish, or wicked. Abstinence is an anti-social virtue."

"No good king ever made a sumptuary law. Tyrants alone can arrogate the right of life and death over the stomachs of their subjects."

"The Agapæ of the first Christians were nothing but Pic-nics. Tertulian informs us that every one brought his dish, and that after the Communion, tables were spread in the church, at which all dined together."

"Marshal de Mouchy pretended that pigeon's flesh has a consoling virtue. When he lost any friend or relation, he used to say to his cook,—'Give me roast pigeons to-day; for I have observed that after having eaten a couple of pigeons I always rise from the table much less unhappy.'"

"The fate of the mushroom is truly ridiculous; it is eulogized and abused with an equal extravagance. Nero called it the flesh of the gods. A grave confessor bestowed upon it the epithet of a murderous and regicide fungus. It has, in fact, occasioned the deaths of Tiberius, Claudian, the wife and children of Euripides, Pope Clement VII., King Charles VI., the widow of the Czar Alexis, and numerous others."

"There are men whom Nature has treated like spoiled children. The historian De Thou mentions one of his relations, M. de Samblacy, Bishop of Bourges, who was continually eating. Six meals were regularly served to him every day, and yet he was never satisfied. This worthy prélate, grateful, gormandizing, and pious, always said grace on rising from table."

"The ancient abbots were such lovers of the juice of the grape, that in all their writings they call the church the vineyard of the Lord."

"It was Meleager, King of Macedonia, who brought the first turkeys into Greece, in the year of the world 3559. The Greeks named these birds after their prince, Meleagrides. Sophocles, in one of his tragedies, introduces a chorus of turkeys bewailing the death of Meleager."

"Make no assertions after dinner, whose truth you have not ascertained while fasting."

Begging most earnestly to impress this valuable exhortation upon the minds of his and our readers, we complacently dismiss Mon. A. B. de Perigord to the enjoyment of his numerous and scientific meals, conscientiously declaring, that so far as he is individually concerned, he has completely shaken our faith in Shakspeare's dictum, that—

"Fat paunches make lean pates, and grosser bits  
Enrich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits."

It may not be amiss, however, to remind those who, without possessing his polyphagian powers, would reduce his theory to practice, that they must eschew the fate of Sardanapalus, of whom it was said,—"He makes his belly his god, and his god is his greatest enemy;" that they must avoid converting the stomach into a *cemeteryum ciborum*, lest they change their bodies into *sepulchra animarum*; and, finally, that when they would endanger their healths for the gratification of their palates, they should not forget old Chaucer's shrewd remark,

"That all too late comes th' Electuary,  
When men the corse unto the grave do carry."

## THE RETURN FROM ELBA ;—A PETIT DRAMA.

[SCENE 1. *A street in Paris. CITIZENS and SOLDIERS.*]

1st. Cit. Up with the lily! up with the lily! huzza!  
 2d. Cit. Down with the tricolór!  
 1st. Sold. Up with the tricolór!  
 2d. Sold. Down with the Bourbon lily! Down to hell!  
 1st. Sold. Curse on the coward lily! Drown 't in blood!  
 1st. Cit. Hark! he talks treason.  
 1st. Sold. Treason? to whom, sir fool?  
 1st. Cit. To th' Emperor—no, the King.  
 2d. Cit. Ay, ay, the King—  
 2d. Sold. Of Italy, the victory crowned king!  
 Napoleon!  
 2d. Cit. Down with the tyrant!  
 1st. Sold. 'Sdeath! ye tai lors,  
 If ye cry that again, I'll slit your tongues.

[OFFICER enters.]

Officer. What noise is here, sirs?—Pierre! Baptiste! What's this?  
 1st. Sold. These tailors of the state would mend the lily,  
 And tear down the tricolor, sir: that is all.  
 Officer. Ungrateful knaves!  
 1st. Cit. (*Aside.*) Speak out, Achille!  
 2d. Cit. Knaves! Knaves, sir?—  
 Officer. Silence, fool.  
 Have we let blood out like a river for ye?—  
 Trod on scorch'd Egypt, and the ice-blasted flats  
 O' the North, and kept *you* in warm homes secure?  
 And do ye now like serpents turn upon us?  
 Begone!  
 1st. Cit. We're only——  
 Officer. Hence to your dwellings, knaves.  
 Quick! or the ghost of power shall leave its grave  
 And trample ye down like dust. Villains, begone!  
 —Now comrades, to the barrier! follow me! (*Citizens exeunt.*)  
 Great news (until this morning hid) has burst  
 Like a bright flood upon us. He is near—  
 Soldier. Hurra! Hurra!  
 Officer. To the Emperor! Follow me! (*Exeunt.*)

[POYNET enters speaking.]

Poynet. Take home the horses. I shall walk awhile,  
 And ask what births this week hath brought to light.  
 Make haste, sir.—How is this? The streets look dead:  
 And 't seems as some mute mischief (like a beast  
 That crouches and lies dumb before he springs)  
 Faced me at every turn. Ha! some one comes.  
 Now, Burin, what's the news?

[BURIN enters.]

Burin. The King is gone.  
 Poynet. Gone! Where?  
 Burin. I know not. The whole brood have left  
 The fleur de lys to wither. They have fled.  
 Poynet. Is there no more, sir?  
 Burin. Yes. 'Tis said an eagle

Hath left his eyrie in the Southern rocks,  
And comes, fast floating over tower and town,  
To perch once more in Paris.

*Poynet.* How! Napoleon?  
*Burin.*

Ay, Poynet, ay; the Emperor comes again,  
Backed by no power but shouts of joyful cities,  
Preceded by no triumph, and unarmed  
Save by his fame, a peaceful conqueror!

[A CITIZEN enters.]

*Citizen.* The Emperor comes. What are ye doing here?

*Burin.* We go. Where is he?

*Citizen.* Close to the city gates.

I must go make the bells sing out rejoicings,  
And tear the lilies down from all the steeples. (Exit.)

*Burin.* Good luck go with you. Come, friend, shall we go?

*Poynet.* Have with you, sir. Down with your lilies, there! (Exeunt.)

[SCENE 2. Interior of a House.—LAFITTE, TOURNET.]

*Lafitte.* No, no, no, no. You wrong him, brother: No.

He has a touch of the old Roman in him.

*Tournet.* Wouldst have the *stork* for king?

*Lafitte.* No,—nor the log!

Out on thee! Why, thou know'st I've fought,—and bled,—  
Watched,—wept,—and starved for him: and once—mark that!  
He shook my bloody hand at Rivoli.  
He raised me to command—

*Tournet.* A fine command!

*Lafitte.* Sir, it befits me. Look! This cross he hung  
Upon my heart. He said 'twould hide the scars;  
And smiled (Oh! what a brave sweet smile he has!)  
And bade his officers take note of me.  
Oh! he's a noble minion.

[MARIE enters.]

*Marie.* Father! What *here*? The Emperor's come:—he's *come*!

He and the handsome Count Labedoyere,  
The Duke Vicenza, and I know not whom.  
The soldiers are gone over to him,—all!

*Lafitte.* O thou'rt a rare good girl.

[HENRI enters.]

*Henri.* Come out! Come out! Why do ye stay? For shame!

Father, come out, and see the Emperor.

*Lafitte.* Where is he?

*Henri.* Almost at the palace gates.

His eagles are all clustered (such a brood!)  
And stretch their brazen wings up in the sun.  
I saw them as they came from Fontainebleau.  
Here rode the Prince of Moskwa—there was Grouchy—  
The Prince of Essling here—and Echmuhl there,  
Suchet, Labedoyere, and fifty more.  
(One place was vacant, as by accident:  
'Twas where Eugene Beauharnois should have been.)—  
I' the midst of all his fiery nobles sate  
Napoleon,—calm as on a levee day.  
Pale was he—

*Lafitte.* How, sir, how?

*Henri.* Pale and unmoved,



*The Return from Elba.*

As I have heard you say he ever was,  
Even when the smoke of war rushed in his face,  
And large battalions failed him.

*Toumnet.*

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Lafitte.*

Go on, go on. The people pressed upon him?

*Henri.*

Ay did they, and threw shouts into the sky.

I never saw such a mad multitude.

The women shrieked, and some let loose their hair,

Which others tossed upon the wind, and some

Screamed 'Vive!' till they were hoarse. Here rode along

Silent 'mid all this clamour, our old guard,

Like statues armed to tend some king long dead,

And round them, as by a hurricane blown about,

Thousands of shouting rogues all massed together;

Like some intemperate mighty anarchy

Drunken with sudden joy, and bent to raise

Some novel God unto their reeking Heaven.

This way and that they drove—and once there came

A cry of terror from a hundred throats,

That froze my heart within me. Have I not heard

A story of a tempest——?

*Lafitte.*

Oh! you mean

As we came home from Egypt. That *was* terrible.

The wind lay like a nightmare on the heart

O' the sleeping sea, and did bewitch 't with dreams

You should have seen the struggling Ocean toss

Its aged arms about and silver hair,

And cry to the hard rocks and hollow shores

For help in that most fierce extremity!

*Henri.*

'Twas thus with this vast crowd.

But, if you loiter more, he will be gone.

*Lafitte.*

Give me my crutches. I will have a look

Once more upon a true king ere I die.

(*Exeunt.*)

[SCENE 3. *Entrance to the Tuileries.*]

NATIONAL GUARD and PEOPLE assembled.

*1st Man.* Hush! Hush!

*2d Man.* Hark! Now—

*Voices. (at a distance.)* Hurra!

*1st Man.* What's that?

*Voices (nearer)*

Hurra!

*2d Man.* They shout hurra. The Emperor comes. Hurra!

*3d Man.* 'Tis he. Hurra!

*Voices.* Vive! vive Napoleon!

*2d Man.* Here they come. Make way!

[SOLDIER enters.]

*Soldier.* The Emperor's come.

*Men.* Where? Where?

*Soldier.* He quits his carriage.

There, there, sirs. Look! That is Labeoyere;

And close behind Napoleon. He turns round

And bows to the people. Shout! Hurra!

*All.*

Hurra!

*Soldier.* Look, look! The Count is coming!

*All.*

Hurra! hurra!

[*The Marsellois Hymn.* LABEDOYERE enters quickly.]

*Labed.* Now, Countrymen of France, bid your hearts speak !  
The prince of all the world is come again.  
Sirs, he is *here*,—amongst ye. He has snapped  
The insolent chains forged by the breath of kings,  
And stands once more in Paris. Marshals—generals—  
Soldiers, and hearts of all sorts, old and young,  
Millions of men in arms and unarmed flock  
Round his bright eagles. His sublime renown  
Which paled the fames of Europe,—(of the world!)  
Revisits us like dawn. Our hearths were shamed,  
Our strength was trampled on, our hearts were smitten :  
*He comes who 'll make all whole.* Now, sirs, he comes.  
Look where his eagles hover.

*Soldier.* Shout ! Hurra !

*All.* Hurra ! Hurra !

*Labed.* Strike out ! Bold music !

*Nat. Gd.* Stand aside.

*All.* Hurra !

[*The Marsellois hymn repeated.* PEOPLE enter confusedly, followed by SOLDIERS, and OFFICERS, and lastly NAPOLEON enters :—the music ceases.]

*People.* Hurra ! Hurra !

*Napoleon.* Thanks, countrymen ! I rejoice  
To look upon kind faces once again.

*Nat. Gds.* Vive Napoleon !

*Napoleon.* Soldiers o' the National Guard,  
I am glad to see ye. \* Five months since I formed ye  
That ye might keep peace in the capital.  
You have fulfilled my hopes. Friends, you have shed  
Blood in defence of Paris ; and though our foes  
Burst our great walls, no blame must cling to *you*.  
'Twas treason ! and—perhaps—fatality.  
Soldiers ! The royal throne suited not France.  
It gave no surety for the people's rights.  
'Twas forced on you by strangers. Had it lived,  
Misfortune and disgrace had followed it.  
But *I* am come, armed with the strength of France  
To bring back power and honour.

*Peo. & Sold.* Hurra ! Hurra !

*Napoleon.* Men o' the national guard ! The tricolór  
Floats at Marseilles,—Antibes :—A hundred cannon  
(Fencing our frontiers) with their brazen tongues  
Proclaim to strangers that our wars are over.  
Yet,—should they send forth troops, we 'll call up ours,  
And face our foes with iron. We wish to live  
In peace, but woe to those who dare assail us !

*Sold. & Peo.* Vive, vive Napoleon ! Vive ! Hurra ! Hurra !

*Napoleon.* Soldiers, our foes mistake our charactér.  
The youth and vigour which awoke the world,  
And throughout twenty years of victory linked  
The Pyramids to Moscow, still survives.  
Swear then to rally round the tricolor ;  
To guard the imperial throne, pledge of your rights !  
Swear to me, gallant friends, that men ye've vanquished  
Shall never uproot our laws and government.  
For the honour of your country, swear !

\* See his address to the National Guard on his return from Elba.

*All.* We swear!  
*Napoleon.* And now farewell, awhile. Napoleon lives  
 Only so long as in your hearts he lives;  
 The rest is—nothing. Soldiers, fare ye well.  
 Great thanks to all.—Farewell! (*Exit with officers, &c.*)  
*People.* Hurra! Hurra! Long live the Emperor!  
*Soldiers.* Music again! Hurra!  
 (*The Marsellois hymn is repeated, and the Scene closes.*)

[SCENE 4. *A Room in the palace of the Tuileries.*]

*NAPOLEON enters, followed by CAULINCOURT and others.*

*Napoleon.* Now leave me, gallant friends. Soldiers, farewell!  
 Stay, Prince of Moskwa—Prince of Echmuhl—Bertrand—  
 In an hour we'll meet again. 'Till then, think for us.  
 Duke of Vicenza, you will now submit  
 Our proclamations to the lords beside you.  
 Bid all our friends, whose good advice we need,  
 Ay, even the Duke Otranto, (*He's our friend*  
*Now we are king again,*) attend us strait.

*Caul.* I do not like him.

*Napoleon.* No, nor do I 'like'—  
 But we must keep the fawning tyger near us,  
 And blunt his teeth with smiles. Friend! in your heart  
 Bury contempt, though just. Yet,—Caulincourt—  
 It more affronts my spirit to meet that man  
 Than all the score of kings who kissed my feet,  
 And now grin Hate against me. But, farewell!  
 Brave thoughts go with you. (*Officers exunt.*)  
 Soh!—who stands within?

[*A LADY enters.*]

A woman? Ha! is it thou? Come, a sweet welcome.  
*Lady.* Sire!—

*Napoleon.* What! hath the Bourbon lily blanch'd thy cheek?  
 Ma petite Victorine! How, do you weep?  
 Rather rejoice with me, dear Victorine.  
 I am returned once more,—an emperor!

*Lady.* Are you alone?

*Napoleon.* Ay, pretty one,—alone!  
 The lady of my throne hath fled from me.  
 Said I 'rejoice?'—I did; yet come I hither  
 A widower, and childless. I much need  
 Thy kindness:—I have need of courage, too;  
 And stout breath to proclaim my rights,—and wrongs.

*Lady.* My empress is away;—the poor child lost.

*Napoleon.* We'll try to find them with a million men.—  
 —But is this well to shew thy pale thoughts now?  
 Sit by me, Victorine, and tell me all  
 The news of France since last we talked together.  
 Come! we'll have ten long minutes free from care.

*Lady.* You are fatigued.

*Napoleon.* Yet I have much to do  
 Ere I may sleep. In an hour I meet the council.  
 But, how's this?—you grow niggard. You were wont  
 To cater for a weary traveller.

*Lady.* Within there. [*Servant enters.*] Bring refreshment for the  
 Emperor.

*Napoleon.* Ha! Marchand, is it you? Bring coffee hither.  
 Are you well, Marchand? and your children?

- Servant. Sire,  
Most happy that your majesty returns.
- Napoleon. So say the many, and 't shall be well for them,  
If I but live and beat mine enemies. (Servant exit.)
- Lady. Madame de — has written a romance.
- Napoleon. Full, I suppose, of guns, and blood, and noise.  
These women think that life is poor, unless  
Quiet be slain by war. What else?
- Lady. A host  
Of pamphlets propping up the Bourbon cause.
- Napoleon. Poor Louis! He doth rather need his crutch  
Than such a stormy kingdom as this is.  
'Tis a good man, and loves his dinner. Well? (Coffee is brought.)
- Lady. My memory serves me ill.
- Napoleon. 'Then I'll give thee (over this Mocha berry)  
Some brief notes for a little history.  
Listen!—In those wild times when Terror reigned,  
An anarchy, and men's passions burst abroad  
Like raging seas, till then chained fast by power,  
I left the band wherein I served, and went  
Unto my mother's home in Corsica.  
I studied, breathed fresh air, and loved the flowers;  
But chiefly did I fix my soul on war.  
I was Republican. 'Tis true, I served  
As soldier to the King, while the King was;  
For there was no way else to reach renown.  
But when our new-born laws proclaimed that men  
Were equal, and cut down without remorse  
Those monstrous rights—those wrongs, which grew up rank  
And built such barriers 'tween the great and poor,  
I arose and laid aside my pruning hook,  
Gave up my books, and came up strait to Paris.
- Lady. 'Then it was, sire—
- Napoleon. Ay, then it was I felt  
The fever of the times. Big thoughts were mouthed,  
And antique names, and words of liberty.  
We heard of Brutus, and Timoleon,  
Fabricius, and Cato, and the rest;  
And much sincere, indeed, was mixed with much  
Of folly,—but so it was. I then was young,  
And languished to surpass heroic men,  
And earn a name in story.
- Lady. Sire, 'you did so.
- Napoleon. Ay, Victorine; but I plucked at Cæsar's crown,  
Not Brutus' mantle, nor Harmodius' wreath.  
Ambition—'tis a devil or a god,  
Whichever we make it, drove me on to war:  
From war sprang conquest; and from conquest power.  
Hate, envy, flattery, fear—made mad my spirit.  
I saw my crawling foes all shroud their sting:  
I saw—how little was requited to rise,  
And so resolved on purple, and a throne.
- Lady. You graced it, sire.
- Napoleon. At least, I wore it, lady;  
As well (I think) as bravely (that I know)  
As any of the mob of kings who served me.—  
How flies the time?
- Lady. But half an hour is gone.
- Napoleon. That's well. Ha! what is that which rustles near us?

[MADAME de L— enters.]

Who's this?

Madame de L—.

*Lady.**Napoleon.*

Macdonald's daughter?

Fair lady, welcome. Yours is rebel blood,  
But honest, and I can afford to praise it.

*Mad. L—.* Sire!—*Napoleon.*

If the Marshal come to Paris, tell him  
I lack his help, and then I know he'll give it.

*Mad. L—.* Sire, he is here,—without.*Napoleon.*

Go, bid him enter. Leave us, Victorine. (*Ladies exeunt*)  
I did not think *he* would have quitted me.  
Well!—it is past: and he perhaps had dreams  
That France would better thrive in peaceful reigns.

[MACDONALD enters.]

Welcome, Macdonald! We have brought our eagles  
Once more to Paris. Are they welcome hither?  
Or shall we call the frightened lilies back?

*Macd.*

I swore fidelity to the Bourbon, sire,  
And meant to keep it. But as the voice of France  
Calls back her soldier to his armed throne,  
Accept my knee—

*Napoleon.*

Take thou my *hand*, Macdonald;  
And when the time comes that it's strength is gone,  
Or error or misfortune cleave to it,  
Put it aside and pass.

*Macd.*

'Twas not the king—  
'Twas not his race, great sire, (I know them weak,)  
Nor rank, nor a new name—I earned *my* name  
In hotter times—

*Napoleon.*

I know it, I know it, Marshal!  
Thou wast baptized in fire. The cannon-balls  
Shouted about thee, and an army followed,  
Crying "All hail! a soldier!"

*Macd.*

I have done  
The best I could, sire, for the good of France.

*Napoleon.*

My good and hers are mixed for ever. I am  
The leaf of laurel on her tree,—no more;  
One of the crowd. I stand, indeed, 'the *first*,'  
Because Necessity will have a man  
To front the aspect of alarming times.  
Still am I one of the people. I claim not  
A birth stretched backwards beyond Nimrod's loins,  
Nor call on Cæsar or Semiramis  
To answer for a weak or daring son.  
I am—*myself*; the first,—perhaps the last  
Of all my race who won or wore a crown.  
Marshal, you see me truly. When I die  
I'd lie in sleep by blue Seine, and have my grave  
Washed by the tears of soldiers.

*Macd.*

Sire?—

*Napoleon.*

I would have my deeds writ upon brass;  
Saying—"Here lies *Napoleon, Emperor*;  
"Who rose by courage, and the people's will,  
"Up to a throne. He won a hundred battles;  
"At Arcola; at Rivoli; at Marengo;  
"At Austerlitz; at Jena; and on the snows  
"Of Moscow, and the Libyan pyramids.

"He cut (like Hannibal) the white Alps through;  
"Learning he raised; made public roads; built fountains;  
"And with his valiant soldiers shared the land."

What think you, Marshal? Should I boast or not?  
*Macd.* Sire, 'tis a wide-known truth. Your soldiers know it:  
They own it, and they love you for your love.

*Napoleon.* Ah! my old guard! I cannot tell thee how—  
How closely to my soul those men are knit.  
—Is there not some old story of a Roman  
Who cradled his bold child in his large shield,  
And bred him up to blood and roaring war?  
They are the children I have cradled, Marshal,  
And bred in the light of glory. They are my own,  
My prop, my throne—

*Macd.* Sire, and the citizens?

*Napoleon.* True, Marshal, true:  
They are the base of the great pyramid.  
I love 'em much,—but not before my soldiers.  
Who's there? Come in! Ha! Come in, Prince of Essling.

[MASSENA enters.]

Here is Macdonald. Welcome him.

*Massena.* Good morrow,  
Duke of Tarentum.

*Macd.* Sir, I thank you.

*Napoleon.* Well?—

How, Massena! thou look'st a very storm.  
Give him thy hand. Is *this* a time for quarrel?

*Massena.* Macdonald, here's my hand. You are the best  
Of that king-hunting lily-livered mob,  
Which was King Louis' crutch: So,—here's my hand.

*Macd.* I take it, sir: for *you*, too, are the best  
Of a bad set. I swore an oath, and kept it:  
Your friends crack'd theirs, like jokes, sir, after dinner.

*Napoleon.* No more of this. You are both wrong,—and right.

[CAULINCOURT, FOUCHÉ, and others enter.]

Now, friends and councillors?

*Fouché.* I am rejoiced, sire—

*Napoleon.* Welcome, Duke of Otranto. We want your help  
To fit our vessel out for a fresh sea;  
Perhaps to stand a storm. Welcome to all.

*Caulin.* The council wait, sire, in the great saloon.

*Fouché.* We have drawn up a proclamation, sire—

*Napoleon.* We'll hear it in full council:—Pardon me.

Duke of Vicenza, you will sit beside us;

For we may need your explanation often.

To say what good we mean for all our people.

—Now, to the council. The Renown of France

Is tottering on a point. With valiant hearts,

Firm hands, and steady thoughts, we still may fix

Its glittering light for ever. If we fail—

What then, sire?

*Napoleon.* Then—it is the false world's fault;

Not ours. We act a tale which shall be told,

To after times. We can but play our parts

Bravely, and leave the rest for future story.

(Exeunt.)

## LONDON LETTERS TO COUNTRY COUSINS.—NO. III.

*The King's Bench, and its Purlieus.*

DESULTORY, my dear Frank, and inconsequent upon each other, as my letters may seem, I would fain have a certain degree of coherence obtain between them; as otherwise I fear they may slip from out your memory altogether, and I have the mortification of finding, when you come among us by and by, that my pen has been spending its breath in vain, and that you are as little acquainted with London and its ways as if you had lived in it for yourself, instead of my taking that pleasant trouble off your hands. Now, what can be more natural than the transition from the Horse Bazaar—the subject of my last epistle—to the King's Bench—the proposed subject of this? Allow me, then, to introduce you to that distinguished prison. Not that I doubt of your ability to arrive at this consummation in due time by your own unassisted efforts—especially now that I have shewn you the direct road to it, through the Horse Bazaar. But as I have placed you on that road, I think it but fair to let you see beforehand the prospect of what it naturally, though by no means necessarily, leads to: begging you expressly to understand, however, that it is the external features of the view alone which I profess to sketch, and that, if you would penetrate beyond the surface, you must seek some safer guide to attend you, or, what will be a surer mode still, must wait till you have an opportunity of observing for yourself. In truth, there is no “Royal Road” to the learning taught at this college; and unless you choose to enter yourself a student, you must be content to go down to your grave ignorant of all matters appertaining to the mere *morale* of this modern Alsatia.

By the by, I beg you and your's to believe, in regard to the said *morale*, that I am at present quite as unqualified as I am indisposed to treat of it as a matter of knowledge: though there is no saying for how short a time this may be true of me in either particular; for I have lately (in fact, ever since the affair of those long-standing tailor's bills of which I told you something in my last “confidential” epistle,) been seriously meditating on the merits of imprisonment, for I have not yet squandered the estate I was born to, of looking only at the bright side of all imaginary pictures; and have several times been on the point of laying it down, or rather taking it up, as an article of my creed, that there must be manifold comforts in incarceration which none but the elect can know. As to Sterne's starling, with his “I can't get out!” which Aunt Silence, and I dare say the Governor himself, will quote upon me, I can only reply, if they put me to it, that though Sterne was a capital humourist, his sentimentality was somewhat mawkish, and his philosophy none at all. In short, Frank, I have serious thoughts of commencing my career in the literary world, by writing an Essay under one or other—or perhaps all in one—of the following titles—namely, *The Pleasures of Imprisonment*; or, *The Benefit of the King's Bench*; or, *The Beauties of being in Debt*; and of printing off a large edition of it *on my own account*, for the express purpose of proving that I have no objection to practise what I preach. It would, no doubt, have a vast success among the second-rate authors, at least. But then *they* are a class of readers who never by any accident *buy* a book. They are so accustomed to borrow in

detail (to say nothing of stealing) for the benefit of their readers, that they can scarcely be expected to do less by wholesale for their own.

But, in regard to my proposed subject,—Where, let me ask, can a man make so free as in prison?—Where, but in prison, is liberty carried with impunity to a pitch that falls little short of licentiousness?—What can be equal to the inconvenience of being asked to pay what one owes? and who thinks of asking a man in prison to pay him? and who cares about being so asked? I should imagine that when a tradesman waits upon a gentleman prisoner to ask for the settlement of his “little account,” he does it with exactly the same air which he employs in making a similar request to a Lord or an M. P.; for he no more dare hint at “troubling” the one for it than the others—each party having him equally at their mercy.

Then the projects that a man might put in train, if he could but once acquire freedom to attend to them, by fairly getting himself confined for life! and the time he would have to put them into execution!—for nobody can doubt that a year in prison is as good, in point of length at least, as ten out of it. And in fact this would exactly realize the imagination of the old song, which exclaims

“Could a man be secure  
That his life would endure,  
As of old, for a thousand long years,  
What acts might he do!” &c.

And so in prison, —

Could a man be secure  
That his debt would endure,  
As of old, till his creditors softened,—  
What acts might he do!”—

But, alas! the impertinent Insolvent acts of other people interfere every now and then, to prevent any such consummation; and now-a-days, getting into debt is but another name for getting out of it.—The truth is, Frank, this latter consideration has almost determined me on finally abandoning a plan I have long had in contemplation, for the completion of my studies in law and literature. I have a theory, that if I could but get some friend to put me into prison, (and I see no insurmountable difficulty in *this* part of the matter), and keep me there for the space of half an apprenticeship, I should come out a sort of “admirable Crichton.” But as to the mere three months that are allotted to debtors now-a-days,—it really is not worth while to lay oneself under an obligation for that. By the by, this is “a precious land of liberty,” as Jonathan W. Doubikins calls it, where a man can’t keep in prison as long as he likes!

The Governor is getting impatient, I see, at all these by-the-byes, and is begging me to leave my so loved digressions, and begin; which I shall therefore do at once, without even detaining him a minute longer, as I fairly might, to prove logically that it is impossible to digress from a subject before one has entered upon it.

As my portrait of the King’s Bench Prison professes to be picturesque merely, and moreover to meddle with those points alone which are likely to present themselves to an observer who looks upon the scene for the first time, it would be very incomplete indeed if I did not permit it to include, by way of foreground, some of the media through which the principal object is seen and approached, and which



indeed in some sort belong to it, inasmuch as they are in part created by and receive their character from it. In fact, whatever may have been the views of the inventors of this hospital for the cure of insolvent debtors, in building it in Saint George's Fields—whether they had an eye to the moral effect of the then salutary solitude of the spot, or to the influence of the air on the mere bodily health of the patients—certain it is that the King's Bench has, in a few years, by the mere force of its manifold attractions, contrived to collect round about it the most entertaining suburb that any great city can boast; to say nothing of its being, without exception, the most scampish, and therefore the most of all others calculated to teach “a great moral lesson” on a small scale, to those who are willing to learn one from it. But this, you know, is not at present one of *our* objects in visiting it. So we will at once place ourselves in the most entertaining spot of all, just at that point where six ways meet opposite “the Elephant,” and look around us for a moment, before we proceed down that which leads us to our immediate destination: merely premising that every one of these “Highways” is supplied with a numerous family of “Bye-ways,” which entirely correspond with their principal in general character, but into the arcana of which we shall not now attempt to penetrate.

The principal, because the most populous of these Ways, is called, comprehensively, the London Road; because it leads into the very heart of the metropolis, over Blackfriars Bridge. This is distinguished by the interminable streams of people that are perpetually pressing hurriedly through it, to take some one or other of the various ways that branch off from it; and in the midst of which hurried and self-occupied throng you will observe, every here and there, an individual, or two or three linked arm in arm, of so totally different an air and appearance from those among whom you encounter them, that you cannot but “Wonder how the devil they got there;” and above all, wonder how it is that they don't get away as fast as they can, instead of lounging leisurely along till they reach a particular spot, and then turning upon their heels and lounging leisurely back again; and so on for half the day, as if they were spell-bound. And these men of infinite leisure, resemble as little in attire the persons they move among, as they do in air and general expression. Their clothes, like their faces, have a look of *gentility* about them; though both are in a state of apparent dilapidation. Their coats are cut in the height of the *last* fashion—that is to say, the one before the *present*; but the elbows indicate that the wearers have been accustomed to assume a contemplative attitude; the shoulders bespeak a habit of lounging against stuccoed walls; and the seams have an unseemly openness of appearance. The hats, too, of these pale pedestrians are brown, unless they are white ones, and if white ones they are brown: but they boast the most cavalier of cocks,—which, however, seems to have been communicated to them by an unprofessional hand. For the neck-gear of these gentry,—that is for the most part black—particularly where it has once been white. In short, there is a studied negligence observable over the whole outward man, such as one can fancy to have prevailed among the Duke and his followers, in *Love's Labour Lost*, when they had determined to shut themselves up from the sight and converse of all woman-kind, and turn philosophers. *Our* philosophers, too, (if such they are) seem to have made a vow of a similar tendency; though they

have self-confidence enough to dispense with the shutting up. But be this as it may, certain it is that all the blandishments of the perambulatory beauties who frequent, like themselves, this favourite thoroughfare, are utterly cast away upon them.

As you would never guess *who* the beings are who thus move about as if spell-bound, and secured from all the influences, whether good or bad, of the scene of unceasing life and bustle that surrounds them, I had better tell you at once, lest the Governor should accuse me of having led you into another digression, and of intending to finish my letter before I have begun it. The pale pedestrians, then, that I have described to you, *are* spell-bound. The magic bâton of Marshal Jones has touched them, and they can no more, in *fact*, move out of the circle that he has prescribed for them, than they can, in imagination, keep within it. They are *Rulers*: that is to say, gentlemen who are enabled, by an amicable fiction of the law, to be *in* the King's Bench and *out of it* at the same time, by purchasing, (price twenty pounds) a sort of second-hand ubiquity, which gives them the privilege of shewing to all that part of the world who happen to pass this way, that they are in prison for debt; a fact which might otherwise have remained a profound secret to all but their creditors.

As to the mere inanimate features of this first of the six highways at which we are to glance, it is distinguished from its fellows by a paved foot-path, and by shops, every alternate one of which offers something either to eat or drink; on the understanding, that people in prison have little else to do. The intermediate ones are filled with Turner's blacking, second-hand music, bedding (to let), straw bonnets, stays, and faded millinery; the three latter emporiums presenting more attractions than meet the eye of any but the initiated. In the midst of all these, there is, of course, a pawnbroker's; without which, indeed, the occupations of all the rest would presently be gone.

Immediately opposite to the above, is the Kent Road,—wide, airy, and affecting the genteel,—being guiltless of all shops, and sacred to the afternoon retirements of elderly attorneys' clerks, middle-aged married gentlemen in the ordnance department, small capitalists who keep shops in the Borough, and the *unlike*;—all of whom spend the summer afternoons in sighing after the Greenwich stages as they pass, and lamenting that their hard destiny does not allow them to dwell in a distant part of the country: *ex. gr.* Blackheath.

At a right angle with the above, on the west, winds away into a murky and mysterious distance, the way leading through Newington Butts to Kennington Cross and Common; which is broken, at its beginning, by a branch leading through Walworth. This point of view is altogether indescribable in any general terms, on account of its infinite variety of aspect. Suffice it, that the dingy and dilapidated grandeur of the Fishmongers' Alms-houses, at the right corner, and their dead silence, are agreeably contrasted, at the opposite corner, by the fair and flourishing freshness of Mrs. Fisher's noise and money-making menagerie for all sorts of strange animals, the Elephant and Castle; while the other points of the view embrace every variety of ugly erection,—from the shed of the dealer in marine stores, upwards to the parish church. The way which I have described as branching off from this, luckily for the keeping and completeness of the view, is out of sight,—otherwise it would throw out a gleam of

comfort altogether inconsistent with that *unity* of effect which is so necessary to the true picturesque. The way in question has the associated merit of leading to the pleasant village of Camberwell, and is occupied, first, by those humble votarists of nature who cannot do without either trees or trade, and who therefore put up with a little of the one, that they may have a little of the other; and farther on, by ruralists of the next rank, who can afford to have an establishment separate from their shops, and who choose it here because "stages to the city pass the door every ten minutes."

To the right of the above stretches away towards Westminster bridge, the Lambeth department of this *quartier*, and that which belongs, *par excellence*, to the "Rulers;" chosen probably on account of its boasting *Belvedere* Places, that look out upon pools of green water and black mud, varied and interspersed here and there with ash heaps, dunghills, and pigstyes; or *Prospect Rows*, that range along the back premises of lime-dressers, bone-collectors, soot-merchants, and dealers in dogs' meat.

The only remaining way is that which we must now take, and which is called the Borough Road, on account of its leading into that busy receptacle of all that is *passé* in patterns, cuts, and colors—all that is old-fashioned and exploded in arrangement—all that is ugly in architecture and ornament; in short, that last resort of all who are fifty years behind their fellow traders in taste, spirit, and enterprise, and who, therefore, find themselves completely out of their element till they get into this fool's Paradise of those decennial visitors from the wilds of Kent and Sussex, who put up at the Plough, in the Borough, and fancy themselves in London. Unluckily for all purposes of the picturesque, this way which we are now to take has undergone a marvellous metamorphosis within the last two or three years; the left hand side of it having changed from cart-sheds, cow-houses, cattle-pens, dust-heaps, and all the eleemosynary accumulations that such scenes are heirs to, into little spruce-looking tenements a story and a half high, with arched windows, virandaed porticoes, Venetian blinds, white lino curtains, and "lodgings to let;" while the opposite side of the way still remains a sort of fair for all that is foul in soiled linendrapery, to be sold "a hundred per cent. under prime cost." We will, therefore, about half-way down this road on the left, turn off without further remark, and crossing a newly made road, we shall find ourselves at once within view of the ambitious walls which constitute the only external architecture of the immediate object of our search.

As I now foresee that the Governor was not far from the truth in fancying I should not get to the beginning of this letter till I had finished it, I shall, in order to give him a fair opportunity of congratulating himself on his sagacity, devote the remainder to the immediate precincts of this paragon of prisons: leaving the interior, and all that it includes, to be treated of, as it deserves, in a separate epistle.

Perhaps that particular Belvedere Row (for there are a score in this neighbourhood) which flanks the wall of the King's Bench Prison, presents, with its adjuncts at either end, and the view on which it looks, as characteristic a specimen of squalid scampishness as need be offered to the notice of those who would gain a notion of what those two words are intended to express, when applied to inanimate objects. It consists of perhaps twenty houses, the fronts of which are all built on

precisely the same plan; or rather the whole of which present, but one uniform and undivided front. And yet, of all the separate tenements, no two bear the slightest resemblance to each other, on account of the infinite variety of purposes to which the various parts of them are applied, and the corresponding inscriptions and other indications which point those purposes out. Don't be alarmed. I'm not going to follow the example of my brother explorers, and copy out these inscriptions, &c. for your edification; but shall leave you to fancy the effect they produce, in connexion with the other indications of those various callings to which they refer: merely giving you to understand that this row consists entirely of *private* houses; but that almost every separate window in every one of them begs the patronage of the passers-by to some profession or other—from Select Reading Rooms, and Subscription Coffee-houses, down or rather up—in the attic, to “Shoes neatly made and mended, for ready money only.” The little gardens, too, in front of these dwellings, give the occupiers an opportunity of varying their general appearance still more. I imagine that there never were any two English gardens alike, since the invention of the art, any more than there were ever two French ones not like! Of the first of these facts the specimens before us may be offered in proof. They each occupy a space of three yards by two; and yet each is as different from its neighbour as it is from all the rest; and what is more, each is completely indicative of the character and turn of mind of the cultivator. I must not wait to illustrate this, but hasten to finish my picture. The *belvedere*, then, from which this Row takes its name, consists, first of a carriage-way, which has never been mended since it was left unmade, and which therefore offers to the eye a pleasing interchange of dry hillocks and wet mud-pools, interspersed throughout with every variety of wheel-ruts; beyond this, a range of black broken paling, which undergoes a periodical whitewashing every now and then, at the expense of Messrs. Warren, Hunt, and Turner; then, opposite the left extremity of the Row, the back entrance to the prison, and opposite the right extremity, the back of another row of tenements not greatly unlike the above; and finally, beyond these, and crowning and completing the view, the wall of the prison rises somewhere about half a mile “above the level of the sea” of adjacent house-tops, and presents the best specimen of brick work (I would fain name its peculiar merit,) that this metropolis can boast. To shew you how the comforts of the prisoners are attended to in the minutest particulars, let me not forget to mention, that this wall is surmounted by an elegant iron *cheveux-de-frise*, for the purpose of preventing the community of cats, who are particularly clamorous in this neighbourhood, from disturbing the studies or troubling the repose of the favoured inmates. Such at least, I take to be the object of this singular arrangement: for, what other purpose a *cheveux-de-frise* can answer on the top of a bare detached wall, two hundred feet high, is more than I can guess.

Leaving you to admire the new and characteristic scenery in the midst of which I have placed you, let me now say adieu, for the present.

Your loving cousin,

TERENCE TEMPLETON.

## THE STRANGER IN LOUISIANA.\*

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept!  
 —We look'd for the Youth of the sunny glance,  
 Whose step was the fleetest in chase or dance!  
 The light of his eye was a joy to see,  
 The path of his arrows a storm to flee;  
 But there came a voice from a distant shore—  
 —He was call'd—he is found 'midst his tribe no more!  
 He is not in his place when the night-fires burn,  
 But we look for him still—he will yet return!  
 —His brother sat with a drooping brow  
 In the gloom of the shadowing cypress bough,  
 We roused him—we bade him no longer pine,  
 For we heard a step—but the step was thine!

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept!  
 We look'd for the Maid of the mournful song;  
 Mournful, though sweet—she hath left us long.  
 We told her the youth of her love was gone,  
 And she went forth to seek him—she pass'd alone!  
 We hear not her voice when the woods are still,  
 From the bower where it sang, like a silvery rill,  
 The joy of her sire with her smile is fled,  
 The winter is white on his lonely head,  
 He hath none by his side when the waste we track,  
 He hath none when we rest—yet she comes not back!  
 We look'd for her eye on the feast to shine,  
 For her breezy step—but the step was thine!

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept!  
 We look'd for the Chief who hath left the spear,  
 And the bow of his battles forgotten here;  
 We look'd for the Hunter, whose bride's lament  
 On the wind of the forest at eve is sent;  
 We look'd for the First-born, whose mother's cry  
 Sounds wild and shrill through the midnight sky!  
 —Where are they?—Thou'rt seeking some distant coast,—  
 Oh, ask of them, stranger!—send back the lost!  
 Tell them we mourn by the dark blue streams;  
 Tell them, our lives but of them are dreams!  
 Tell, how we sat in the gloom to pine,  
 And to watch for a step—but the step was thine! F. H.

\* “An early traveller mentions a people on the banks of the Mississippi, who burst into tears at the sight of a stranger. The reason of this is, that they fancy their deceased friends and relations to be only gone on a journey, and being in constant expectation of their return, look for them vainly amongst those foreign travellers.”—PICART's *Ceremonies and Religious Customs*.

“J'ai passé moi-même,” says Chateaubriand in his *Souvenirs d'Amerique*, “chez une peuplade Indienne qui se prenait à pleurer à la vue d'un Voyageur, parce qu'il lui rappelait des Amis partis pour la Contrée des Ames, et depuis longtemps en voyage.”

## RECOLLECTIONS OF ETON.

MAJESTIC Windsor! Can I pass you by without a call for old acquaintance sake? Impossible. Your "distant spires" and "antique towers" positively forbid.—Time was when I invariably made it a rule with myself, in journeying from Oxford to London, to travel that road which would bring me nearest to Windsor and Eton—the scene of so many careless happy days, in the sunshine and buoyant season of youth; and now, when a lapse of years has separated me from it, when my migrations to and from the capital have run in a different direction, and broken the chain of communication I used to maintain with the cherished spot, surely I cannot, like an undutiful son, turn my back upon my foster-parent, as though I had never been a denizen of Long Chamber, never reposed under "Henry's holy shade."

To forget, or be indifferent to the recollections of Eton, is a crime which can seldom or ever be laid to the charge of those who have grown up there. What Etonian was ever lukewarm in the panegyric of the scene of his boyish delights? or could ever admit the possibility of comparison between that school and any other? He can have no such thought; and would consider such an admission as unpardonable in any of Eton's genuine sons. To the latest period of existence, the grey-headed Etonian will catch a spark of lingering fire from the subject, and his eye will beam with renovated lustre in reverting to the days when he "urged the flying ball," and "cleft the glassy wave," in those favourite haunts.

It will surely be admitted that this place has some very obvious claims to the strong attachment with which its children are inspired. Its royal origin, its venerable antiquity, the beauty of its chapel, and its agreeable situation, combine to render it an interesting object to those unconnected further than by mere inspection as visitors. But to breathe for years the atmosphere of that classic spot—to frolic in the ample bounds of those green meadows which stretch (in the schoolboy's estimation) into a boundless extent—to muse and meditate, if that gentler mood be his, under the shade at the front entrance, enjoying the delicious fragrance of the lime-trees; to do all this for successive years, is to invest the spot with such a deep-felt interest as no time can diminish, no events erase; and *not* to feel this interest, is to have a heart more torpid than ever belonged to a true Etonian. I know that mine beat high as I entered the place after a long interval of years. I had been there child, boy, and almost man, (that is *almost* in the estimation of my friends, *quite* in that of my own). I had lived happy, and departed with a feeling of attachment and regret, which years since past have confirmed and heightened. All my old sympathies and strongly-knit associations came rushing upon me as I drove gently round by the Christopher, and drew up under the shelter of the old limes. Here I quitted my gig to take a nearer view of every part of this scene of my juvenile adventures. Eleven o'clock school was just over; the noisy tide of boyish existence was pouring forth in large waves. The busy hum of the crowd, the high key of some voices more eager than others, the gradual dispersion of the various groups to their different sports, the bustle and animation of some, the pensive gravity of others, displayed an interesting contrast. I observed one here and there who

seemed to have his *gradus* in hand, and was musing on the tribute of verse which the half-holiday was bound to pay, and seemed anxious to obtain a *little sense* from some better-furnished head. I extended my survey, and apart from all the rest I met a lad who was strolling through one of the shady lanes; he had a pale and refined countenance, in which contemplation was visible. He held a book in his hand, but his fixed eye was not intent upon it. He saw not me, nor, I dare believe, any thing else around him. His vocation was written on his brow. He was evidently wrapped in reverie, and his eye proclaimed the poet of no distant day. As I passed, I felt that kind of respect for him, which his tender age is not wont to inspire, and that interest which made me wish to pierce the veil of fate, and learn what destiny awaited him in the pleasant but perilous paths of the Muses. Poor lad! no doubt, visions of immortality already dawned on his glowing mind, and Fame appeared to his lively imagination as the certain conclusion of his career. He felt the divine spark within—'twas but to kindle it to a flame—his speculations were tinged with no gloomy doubt, checked by no suspicion

———“how hard it is to climb  
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar.”

I lost sight of my young poet, who vanished into a more sequestered path, and I turned to look at the numerous band of cricket-players spread out in the spacious playing and shooting fields. I watched the occupants of the well-known spot; felt eager as the game proceeded, admired the dexterity of the block at hand, which frustrated the perilous three-quarter ball, and anticipated the success of the stroke which sent it from the full pitch to the utmost limits of the long fag's range. I followed with my eye each movement as keenly as if I had an interest in the issue, while the general buzz and confusion of sounds came over my ear like an old and favourite strain of music, every note of which, as it strikes, recalls some lively impression.

All this I now contemplated as a spectator; and it was so precisely like the scenes in which I had been an actor, that it was difficult at that moment to reflect that I was myself gazed on as a stranger by those whom my imagination would have persuaded me were comrades. “Here,” thought I, “is the same play performed, the change of the *dramatis personæ* alone makes the difference; a new master rules over a new community, but all else remains unalterably the same.” I passed through the quadrangle, and regarded the satchelled king with a feeling of filial piety. I went into the vacant upper school-room; I marked the spot where I had left indelible traces of my existence in the deeply-wrought capitals which set forth my initials. I even peeped into the library; not without some odd feelings excited by the recollection of the long-forgotten smart, which has from time immemorial been dispensed in that terrific chamber, to stimulate the talent of tardy students, or to check the vagaries of too volatile genius. I took an affectionate look at that singular apartment which serves for the dormitory of so many youths. Desolate and strange-looking as it is, to the mere spectator, my heart clung to it by many a recollection of pain or pleasure, given or received within its walls. I scanned the numerous names which were engraved in all directions; and as my eye caught those of my contemporaries, what a tale did they tell of human life, what instability, what caprice of fortune! How few of those I then

knew and loved best were now left to be reckoned amongst my friends! What different destinies had befallen most of us to those we had anticipated for our lot! These are, however, reflections of a *certain* age, and trouble not the pate of a schoolboy, who confidently expects to rule circumstances with as much facility as he does his cricket-ball, and little dreams that the current of events which will oppose his schemes of future life, and perhaps thwart all his romantic visions, will not be so easily stemmed, as he now darts his skiff with graceful ease and rapidity along the bosom of Father Thames. My spirits sunk as I retraced many of the initials inscribed by hands I had so often grasped in all the ardour of youthful affection. They were now chiefly the record of the departed!

My heart bled when the stern decrees of fate occurred to me in one gloomy catalogue, though I had mourned each sad event singly; but the effect was heightened by the place in which this record is contained, so calculated to revive the long-forgotten but not lost associations which bring the early hopes of the past in strong contrast with the blasted realities of the present. Chance and change had done their work for all; and those who lived and prospered, whose condition answered to their early anticipations, whose outward circumstances remained the same, had suffered in their minds the mutability that waits on the affairs of poor humanity. In some, coldness had grown upon the once warm heart; pride, ambition, selfishness, chilled many youthful friendships which had promised eternal duration. Amongst the painful reminiscences which such a survey is likely to awaken, the latter are perhaps the most acute. When we have lost a friend in death, we feel a something of comfort in the luxury of woe. To mourn him with frequent tears is soothing to our natures. We love him more dearly, and fondly cherish his image in memory, which excludes all but what is honourable to him, and grateful to our own feelings. But how do we feel towards the man who is dead in friendship, and who has made the early buds and blossoms of our boyish anticipations and impetuous affections to wither on a fruitless stalk? We experience a pang of which the bitterness is softened by no tender regret; and if we would escape the uneasy sensations of contempt and the corroding feelings of hatred, we should hasten to bury his very image in forgetfulness.

I loitered long, as if spell-bound to the spot, but at length tore myself away, and next toiled up the well-worn steps which had so often conducted me to that noblest of walks,—the Terrace of Windsor Castle, which I had been accustomed to see adorned by the truly English spectacle of a British monarch, surrounded by his fine and numerous family, mingling with his people, and apparently as happy in receiving their lively expressions of interest and respect as they were in paying them. The countenance of the benevolent monarch is indelibly engraved in my recollection—bland, courteous, free, beaming with affability and goodnature; to behold him on that terrace, to mark his paternal manners, both to his children and his subjects, to watch his smile of welcome, his word of encouragement, his whole demeanour in these moments of social intercourse with those over whom he ruled, to see him thus, was to be his heart and hand, for life; and so I believe were all true Etonians: nor was his known partiality for them likely to lessen our regard for the man, or our respect for the monarch.

I could not but dwell on these past and bright days as I drew, some-



what tardily, one leg up after the other, till I had surmounted the hundredth step, and had ample time to accompany each with a reflection on the different agility of youth and middle age. But at length I reached the top, and approached the Terrace, my pulses beating quicker, both with the exertion and the recollections which danced within me, when to my no small dismay I was suddenly encountered by a grim-visaged sentinel, who sternly forbade my entrance to the favourite scene of my past days.

I have a natural horror at the sight of a red coat and musket, when dressed in a little brief authority, especially when accompanied by the terrific frown with which this man enforced his prohibition. At length, however, I extorted from him a surly permission to take a brief view of those haunts I used to consider almost as my own. There were the Towers indeed, and there was the Terrace, unchanged, and towering in their might. There was the beauteous view stretching over the winding course of Thames, the Chapel of Eton with its light turrets, and the whole expanse of meadow, green islet, wavy willow, and gliding skiff; but the illusion was broken, the whole changed by the consciousness of the constraint under which I was surveying it; and I took a cold and comfortless view of those scenes which I had never till now beheld without delight; for I saw the sour-faced guardian of the walk minuting the duration of my pleasure, and this entirely abated its zest. I sighed to witness the solitude of this once populous spot, and retreated with feelings of bitter regret at the dreary contrast it now afforded me, making my way to the other side of the Castle.

Here the Genius of Change was revelling in the plenitude of his power. I saw the magnificent old entrance to the state apartments destined to be thrown down, and I deprecated the violence which this truly English seat of Royalty is about to suffer! The new entrance indeed, on one account, promises to do honour to the taste of its projector. To connect the approach to the Castle with that noble avenue of trees forming the Long Walk, which has hitherto stood entirely disjointed, is an object well worthy of considerable expenditure. Without altering the character of the building, it adds greatly to its effect. But every feeling of reverence and romance revolts at the idea of interference with the old Round Tower; that time-honoured fabric, which is interwoven with so many recollections, flattering to the pride, and interesting to the feelings of Englishmen. This relic of antiquity has found a new kind of immortality, so charmingly *crayoned* in the page of a trans-atlantic writer, who has contributed to adorn the literature of our common language. All who have visited this old tower, or who know it through the medium of the "Sketch Book," must grieve to think of a single stone being removed. No alteration can improve what we admire chiefly because it has stood unchanged through the lapse of ages. To the eye of critical taste the changes proposed in this and in other parts of the building may appear judicious. The new structure may be better, it may be worse,—the skill of the architect may perpetuate his memory, as it has already lengthened his name,\* but it will no longer be the Castle of my younger days; I shall cease to associate with it the recollection of those great names that erected and inhabited it, from Edward the Confessor, (for I willingly admit even a

doubtful claim to remote antiquity) down to the present moment. Contemplating the venerable pile, incongruous as it may be in some of its parts, it is impossible not to dread the extent to which the rage of improvement may be carried, and not to lament the destruction of all our past associations with it.

## THE PATRIOT BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.\*

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

THE clock hath told the parting hour,  
The last that it shall tell to me,  
Ere, disenthral'd from lawless power,  
I soar into eternity.

These massy walls, this clanking chain—  
The strength of man that keeps me here,  
In one short hour shall act in vain—  
Mind is beyond his petty sphere.

It lives where tyrants cannot go—  
In realms of liberty and light;  
Their utmost malice ends below,  
And leads to freedom infinite.

I greet thee, Death! not one weak fear  
Shall pale my brow or shake my limb;  
I will not shame the freeman's bier,  
Or on it leave a stain for him.

Dauntless I'll die, as man should die  
For freedom and the unborn world:  
There's ev'n a joy thus manfully  
To meet the bolts Oppression hurl'd.

I would not linger life in chains,  
Though life to me, to all is dear;  
I would not court the slave who reigns  
O'er Spain, for lengthen'd slavery here.

I could not breathe the bright blue air,  
The glorious heaven, the rich sun see,  
And brook that all in Nature fair,  
The breezes, all save man, be free.

Should I, whom death now sets at rest,  
Repine to lose a few short years  
In bondage past, till age oppress'd,  
And dotage closed a scene of tears?

Who envies not the patriot's doom?  
He has a joy in dying well;  
His name shall echo from the tomb  
The oppressor's fear and freedom's spell.

To him the scaffold is a throne,  
His fate a trumpet of appeal  
To bonded nations, that shall own  
His name a pledge, his blood a seal.

\* These lines were written some time since on receiving an account of the spirit with which a young Spanish officer met his fate at the hands of Ferdinand the Seventh. He had fought and bled in placing that ungrateful despot on the throne, and no charge was ever made against him other than that of aiding and abetting the Constitutional party in restoring to his unhappy country a place among nations worthy of her former renown. The sentiments here expressed were his own, and were delivered just before his execution, or, as he called it, the "crown of his triumph."

## OLD PAGES AND OLD TIMES.—NO. III.

The future in the passing time is glass'd,  
And for the present we must search the past.

THAT we may know the opinion of our ancestors who happened to pass along that busy thoroughfare;

“Where London's column pointing to the skies,  
Like a tall bully lifts the head and lies,”

soon after the erection of that noble pillar, which forms indisputably the finest piece of architecture in London, we present to our readers the following extract from an ancient periodical.

“Now, says my friend, I'll show you a towering edifice, erected through the wisdom and honesty of the City, as a very high memorandum of its being laid low, either by a judgment from heaven for the sins of the people, or by the treachery of the papists, according to the assertion of the monument, who I suppose is as ignorant of the matter as myself; for it was neither built then, nor I born; so I believe we are as equally able to tell the truth of the story, as a quack astrologer is by assistance of the signs and planets what was the name of Moses's great grandfather, or how many quarts of water went to the world's drowning. You'll be much pleased with the loftiness of this slender column, for its very height was the first thing that ever occasioned wry necks in England, by the people's staring at the top on't. Do you observe the carving which contains the king and his brother's picture? They were cut by an eminent artist,\* and are looked upon by a great many impartial judges to be a couple of extraordinary good figures. This edifice, as well as some others, was not projected purely as a memorandum of the fire, or an ornament to the city; but to give those corrupted magistrates who had the power in their hands, the opportunity of putting two thousand pounds into their own pockets, whilst they paid one towards the building. All that can be spoken in praise of it is, that 'tis a monument to the City's shame, the orphan's grief, the protestant's pride, and the papist's scandal; and only serves as a metropolitan maypole, or high-crowned hat to cover the head of the old fellow that shows it.”

As a companion-piece to this picture of the Monument shortly after its completion, we will give the same writer's remarks on St. Paul's, then in a half-finished state; and as we stand beside him in the centre of the pile, from whose summit the dome had not yet begun to spring, and look upwards at the blue sky, we may contrast the confusion he describes with its present architectural order and painted vault, and anticipate the period when the writer for some New Monthly of a thousand years hence, may again look out upon the clouds through its ruined and roofless walls, or that still more remote æra when not one stone of the mighty pile shall be left standing upon another, and the most learned antiquaries shall even be unable to identify its site.

“By this time we were come to Cheapside Conduit, pallisadoed in with chimney-sweepers brooms. These we passed, and entered into Paul's Church-yard, where our eyes were surprised with such a mountainous heap of stones, that I thought it must require the assistance of a whole nation for an age to remove 'em from the quarry, and pile 'em upon one another in

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\* Gabriel Cibber, the father of Colley, who died about a year after this notice of the bas reliefs on the Monument, executed also most of the statues of Kings round the Royal Exchange, as far as King Charles<sup>2</sup>, that of Sir Thomas Gresham in the piazza beneath, as well as the two admirable figures that lately stood on the gate of Bedlam, and which Pope in his virulence against Colley Cibber, described as his “brazen brainless brothers.”

such admirable order, and to so stupendous a height. We turned to the right, where booksellers were as plenty as pedlars at a fair, and parsons in their shops as busily searching after the venerable conceits of our worm-eaten ancestors, as if they came here for want of brains to patch up a discourse for the following Sunday. We walked a little further and came among the music-shops, in one of which were so many dancing-master's prentices, fiddling and piping of bories and minuets, that the crowd at the door could no more forbear dancing into the shop, than the merry stones of Thebes could refuse capering into the walls, when conjured from confusion into order by the power of Orpheus's harinony. We left these jingle-brains to their crotchets, and proceeded to the west end of the cathedral, where we past by abundance of apples, nuts and gingerbread, till we came to a melancholy multitude drawn into a circle, giving very serious attention to a blind ballad-singer; and thence we turned in through the west-gate of St. Paul's Church-yard, where we saw a parcel of stone cutters and sawyers so very hard at work, that notwithstanding the vehemency of their labour, instead of using their handkerchiefs to wipe the sweat from their faces, they were most of them blowing their nails. Bless me! said I to my friend, sure this church stands in a colder climate than the rest of the nation, or else those fellows are of a strange constitution, to seem to freeze at such warm exercise. You must consider, says my friend, this work is carried on at a national charge, and ought not to be hastened on in a hurry, for the greatest reputation it will gain when it's finished, will be, that it was so many years in building. From thence we moved up a long wooden bridge, that led to the west porticum of the church, where we intermixed with such a train of promiscuous rabble, that I fancy'd we looked like the beasts driving into the ark, in order to replenish a new world."

"The first part that I observed of this inabruptable pile, were the pillars that sustained the covering of the porch. I cannot but conceive, said I, that legs of this vast strength and magnitude are much too big for the weight of so small a body it supports. From thence we entered the body of the church, the spaciousness of which we could not discern for the largeness of the pillars. What think you now? says my friend; pray how do you like the inside? I'll tell you, said I.—I must needs answer you as a gentleman did another who was a great admirer of a very gay lady, and asked whether he did not think her a woman of extraordinary beauty:—who answered, 'Truly he could not tell, for he could see but very little of her face for patches.' 'Poh, poh,' says the other, 'you must not quarrel at that, she designs them as ornaments.' To which his friend replied, 'since she has made them so large, fewer might have served her turn: or if she must wear so many, she might have cut 'em less: and so I think by the pillars.' From thence we approached the quire, on the north side, the entrance of which was very much defaced by the late fire, occasioned by the carelessness of a plumber, who had been mending some defective pipes of the organ; which unhappy accident has given the dissenters so far an opportunity of reflecting upon the use of music in our churches, that they scruple not to vent their spleen by saying, 'twas a judgment from Heaven upon their carvings and their sop-eries, for displeasing the ears of the Almighty with the profane tootings of such abominable cat-calls. Though Mr. Baxter, in his Christian Directory, expresses these words, viz. 'As spectacles are a comfortable help to the reading of the divine Scriptures, so musick serves to exhilarate the soul in the service of Almighty God.'

"Afternoon prayers being now ready to begin, we passed into the quire, which was adorned with all those graceful ornaments that could any ways add a becoming beauty to the decency, splendour, and nobility of so magnificent a structure: which indeed, considered abstractly from the whole, is so elegant, awful, and well-composed a part, that nothing but the glorified presence of omnipotenoe can be worthy of so much art, grandeur, and industry as shines there to the honour of God, and fame of human excellence.

When prayers were over, which were performed with that harmonious reverence and exhilarating order, sufficient to reclaim the wickedness of men from following the untunable discord of sin, and bring them over to the enlivening harmony of grace and goodness, we returned into the body of the church. We now took notice of the vast distance of the pillars from which they turn the cupola, on which they say is a spire to be erected three hundred foot in height, whose towering pinnacle will stand with such stupendous loftiness above Bow steeple dragon; or the Monument's flaming urn, that it will appear to the rest of the holy temples, like a cedar of Lebanon among so many shrubs, or a Goliath looking over the shoulders of so many Davids."

"As we were thus gazing with great satisfaction at the wondrous effects of humane industry, raising our thoughts by degrees to the marvellous works of Omnipotence from those of his creatures, we observed an old country fellow leaning upon his stick, and staring with great amazement up towards heaven, through the circle from whence the arch is to be turned. Seeing him fixed in such a ruminating posture, I asked him his opinion of this noble building, and how he liked the church. 'Church!' replied he, 'tis no more like a church than I am. Adsheart! It's more by half like a great goose-pie, and this embroidered hole in the middle of the top is like the place in the upper crust where they put in the butter.' 'Prithee,' said I, 'honest countryman, since thou dost not believe it to be a church, what place dost thou take it to be?' 'Why,' says he, 'I'll warrant you now, thou think'st me to be such an arrant fool I can't tell, but thou art mistaken, for my father was a trooper to Oliver Cromwell, and I have heard him say many a time he has set up his horse here; and do you think the Lord will ever dwell in a house made of a stable?' 'That was done,' said I, 'by a parcel of rebellious people, who had got the upper hand of the government, and cared not what murder, sacrilege, treason, and mischief they committed.' 'Why then,' says Roger, 'I think in good truth, the cavaliers are as much to blame in making a church of a stable, as the roundheads were in making a stable of a church, and there's a Rowland for your Oliver, and so good-by to you.'"

In the following sketch, we recognise a character which in every age seems to be reproduced and persecuted with the old threadbare ridicule, and yet to flourish with undiminished pertinacity—we mean that of a collector of rarities, in which term we may almost all of us be included. Some accumulate old books, and some old china, others run to every end of the town in search of autographs; our wives and daughters have each a little museum of their own; and such antiquaries as the following may pursue their whimsies, and ride their harmless hobby-horse without dreading the raillery inflicted upon Dr. Woodward, by the joint malice of Pope and Swift.

"He's a wonderful antiquary, and has a closet of curiosities outdoes Gresham College. He tells you that he has the toothpicker of Epicurus, which he always used after eating; it is made of the claws of an American humming-bird, and is to be used like a rake, and will pick four teeth at once. He has Diogenes's lanthorn, which he carried about Athens at noonday to seek for an honest man. He says he has some of Heraclitus's tears, which dropped from him in a hard winter, and are frozen into crystal; they are set in a locket, and every time any body looks upon it they cannot forbear weeping. Also a tenpenny nail drawn out of the ark, and though it's iron, toss it into a tub of water, and 'twill swim like a feather. He pretends to have one of Judas's thirty pence, and every time he looks upon't he is ready to hang himself. A mighty collection of these sort of trinkets he tells the world he is master of, and some give credit to his ridiculous romances."

In so musical and poetical an age as the present, we shall, perhaps, be accused of temerity in inserting a song against those double attri-

butes of Apollo, but we shall, notwithstanding, venture upon the experiment if it be only for the sake of its novelty.

*" A Song against Musick.*

Musick's a crotchet the sober think vain,  
The fiddle's a wooden projection ;  
Tunes are but flirts of a whimsical brain,  
Which the bottle brings best to perfection.  
Musicians are half-witted, merry and mad,  
The same are all those that admire 'em ;  
They're fools if they play, unless they're well paid,  
And the others are blockheads to hire 'em.

CHORUS.

The organ's but humming,  
Theorbo but thrumming ;  
The viol and voice  
Are but jingle and noise.  
The bagpipe and fiddle  
Goes tweedle and diddle,  
The hoit-boy and flute  
Is but toot a toot toot.  
Your scales and your cliffs, keys, moods, and dull rules,  
Are fit to please none but madmen and fools."

" The novelty of this whimsie," says the old period periodicalist from whom we are quoting, " gave great diversion to the whole company except one, who being a musician, and angry to hear his profession so disparaged, called for pen and ink, when the following crotchet started from his brain, like Æsop's mouse from the mountain, to the great laughter of the whole company.

*" A Song by a Musician against Poetry.*

Poetry's fabulous, loose, and prophane,  
For truth you must never depend on't ;  
It's juvenal froth of a frenzical brain,  
Hung with jingling tags at the end on't.  
Poets are poor, full of whimsie and flight  
For amorous fops to delight in ;  
They're fools if they write, lest they get money by't,  
And they're blockheads that pay 'em for writing.

CHORUS.

Their soft panegyric  
Is praise beyond merit,  
Their lampoon and satyr  
Is spight and ill-nature,  
They plays and romances  
Are fables and fancies,  
Their farces and drolls  
Are but fit for dull souls ;  
While their figures and similes only are fit,  
To please the dull fools that give money for wit."

## DANCEAU'S MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF FRANCE.\*

A CONTEMPORARY journal, in a paroxysm of displeasure, has thought fit, in a recent number, to censure the voracity of the public for scandalous gossip. In this somewhat acrimonious animadversion we cannot altogether agree; and, as the party inculpated happens to be our "very particular friend," we feel ourselves moved to avoid the inky imputation of ingratitude,—the *hic niger est* of the poet,—by protesting against so much of the charge as will relieve that injured innocent, our aforesaid friend, at least from the odium of the accusation.

That the public are fond of memoirs abounding in personal anecdote we freely admit;—" 'tis true, 'tis pity," &c. : but that they are more fond of such high-relishing condiments than any other public, past, present, or to come, we utterly deny. Nay, we will go still further, and advance that, if they really were so, it would only prove an additional progress in refinement and civilization. Among the idle and dissipated of all communities, scandal and detraction will be sought after for their own sake; and the baser and more vulgar it is, the more greedily will it be swallowed. But when works of a personal tendency are eagerly bought up by the public at large, the circumstance shews less a depraved taste among persons not otherwise corrupt, than a laudable curiosity in the mass of the people to become acquainted with the morals and manners of their superiors, to measure themselves by the *soi disant* models of perfection, and to extract from life a code of philosophy for themselves, instead of trusting the musty apophthegms of omce pretending authorities.

The passionate desire of penetrating into the human heart, and wresting from it the secret of every situation, rank, and predicament in the scale of fortune, is part and parcel of human nature. It would be as reasonable to find fault with the stomach for its carnivorous digestibilities, which are confessedly barbarous and ferocious, as to be angry with this equally inherent and inevitable tendency. In the very teeth then of the reviewer's censure we profess our regret for the destruction of the Byron manuscript; not because, like Discord, in the golden pip-pin, we "doat on a sweet bit of mischief," but because we are curious about every thing that tends to illustrate human nature. That the public were most anxious to receive the legacy, there can be no doubt: nor could it well be otherwise. They had been taught by the political opponents of the poet to consider his intellect and disposition as exceptions to our common nature, and to make his personal adventures matter of daily remark; and it was impossible that, thus stimulated, they should not look with eagerness for every means for passing a correct judgment on so singular and so much disputed a topic.

Of all the different species of writing, memoirs are at once the most enticing and the most instructive. Placing facts before us, in all their freshness, with all their localities and personalities, they make us, as it were, present at the transactions they relate. They are to history and

\* \* Memoirs of the Court of France from the year 1684 to the year 1720, now first translated from the Diary of the Marquis de Dangeau. With historical and critical Notes. 2 vols. 8vo.

philosophy what actual dissection is to anatomy ; and any excessive fastidiousness concerning the moral turpitude of the tale, is as misplaced as a disgust at the putrefaction and foul air of a dissecting-room. For our own parts, we are sufficiently advanced in life and in reading to be a little tired of the dry details of carnage and of revolutions, divested of all circumstance, and delivered in their most naked generalities. Still more are we weary of those kind-hearted historians who take the trouble of manufacturing systems for their readers, driving through our brains like Queen Mab, and suggesting to us how to think and feel upon every questionable position in kingcraft and diplomacy. History at best gives but events illustrated by guesses at their supposed causes ; memoirs paint men.

It is, doubtless, very true that a courtier or a lord of the bed-chamber, who sits down to chronicle the events of the day, will indulge his partialities and his piques ; and that, at best, he is not the very surest of judges in matters of deep concernment. But then, on the other hand, his nearness to the actors leaves him less in danger of error concerning facts ; and the less he is able to grapple with state mysteries, the less he is likely to mislead his readers by alembicated systems. The simplest explanations of facts are generally the nearest to the truth ; and we should prefer an account of the game from the dullest looker-on, to the best narrative of an hearsay witness. Besides, memoir writers seldom stand alone ; and their mistakes and infidelities are generally corrected by the diaries of " those of the adverse faction."

That the memoirs of high aristocratic writers should be full of intrigues, vices, and even worse than vices, may be matter of regret to those who would believe, at all costs, that high station must produce an high-toned morality. But if such things exist in nature, we cannot conceive a single benefit to be derived from their concealment.

And it is worthy of remark, that the very censure of which we complain, follows close upon the most felicitous deductions in favour of liberty, derived from the cynical or *naïve* confessions of a scandalous royal memoir writer. Had no such chroniclers ever existed, or had their pages fallen into the hands of some hysterical moralist who had committed them all to the flames, the innate vice and corruption of the *ancien regime* would remain unknown ; and man would yet have to acquire by bitter experience another practical lesson on the connexion between equal rights and diffusive virtue.

With respect to wounding the feelings of the living, nothing can be more unjustifiable than wantonly and falsely to gibbet third persons in works of this description. But if great and marking personages will indulge in licentious and absurd habits, will make themselves ridiculous and contemptible, and if they find their way into the anecdotal manuscripts of their contemporaries, the public have the same interest in the publication, as they have in the pages of the Newgate Calendar.

If it be thought desirable that man should have been constructed with a window in his heart, it is doubly so that great men should be thus penetrable ; and so far are we from perceiving the great sin or shame in the public avidity for scandalous tales, that we much question whether the most offensive of the recent publications in this genre will not work a great public good, by preventing the recurrence of that disgraceful vogue, which, for a while, placed peeresses and prostitutes in the



close vicinity of contiguous opera boxes, and which emptied the drawing-rooms of virtuous females, to crowd the orgies of their impure rivals with senators and statesmen. Is there not, indeed, much valuable instruction to be drawn from the *exposé* of idleness, extravagance, and heartless dissipation displayed in that very book, which are the fruits of our existing systems of education in the higher classes? Whatever exists is fair matter of history; and humanity has never benefited by that hypocritical prudery which dreads to discover in black and white the vice which it is content to tolerate in the powerful and the rich, so long as it is known only to exist through a veil, and not made matter of quotable record.

Among the numerous collections of passing anecdote, none are more pregnant with matter for amusement and for reflection than the Memoirs of the Marquis de Dangeau. The reign of Louis XIV. is still a riddle to the majority of English readers; and those of them who judge of that monarch and his court by the professed writers of histories, will form but a false and inadequate notion of the talents, the resources, the crimes, and the basenesses which made the destiny of France, not only on that day, but influenced it through all succeeding generations. Dangeau, who was constantly about the king's person, employed himself in writing a journal of whatever came to his knowledge in the court, from the dragoonings of the Hugonots to the royal inquiries after those who "heard mass irreverently," or even after still meaner and more unrepeatable details. In his days modern philosophy did not exist, and no suspicion had as yet entered the heart of man that kings might do wrong. Dangeau, therefore, in the simplicity of his ignorance, never paused to think how his anecdote would tell, but put down every thing together, good and bad, wisdom and absurdity, and left his reader to make the most of the narration. Lemontey justly observes that this character of the author and the peculiar style of his work form no inconsiderable part of the information it affords. Dangeau, it seems, had been a soldier and a diplomatist; he was a marked and leading personage at court, a patron of Boileau, and a wit among nobles, if he was but a noble among wits. The inapprehensive *bonhomme* with which he enters upon details of business, and the flat dry mode of his telling the most piquant facts, afford therefore curious evidence concerning the metal of which great men were then made, and are true signs of the times, proving that those who judge of the Augustan age of France by its Rochefoucaults and its Fenelons, measure the civilization of the country by men who were persecuted exceptions, and not examples and illustrations of the moral and intellectual condition of the people at large. Works have been written during the Revolution to stigmatize monarchical government and to blacken the Bourbons and their ancestors, which were justly discredited as the effusions of party malice: but the true enemies of legitimacy, the most dangerous and unanswerable of their opponents, are such writers as this Suetonius of the seventeenth century, these unwitting and unconscious "letters of the cat out of the bag," who record crimes and abuses "*de gaieté de cœur*," who denounce "*sans s'en douter*," and conceal nothing, because they are not aware that they have any thing to conceal.

So convinced was Madame de Genlis of this truth, that on making

her compilation from Dangeau's endless MSS. she has taken especial care, to the full extent of her judgment and foresight, to omit every thing that was likely to tell ill for the party in power, with our more enlightened generation; and both by selection, curtailments and occasional retouchings of passages, has striven to soften down the great articles of impeachment they exhibit against the grand monarch. So ingeniously indeed has she contrived to extract the sweets, and to avoid the sting of her original, that Lemontey has been enabled to publish an octavo volume of articles omitted by her,—all illustrative of the spirit of "*flagornerie*" in which she compiled, and eminently curious from their traits of weakness, absurdity, and despotic misrule. In the work before us, the translator has judiciously incorporated the most valuable of Lemontey's selection with those of Madame de Genlis, which form the basis of his book; and he has thus given a much fairer and more instructive compilation than either of the originals.

It is impossible to dip into a page of this singularly interesting publication without meeting with traits, which, though history would not stoop to record them, are well worth whole volumes of history. The king's regular and daily progress from chapel to the apartments of the reigning Sultana of the day, exhibits an union of cant and contempt for decency for which no general expression would obtain credit. That Versailles employed in its structure 36,000 workmen, that the lead alone cost thirty-two millions of livres, and that the king, on receiving the account of its expense, just glanced his eye at the sum total and threw the memorandum into the fire, are fine illustrations of the boundless selfishness of the *Dés aqua potestas*, and contrast fearfully with the frequent anecdotes of the misery and starvation of the wretched people.

The destitution of Villeneuve, the king's barber, for immorality, is another good anecdote, and stands well beside the following extract, under date of February 12 and 13, 1689.

"Feb. 12. This morning M. de Maurevel, being at his town residence in Paris, was awakened by a great noise which he heard in his court-yard and in the street. It was occasioned by bailiffs, who had come to seize his horses, for a pretended debt of his tailor. He got up in his robe de chambre, and not being able to make this *canaille* (one of whom, seeing him at the window, fired at him,) listen to reason, he took his pistols, and killed two of them. The rest made a precipitate retreat. M. de Maurevel came here to give the King an account of the affair, and to ask justice and pardon from him, offering at the same time to go to prison. The King received him graciously, and told him to remain at Versailles till it was ascertained if the affair had happened as he related it. It is supposed that it will not be attended with serious consequences to him.

"13th. M. de Maurevel received the King's pardon, and the necessary protections for himself and people. He could not have been better treated."

The terms "pretended debt," and "*canaille*," are singularly impressive. The following, from Lemontey, is not in the translation. Aug. 6, 1689,

"The King has made a present to the Princess d'Harcourt of a man who has killed himself, from which she expects to make good profit. His name was Foucault, and he was said to be worth more than 20,000 livres of rent."

We entreat such of our readers who happen to be scandalized at modern anatomizings, not to suppose that this fair princess was given

to cut up her friends—that is out of the legitimate routine of female and courtly gossiping; or that the gallant monarch meant to indulge her fondness for “otamies” by the present of a subject. By the “man” nothing more was intended than his effects; and no injury was meant to the feelings of sorrowing survivors, beyond what is implied in plundering them of their succession to feed a needy or hungry courtier.

The article dated Dec. 21, 1704, exhibits an equal act of folly and injustice.

“21st. The bills issued from the Mint are current in business. People are obliged to take them as cash, and the King pays interest on them to the day of their being repaid. But they will not be received in payment of demands on the part of the King. All these must be paid in cash. The smallest of these bills are for 500 livres.”

Another omitted article of Lemontey’s is as follows :—

“The Dukes of Burgundy and Berry went to shoot on the plain of St. Denis, when they killed 1500 partridges. The Duke of Berry killed 300 and bagged 240, although he did not shoot as well as usual. He shot near 700 times, and yet was not at all inconvenienced by the effort.”

Whatever the birds might have been, this anecdote, we grieve to say, deprives our modern converters of field-sports into butcheries, of all their claim to originality. It is a true touch of the corrupting influence of aristocracy on the human heart; and as such, we recommend it to the particular notice of Mr. Martin.

The account of the death of Vauban affords a good lesson on the danger of attempting reforms; but we must abstain from further citation, and finish by again thanking the translator for this interesting performance.

#### ARCHIBALD HAMILTON ROWAN.

Of all the remarkable men I have met, Hamilton Rowan, I think, is the one whose external appearance most completely answers to the character of his mind, and the events of his life. The moment your eye has taken in the whole of his fine athletic configuration, you see at once that nature designed him to be a great massive engine of a popular cause. When he entered life, he might easily have taken his place as a leading member of the aristocracy of his country. He had high connexions, a noble fortune, manners and accomplishments that would have graced a court—but his high and adventurous spirit could not have brooked the sedentary forms, and still less the despotic maxims, of an Irish state-career. He never could have endured to sit at a council-board, with his herculean limbs gathered under him, to deliberate upon the most expedient modes of trampling upon public rights. As a mere matter of animal propensity, his more natural vocation was to take the side of enterprise and danger—to mingle in the tumult of popular commotion, and leading on his band of citizen-soldiers “to the portals of the Castle, to call aloud in their name for the minister to come forth and resist at his peril the national cry for “Universal Emancipation.”\* This was his election, and his conscience coincided with his impulses. He became, as might be expected, the idol of the

See his trial in Howell’s State Trials for 1794.

populace, and, from the qualities which made him so, too formidable to the state to be tolerated. He was prosecuted and convicted, by a tribunal of very doubtful purity\* of feeling too ardently for the political degradation of Ireland. Thus far Hamilton Rowan had acted upon the principles of an Irish reformer, and if he avowed them indiscreetly, or pushed them too far, he suffered for it. In his imprisonment, which he at least considered as oppression, he was provoked to listen to more dangerous doctrines. He committed himself in conferences with a spy who procured a ready access to his presence; and to avoid the consequences, effected his escape to a foreign land. After several years passed in wandering and exile, the merits of his personal character prevailed against the remembrance of his political aberrations, and an act of royal clemency, generously conceded without any humiliating conditions restored him once more to his country. There he has since resided, in the bosom of domestic quiet, and in the habitual exercise of every virtue that can ennoble private life. He has the satisfaction, too, in his old age, of finding that in a public point of view, his debt of gratitude to the crown has not been wholly unpaid. In his eldest son (Captain Hamilton, of the *Cambrian* frigate) he has given to the British navy one of its most gallant and distinguished commanders, and for whose sake alone every man of a generous spirit should abstain from gratuitous and cruel railings at the obsolete politics of the father.

Hamilton Rowan's exterior is full of interest. Whether you meet him abroad, or in a drawing-room, you are struck at once with his physical preeminence. Years have now rendered his frame less erect, but all the proportions of a noble model remain. In his youth he was remarkable for feats of strength and activity. The latter quality was put to no ordinary test, in a principal incident of his life, to which I shall presently refer. His face, both in feature and expression, is in strict accordance with the rest of his person. It has nothing denoting extraordinary comprehension, or subtlety of intellect; but in its masculine outline, which the workings of time have brought out into more prominent relief—in the high and bushy brow—the unblenching eye—the compressed lips, and in the composed yet somewhat stern stability of expression that marks the whole, you find the symbols of high moral determination—of fidelity to principle—of self-reliance and self-oblivion, and above all of an uncompromising personal courage, that could front every form of danger face to face.† The austerity of his countenance vanishes the moment he addresses you. His manners have all the fascination of the old school. Every tone of his voice is softened by an innate and undeviating courtesy that makes no distinctions of rank or sex. In the trivial details of common life, Hamilton Rowan is as gentle and complimentary to men as other men are in their intercourse with females.

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\* See the motion for a new trial, and the documents there used.—Howell's State Trials.

† While I write, I am assisting my recollection by a drawing of Mr. Rowan, executed by the manly and truth-telling pencil of Comerford—a person, by the way, of so much genius in his profession, and so estimable and intellectual out of it, that I shall probably be tempted one of these days to turn his own art upon him, and present his friends, through the *New Monthly*, with a sketch of himself.

This suavity of demeanour is not the velvet of art; it is only one of the signs of a comprehensive philanthropy, which as habitually breaks out in acts of genuine sympathy and munificent relief, wherever a case of human suffering occurs within its range.

The circumstances of Hamilton Rowan's escape from imprisonment, as I once heard them minutely detailed, possessed all the interest of a romantic narrative. The following are such of the leading particulars as I can recal, to my recollection. Having discovered (on the 28th of April, 1794,) the extent of the danger in which he was involved, he arranged a plan of flight to be put into execution on the night of the 1st of May. He had the address to prevail on the gaoler of Newgate, who knew nothing farther of his prisoner than that he was under sentence of confinement for a political libel, to accompany him at night to Mr. Rowan's own house. They were received by Mrs. R. who had a supper prepared in the front room of the second floor. The supper over, the prisoner requested the gaoler's permission to say a word or two in private to his wife in the adjoining room. The latter consented, on the condition of the door between the two rooms remaining open. He had so little suspicion of what was meditated, that instead of examining the state of this other room, he contented himself with shifting his chair at the supper-table so as to give him a view of the open door-way. In a few seconds his prisoner was beyond his reach, having descended by a single rope, which had been slung from the window of the back chamber. In his stable he found a horse ready saddled, and a peasant's outside coat to disguise him. With these he posted to the house of his attorney, Matthew Dowling, who was in the secret of his design, and had promised to contribute to its success by his counsel and assistance. Dowling was at home, but unfortunately his house was full of company. He came out to the street to Mr. Rowan, who personated the character of a country client, and hastily pointing out the great risk to be incurred from any attempt to give him refuge in his own house, directed him to proceed to the Rotunda (a public building in Sackville-street, with an open space in front), and remain there until Dowling could despatch his guests, and come to him. Irish guests were in those days rather slow to separate from the bottle. For one hour and a half the fugitive had to wait, leading his horse up and down before the Rotunda, and tortured between fear and hope at the appearance of every person that approached. He has often represented this as the most trying moment of his life. Dowling at length arrived, and after a short and anxious conference, advised him to mount his horse, and make for the country-house of their friend Mr. Sweetman, which was situate about four miles off, on the northern side of the bay of Dublin. This place he reached in safety, and found there the refuge and aid which he sought. After a delay of two three days Mr. Sweetman engaged three boatmen of the neighbourhood to man his own pleasure-boat, and convey Hamilton Rowan to the coast of France. They put to sea at night; but a gale of wind coming on, they were compelled to put back, and take shelter under the lee of the Hill of Howth. While at anchor there on the following morning a small revenue-cruiser sailing by threw into the boat copies of the proclamations that had issued, offering 2000*l.* for the apprehen-

sion of Hamilton Rowan. The weather having moderated, the boat pushed out to sea again. They had reached the mid-channel, when a situation occurred almost equalling in dramatic interest the celebrated "*Cæsarem vehis*" of antiquity. It would certainly make a fine subject for a picture. As the boat careered along before a favourable wind, the exiled Irishman perceived the boatmen grouped apart, perusing one of the proclamations, and by their significant looks and gestures, discovering that they had recognized the identity of their passenger, with the printed description. "Your conjectures are right, my lads," said Rowan, "my life is in your hands—but you are Irishmen." They flung the proclamation overboard, and the boat continued her course.\* On the third morning, a little after break of day, they arrived within view of St. Paul de Leon, a fortified town, on the coast of Bretagne. As the sun rose, it dispersed a dense fog that had prevailed overnight, and discovered a couple of miles behind them, moving along under easy sail, the British Channel fleet, through the thick of which their little boat had just shot unperceived.

The party, having landed, were arrested as spies, and cast into prison, but in a few days an order from the French government procured their liberation. Hamilton Rowan proceeded to Paris, from which, in a political convulsion that shortly ensued, it was his fate once more to seek for safety in flight. He escaped this time unaccompanied, in a wherry, which he rowed himself down the Seine. The banks were lined with military; but he answered their challenges with so much address, that he was allowed to pass on unmolested. Having reached a French port, he embarked for the United States of America, where at length he found a secure asylum.

Hamilton Rowan, though of Irish blood, was born and educated in England. In his youth he acquired a large property under the will of his maternal grandfather, Mr. Rowan, a barrister and lay-fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, who, in a kind of prophetic spirit, made it a condition of the bequest, "that his grandson should not come to Ireland until after he should be twenty-five years old."

#### DON ESTEBAN; OR, MEMOIRS OF A SPANIARD. †

THIS work owes its interest not to any uncommon display of talent, but to a display that is quite as rare, and occasionally much more useful; namely, a united disposition and faculty to relate facts simply and faithfully, and leave them to produce their own impression upon the reader. This, added to the possession of a great variety of personal information, connected with at once the most interesting and important event of our times—the invasion of Spain—has contributed to produce, under the form of *Memoirs of a living Spaniard*, a very curious and amusing book, and one which, while the circumstances it relates

\* It is now several years since the particulars of Mr. Rowan's escape were related to me by a friend, as they had been communicated to him by the principal actor himself; and my present recollection is that the above incident was not included. I have often heard it, as I have given it, from other sources.

† *Don Esteban, or Memoirs of a Spaniard*; written by himself, 3 vols. Post 8vo.

are sufficiently uncommon to give the relation of them the effect of a romance, are placed before us in a manner to satisfy us that the work is nothing less.

Assuming a title similar to two other works which have lately obtained a very deserved success—we mean Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Greek, and Hajji Baba, or Memoirs of a Persian—Don Esteban, or Memoirs of a Spaniard, resembles those works in nothing but in the various illustrations it affords us of the present state of society and manners in a highly interesting and but little known country: for that the actual state of manners in Spain, close at hand as it is, is but little known to the rest of Europe, is no less true than extraordinary. In fact, the present views, feelings, and moral condition of the Spanish people in general, though too well known for the maintenance of that respect in which they have till lately been held by contemporary nations, can perhaps, upon the whole, be less accurately judged of than those of any other previous period of Spanish history.

We will not say that the simple and unpretending work before us goes the full length of furnishing this desideratum: and, perhaps, the mere fact of its being written by an exiled Spaniard—exiled in consequence of his political feelings, opinions, and connexions—precludes the possibility of this being the case. But thus much we can safely say of it,—that we know not where else the enquirer into matters of this nature can gather so much information of the kind alluded to: always taking it for granted, as indeed the style, matter, and every thing connected with the work leads us to do, that the author actually is what he pretends to be, and is not writing under an assumed character. His name, indeed, and the names of the other parties connected with the merely *biographical* portion of the work, he confesses *are* assumed. And this seems no more than was necessary under the circumstances. But he assures us, that the actual facts which are related are to be regarded as matter of history; and in connexion with the greater part of these he gives us real living names; which at once lays him open to exposure if his statements are not well-founded.

It is upon *this* ground therefore—namely, the alleged *truth* of the various extraordinary statements contained in the work—that we shall lay a short account of it before our readers, and present them with some of its singular details.

The work opens with some domestic scenes and occurrences connected with the author's life, at the period of his being a youthful student at the University of Valladolid. But as these, and indeed all the details immediately connected with the author himself, are much less curious and interesting than the various collateral events and persons that we are introduced to in the after part of his narrative, we shall pass over much of the introductory matter, in order to reach that period when he is induced, young as he is, first to connect himself with the guerilla parties that arose almost immediately on the invasion of the French, and afterwards to enter the regular Spanish army.

The opening details to which we have referred above occupy about half of the first volume, and are interesting chiefly on account of the clear insight they give into the domestic manners of several different classes of the Spanish people. We pass them over, however, to come to those more immediately connected with Napoleon's invasion.

The following account of the death of a deserving General, by the hands of the people whom he had just been defending, affords a striking illustration of the state of public feeling at the commencement of the contest. The account is thus introduced by the author :—

“ At that time, indeed, the Spanish generals, like their government, had authority only so long as they acted in unison with the feelings of those whom they commanded. Whether successful or unfortunate, they were equally obliged to submit to the will of their troops, or rather armed peasants. Those leaders who were imprudent enough to act contrary to it were immediately branded with the name of traitors, and literally torn to pieces by the enraged populace. There was hardly a large town in Spain that had not its victim.”——“ As soon as the latter General (Cuesta) found that Cevallos\* was likely to be sacrificed to popular fury, he had sent to Avila, where he then was, a party of cavalry, with orders to convey him safe to his presence and have him tried; but principally with the intention of screening him from the ferocity of the people. Cevallos set off from that city accompanied by his wife and children, and escorted by the few cavalry soldiers who had been sent in search of him. In his way to Valladolid he suffered a thousand insults, and more than once had his life attempted. On coming within half a mile of Valladolid, the unfortunate man, as if foreseeing the fate that awaited him within its gates, and wishing to spare his unhappy wife the horrible sight of his death, alighted from the carriage, and mounting a saddle-horse, pushed forward escorted by two soldiers, the rest remaining round the carriage. The news of his approach had already spread throughout the city, and a crowd of the lowest rabble hurried along to the city gates. No sooner had he entered than one of the market women cast a large stone at his head, which unfortunately struck him on the temple and brought him down. Immediately a mass of people, armed with all sorts of weapons, fell upon his prostrate body, and in less than five minutes it was a mangled corpse. It will scarcely be credited, perhaps, that one of these tigers in human shape, after stabbing him with his knife, drank of the blood that gushed out from the wound! His fainting wife entered the city shortly after, and the barbarian populace, exulting in their cruelty, received her with the severed limbs of her husband, stuck on poles, sticks, swords, and daggers! To such a pitch of frenzy had the wild effervescence of the popular feeling arrived.”

Another specimen of the horrors connected with a war like that which the Spaniards were waging at this time, and we will proceed to other matters.

“ As we were proceeding through by-ways, the high road being impassable, we overtook a young woman leading a mule loaded with two large trunks. She was crying bitterly for the loss of her husband, who had been killed in that day's battle. She was now a destitute widow, and her whole property was in those two trunks. Before she could relate more of her melancholy story we reached our country house on the banks of the Duero, and invited her in for the night. We found it crowded with strangers, who had taken up their quarters there. They were all welcome, and we managed for ourselves as well as we could. The young woman who came with us, begged her two trunks might be deposited carefully in one of the rooms, and taking a key from her pocket, she eagerly opened them; but what was the horror and surprise of all present at finding a dead infant in each! The grief of the unfortunate mother cannot be described; she fell into dreadful convulsions, in which we thought she would have expired. At last a torrent of tears came to relieve her, and having recovered the power of speech, she informed us that when she received the news of her husband's death, and of the advance of

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\* Cevallos had been in command of Segovia, but had just been compelled to cede it to the French troops.



the French army, her children were both lying ill of the small pox. The physician told her that their lives depended on not being exposed to the air; but no carriage or covered cart was to be had. To remain in the town was impossible, and, therefore, having with great difficulty procured a mule, she placed her babes in the trunks, and hurried away. Her grief and the continual alarms during the journey, made her quite forget that if exposure to the air were dangerous, the total want of it must prove fatal."

At this period, the arrival of Napoleon in person, and the spread of his troops over a great part of the Peninsula, had almost broken up every thing like domestic intercourse throughout the country, and carried dismay and destruction into the hearts of the most distinguished families of its population. The following may be taken as a fair specimen of the behaviour of "the politest nation in the world," under these circumstances. As real names are given, we suppose the story must be received as a simple statement of facts.

"General Dufreys was in the habit of coming to our house to dine with a superior officer, who was billeted there. In his various intrusions into our apartments, he had met with my sister Marienne, and fallen violently in love with her; (of course I mean the love that such a man was capable of feeling); but being unable to gain her heart, he endeavoured, by every possible means, short of absolute force, to get possession of her person. But when he found himself unsuccessful in this attempt, he turned his views to an object more worthy of his passion—to a maid-servant of ours—whom he succeeded in debauching by dint of presents and promises. She was now raised to the honour of being his acknowledged mistress; and he, on the departure of Marechal Besières, being made Governor of Valladolid, gave a grand ball in honour of himself, out of the pockets of the inhabitants, (as was usually the case), to which the principal town's-people were invited. Of course my mother and my sister Marienne were not forgotten; but they both determined not to be present, and therefore sent an answer declining the honour. This was not admitted; on the contrary, one of the General's aides-de-camp came in person to intimate his Excellency's displeasure, in case they failed to attend. Notwithstanding this threat, they persisted in their first resolution. The hour of the ball arrived, and they had not made the slightest preparation for the dance. The music struck up, and the dancing commenced, yet still they were absent. The Governor, who had given this ball chiefly for the purpose of mortifying my mother and sister, immediately perceived it, and sent an officer, with a piquet of soldiers, with express orders not to return without them, in whatever dress they might be. The soldiers accordingly arrived at our house, and, entering their room, took them away by force, and conducted them to the Consistorio, insensible to their supplications and tears. There his Excellency, the General, received them with taunting and gross abuse, and then led them to the principal end of the room, where my Lady-Governess, lately our servant-maid, was sitting under a most magnificent canopy. To her Ladyship they were obliged to make their obeisance; after which, my mother, with all her aristocratic feelings of blue-blood, was obliged to sit on her right hand, and Marienne on her left. This was not the only humiliation they received on that hateful night; for the servants who handed the refreshments round, being instructed how to act, every time they passed, asked her Ladyship—"Will your Excellency take any refreshments?"—and then presenting some to the other ladies who were near, passed on without noticing my mother or sister. One would have thought that these degrading insults would have satisfied the mean, savage Frenchman; but no, Marienne must dance—nay, she must dance with him! Thus the poor girl was dragged about the room, like a doll, till he himself, tired of the sport, allowed his victims to withdraw! Early next day, he sent a note to my father, intimating that in consequence of his family having resisted his orders, he expected to receive five hundred dollars by twelve o'clock, without which his

house would be pillaged. The five hundred dollars were paid, and thus ended the dancing party.—So much for French politeness and French elegance of behaviour.”

The remainder of the first volume is occupied with the relation of various adventures, connected with the youthful Esteban's first excursions among the Guerilla partizans, and his journey to join the regular army, to which he has now been appointed; and in connexion with the former, we are introduced to the celebrated Capuchin friar, who was the first to raise and organize a Guerilla force, and also to the famous curate Merino, who employed himself in a similar service.

At the opening of the second volume we find Esteban in immediate connexion with the Marquis Porlier, to whom he is sent on a mission; and we have some interesting anecdotes and descriptions relating to that celebrated chief. Shortly afterwards, too, he is sent to Mina on a similar errand; and we are made acquainted with many curious particulars, which he becomes possessed of during these excursions, relating both to the conduct of the French troops, and to that of the Guerillas—who, after all, must be considered to have been the grand stumbling-block of Napoleon in his march of insane ambition.

All these details, however, we shall pass over, in order that we may vary our extracts by one or two connected with the domestic manners of Spain in the present day. Esteban is severely wounded in a rencontre with the enemy, and is compelled to remain, for a considerable period, at the house of a friend of his family, and in a town where the domestic arrangements of the inhabitants had not as yet been overthrown.

“As our manner of living *en famille* at Agreda was in the usual Spanish style, a description of it may be not altogether uninteresting to such of my readers as are unacquainted with our domestic manners.

“Between seven and eight in the morning, the servants enter our rooms, to draw aside the window curtains, and serve up chocolate to those who prefer taking it in bed; which is generally the case with the elderly people and the heads of families. In the same tray in which the chocolate is served to the gentlemen, there is generally a little silver plate, containing a live coal to light their cigars, which invariably follow the chocolate. This occupies the time till about eight, when they usually rise. Those who are religiously inclined proceed immediately to church, to hear mass, or to confess and take communion. On returning home, they take breakfast; which consists generally of some made dish, or eggs and ham, and sometimes of a basin of *sopas de ajo*.

“The young ladies sometimes accompany their mammas to church of a morning; but not usually, for it is only on Sunday that the omission would be an unpardonable sin. When they do not go to church in the company of their parents or brothers, they are followed by a servant, and are never seen out of doors by themselves. Those demoiselles who are not fond of long masses on a Sunday, go either very early, in a kind of *deshabille*, their long hair floating on their shoulders, with a *basquina*, a shawl, and a mantillas, in which they wrap their faces so completely that it is almost impossible to recognize them; or they go to the mass which in some of the churches is said at once, and which the priest gets through with such singular rapidity, that one cannot help remembering he has not yet breakfasted.

“At this mass the ladies never fail to assist in their finest *basquinas*, and lace veils. No shawl conceals the *negligé* of the stays; at most a silk kerchief, gracefully pinned, hides from mortal view the charms beneath. But the waist is seen in all its diminutive dimensions; leaving between it and the falling arms two neat apertures, notwithstanding the care that is taken to

keep the elbows close to the body, and in a straight line with their hips; a fashion, by the by, which I do not admire, though I grant it contributes to keep the chest elevated; but it encroaches too much on our military style, and introduces a stiffness which is altogether inconsistent with feminine grace.

"About noon, the ladies are *at home*, employed in their needle work, or some other occupation; for I must do the Spanish ladies the justice to say, that though the gentlemen seldom set them the example, they are never idle; for even when visiting their friends, they carry their work in their reticles. This being the time when they receive the morning calls of their acquaintances, the gentlemen drop in to entertain the ladies with their conversation; often bringing those friends who have just arrived in town, and to whom the lady and gentleman of the house never fail to make an offer of it, and of every thing it contains. The facility with which a stranger gains admission into any house renders society the more varied, and manners the more open and lively. After such an offer as I have just alluded to, the party is accepted to go as often as he pleases.

"The sound of the brass mortar in which the various herbs for the sauces, &c., are pounded, indicates that the dinner hour is fast approaching. The visitors then take their hats, and wish the ladies a good appetite. This happens, generally, at one, and in a few houses between two and three. Immediately after dinner, they all retire to their respective rooms, to take the *siesta*, or afternoon sleep—a custom I had not yet contracted, except in the most sultry days of summer, when the intensity of the heat produces a languor and a drowsiness which are irresistible.

"In the afternoon, about sunset in the summer, and at three in the winter, the ladies and gentlemen all repair either to the *Alamedas*, or shaded walks, generally by the side of the rivers; or to the *Tapias*, or walks along the city walls, that are sheltered from the cold winds, and enlivened by the sunshine; the choice of these depends on the particular season of the year. After the promenade, all retire to a *bottilleria* to drink ices, or go home to take their chocolate; and in the evening they go either to the theatre or else to the *tertulia*."

The rest of this volume is occupied with matter chiefly connected with the progress of the war, and runs parallel with the course of political events up to the year 1814.

The commencement of the third and last volume of Don Esteban is occupied with many curious particulars connected with the Inquisition, the restoration of which was among the first acts of the restored Ferdinand's government. The author is, through the intrigues of some of his enemies, thrown into the prison of that Institution; whence he escapes by the assistance of a political friend, and is by his intervention enabled to procure an appointment in the Royal Guard, which is stationed immediately about the King's person: accounting to us (though not very satisfactorily) for his acceptance of such an appointment, by stating the possibility of its giving him the means of procuring the recall of his father—who had been exiled since the King's return, for his previous political opinions.

After directing the reader's attention to an interesting account of the celebrated bull-fighter of the day—Candido—whom Esteban now first had an opportunity of seeing, we must confine the rest of our extracts to some most singular passages relating to Ferdinand himself, and the scenes which the author professes to have been an eye and ear witness to, during the performance of his official duties about the King's person.

The following portrait of Ferdinand will be read with interest.

"It is not easy for me to describe the various feelings with which I be-

held, for the first time, the author of my country's misfortunes. Curiosity, indignation, and disgust were so blended together, that it is impossible to say which predominated most: but the impression his whole appearance left on my mind was more defined. His figure, large beyond proportion, does not exceed the middle height; his countenance, pale and sickly, has no peculiar expression about it, save a vacancy of thought, corresponding to the flaccidity of his appearance; his features, though rather marked, do not offer any of those characteristics which might be expected from one who so invariably pursues the same line of conduct; there is even a versatility about them which astonishes without pleasing;—a forehead running backwards; a nose in the form of a hook, an inflexible mouth, with the lower lip protruding beyond the upper one, and in a straight line with an ill-shaped chin, low and flat cheeks, and long and straight jaws, form a disagreeable *tout-ensemble*, almost amounting to deformity. His eyes, though not quite large enough to be called fine, are by far the best part of his physiognomy; they even possess some animation, and enliven a little the melancholy aspect of the whole countenance. His habit of constantly smoking has turned his teeth nearly black, and given his breath a disagreeable odour, perceivable even at some distance."

The latter part of what follows is scarcely credible, considering the open manner in which it appears to have been acted. The reader must at all events be left to judge of it for himself. All we can do is to say that the author, who in his preface declares that all he has related is to be received as simple matter-of-fact, here repeats the assertion in a note.

"Every day the king gave audience to those who had any thing to ask, in summer at about five, before he went to the promenade, and in winter after his return from it. In the six years of absolutism, the usual number of petitioners who came daily, amounted to about forty, and there remained almost every week about a hundred and sixty persons, who had not succeeded in seeing the king. In the time of the Constitution, the number of those who came weekly never exceeded thirty. In these audiences the king stood behind a kind of balustrade; the captain of the guards a little further on his right hand, a gentil homme on his left, and a garzon behind the captain of the guards. The memorialists came in by one door, and as they knelt down to deliver their petition into the king's hands, were at liberty verbally to explain the contents of it, and then retired by another door. The king in taking the petition, gave it to the captain of the guards, who handed it over to the garzon, and, if he formed on the spot the resolution to grant the demand, he first doubled one end of it. All these petitions were afterwards read to him by the secretary of decrees, and if he granted their request, he would write the letter C, otherwise an N.

"Many of those amorous intrigues, which he carried on in a most scandalous and notorious manner, sprang from these audiences. Whenever he saw a lady at them who pleased him, he nodded to the captain of the guards, who in his turn made a sign to the garzon, who never failed to go and meet the fair petitioner as she left the hall, and inform her he had orders from the captain of the guards to desire her to call at his apartments, on the following day at such an hour, to receive his majesty's answer. Hither the king came, and granted or refused her request, according as he found her disposed to grant or oppose his wishes. Some of the most abandoned women have through similar means, and under various pretences, obtained large sums of money.

"A titled lady, of Castille, whose house I visited almost daily, was once singled out in the above manner. Calling upon her one morning about eleven, I was surprised to see almost every pane of glass in her apartment, the looking-glasses, vases, and chimney-ornaments, broken into a thousand pieces, and a beautiful breakfast china service scattered about the ground, the lady herself was reclining on a sofa, her face covered with a handkerchief, and weeping most bitterly. I begged her to explain the reason of that

extraordinary sight : she wept and hesitated a long time, and at last told me, that having had occasion to demand a favour of the king, she had gone with her daughter to his audience and received an intimation by the garzon, to repair on the following day to the Duke de Alagon's apartments, where she had met the king, who told her, in no very delicate terms, that he had become enamoured of her daughter, and must see her next day, for which purpose he would go to her own house to breakfast. As it was impossible for her to refuse him admission into her house, she made the necessary preparations to receive him, but desired her daughter not to appear. In fact he came that morning accompanied by the Duke de Alagon, and finding that her daughter was not called, notwithstanding his repeated commands, became so outrageous, that he, assisted by the Duke, broke every thing in her apartment, as I saw it there, and after loading her with abusive language, retired fulminating threats against her !

The following story is not less extraordinary.—

"Another night, while I was on guard at the door of the king's apartments, I received the order not to call to arms if I saw the king come out. Soon after he made his appearance, and all my comrades, as was customary on these secret occasions, hastened to their apartments behind the screen. Before he went out, he gave the queen to understand that he was going to the office of the Minister of Finance to transact business ; a thing which he was in the habit of doing both at night and in the morning ; but the Infante Don Carlos, who had particular reasons to be displeased with his brother, and who had heard him make an appointment with the duke and Chamorro, came soon after into the queen's apartments, and informed her of it. At first she would not give credit to it, but the Infante, the better to convince her of the truth of this, took her to the king's cabinet, where he ought to have been, and then caused the duke and Chamorro to be called to her, who also of course could not be found.

"Her jealousy thus excited, she became excessively irritated, and waited the king's return. No sooner did he appear, than she received him, not with her usual blandishments and smiles, but with sharp nails—tearing handfuls of hair from his head, and at the same time saying in Portuguese,—' So you've been with the Captain of the Guards to see your mistress, eh ?—Well, take that !'

"Ferdinand, surprised at this unusual reception, tried to learn who had given her this information, and having found it out, went in a rage to the Infante's apartments, and striking him on the face, told him angrily, that no one but a tattler like him would have been guilty of such a trick.

"The Infante, seizing a shovel, shook it at him, saying that at that moment he neither considered himself as the Infante, nor him as the King, and challenged him to fight a duel, as he would not brook such an insult. Ferdinand, who to his other good qualities joins that of cowardice, was quite alarmed at seeing the Infante seize the shovel, and ran away, vowing he would send him into exile, and have his life if he could. In fact, on the following day he caused a decree to be drawn up for the banishment of the Infante to Aranjuez, till he could be tried : and called upon his counsel to sign it. One of the counsellors, a man possessing more prudence and foresight than his master, and a little more boldness than his colleagues, said, that although he knew he himself were to be condemned to death, he would not sign such a decree ; for he considered the throne as already tottering to its foundation by the discontent which was daily becoming more general, and which could not fail to be considerably increased by such a step. This, and the prayers of the other Infantes, obliged Ferdinand to sacrifice to policy his thirst for vengeance."

The last volume of these memoirs contains much matter scarcely less curious than the foregoing ; but we must here close our account.

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## MANUSCRIPT OF EARL BOTHWEL.

WE have been favoured, through the medium of an eminent literary friend, with a copy of an original MS. of Earl Bothwel, in old French, of which the following is a careful translation. It was written during his captivity in Denmark, and the original is at present in the royal library at Drottningholm. From this a copy was taken by M. Backman, an officer in the Swedish service, through permission of Count Wetterstadt, the minister, and transmitted (duly authenticated, as may be seen at the end) to this country in August last. It is a most valuable addition to our collections belonging to an interesting period of Scottish history; and nothing of the kind, that we are aware of, was ever suspected to exist. In order to give a clearer view of this MS. as a whole, we insert the following extract of a letter respecting it, from M. Granberg, historiographer to the present King of Sweden.

"In the latter part of the 16th century, the Chevalier de Dantzay was residing in the North of Europe, as Ambassador from France to the Courts of Sweden and Denmark. During the time of his abode in the latter country, the Earl of Bothwel arrived there together with his followers, on board several vessels, having fled from Scotland. Being unable to land, and driven by contrary winds, the Earl was thrown on the coast of Norway, and was there taken by some Danish seamen, who carried him as a prisoner into Denmark, where he was confined during a long time. He wrote, while in prison, an account of the adventures he had met with in Scotland; and as he was not able to get the Manuscript conveyed into the hands of the King of Denmark, he applied to the French minister, M. de Dantzay, who took the requisite measures in his behalf.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It is said that this document was given to King Gustavus III. who had it deposited among his valuable collection in the Castle of Drottningholm. The Latin inscription at the commencement testifies that it was given to the Royal Library of Copenhagen by a Doctor Plumius (*see note below*); and it was probably carried away from that institution, or from some place in Zealand, by one of the Swedes, when Charles X. made a descent upon that island. From the descendants of this Swede, it must have passed into the hands of King Gustavus III."

The MS. is labelled "*Affairs of Earl Bothwel (Bohuel) anno 1568,*" and commences with the title "*Declaration of the Earl of Bothwel.*"

"IN order that the King of Denmark and the council of his kingdom may be better and more clearly informed of the wickedness and treachery of my accusers hereunder named, I have (as summarily as I am able) explained and truly declared the causes of the troubles and commotions which have occurred: of which they alone have been the principal authors and promoters from the year 1559 to the present time.

I have similarly declared their calumnies, and the mischief and detriment they have occasioned to myself: which statement I can and will maintain to be true, as (with God's assistance) any one may clearly see and understand.

*At Copenhagen, the eve of Twelfth day, 1568.*

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\* At the head of the manuscript, and on the first page, is the following Latin inscription:

*Ex donatione Excellentissimi viri DNI CLAUDII PLUMII, J. P. Doctoris, et in Regia Academia Hafniensi Professoris. Anno Mæssie, Regis æterni, clæ Jæ. 1568. die XVIII Augusti.*

Here follow the names of the principal chiefs and authors of all the troubles and seditions in question.

Earls Murray,\*  
Atthel,  
Glencarn,  
Morton,  
Marr.

Lord Lindsay,  
Secretary Ledington.  
The Clerk of the Register,  
The Clerk of Justice.

Also those who have joined the above-named in these latter troubles.

Lords Hume,  
Sawquhair,  
Sempel,  
Reufuen.

Tillebairn,  
The Mayor of Edinburgh,  
Sir James Balfour.

First sedi-  
tion.

The above-named, tired of the obedience and fidelity which they owed to their superior, began to concert measures and hold secret assemblies in all parts of the kingdom, in order to excite the common people to favour their views. And the better to persuade them that their cause was just and good, they put forth the pretext of desiring to uphold religion; and thus the conspiracy they had formed against their Queen (I shall forbear to mention many other offences of which they are guilty) commenced by laying siege to the town of Leith, and their efforts continued to be directed against her Majesty, the members of her council, and her other faithful subjects in the said town. Also they persecuted those who were scattered over the country at their different residences, and who had refused to join their party, doing them all the mischief in their power, by pillaging their houses and castles, and caused infinite detriment to many worthy persons in all parts of the kingdom, notwithstanding the Queen, with the nobility and others of her subjects, had previously resolved to reform the said religion and put it in good order, without however subjecting them to any restraints.

Second se-  
dition.

Moreover, not content with this, they persevered in their wicked machinations, and prepared the way for new troubles by giving free ingress to the English, our ancient enemies; uniting themselves in secret alliance with them against the Queen and those of her kingdom. They renewed the siege of the town of Leith (which they had been forced to abandon) in order to expel the French, who were in possession of the town, and defending it against our ancient enemies aforesaid.

The most Christian king had, a short time before, married the young Queen of Scotland; in consequence of which event the nobility and others of the subjects of the kingdom made him certain promises, and even sent letters by special messengers to his Majesty in France, tendering him their allegiance, as became good subjects: but I am ignorant of the cause that induced them to do so.

In the mean time, in consequence of reinforcements from England, the said town had surrendered, agreeably to a treaty between

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\* In this orthography we have adhered to the original manuscript.

her said Majesty and the Queen of England, and negotiated by their ambassadors : in which treaty it was stipulated that all former hatred and animosity, as well on the one side as on the other, should be at an end. Nevertheless, in the malevolence of their hearts they carefully sought out those who had previously offended them, or impeded their proceedings during the said siege ; especially myself, who (although unworthy of such a distinction) had been appointed lieutenant-general of the Queen my mistress, to provide for the exigencies of the war ; in the course of which I had, according to the laws of arms, taken several prisoners, both Scotch and English, and in all respects had done my best to acquit myself of my duty. Moreover I had captured upon the frontiers a certain sum in money, which had been sent from England for the pay and maintenance of their troops.

*Origin of their hatred and envy of me.*

Shortly after the surrender of the town of Leith\* and the return of the French to their own country, his most Christian Majesty died. Upon which the Queen, by the advice of her friends and at the solicitation of her faithful subjects, thought of returning to her own kingdom. Which design she put in execution, the better to confirm the alliance and treaty above-mentioned, and to reward her faithful subjects for the services they had performed during her absence. Among others she rewarded me much more liberally and graciously than I had deserved, a circumstance which incensed my enemies to the greatest degree, and induced them to exert themselves so successfully to my detriment as to deprive me of the favour and good-will of her said Majesty. Also they caused the dismissal of the Earls of Arran and Huntly ; the said Earl Arran as being a near relation of her Majesty, and therefore eligible to succeed to the crown ; and Earl Huntly and myself as being capable of frustrating their designs.

*The Queen returns from France to Scotland.*

The principal agent in this seditious proceeding was Earl Murray, an illegitimate brother of her said Majesty, and formerly canon and prior of St. Andrews, who considered that our ruin would be very advantageous to him ; that when we should be disposed of, he should easily accomplish the object he had in view, namely, that of becoming the second person in the kingdom ; and that afterwards he should contrive that the Queen, the nobility, and in short all ranks of Scotchmen, would unanimously consent to his being heir to the crown, as well as his issue or next of kin, in the event of the Queen dying without an heir.

*Manœuvres and intrigues resorted to in order to secure the succession to the crown.*

And to give a colouring to his presumption, he falsely gave out that Earl Arran and myself (who had recently adjusted a little difference that had formerly existed between us) entertained designs against his life, as well as against that of certain other members of the council ; also that I had it in contemplation to take the Queen by surprise, and convey her away to some one of my residences in which I should deem her person most secure.

In consequence of these false accusations we were ordered into close confinement in the Castle of Edinburgh, notwithstanding we had demanded that judicial proceedings should be instituted, and

*Our imprisonment.*



that we should be legally heard in our defence, as such an affair required; which demand was not however acceded to.

Earl Huntly  
taken and  
murdered.

Earl Huntly, who had been charged with the same offence, and was not on his guard against his enemies, was surprised while on a journey, and secretly put to death by the said Earl Murray. The son of Earl Huntly was also taken, tried, and condemned; and the whole of their property forfeited to the crown.

On being informed of this scandalous murder and most unjust persecution, I began to consider within myself by what means I might ascertain the real opinion and feelings entertained by the Queen towards me; and succeeded in learning that she was persuaded I had been accused from motives of personal animosity and envy; but that at the present moment she was quite unable to afford me the smallest assistance, being in fact destitute of all authority. She recommended me, however, to do the best I could for myself.

My release,  
and the  
cause of it.

In consequence of this favourable reply, I used my utmost exertions to obtain my release from confinement, and having succeeded, determined to proceed to France by sea. A tempest, however, drove me upon the coast of England, where the Queen of that country received me with great demonstrations of friendship, as did also several of her faithful servants, far beyond any thing I could have expected, especially as during the war I had done serious mischief upon the frontiers of her kingdom, as well as to those who inhabited them.

I was ap-  
pointed  
captain of  
the Scotch  
guard.

I was re-  
called from  
France to  
Scotland.

The Queen  
of Scotland  
marries a  
young  
prince  
named Hen-  
ry Stuart.

I afterwards quitted England and proceeded on my journey to France, having previously received certain letters from the Queen of Scotland addressed to his most Christian Majesty and the members of his council, the object of which was to secure to me the distinctions conferred there upon the nobility of our country, according to the tenor of an ancient treaty passed between the two said kingdoms of France and Scotland. Having obtained these, I received letters from the Queen of Scotland, in which she commanded me to return to her dominions for the following reasons.

The Queen being aware of the crafty and malicious designs of her enemies, and being desirous of tranquillizing her kingdom, and of establishing good order therein for the benefit and relief of her subjects, resolved to marry a young prince of her own blood, who to that end had come from England to Scotland; trusting, (as reasonably she might,) that none would presume to offer any impediment to such union. Nevertheless, the seditious persons before-mentioned did oppose it to the utmost of their power; because they desired before all things that the Queen should have no issue, for the reasons already stated, and because they could not endure that any one should have authority in the kingdom besides themselves; and they could not but foresee that their influence would be diminished by the said marriage.

Third se-  
dition, and  
the designs  
of my ene-  
mies.

For this cause, having consulted with each other, they resolved to murder the said prince; and convoked their friends and accomplices to that end. Also, shortly after the marriage of the said Queen and the said Prince, the said conspirators deliberated with

each other about seizing the said Queen, carrying her away and detaining her as a prisoner; the which they afterwards effected, wickedly and in violation of their faith and promises, as well as of the conditions upon which they had agreed among themselves, as will appear by what follows.

Being at that time returned from France, her Majesty gave me the command of a certain military force, composed of her faithful subjects and my own particular friends, with whom I did my utmost to drive the said Earl Murray out of the kingdom of Scotland into England; the which I accomplished. At the same time the states were assembled to enquire and determine as to the property to be confiscated to the crown.

The conspirators banished.

Among the accomplices of Earl Murray, there were some who followed the court of the Queen, and who, in order to avert the sentence, excited fresh disturbances by means of a murder perpetrated on the person of a Signor David, an Italian; which murder was committed in the drawing-room of the Queen at the Castle of Edinburgh, during her supper, when none of her guards was present, nor even any of those who observed the said Queen. And if (to avoid the danger) several gentlemen and myself had not escaped by a window at the back of the building, we should not have been better treated; it having been so agreed between them. The least that could have happened would have been, that we should be compelled to connive at so wicked and detestable an act.

Fourth sedition, by the murder of Signor David.

The said murder having been committed by the advice and at the instigation of the accomplices of Earl Murray, the said Earl returned from England, hoping to seize the reins of government and detain the Queen prisoner; she having been previously very much confined to her own residence, called St. Croix, (Hellirodus.\*)

Earl Morton, Messrs. Lindsay, Ruthven, and others.

As an excuse for the said murder, they alledged that they had received the positive commands of their King, both by letters and otherwise, to commit it.

Their false pretext to give a colouring to the said murder.

Having escaped out of the residence of the said Queen, and being in safety, we collected together some of our best friends and of her Majesty's faithful subjects, in order to rescue her and the King her husband from the captivity in which they were detained. Which design we accomplished, partly by stratagem and partly by force. The following day their Majesties proceeded together towards Edinburgh with a good escort, and pursued Earl Murray and his accomplices so actively that they were forced to leave the country. Moreover, the Queen, being highly indignant at such an assassination, held them in great hatred; as did also the nobility and the rest of her subjects. But the King himself held them in still greater detestation; for, immediately upon his arrival in the said town, he caused to be proclaimed and published, that all that the said murderers (who had killed the said David) had affirmed, touching his Majesty, was by them falsely invented; and expressly commanded all ranks, officers, and subjects of the said kingdom, to make diligent search and arrest those who should have been con-

Four thousand men.

Earl Murray expelled from the country a second time.

Declaration of the King of Scotland touching the instructions which the murderers affirmed

they had  
received  
from his  
Majesty.

cerned with the said murderers in the said act, whosoever they might be, and punish them with death; and that if any should be found to lend them secret assistance, they should receive corporal punishment. Further, that those who should faithfully execute his said commands should be liberally rewarded. And, to set an example to others, he in the mean time caused to be arrested four of those who had been present at the said murder; two of whom were executed on the spot.

Their hatred  
for the King  
on account  
of his de-  
claration.

As soon as some of the friends of those who were in exile were made acquainted with the severe punishment awarded them by the King, they failed not to apprise the others of it; who, in consequence thereof, conceived such a violent hatred to his Majesty, that they diligently sought all means to be revenged of him, as well on account of his denial of the letters and other instructions they alledged to have received from him, as from the conviction entertained by themselves and others, that, during his Majesty's life, they would never be able to live in Scotland in safety, but that they should always be alike uncertain of their life, their property, and their honours.

The ma-  
nœuvres  
they resort-  
ed to for the  
accomplish-  
ment of  
their de-  
signs.

Some time afterwards (the better to accomplish their malicious designs) they promised to forget the past, and, by acting the part of sincere friends, satisfy those whom they had formerly offended and treated in a hostile manner. By such representations and fair words they solicited all who had it in their power to assist them in recovering the good graces of the Queen. Among others, they addressed themselves to me with the same view; upon which I did what I could for them, insomuch that they obtained their request: for they placed great reliance on me, on account of the favour bestowed on me by her Majesty, and of the free access I had to her; the which I had acquired solely by the faithful services I had performed, as well in the wars of her late mother, as in her own; in furtherance of which I had several times exposed my life, besides incurring considerable expenses; for which, however, she has liberally recompensed me, as well by presents, as by various appointments of authority with which her Majesty has honoured me.

My deliber-  
ation.

When I had obtained for them the favour they sought, and they were permitted to follow the court, I deliberated with myself about retiring to live peaceably after the imprisonments and exile I had suffered, and withdrawing from a scene of political hostility and revenge.

Their dis-  
simulation.

In the mean time those to whom such favour had been shown, and who now followed the court, conducted themselves in so obedient, so devoted, and so benevolent a manner, that all the gentry of the kingdom rejoiced at it exceedingly; especially on account of the extinction of the animosities which had previously disturbed the said court. Notwithstanding which they never ceased to persevere in their evil intentions; seeking day and night the means of taking the King's life.

Some time afterwards the King, being attacked with the small-pox, slept at a place called Kirkfield (to avoid endangering the health of the Queen and the child), until he should recover; and

this by the common consent of the Queen and of the members of the council, who were desirous of preserving the health of all three.

Then the traitors, perceiving the occasion to be so suitable to their purposes, placed a quantity of gun-powder under the king's bed, and afterwards set fire to it, whereby he was blown up and killed. This was done at the residence of Sir James Balfour, upon whom the Queen had conferred a benefice and the government of the Castle of Edinburgh, and to whom she had confided all her treasure, jewels, plate, dresses, and furniture; the said Castle being the strongest place in the kingdom.

Fifth sedi-  
tion.

Death of the  
King of  
Scotland.

On the night that this was committed several members of her council were lodged, as usual, at the residence of the Queen, called St. Croix (Hellirodis\*); I was also lodged within the building, in that quarter where the guard is commonly stationed, which consisted of fifty men. And whilst I was yet in bed, and my first wife, a sister of Earl Huntly, with me, her brothers came in the morning to apprise me of the King's death; at which I was much grieved, and many others with me.

Evidence  
as to where  
I was when  
the King  
was betray-  
ed.

The said Earl Huntly was of opinion that we should instantly hold a consultation as to the best means of securing the traitors who had committed the said act.

We were then commanded by the Queen, who was much distressed and afflicted, together with the members of the council, to assemble some troops, in order to make diligent search for the said traitors, and if possible to arrest them. This we proceeded to do; and being at the house where the King was lying dead, we first caused his body to be taken and placed under the care of a suitable guard; and then, having found a barrel (or cask) which had contained the powder, we kept it; having first inspected it to see what marks it bore. In the first moments of fury we arrested several persons suspected of the fact, and detained them until they gave us sufficient evidence of the place where they were when the murder was committed; and in the mean time I continued to make diligent enquiry into all the circumstances of the case, never imagining that I should myself be suspected. However some of the members of the council, fearing lest the attention of the Queen and myself should be directed to them, entered into a league with each other against her Majesty and us to prevent it. They accordingly exerted all their malice and ingenuity, by affixing letters and placards at night to the court-house, the church-doors, and about the streets and high-ways, in order to render me and my friends suspected of the said act.

Diligent  
search made  
by Earl  
Huntly and  
myself, by  
command of  
the Queen  
and her  
council.

Their en-  
deavours to  
cast suspi-  
cion upon  
others.

On learning that I was by these means censured, and accused of having committed such a crime, of which I and all mine were innocent, (as I call God to witness,) I besought the Queen and her council to allow legal proceedings to be instituted against me; in order that if, upon strict enquiry, I should be found guilty, I might be punished as such a crime would deserve; but if found innocent,

My earnest  
entreaty to  
be tried.

(as ~~in~~ truth I am,) that such scandalous reports should cease. This request was granted; and on the day appointed for the trial, the members of the council assembled, together with many of the nobility and common people, in the place where I was to be arraigned. Among the said members of the council and nobility, who were to sit in judgment upon the question, were the following persons, who were decidedly hostile to me:—Earl Morton, Lords Reufuen, Lindsay, and Sempel, the secretary, the clerk of the court\*, and the clerk of the register. When the charges against me had been read, and my adversaries (especially their principal, the Earl of Lennox, who had been summoned, but did not attend,) were convinced that there was no just cause of complaint against me, affecting either my person, property, or honour, I was, according to the laws and customs of the country, by the direction of my judges and with the consent of my opponents then present, declared innocent, and absolved from all that of which I had been accused; which consisted of having assisted in compassing and committing the murder perpetrated on the person of King Henry, my lord and master; which charges could in no wise be supported; while I, on the contrary, proved, by the respectable witnesses that I produced, in what place I was when that calamity occurred. On hearing that I was declared innocent, my opponents and enemies rose and earnestly besought me not to proceed against them on account of the unfounded charges they had brought against me; but the feelings of their heart and the fair expressions of their lips were completely at variance, as I have since experienced, and continue to experience even now.

For the second time, according to the usage of the country and the laws of war, I caused public proclamations to be read in Edinburgh, and letters sealed with my own seal to be affixed to the church-doors, the court-house, and other public places, in the form following:—“For the defence of my honour and reputation: if there be any one, whether noble or commoner, rich or poor, disposed to accuse me of treason, secret or overt, let him present himself, that I may give him combat in this unjust cause.” Which challenge no man ever thought fit to accept.

For the third time I made my excuses before a general assembly of the three estates: comprising the nobility of the country; all the bishops, abbots, and priors; and all the principal inhabitants of the kingdom: by which assembly my whole trial and sentence were read and revised, in order to determine whether my cause had been legally tried or not, and whether any fraudulent proceeding had occurred respecting them. It was then said and declared that the whole had been conducted with rectitude and justice, and according to the law of the country, so that I accordingly remained free and acquitted of all accusation. Moreover, it was decreed by public proclamation, that from that day forward no one should presume, on pain of death, to accuse or calumniate either me or mine on

\* The French expression is “*le greffier*,” or “*lescrivain de la justice*.”

account of the said transaction. After I had gained my cause, (as has been stated,) there came to me at my own house, of their own free will and without being solicited, twenty-eight members of the said parliament; namely, twelve earls, eight bishops, and eight gentlemen, who did me the honour of offering me their support and friendship as follows:—

First, they declared their conviction that I had done my duty in defending my honour against the charges which had been preferred against me; and secondly, their determination on that account to employ their persons, property, relations, and friends, and every thing dependent upon them, in defending me against all who should thenceforth in any wise persecute me on account of the said crime. Moreover, each of them thanked me, particularly for the friendly manner in which I had behaved towards them; adding that the Queen was now a widow; that of children she had but one, a young prince; that they would not consent that she should marry a foreigner; and that I appeared to them the most worthy of her of any in the kingdom. That these things considered, they had resolved to do what they could to facilitate such marriage, and that they would oppose all who should endeavour to raise any impediment to it.

The polite offers and promises of support made to me by members of the parliament.

At the same time they consulted together as to how I might legitimately repudiate my first princess, according to the divine laws of the church and the custom of the country: upon which question they immediately came to an agreement. Also, they forthwith conferred with the Queen about the means by which our marriage might be regularly solemnized in presence of the church.

My wife repudiated.

The marriage being accomplished, and every thing relating to it duly and regularly completed, I was presented with the government of the kingdom, to the end that I might establish good order therein, especially on the frontiers of England, on account of the murders, pillage, and robbery there committed on both sides. To this desire I acceded; and accordingly departed from Edinburgh with the Queen, who was desirous of accompanying me as far as a castle situated at about seven leagues from the town of Bortuick, where she proposed to remain till my return.

My marriage with the Queen of Scotland. The members of the council wish me to proceed to the frontiers to establish order.

On arriving upon the frontiers I found the enemy so strong as to make it impossible I should accomplish my intentions; wherefore I returned immediately to the said Bortuick (where the Queen had remained) to assemble greater forces.

At this time the before-mentioned seditious persons, my enemies, seeing that I had taken the field with only a very small force, exerted all their efforts to surround me and take my life.

Sixth section.

I accordingly proceeded with all diligence to collect together my friends and the faithful subjects of the Queen. In which I so far succeeded that I delivered the Queen from the said castle, and put our enemies to flight; whom I pursued as far as Edinburgh, where they were received; the said town and castle abandoning us and surrendering to them.

Two thousand men.

Earl Huntly, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, and several other members of the council, who were at that time in the said town of

Edinburgh, armed themselves immediately that they saw this change, to defend themselves against the seditious party, and to preserve the said town; which design, however, they were unable to accomplish, their opponents being too strong; so that we were disappointed in that quarter.

Finding themselves unable successfully to oppose the disaffected, the said Earl and Archbishop, in order to provide for their own safety, voluntarily surrendered to the Castle, upon condition that they should be at liberty to quit the place whenever they might think proper; but this stipulation was disregarded by the opposite party.

The two  
armies in  
the field.

Then the Queen and myself, in order to rescue them, departed from the Castle of Dunbar with as many men, faithful subjects of her Majesty, as we could collect in so short a time, and approached within about a German league of the said Edinburgh: whereupon the disaffected came forth from the said town, and encamped opposite to us within the range of gun-shot.

Shortly afterwards there came to us a gentleman deputed by them, who presented us with a printed\* statement of the causes which had brought them there, as follows:—

They de-  
clare the  
causes of  
their taking  
arms.

First, to deliver the Queen from the captivity in which I held her. And, secondly, to revenge the murder of the late King, already described, of which I and mine were accused.

With respect to the first point I replied, that I was not in any wise holding the Queen in captivity; but on the contrary, that I loved and honoured her as she deserved: for the truth of which statement I appealed to herself.

I accept the  
challenge of  
Lord Lind-  
say.

With regard to the second, I continued to deny having participated in, or consented to the murder of his said Majesty; adding that, although I had been already clearly and sufficiently justified, I was still ready, if any gentleman of honour and unexceptionable extraction was disposed to accuse me of such a deed, immediately to defend my honour and my life between the two armies; agreeably to the letters on that subject which I had formerly caused to be published in Edinburgh, and to the ancient usages of war.

Whereupon it was answered, that there was one, Lord Lindsay, who was prepared to meet me in the field; which proposal the Queen and the gentlemen who were with her considered unreasonable, upon the following grounds:—that the said Lord Lindsay was not of such a parentage as to be comparable to me, nor of such an ancestry or house; and that, moreover, I was a husband worthy of the Queen.

Nevertheless, I so persuaded the Queen and all of them by the many reasons I urged, that they eventually consented that the combat should take place.

The chal-  
lenger fails  
to make his  
appearance.

Shortly afterwards I repaired to the field of action to await the arrival of my antagonist, where I remained till very late in the evening: he did not however make his appearance, as I will prove (when necessary) by the testimony of five thousand gentlemen, upon pain of forfeiting my life. As night approached, I prepared to give battle

\* Supposed to mean *written*.

to the enemy, by putting my troops in marching order ; they also doing the like on their side.

The Queen seeing me and her good subjects on the one side and the seditious party on the other, ready to commence hostilities, Grange (who was one of the best officers among our adversaries) reminded her of the motive of their being there assembled, which was to deliver her Majesty from the miserable bondage in which I held her, the which she openly denied before all ; and seeing us ready to commence the attack, she, being anxious to prevent by all means in her power the effusion of blood on either side, went over to them, accompanied by the said Grange, in order to discuss the subject and arrange matters quietly. And believing that she might go over to them in safety, without fear of treachery, and that no one would presume to molest her person, she requested me not to advance farther with my troops. Upon which I advised her to look well to what she was about to do, and not to sacrifice herself to her own good intentions ; adding that I was well acquainted with the treachery of their hearts, and that if she failed to consent to their proposals, they would take her prisoner, and unjustly deprive her of her authority. Also I besought her to retire to Dunbar, and suffer us to defend her just cause, agreeably to our desire of honouring and serving her, and to our devotion to the public welfare and the repose of our country. Finding it, however, impossible to divert her from her purpose, or to induce her to listen to my representations, I entreated her at all events to demand a guarantee of safe-conduct for her person, with certain other conditions which I should propose. Whereupon Grange gave his own solemn promise and assurance to that effect in their name.

The Queen's answer touching her alledged captivity.

The Queen confers with the disaffected.

The advice I gave the Queen, not to rely upon their fair promises.

A guarantee of the Queen's safety demanded.

False assurances given to the Queen.

And it should be mentioned that the said Grange represented himself as being sent, at the unanimous request of their whole party, for the sole purposes of tendering their allegiance to her Majesty as their superior, and of giving her assurances of safe conduct in negotiating with them ; and that each of them, according to his station and dignity, desired nothing more than to give her (after God) all honour and obedience, in every thing that it might please her Majesty to command.

When every thing was agreed upon, under a promise of inviolable adherence to the terms stipulated by the two armies in presence of the nobles and others then assembled, the Queen requested me to return with my troops to Dunbar, where she would speedily join me, or at all events I should hear from her.

Wherefore I departed from her, according to her desire, relying upon the solemn promise which had been given, as well orally as in writing. These things being considered, it is easy for any one to perceive that their intention was, had always been, and is still, to invade the authority and power of the Queen their natural princess, and under the pretext already stated (that she was deprived of the free exercise of her authority) to assume the direction of her kingdom, and give the law therein.

Every thing being thus arranged, I quitted the Queen ; and she went over to them, who immediately took possession of her person

The Queen taken prisoner



Carried to  
Edinburgh.  
To Loch-  
leven.

and placed it in safe custody; first, at the Castle of Edinburgh, where she remained only one night, and the following day at another, situated on a small island, called Lochleven; to the end that she might be unable either to apprise us of what had occurred, or to hear from us, and also from fear lest we should take measures to rescue her.

The coun-  
cil assem-  
bled to ad-  
vise con-  
cerning the  
deliverance  
of the  
Queen.

Seeing the tardy and treacherous proceedings of our enemies, we assembled with the gentlemen hereafter named, and the nobility, first in the West, and afterwards in the North, advising of the means to be adopted for her Majesty's deliverance.

The Duke of Schettelarault.		
Earls.	Bishops.	Lords.
Huntly,	The Archbishop of St. Andre,	Heris,
Argile,	The Archbishop of Glascau,	Setoun,
Crafurdt,	The Bishop of Dunkel,	Oliphant,
Errel,	Aberdin,	Bridt,
Merschall,	Murray,	Bortuick,
Eglentoun,	Ros,	Gray,
Cassels,	Dumblau,	Ogelby,
Roths,	Galloway,	Glams,
Montrois,	Argeil,	Jester,
Caithnes,	Brethin,	Sommeruel,
Sunderlandt,	Ilis,	Drummundt,
Montheith,		Lowat,
	Abbots of Arbroth,	Saltoun,
	Dunfermelingh,	Forbes,
	Meurhrous,	Elphinstoun,
	Kylwimingh,	Flemingh,
	Deix,	Leuingstoun,
	Kinlos,	
	Glenlois,	
	Corsragold.	

We were all of opinion that it would be prudent to wait a short time, and not pursue them hastily whilst their first fury lasted, and whilst they were naturally expecting we should attempt to rescue the Queen; whose life would certainly have been put in imminent danger had we immediately done so.

The council  
recom-  
mends me  
to proceed  
to France by  
way of Den-  
mark.

It was, however, unanimously resolved by all that were there present, and those who were unavoidably absent ratified the decision by letters under their seal, that I should proceed to France by Denmark, where I might provide all things necessary for the present emergency, and for the sending of a military force into Scotland, as well by sea as by land: also for the purpose of laying a complaint before the King of Denmark, and of relating to him the circumstances of our case; all of us conceiving that by these means the said king might be induced to give me his good advice, succour, aid, and favour; the better to insure which, it was further agreed that I should tender him my services, and the offer of every thing in my power. This measure, they were convinced, would meet the Queen's approbation; but for greater security I contrived to obtain her opi-

nion upon it, which was, that she entirely concurred with the advice I had received, and begged me to put the plan in execution as speedily as possible.

This done, I embarked from the north of Scotland with the design of following the advice above stated. And having business in the Orkney and Shetland Islands, I went there, but remained only two days. I, however, went ashore in the Shetland Isles, where I met with some vessels from Bremen and Hamburg, with the masters of which I endeavoured to make an agreement as to what I should give them per month so long as they should continue in my service; for owing to the haste with which I had set out, I had been unable to provide myself with suitable vessels, and had been compelled to take such as I could find, which were very small.

I embark from the north of Scotland. I arrive at the Orkney Isles. I land in the Shetland Isles.

The agreement I made with the man from Bremen, named Girard Hemlin, was that I should pay him fifty crowns per month as long as he might remain in my service; and that if his vessel should be lost, or I should be desirous of purchasing it, I should give him —,\* and for the guns on board one hundred crowns more; as shewn by the contract executed between us. I also made the same conditions with the man from Hamburg. But some of my enemies arrived in the place while I was on shore at the house of the receiver, and separated my vessels, as I shall proceed to explain:

The disaffected party had collected together four vessels, well armed and equipped with military, the chiefs of which were the before-mentioned Grange and Lord Tillebairn, who at day-break entered a harbour of the said islands, called Bressesund, where four of my vessels were lying. And when the masters of my vessels perceived them, the whole of my military force being on shore, they cut their cables and those of their boats, and retired to another harbour called Ounst, at the north of the same island.

My enemies pursue me with four vessels.

However, their principal vessel observed diligently that vessel of mine which was the worst sailer, and chased it. My vessel was ahead, and theirs followed; and it happened that both of them struck upon a sunken rock, so that their vessel, which was their best and served as admiral, remained there, whilst mine, although somewhat damaged, got off.

When I learned that the enemy proposed coming ashore to pursue my party, I hastily embarked with them at the said port of Ounst, where I did not intend to remain, but merely to make head against my enemies. But their three vessels overtook and pressed me so vigorously, that being unable to resist, I was compelled to make sail, and direct one of my vessels (containing the remainder of my plate, accoutrements, and furniture, which I had carried away from the Castle of Edinburgh) to proceed to another harbour, called Schalowe, and there agree with the before-mentioned Hamburgese, and with him to follow me, who was proceeding to Denmark as before resolved: I also directed that they should bring away the remainder of my companions whom I had left on the island.

My adversaries pursued and annoyed me in such a manner, that

Our engagement at sea.

\* The French expression is "XVI. Gallrs."

My main-  
mast shot  
away.

I am driven  
upon the  
coast of  
Norway.

I was compelled to maintain an action with them for the space of three hours: at length one of their balls carried away the mainmast of my best vessel. Immediately there arose such a violent tempest with a South-west wind, that it became impossible for me to keep my course. I was accordingly driven upon the coast of Norway, where I was compelled to refit and provision my vessels, which, owing to the abruptness of my departure, had not been duly provided. The day after that on which I sailed from the Shetland Isles, I arrived on the coast of Norway, at a place called Carnesund, where I was taken into port by a vessel from Rostock, which had followed us during the night for the purpose of conducting us into the said harbour: my pilots being unacquainted with it. He also lent us his boat to carry one of our cables ashore.

In the mean time came Christen Olborg, captain of one of the ships of the King of Denmark, called L'Ours; who enquired whence we came and whither we were going. To which the master of my vessel replied, that we were Scotch gentlemen, desiring to proceed to Denmark to serve his Majesty. I also directed that the honours customary within the seas and jurisdiction of foreign princes should be performed.

My reasons  
for not  
wishing to  
discover  
myself at  
first.

The said Captain Olborg desired to see our passports and other documents, to satisfy himself as to the nature of our mission or business. But circumstanced as I was, and still am at this day, that is to say destitute of all things necessary to me according to my rank, in consequence of being separated from one of my vessels, which, however, I was hourly expecting, I was unwilling to make myself known until that vessel should have joined me, or to go on shore until I should reach Denmark. I therefore sent one of the gentlemen by whom I was accompanied, to inform him, that in consequence of the active pursuit which had been commenced against me in Scotland, I had been prevented from obtaining the certificate and other papers which he required, and that she from whom I might obtain them, was in close confinement. He then enquired whether there was any one of our party who spoke different languages, and if so, requested that he might be allowed to go and pass a short time with him: to which I acceded.

He afterwards asked the master of my vessel and several others of our party to go on board his ship, that he might provision our vessels and accommodate us with different things that we stood in need of; giving us to understand that a vessel had arrived in the said harbour having wherewithal to supply us. But having got them on board, he detained them that night by fair words, and afterwards summoned the peasantry of the neighbouring country to come to the assistance of the vessels of the King of Denmark, there being some pirates and free-booters (as he conceived) that he was desirous of securing, agreeably to the instructions he had received from the King his master. He however betrayed no sign of his intentions to those of my companions he had on board, but gave them to understand that he was only going to take them to Bergen, to collect the different articles they required. Compared with ours, his vessel had but very few hands on board.

Moreover he requested me to allow my people, to the number of eighty, to go on board his vessel, not because he entertained any bad opinion or suspicion of us, but merely for the accommodation of provisions, which could not be obtained at that place for money. And he promised upon his honour that we should all be at liberty to return to our vessels and depart whenever we might think proper (to which effect he gave us letters sealed with his own seal.) Moreover he offered to give us a letter of safe-conduct, that we might go where we pleased, without impediment; but he fulfilled no part of his promise.

False promises of Capt. Olborg.

When we had entirely complied with his demands, he separated my people, who were in number nearly a hundred and forty, and entirely violated his own voluntary engagements; of the causes of which proceeding we were wholly ignorant, never having offended his Majesty, or occasioned the slightest detriment to any of his subjects, or contravened the rights of his seas, or taken the value of a penny without paying for it. I then declared who I was, and where I wished to go; but he still persisted in keeping us prisoners, contrary to my confident hopes; for if I had had any suspicion of his intentions, I might have proceeded towards him and his crew in any manner I might have thought fit, being twice as strong as he.

Having arrived at Bergen, I begged Erich Rosenkrantz to assist me in hiring suitable vessels for rowing me along the coast (I suffering much from sea-sickness,) that I might as soon as possible reach Denmark, and farther, that he would favour me with a passport. In the mean time I resided for the space of an entire month, sometimes at the castle and sometimes on board with my companions: also during about three weeks I frequently took walks wherever I pleased about the town, so that if I had been conscious of having committed any misdeed, it would have been easy for me to escape to any other place I might have chosen. I feel much indebted to that worthy gentleman, Mr. Rosenkrantz, for the confidence he reposed in me.

Arrival at Bergen.

After having long waited for my passport, without which I was unwilling to go, I was informed by certain councillors of the town, that Erich Rosenkrantz and themselves had determined that I should follow the King's vessels to Denmark, but unaccompanied by my companions, excepting four or five of them: they accordingly dismissed the remainder of my party, with leave to return to Scotland, or proceed wherever else they might see fit.

I was deprived of my companions, and afterwards sent to Denmark with only four or five of them.

The master of the vessel which I had ordered to the Shetland Isles to bring away those of my companions whom I had left there, as already explained, (and on board of which were my property, plate, accoutrements, and jewels,) on being informed, while proceeding along the coast of Norway, that I was detained, and that my people had been dismissed, immediately returned.

The vessel which was to have followed me, upon arriving off the coast of Norway, immediately returns.

So that I have not only been arrested and detained, as well here as elsewhere, nearly four months and a half, contrary to all my expectations, having imagined I was coming among friends, although unprovided with a passport: not only have I been unjustly blamed and accused by my enemies; but am now left destitute of every

thing necessary and suitable to my rank. All which I however regard much less than the contumely and indignities to which I am subjected in my present confinement, and the circumstance of being without any cause detained and prevented from proceeding on the business I have in other kingdoms with certain princes and noblemen for the liberation of the Queen my princess; and as it appears to me, to our great disgrace, detriment, and ruin, by those from whom I should have expected another kind of aid and assistance.

*Second written Statement of James Earl of Boduel to the King of Denmark.*

Not being permitted to communicate directly, either with his Majesty or the members of his council, for the purpose of acquainting them with the motive of my coming to this kingdom, I find myself compelled to state in writing what I should have hoped to be allowed to declare orally to his Majesty; and I have to request that the worthy Mr. Peter Oxe, grand master of the said kingdom, will be pleased to lay this my statement before his said Majesty.

First, there have occurred great troubles and dissensions in Scotland, as well among the magistrates, as among the common people of that kingdom, by reason of certain of the said magistrates having endeavoured, under the cloak of religion, to forward their own private interests; and by illegal means and false pretences to reduce the kingdom to a state of subjection to their own power and authority: the consequence of which is that the said kingdom is divided into two parties. The Queen and myself having duly considered this state of things, and perceiving that it would be impracticable to restore order by violent means, without producing infinite calamities and great effusion of blood, have endeavoured to meet the difficulties of the case, and obviate the said calamities by gentle methods; and with this view the Queen demanded an assurance of safe conduct on the part of our adversaries for the purpose of conferring with them and agreeing upon such arrangements, admissible by both parties, as might lead to the perfect union and concord of her subjects, and the general benefit of the kingdom.

Accordingly, our said adversaries, with their accomplices, promised to the Queen, Lady Mary, and gave her in writing, their assurance of inviolable safe-conduct; which assurance they, however, afterwards violated and broke, when the said Queen went to communicate with them; they detaining her as a prisoner, and afterwards carrying her to the Castle of Lochleven, where she is at this day, (as has been more fully detailed in the written statement made by me for my defence) and which I beg may be presented to his Majesty, in order that he may be made acquainted with the final decision of the said Queen and her council: which was,

First, that I should solicit of his Majesty of Denmark, as the ally and confederate of the said Queen, aid, favour, and assistance, as well in troops as in vessels; for the purpose of delivering her from the captivity in which she is at present placed.

Also, that in return for the expenses attendant on such assistance, I should offer to his said Majesty to surrender the islands of Orkney and

Shetland, free, quit, and without hindrance to the crown of Denmark and Norway; as they have been already, some time heretofore.

Moreover, in order that his Majesty and the members of his council may be the better assured of the truth of the above (as mentioned in the statement made by me for my defence, and briefly comprehended also in this,) I entreat his Majesty to be pleased to cause the letters of cession of the said islands of Orkney and Shetland to be prepared, with such rigid conditions as to his said Majesty and the councillors of the kingdom of Denmark may appear most binding and secure. And I in good faith promise that the said letters shall be sealed by the Queen, myself, and the council of the kingdom of Scotland, and signed by each of us with his own hand.

Whereupon I beseech his said Majesty to vouchsafe to me an answer, that I may be enabled to acquit myself of the promise made by me to the Queen of Scotland, and the council of her kingdom, at their own earnest request; and also that they may know what they may venture to hope for, in this their extreme trouble and necessity."

*At Malmoe, the 13th of January, 1568.\**

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*\* Attestations of the authenticity of the above copy.*

"I received this instruction (the above memorial) at the castle of Malmoe, the 13th day of January, in the year 1568, from James Bothwel, Earl of Bothwel, Duke of the Orkney isles, husband of the Queen of Scotland, &c. and delivered it at Helsingburg to Mr. Peter Oxe, present Mr. Johan Friz, Chancellor, the 16th of January, whereupon I received from themselves the answer thereto at the Castle of Copenhagen, the 21st of the said month."†

During the illness, and by the command of M. de Leopold, Secretary of State, Private Secretary of his Majesty the King of Sweden and Norway, one of the eighteen members of the Swedish Academy, Commander of the order of the Polar Star, Conservator and Director-general of the library and collection of manuscripts of the royal castle of Drottningholm, I the undersigned do certify that the copy herewith is conformable to the manuscript preserved in the said library.

*Stockholm, 19th June, 1824.*

JOHN AUG. HASSELSTROM,  
Sub-librarian to the library of the  
royal castle of Drottningholm.

I the undersigned public and sworn notary, resident at Stockholm, do certify that before me, and in the presence of the undersigned witnesses, Mr. John Aug. Hasselstrom, Sub-librarian to the library of the royal castle of Drottningholm, signed with his own hand the above attestation. In witness whereof I have signed the present certificate, and affixed my seal of office.

*Done at Stockholm, this 28th June, 1824.*

Witnesses,  
G. Backman,  
Officer in the Swedish Service.  
F. L. Hogman.

GME. GOTTH. GELINEK,  
Notary (Seal) Public.

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† This last declaration is by Mons. de DANTZAY, the French Ambassador mentioned in page 521.

## VALENTINE.—CANTO III.

O who can wonder, that hath felt the power  
 Of beauty to mysteriously attract  
 The young and old—the hermit from his bower—  
 The very beasts, that do not keep intact,  
 As Spenser tells, but to their sovereign cower—  
 O who can wonder that it should exact  
 An instant homage from the youth's warm eye,  
 And bind him to its chariot's sovereignty !  
 Strange were his feelings with that blue-eyed girl,  
 Though he might only look on her by stealth ;  
 For the first moment he was in a whirl,  
 As one who stumbles upon hidden wealth,  
 And fears his joy—while every glossy curl  
 Around his face that glowed with ruddy health,  
 Trembled from 'his emotion—on his brow  
 The damps hung yet, he felt he knew not how.  
 Still parched his tongue, his lip still hot and dry,  
 Though it was neither pain he felt, nor fear,  
 At the meridian glances of that eye—  
 The maid's large eye of blue, while standing near,  
 Expecting him to speak—at length close by  
 'To where he sat, she sat, and did appear'  
 So gentle in her actions, and so kind,  
 That bolder he essayed to cool his mind  
 To self-possession—half unconsciously  
 He stretched his hand, and touched her sunny brow,  
 Played with a straggling lock, as if to try  
 Whether like mortal locks those bright curls flow ;  
 And this he did so hesitatingly  
 As if 'twere worship paid to nought below,  
 But a religious rite, and that in nature  
 Nought perishable could bear so bright a feature.  
 Then pleased to find materiality  
 Alike his own, he first resolved to speak :  
 His eyes had spoken long—none else were by  
 To try his question, whether wise or weak ;  
 And calling up his courage manfully,  
 He asked, with blush and many a halt and break,  
 " If spirits of the sun were all as they,  
 Lovely, and gifted, with such witchery ?  
 " And what the spells of power which they possessed ?  
 And if they often visited the earth ?—"   
 And then he downward looked, as if he guessed  
 He 'd done too much in giving his words birth,  
 And to the woods he 'd fly—but he was pressed  
 To stay by inclination ; while in mirth,  
 Out laughing at his speech, the maiden said :—  
 " In what strange nook, young hunter, were you bred ?  
 " We from the sun ?—how could the silly thought  
 Enter your brain ?—as if you never saw,  
 Till now, a woman ?—I do think we 've caught  
 A wild boy of the forest—an outlaw,  
 Nursed by a wolf, in social life untaught ;  
 You should have had a cloven foot or claw,  
 Young stranger !" said she, jestingly—while he  
 Looked more abashed, as he had need to be.

She seeing it, smiled sweetly in his face,  
 And trusted she had not offended him;  
 And proffering him her hand with easy grace,  
 To ask forgiveness' pledge in sprightly whim,  
 He looked on it as 'twere a dubious case—  
 To take or not—it was a delicate limb—  
 No anchorite would refuse it, pure and white,  
 It shamed a silver moonbeam's lonely light.  
 He grasped it—grasped it too with a sensation  
 He never felt before—an unknown treasure  
 Seemed heaped up in his bosom to repletion,  
 Delight dealt out in overflowing measure,  
 And with it came a gentle agitation  
 That scarcely ruffled o'er the tide of pleasure—  
 He took, and spoke not; yet he pressed the hand  
 And held it—why, he could not understand.  
 'Twas not of forethought willed, it was a deed  
 Of Nature's prompting—how should he know why?  
 She teaches not as we have learned to read,  
 Nor as we manners learn from company;  
 'Twas of those acts, she kindly, when there's need,  
 Puts us upon in the emergency,  
 And makes us her dictation straight obey,  
 As birds steer through the heavens—instinctively.  
 His hand was moist, and shook—though firmly knit  
 Was his young frame, it was the mind's effect,  
 Ever too strong for clay—his soul was smit  
 With strange emotion; he could scarce suspect  
 His sire had so deceived him; he had wit  
 Enough, with present knowledge, to correct  
 The erring picture which his father drew,  
 And to believe his hosts were earthly too.  
 O Nature, that hath made us what we are,  
 How matchless is thy power, which thus reveals  
 To us, like inspiration, things which care  
 Or study vainly with its toil assails!  
 We hear no voice, no dial points to where,  
 No book to how—yet oft when reason fails,  
 And thought is baffled, we are led aright—  
 Thy intuition bringing us the light.  
 Now tripping on toward that pleasant seat,  
 Like rosy morn came down the sister maid:  
 Her black hair danced around her brow, each plait  
 Appearing as on pearl a jetty braid;  
 Her eyes gave light around her, and innate  
 With health her cheek—but dark as when skies fade  
 On summer eves and blush into the night,  
 Mellow, voluptuous, soft, a luxury to sight.  
 Her luscious lips waved in an artless smile,  
 A smile of joyous innocence—her form  
 Was made so just, that it might well beguile  
 A Raphael's soul with heavenly beauty warm,  
 For the perfection of the ideal style,  
 Dreamed of in sinless climes that know no storm;  
 Her full round bosom panting from her race,  
 She quickly reached a welcome resting place,



And flung down, like Pomona, her ripe fruit,  
 Looking more rich for having been her care ;  
 And then she bade the simple youth recruit  
 His appetite from her delicious fare—  
 Could he refuse? He gazed upon her mute,  
 Then on her sister, till the beauteous pair  
 Urged him, by smiles and chiding, not to be  
 So coy, but eat, and look less bashfully.  
 They saw him in the world and life unskilled,  
 And therefore spared they less the guileless jest ;  
 They sat beside him, and his hands they filled  
 With clusters which they ripest deemed and best ;  
 But sight alone a craving wish instilled,  
 To banquet with a keen and quenchless zest  
 On beauty, and no other want he knew—  
 His eyes fed ravenous but to feed anew.  
 Then might be told (though words could tell but faint)  
 How blush succeeded blush, and thought on thought  
 Crowded upon him, ignorant what meant  
 The joy of his young love by art untaught—  
 If love be not a term too strong to paint  
 The impress, much like the first woman brought  
 To Adam's bosom, when he woke and found  
 He was no more lone tenant of the ground.  
 He got more bold, though with simplicity  
 Meeting his case ; but still the maidens knew  
 He was a novice in the ways we see  
 The bold coarse worldling to the sex pursue ;  
 He spoke and acted with timidity,  
 Fearful to give offence ; and to them grew  
 More pleasing for his character thus strange,  
 So little seen within the social range.  
 But I must draw my tale to its conclusion,  
 Though loth to quit a subject such as this :  
 Verse-makers love to live in sweet delusion  
 Of life's primeval purity, and bliss  
 Of nature's excellence—a dear illusion !  
 They love to dwell in purer scenes, I wis,  
 Than the world's stage can shew—no marvel, then,  
 They seek their themes apart from towns and men.  
 O youth, love, beauty ! ye are linked together  
 In life's best hour, worth all it hath besides ;  
 Though short the season of your summer weather,  
 It is the poet's heaven, where he presides,  
 Until time whirl you from him like a feather ;  
 Then, as with friend, who in the dust abides,  
 He vainly bids you back to him once more,  
 And lives long years your absence to deplore.  
 Now the day shadows darkened on the ground,  
 And the sun sank in heaven, for eve was nigh,  
 But her fair star too strong his brightness found,  
 To ope in the sky's crest her shining eye ;  
 A soothing melancholy reigned around ;  
 And Valentine arose reluctantly  
 To seek his home—he nought had felt before  
 But gladness, travelling to his wild cave's door.

His steps lagged heavily along his track,  
 His mind was wildered, and his head a maze ;  
 He often stopped an instant and looked back,  
 As manhood wistful looks on youth's past days ;  
 He could not speak the cause, nor tell what lack  
 Did so affect him—wearied o'er the ways  
 He'd lightly trod before, at last he came  
 Safe to his home with burthened heart and frame.

Time rolled along, yet he told not his sire,  
 By fear or shame, or unknown cause withheld ;  
 Again he felt an uncontrolled desire

To see the fair—mysteriously impelled.  
 Again he went, it boots not to inquire  
 How oft, or tell the converse that they held ,  
 At length his absence and his troubled air  
 Clear showed he was oppressed by pain or care—

Or secret grief. The father loved the son  
 Dearer than his own life, the which he prized  
 But lightly, since its hour of love was done :

He drew the mystery from him, nor advised  
 The youth to nurse his passion nor to shun :

He saw his ardent wish unrealized,  
 To keep his son from woman, that the tie  
 Of filial love was severed endlessly.

Yet 'twas but following nature—his son's love  
 Might chance be more propitious than his own ;  
 He sighed, his old heart quickened, but above

All self he thought upon his child alone ;  
 Fortune might wait him in the world, and prove

More kind than to his sire it e'er had done—  
 It was a cutting thing to part, but grief  
 Was his life's heritage, and life was brief.

And then an unseen tear he wiped, and took

Of gold and gave his truant Valentine,  
 Which he with foresight just had in a nook  
 Of his lone dwelling hid with kind design :—

“ Go forth, my son,” he said, “ thou wilt not brook

Thy sire's lone life now, he must thee resign—  
 Go forth into the world, and happier be  
 Than he who gives thee thus to destiny.

“ Beauty and woman were thy father's bane,  
 As they have been to worthier men than he ;

Beauty and woman may be a rich gain  
 (As they to myriads have) even to thee—

The father's ill may, turned to good, remain  
 For thee his son—yes, Valentine, for thee!

Farewell! go live with men, and be as they,  
 To me they're of the past eternity.

“ And thou wilt find the world is green and young,  
 Profuse in promises, in prospects gay,

As though amid its scenes no scorpions stung,

Nor hell-blasts withered happiness away ;

As if time lagged, nor hissed detraction's tongue,

Nor lucre held its base idolatry—

Yet, go—my prayers shall follow thee, and tell

## LONDON MINSTRELSY.

IN a former Number we took a glance at the primitive state of ballad singers—traced their rise and progress from the golden days of the Virgin Queen down to the dark era in which we live, when by reason of beadles and anti-mendicity corporations, the art of itinerant singing has ceased to add its stimulus to the national virtue! We grieve to think how the vocal nation, stricken by the hand of persecution, has been scattered, as it were, before the winds—its separated members fleeing from the gainful thoroughfares where they were wont so creditably to appear, and betaking themselves to distant habitations (as yet untainted by art), in order that they may pick up a precarious means of exemption from the destitute lot to which they have been so unnecessarily doomed. We have seen some of the elders of their communion—some of the tuneful patriarchs—those who were wont to occupy the high places amongst them, turned to the vilest uses, rendered into hewers of wood and drawers of water, disposed of in the most contemned offices! Let us be forgiven if we err—but we are filled with the conviction that the peace of the metropolis, and the purgation of its streets, are purchased at a heavy charge. We cannot yield to the dynasty of Mendicity Companies. We have scruples about the *de jure* titles of the House of Red Lion-square. And yet piously as we turn to the gentle days when ballads were chanted in safety, what can our feeble power accomplish against the usurpations of hard-hearted philanthropists! Bethnal Green! the chosen haunt of the harmonious tribe, often do we pace with lingering foot thy once verdant and almost rural ways, casting about for some well-known face—straining after some long-accustomed note, and then quickly turn from thy classic sphere to dismiss the sad remembrance of some cherished spirit now laid low! And whither have the tuneful race betaken themselves? They will not work and delve—they cannot away with the laborious dulness of handicraft. Few of them (so unerring to this hour is the poet's "*si naturam expellas, &c.*") that have not consoled their captivity by some felicitous contrivance for the production of sounds, the growth of their unfailing love of the art. Whistling (which, though not forbidden by law, is not much encouraged by the world) gives occupation to some faint number. We are acquainted with ex-ballad singers who have taken to the device (laughable ingenuity!) of striking music out of their chins! Ned Buckhorse, well known once in Covent Garden as the friend of Shuter, was the author of this item in the ways and means of his friends. Nor is it so marvellous a resource after all, nor so distantly related to the rational, as that conceit of old Isaac Vossius, who, be it remembered, in his *Treatise de Cantu Poematum*, laboured hard to establish a race of barbers who could imitate the measure of songs in combing the hair!—Again, some of our wanderers have trafficked in bird-calls—and not a few have devoted themselves to pandean minstrelsy—*Nec illos paniteat, &c.* The workhouse has received a desperate remnant, who, in glorious contempt of danger, dared still to uplift their voices in the public walks, realizing by their example that singular clause in Pliny's description of the nightingale, "*spiritu prius deficiente quam cantu.*" Of this faithful band let us mention Ned Friday, whose tone was pathos itself, even after Time strove with severe hand to derange the organ. We remember that flower

of affecting appeals, his "Jemmy Dawson,"—the Jemmy Dawson which was predecessor to, and whose throne, it cannot be denied, in the popular heart was usurped by Shenstone's celebrated ballad. Friday made "a piece of work" (as it was called) of this song; for to those who seemed more than usually interested in the sad record, he gave the full narrative; and though some sixty years interposed between his day and the event, yet would he as confidently vouch for the truth of his story as though he had witnessed its enactment on Kennington Common. Friday was acquainted with young Dibdin (the immortal Tyræus of our time) in Hampshire. He sang with him, wandered with him (for behold Dibdin was a ballad-singer), essayed pranks with him, and in short was present at the concoction of that admirable faculty, the maturity of which we have seen contribute so much to the exaltation of our naval glory. Dibdin did not afterwards forget his early associations; and the humorous manifesto, "The Ballad Singer," will bear to distant times a testimony of his youthful predilection for the children of song.—Mary Grace, a very aged member, claims our notice by virtue of the point of law of being found living at the period where our present history takes its rise—she is strictly within the meaning of "modern ballad singers," although the meridian of her powers was contemporaneous with a very far by-gone date. The once celebrated ballad of the "Maid of Baldock" was Mrs. Grace's earliest and latest fancy. She knew in her early days Mary Cornwall; such was the real name of this far-famed rustic beauty—and proudly did she boast of the acquaintance. The garrulity of the old woman still luxuriates over the recollections of the Maid of Baldock. Her beauty that attracted a thousand suitors—her modesty that shrunk from their importunate admiration—her maiden innocence and simplicity which deserted her not even in her connubial state, and the virtuous delicacy that made her avoid, to the day of her death, the fairs and market-places where her praises were resounded by obstinate ballad-singers,—these things would our antient dilate with all the tokens of self-sufficiency and defiance, as if to say "You can have nothing of the sort in these days." But who is there, old or young, amid the busy population of Tower-hill, that does not bear in mind, and will not lend a kind word towards commemorating, that ornament of the profession, Joe Johnson! Joe was wont to wear, on days of business, a model (and an elaborate miniature it was) of the brig Nelson on his hat. She was full-rigged, had all her masts set, and looked for all the world as if she scudded before a gale of wind. The district just mentioned used to be called, and will be reported in traditions, no doubt, in technical phraseology, "Black Joe's Pitch." The man was lame, or, as he himself used to say, was damaged in his cock-pit—but in bust, in mien, and with his swarthy, bony face, half concealed by black frizzy curls, and crowned by a ship in full sail, he had the bearing of an Atlas. He was conversant with the best of Dibdin's songs—and in the "British Seaman's Praise," and the "Wooden Walls of Old England," he approved himself the Incledon of the highways. But these, in point of excellence, stood in relation to Joe's "Storm," as the best of his contemporaries was to Joe in his other songs. Incledon had voice and science—Joe's deficiencies in these particulars were compensated by rude strength (the song is peculiarly susceptible of vocal force) and by pantomime. This

ballad-singer) not only described, he demonstrated—he lowered the top gallants, then the stay-sails, and as soon as the time came for the breeze to freshen, Joe was seen to set the braces with a nimbleness and success that would have extorted praise in the great world of a man of war. Successively you were stunned with the boatswain's bawl and the cheer of the crew. Next of all he looked like a man possessed with a raging demon, as he darted from place to place in mimic fury, cutting down masts, casting guns overboard, and gathering all hands to the pump. Here was an improvement on that difficult grace of poetry, making the words an "echo to the sense." Joe acted the song—he passed you through all the perils of the tempest, snatched you from the imminent wreck, without uttering a note. Never shall we forget the shout of satisfaction with which he consigned every bitter remembrance to oblivion, as he fervently cried "She rights, she rights, boys! wear off shore." After all Joe was not so prosperous as the Lascar, a man far inferior in all that concerns professional capability. The Lascar realized a capital (we have it on good authority), whilst at the same time he was enabled to cultivate the sensual man so far by the daintiest supplies, as absolutely to contract the refined palate of an Alderman. He spitted his goose, and augmented his capital, every day he lived. The worst of it was, our Lascar was a living fraud—he was no true sailor—he was one of those fresh-water mariners (as it is currently said), whose ships were drowned in Salisbury plain—a mere pretender,—one who turns, as a last resource, to the exhaustless volume of naval misfortunes, and whose successful traffick in the adventures which are deduced from this source, is so powerful an evidence of their influence on our sympathies. Of this order of innocent impostors was one of the most remarkable men of his days, Jack Stuart, famous, like Homer, for being blind. He was the sole relic (at the period of his death) of the old school. He was the worthy depositary of the customs and regulations of the ancient *regime*. Whoever has the good fortune to go to Campsall church will no doubt (whatever be his habits or station) be struck with the beauty of a monument which ornaments that edifice, and which will communicate, in many a trait of exquisite art, to the latest hour which the envious tooth of time will allow the piece of sculpture to reach uninjured, that it was traced by the chisel of Flaxman. By far the most elaborate and the most effective figure in the group (for the monument consists of a group) is that of a sailor. Will it be believed? Jack Stuart our ballad-singer, our pseudo-sailor, stood to the sculptor for this figure. These artists, it seems, are constantly beating about for models. Flaxman, in one of his patrols, ran his head against Jack Stuart, as the poor fellow was maunding in the Borough. An appointment, succeeded by repeated visits, was the consequence; and to this accident was the ballad-singer indebted for his singular preservation from the common lot. Stuart having concentrated all the veneration that had been entertained for the (now) decayed race of minstrels; having improved, in some measure, this sentiment by the expression of a proud consciousness of claims on the esteem of his brethren, went out of life the most regretted, and surrounded by all the testimonies of being the most important loss to his circle which its members had experienced. The patriarch of the vocal tribe, he required all this homage to make his death-bed endurable,

having survived (hard lot !) all his relations—outlived the contemporaries of his prime—and having borne about him the fragment of many a broken bond of early friendship. And if, in the calm of his last hour, the “longing, lingering look behind,” could have been perceived to gleam from that expressive face, it would have settled on the untired companion of all his fortunes—his helpmate, his guide and protector, the powerful organ of all his wants, at whose intercession many a frozen heart had unlocked the stream of its charity—his faithful dog Tippo. The curious reader is referred to Smith’s interesting work “Vagabondiana,” for an etching of Stuart and his dog. This canine treasure is now under the protection of George Dyball, to whom it came by inheritance. He is the successor to some of Stuart’s virtues, and all his misfortunes. The remains of poor Stuart were consigned to their resting-place with memorable honours. The body, after lying in a sort of state for some time, was borne in a stout substantial coffin to Saint Pancras churchyard, where the ashes of many a great man reposed before him. The funeral procession, which was very extensive, included most of the friends to the profession in and near the metropolis. It was headed by the two Worthingtons, blind fiddlers, dressed in the ghastly costume of mourners, who did all in their power to perform a dirge. Several of the most respectable mendicants of the day lent the aid of their powerful talents to increase the melancholy interest of the occasion. But why are we relating this event in prose, when it is officially, and so much more worthily, commemorated in poetry ? A ballad was composed on the occasion, (we are told by an author of the day) which up to this day has had but an oral existence.\* It is not to be found in writing any where. Pitts, of the Seven Dials, the great ballad printer (the *Aldus Manutius* of street lore, as the Italian was of classic,) has granted a warrant for its apprehension many a long day ago : it has eluded the vigilance of his agents : even now we are in possession of only fragments of the subject ; but as these will serve to show that the ballad, in its perfect state, is a specimen of a peculiar style, we have no hesitation in submitting them to the curiosity of the public.

“ The history of John, *alias* Jack Stuart, commencing with his death and funeral, being a sad lamentation for his downfall, likewise his dog Tippo, showing the true end of greatness in this here world.”

It vas all on a fine Saturday night,  
And de lads togs in hand about starting,  
To take, some de left hand, and others de right,  
Dey would just lilt a stave before parting.  
Sing ri tum ti tum ti.

When Jack Stuart vas miss’d ! so ve up to his bed,  
And ve groped for his heart, all around him ;  
But pale as his flesh-bag, and colder than lead,  
Or de soul of a beadle, ve found him.  
Sing ri tum, &c.

Ve resolved, (dat ve might give our poor hearts relief,)  
De corpse to de earth to restore,  
In de best of deal boards, and with singing and grief;  
For ourselves, sir, ve could not do more.  
Sing ri tum, &c.

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\* Stuart died 15th August, 1815.

"Two fiddlers in front took de lead to de grave,  
While Bob and de rest dat was blind,  
With myself, Billy Dawson, and old Jemmy Cave,  
Ve made up de chorus behind.

Sing ri tum, &c.

As ve pass'd Gutter Lane, Dyball's fiddle it stops—  
Vas it grief made his fingers to fail?  
Yes—twas fumbling for something to vipe the big drops,  
And forgot that his coat had no tail.

Sing ri tum, &c.

"Can't you come it melancholy?" says George, turning round,  
"Fie! for shame, boys, ye don't keep the tune!  
"—But tis grief drives me on," says de lad, when he found  
That he play'd out his part all too soon.

Sing ri tum, &c.

In this fashion were the rites and ceremonies of Jack Stuart's funeral celebrated. But there is now no ambitious talent to be goaded—no generous passion to be kindled by the example of high desert being crowned with abounding glories. The seeds of future honours for the reward of succeeding worth are no longer scattered from the wreath that entwines the brow of merit.

The once thriving establishment at the Seven Dials, above alluded to, is now absolutely a losing concern. Bat Corcoran, Pitts's great ballad factor, who kept his state in St. Giles's, still lives to mourn that he survives his independence, his comfort and influence. The man held his weekly market at the Beggar's Opera in Church-lane. The house is now called the Rose and Crown,—so rapid are the strides of innovation! Thither flocked in each Saturday night the unnumbered brothers and sisters of the profession, to purchase, to pay, to exchange, to bleed a tankard, to fathom a roley-poley, and blow a cloud. Ah, the glorious confusion of those festivals! Who that has heard, will ever forget the mingling contributions of the hundred voices, exercising themselves in the respective pastimes of singing, scolding, swearing, roaring, &c. Above the various chorus swelled the deep tones of Bat Corcoran. But let us see Bat amidst his customers—see him riding the whirlwind—let us take him in the shock, the crisis of the night when he is despatching the claims of a series of applicants. "I say, blind Maggie, you're down for a dozen 'Jolly Waterman,' thirteen to the dozen.—Pay up your score, Tom with the wooden leg, I see you are booked for a lot of 'Arethusas.'—Master Flowers, do you think that 'Cans of Grog' can be got for nothing, that you leave a stiff account behind you.—Sally Sallop, you must either give back 'The Gentlemen of England,' or tip for them at once.—Friday my man, there are ever so many 'Black-eyed Susans' against you.—Jemmy, get rid of the 'Tars of Old England,' if you can; I think 'Crazy Janes' are more in vogue. What say you to an exchange for 'Hosier's Ghost'?" This was Bat's way. Up to this hour, poor fellow, he is a treasury of choice recollections, and is absolutely brilliant in his account of some early worthies. He commemorates the once celebrated ballad-singer, "Philip in the Tub," the original performer of "Jesse, or the Happy Pair;" and he exhibits the identical ballad which he extricated from the pertinacious grasp of the dying vocalist. This is the very Philip that flourishes in immortal lineaments in Hogarth's picture of "The Wedding of the Industrious Apprentice." Corcoran likewise abounds with some merry

anecdotes of Gravelot, a painter, who retained a room in the Strand for the purpose of more conveniently receiving ballad-singers and mendicants, numbers of whom he induced to sit to him. The best of this artist's sketches is that of a blind ballad-singer, whose name we are at a loss for, but who was famous for the execution of "There was a wealthy lawyer," and "O Brave Nell." We have seen an admirable etching of this picture by Miller. But it is a difficult work to confine poor Bat to the mirthful mood; invariably will he strike into, and apparently without design, some mournful key, and will bewail the lot that leaves his old age in solitude and sorrow. His tuneful brethren all are dead,

And he, neglected and opprest,  
Wish'd to be with them and at rest.

"Ah," would he say, "Blind Peter is dead, Sally<sup>o</sup> Sallop is dead; not a hand remains of the old artists, except Abel Sandwich the pensioner, and Aby is scarcely himself. The only two men," continued Corcoran brightening up, "that ever wrote ballads to my fancy, were slender Ben and overhead-and-ears Nic. Ben had a gift at speeches for the prisoners at the Old Bailey. The man saved lives. The rogues of London Juries knew all his turns to a hair. You have heard of Nick; the poor fellow drank himself out at elbows, paid nobody, rowed watchmen, and played the roaring lion every where. That was Nick all over, that was genius to a *t*; there's no hope of a man that doesn't do these things. I never gave the least encouragement to a sober decent man in my life. Take Nicolas, one day with another, and he gave you value for your money. No man had a chance with him at a last speech or dying declaration. He smoothed the bed of death with the hand of a master. Ah, Sir, an execution was something in our way when he lived. His criminals were the very best of characters, his hangmen were as good as born gentlemen, and as to his spectators, they were patterns for the world; it would be a blessing for a man to have such a crowd at his last moments."

At a future opportunity we may hold an inquest on Bat's Collection of Popular Ballads.

W. Q.

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THE WITHERED LEAF, OR MELANCHOLY.

Poor leaf, where fliest thou, torn  
And wither'd from thy spray?  
Where art thou eddying borne?  
I hear thee answering say:—  
"The oak on which I grew  
A tempest overthrew,  
And, with their changing breath,  
Zephyr and blast from North  
Since then have swept me forth  
From forest to the heath—  
From mountain to the vale beneath:  
I go where, by the wind I'm driven,  
Nor mourn nor dread my destiny;  
I go,—where all go under Heaven,  
Where rose and laurel fleet with me!"

J. C. W.



## THE FAMILY JOURNAL.—NO. VII.

*Conversation of Pope. Dinner of Apsley Honeycomb with him.*

July 4, 1727.

YESTERDAY was a day of delight. I dined with Mr. Pope. The only persons present were the venerable lady his mother, Mrs. Martha Blount, and a Mr. Walscott, a great Tory, but as great a lover of Dryden; which, Mr. Pope was pleased to inform me, was the reason he had invited me to meet him. Mr. Pope was in black, with a tie-wig. I could not help regarding him, as he sat leaning in his arm-chair before dinner, in the light of a portrait for posterity. When he came into the room, after kindly making me welcome, he took some flowers out of a little basket that he had brought with him, and presented them, not to Mrs. Martha, who I thought looked as if she expected it, but to Mrs. Pope; which I thought very pretty and like a gentleman, not in the ordinary way. But the other had no reason to be displeased; for turning to her with the remainder, he said, "I was thinking of a compliment to pay you; so I have done it." He flatters with as much delicacy as Sir Richard Steele; and the ladies like it as much from him. What fine-shaped fellows have I seen, who could not call up half such looks into their eyes!

I was in a flutter of spirits, which took away my appetite. Mr. Pope recommended his fish and his Banstead mutton to no purpose. I was too well fed with hearing him talk. However, I mechanically drank his wine; which emboldened me to say something. What I said, I do not very well remember, and it is no matter. I have even forgotten some agreeable stories related by Mr. Walscott, about the civil wars; but every word that passed the lips of Mr. Pope seems engraven on my brain. From the subject of killing mutton, the talk fell upon cruelty to animals; upon which Mr. Pope made some excellent observations. He began by remarking how strange it was, that little or nothing had been said of it in books.

*Mr. Walscott.* I suppose authors have been too much in the habit of attending to the operation of their own minds.

*Mr. Pope.* But they have been anglers. I have a curious book in my library, written by one Isaac Walton, an old linen-draper in the time of Charles the Second, who was fond of meadows and village ale-houses, and has really a pretty pastoral taste. This man piques himself on his humanity; and yet the directions he gives on the subject of angling (for the book is written on that art) are full of such shocking cruelty, that I do not care to repeat them before ladies. He wrote the lives of Donne, Hooker, and others, all anglers, and good religious men. Yet I suppose they were all as cruel. It is wonderful how the old man passes from pious reflections to the tortures of fish and worms, just as if pain were nothing. Yet what else are the devil and his doings made of?

*Mr. Walscott.* Dryden was an angler.

*Mr. Pope.* Yes; he once exclaimed of D——y,\* "He fish!" because the man attempted to write. There is a passage in his *Astræa*

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\* Who this was, I do not know. H. H.

Redux, written in the proper fishing spirit ; that is to say, in which all the consideration is for the fisher, and none for the fish.

*Mr. Walscott.* I remember it. He is speaking of General Monk, and the way in which he brought about the grand stroke for the Restoration.

'Twas not the hasty product of a day,  
But the well-ripen'd fruit of wise delay.  
He, like a patient angler, ere he strook,  
Would let him play awhile upon the hook.

*Mr. Pope.* The "patient angler !" Mighty patient truly, to sit at a man's ease and amuse himself ! The question is, what the fish think of it.

*Mrs. Martha Blount.* Sure it must be so ; and yet I never once thought of that before. God forgive me for the murders I committed last year in Oxfordshire, at the instigation of my brother.

*Mr. Pope* looked at her with benevolence as she said this ; but he was too much in earnest to pay her the compliments which ordinary gallantry would have struck out of the confession. I really believe he feels as much for carp and trout, as most men do for each other.

*Mr. Walscott.* But would it not be exchanging one pain for another, to make people think too much of these things ?

*Mr. Pope.* That is well said. But I know not what right we have to continue putting our fellow-creatures to pain, for the sake of avoiding it ourselves. Besides, there is a pain that exalts the understanding and morals, and is not unallied with pleasure : which cannot be said of putting hooks into poor creatures' jaws and bowels.

*Mr. Walscott.* There is a good deal in that. Yet all animals prey upon one another. We prey upon them ourselves. We are at this minute availing ourselves of the cruelties of butchers and fishermen.

*Mr. Pope.* Not the cruelties. Killing and torturing are different. Death is inevitable to all ; and a sheep who has passed his days in the meadows, and undergone a short death from a knife, has had as good a bargain as most of us. Animals kill, but they do not torture one another.

*Mr. Walscott.* I think I have read of instances. Yes, I am sure of it ; and what think you of the cat with a mouse ?

*Mr. Pope.* Why I think she is very like an angler. I should wish to see a treatise on the subject by a cat. It is a meditative creature, like old Isaac, and as fond of fish. I am glad to see how much the *fera natura* excuses them both ; but to us, who can push our meditations farther, the excuse is not the same.

*Mr. Walscott.* Yet this appears to be instinct. What say you to Nature ? It is her own doing.

*Mr. Pope.* Nature is a very wide term. We make use of it rather to get rid of arguments, than to enforce them. If it is the cat's nature to torment, it is man's nature to know better. Improvement is nature. The reflections we are now making, are nature. I was wrong in saying that no animal tortures another ; but pray observe, — we abuse animals when it suits us, as the brute creation ; and call upon them to bear testimony to our natural conduct, when we are pleased to resemble them. Now the matter is, that we ought to imitate them solely in

what is good and beneficial; and in all other cases, give both them and ourselves the benefit of our better knowledge.

*Mr. Walscott.* Evil will exist in spite of us.

*Mr. Pope.* I do not know that. It is impossible for us, who only see to the length of a little miserable space in the midst of eternity, to say what will or will not exist. But we must give our fellow-creatures the benefit of our knowledge, and our ignorance too. If we cannot abolish evil, we may diminish it, or divide it better; and Nature incites us to do so by putting the thought in our heads. It is fancied by some, and I dare say anglers fancy it, that animals, different from us in their organization, do not feel as we do. I hope not. It is at least a good argument for consolation, when we can do nothing to help them; but as we are not sure of it, it is an argument not to be acted upon, when we can. They must have the benefit of our want of certainty. Come, anglers shall have the benefit of it too. Old Walton was as good a man as you could make out of an otter: and I like the otter the better for him. Dryden, I am sure, was humane: he was too great a man to be otherwise. But he had all his bodily faculties in perfection, and I sometimes think that animal spirits take the place of reflection, on certain animal occasions, and fairly occupy the whole man instead of it, even while he thinks he's thinking. Yet I am afraid Donne and the others sophisticated; for subtlety was their business. There are certain doctrines that do men no good, when the importance of a greater or less degree of pain in this world comes to be made a question of; and so they get their excuse that way. Any thing rather than malignity and the determination to give pain: and yet I know not how the angler is to be found guiltless on that score, if he reflects on what he is going about. I am sure he must hurt his own mind, and perplex his ideas of right and wrong.

Mr. Walscott concluded the argument by owning himself much struck with the variety of reflections which Mr. Pope had brought forward or suggested. He said he thought they would make a good poem. Mr. Pope thought so too, if enlivened with wit and description; and said he should, perhaps, turn it in his mind. He remarked, that till the mention of it by Sir Richard Steele, in the *Tatler*, he really was not aware that any thing had been said against cruelty to animals by an English writer, with the exception of the fine hint in Shakspeare about the beetle. "Steele," said he, "was then a gay fellow about town, and a soldier, yet he did not think it an imputation on his manhood to say a good word for tom-tits and robins. Shakspeare, they tell us, had been a rural sportsman; and yet he grew to sympathize with an insect." I mentioned the Rural Sports of Mr. Gay, as enlisting that poet among the anglers that rejected worms. "Yes," said he, "Gay is the prettiest *feru natura* that ever was, and catches his trout handsomely to dine upon. But you see the effect of habit even upon him. He must lacerate fish, and yet would not hurt a fly. Dr. Swift, who loves him as much as he hates angling, said to him one day at my Lord Bolingbroke's, "Mr. Gay, you are the only angler I ever heard of with an idea in his head; and it is the only idea you have, not worth having." Angling makes the Dean melancholy, and sets him upon his yahoos."

This authority seemed to make a greater impression upon Mr. Walscott than all the reasoning. He is a very great Tory, and prodigiously admires the Dean. Mr. Pope delighted him by asking him to come and dine with them both next week; for the Dean is in England, and Mr. Pope's visitor. I am to be there too. "But," says he, "you must not talk too much about Dryden; for the Doctor does not love him." Mr. Walscott said, he was aware of that circumstance from the Dean's works, and thought it the only blemish in his character. For my part, I had heard a story of Dryden's telling him he would never be a poet; but I said nothing. Mr. Pope attributed his dislike to a general indignation he felt against his relations, for their neglect of him, when young. For Dryden was his kinsman. The Davenants are his relations, and he does not like them. Mr. Walscott asked if he was an Englishman or an Irishman; for he never could find out. "You would find out," answered Mr. Pope, "if you heard him talk; for he cannot get rid of the habit of saying *a* for *e*. He would be an Englishman with all his heart, if he could; but he is an Irishman, that is certain, and with all his heart too in one sense; for he is the truest patriot that country ever saw. He has the merit of doing Ireland the most wonderful services, without loving her; and so he does to human nature, which he loves as little, or at least thinks so. This, and his wit, is the reason why his friends are so fond of him. You must not talk to him about Irish rhymes," added Mr. Pope, "any more than you must talk to me about the *gods* and *abodes* in my Homer, which he quarrels with me for. The truth is, we all write Irish rhymes; and the Dean contrives to be more exact that way than most of us. "What!" said Mr. Walscott, "does he carry his Irish accent into his writings, and yet think to conceal himself?" Mr. Pope read to us an odd kind of Latin-English effusion of the Dean's, which made us shake with laughter. It was about a consultation of physicians. The words, though Latin themselves, make English when put together; and the Hibernianism of the spelling is very plain. I remember a taste of it. A doctor begins by enquiring,

"Is his Honor sic? Præ lætus felis pulse. It do es beat veris loto *de*."

Here *de* spells *day*. An Englishman would have used the word *da*.

"No," says the second doctor, "No, notis as qui cassi e ver fel tu metri it," &c. &c.

*Metri* for *may try*.

Mr. Pope told us, that there were two bad rhymes in the Rape of the Lock, and in the space of eight lines:—

The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;  
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

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\* But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,  
She with one finger and a thumb subdued.

Mr. Walscott. Those would be very good French rhymes.

Mr. Pope. Yes; the French make a merit of necessity, and force their poverty upon us for riches. But it is bad in English. However, it is too late to alter what I wrote. I now care less about them, notwithstanding the Doctor. When I was a young man, I was for the free *disinvolte* way of Dryden, as in the Essay on Criticism; but the

town preferred the style of my pastorals, and somehow or other I agreed with them. I then became very cautious, and wonder how those rhymes in the *Lock* escaped me. But I have now come to this conclusion; that when a man has established his reputation for being able to do a thing, he may take liberties. Weakness is one thing, and the carelessness of power another. This makes all the difference between those shambling ballads that are sold among the common people, and the imitations of them by the wits to serve a purpose; between Sternhold and Hopkins, and the ballads on the Mohawks and great men. Mr. Pope then repeated, with great pleasantry, Mr. Gay's verses in the *Wonderful Prophecy*.

From Mohock and from Hawkubite,  
Good Lord, deliver me!  
Who wander through the streets by night,  
\* Committing cruelty.\*

Mr. Walscott, with all his admiration of Dryden, is, I can see, a still greater admirer of the style of Mr. Pope. But his politics hardly make him know which to prefer. I ventured to say, that the *Rape of the Lock* appeared to me perfection; but that still, in some kinds of poetry, I thought the licences taken by the *Essay on Criticism* very happy in their effect; as for instance, said I, those long words at the end of couplets.

Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,  
(The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O Rome!)  
No single parts unequally surprise,  
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;  
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;  
The whole at once is bold and regular.

Now here, I said, is the regularity and the boldness too. And again:

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take;  
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,  
And stares tremendous with a threatening eye,  
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

And that other couplet:

With him most authors steal their works, or buy;  
Garth did not write his own *Dispensary*.

I said, this last line, beginning with that strong monosyllable, and throwing off in a sprightly manner the long word at the end, was like a fine bar of music, played by some master of the violin. Mr. Pope smiled, and complimented me on the delicacy of my ear, asking me if I understood music. I said no, but was very fond of it. He fell into a

\* The other verses, which my kinsman has not set down, are as follow:—

They slash our sons with bloody knives,  
And on our daughters fall;  
And if they ravish not our wives,  
We have good luck withal.

Coaches and chairs they overturn,  
Nay, carts most easily;  
Therefore from Gog and Magog,  
Good Lord, deliver me!

The Mohocks were young rakes, of whom terrible stories are told. They were said to be all of the Whig party. H. H.

little musing; and then observed, that he did not know how it was, but writers fond of music appeared to have a greater indulgence for the licences of versification than any others. The two smoothest living poets were not much attached to that art. (I guess he meant himself and Doctor Swift.) He enquired if I loved painting. I told him, so much so, that I dabbled in it a little myself, and liked nothing so much in the world, after poetry. "Why then," said he, "you and I, some fine morning, will dabble in it, like ducks." I was delighted at the prospect of this honour, but said I hoped his painting was nothing nigh equal to his poetry, or I would not venture to touch his palette. "Oh," cried he, "I will give you confidence." He rose with the greatest good-nature, and brought us a sketch of a head after Jervas, and another of Mrs. Martha. I had begun to fear that they might be unworthy of so great a man, even as amusements; but they were really wonderfully well done. I do think he would have made a fine artist, had he not been a poet.\* He observed that we wanted good criticism on pictures; and that the best we had yet, was some remarks of Steele's in the Spectator on the Cartoons of Raphael. He added a curious observation on Milton, that with all his regard for the poets of Italy, and his travels in that country, he has said not a word of their painters, nor scarcely alluded to painting throughout his works.

*Mr. Walscott.* Perhaps there was something of the Puritan in that. Courts, in Milton's time, had a taste for pictures: King Charles had a fine taste.

*Mr. Pope.* True; but Milton never gave up his love of music,—his playing on the organ. If he had loved painting, he would not have held his tongue about it. I have heard somebody remark, that the names of his two great archangels are those of the two great Italian painters, and that their characters correspond; which is true and odd enough. But he had no design in it. He would not have confined his praises of Raphael and Michael Angelo to that obscure intimation. I believe he had no eyes for pictures.

*Mr. Walscott.* Dryden has said fine things about pictures. Here is the epistle to your friend Sir Godfrey, and the ode on young Mrs. Killigrew. Did he know any thing of the art?

*Mr. Pope.* Why, I believe not; but he dashed at it, in his high way, as he did at politics and divinity, and came off with flying colours. Dryden's poetic faith was a good deal like his religious. He could turn it to one point after another, and be just enough in earnest to make his belief be taken for knowledge.

Mr. Pope told us, that he had been taken, when a boy, to see Dryden at a coffee-house. I felt my colour change at this anecdote; so vain do I find myself. I took the liberty of asking him, how he felt at the sight; for it seems he only saw Dryden; he did not speak to him; which is a pity.

*Mr. Pope.* Why, I said to myself, "That is the great Mr. Dryden: there he is: he must be a happy man." This notion of his happiness was the uppermost thing in my mind, beyond even his fame. I thought

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\* This has been doubted by others, who have seen his performances. Some of them remain, and are not esteemed. My cousin's attempts, perhaps, were much on a par. H. H.

a good deal of that ; but I knew no pleasure, even at that early age, like writing verses ; and there, said I, is the man who can write verses from morning to night, and the finest verses in the world. I am pretty much of the same way of thinking now. Yes ; I really do think, that I could do nothing but write verses all day long, just taking my dinner, and a walk or so,—if I had health. And I suspect it is the same with all poets ; I mean with all who have a real passion for their art. Mr. Honeycomb, I know, agrees with me, from his own experience.

The gratitude I felt for this allusion to what I said to him one day at Button's, was more than I can express. I could have kissed his hand out of love and reverence. "Sir," said I, "you may guess what I think of the happiness of poets, when it puts me in a state of delight inconceivable to be supposed worthy of such a reference to my opinion." I was indeed in a confusion of pleasure. Mr. Walscott said, it was fortunate the ladies had left us, 'or they might not have approved of such a total absorption in poetry. "Oh," cried Mr. Pope, "there we have you ; for the ladies are a part of poetry. We do not leave them out in our studies, depend upon it."

I asked him whom he looked upon as the best love-poet, among our former writers. I added "former," because the Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard appears to me to surpass any express poem on that subject in the language. He said, Waller ; but added, it was after a mode. "Every thing," said Mr. Pope, "was after a mode then. The best love-making is in Shakspeare. Love is a business by itself, in Shakspeare ; just as it is in nature."

*Mr. Walscott.* Do you think Juliet is natural, when she talks of cutting Romeo into "little tiddy stars," and making the heavens fine ?

*Mr. Pope.* Yes ; I could have thought that, or any thing else, of my mistress, when I was as young as Romeo and Juliet. Petrarch, as somebody was observing the other day, is natural for the same reason, in spite of the conceits which he mingles with his passion ; nay, he is the more natural, supposing his passion to have been what I take it ; that is to say, as deep and as wonder-working as a boy's. The best of us have been spoiled in these matters by the last age. Even Mr. Walsh, for all his good sense, was out in that affair, in his preface. He saw very well, that a man, to speak like a lover, should speak as he felt ; but he did not know that there were lovers who felt like Petrarch.

*Mr. Walscott.* You would admire the writings of one Drummond, a Scotch gentleman, who was a great loyalist.

*Mr. Pope.* I know him well, and thank you for reminding me of him. If he had written a little later here in England, and been published under more favourable circumstances, he might have left Waller in a second rank. He was more in earnest, and knew all points of the passion. There is great tenderness in Drummond. He could look at the moon, and think of his mistress, without thinking how genteelly he should express it ; which is what the other could not do. No : we have really no love-poets, except the old dramatic writers ; nor the French either, since the time of Marot. We have plenty of gallantry and all that.

*Mr. Walscott.* And very pretty writing it is, if managed as Mr. Pope manages it.

*Mr. Pope.* I do not undervalue it, I assure you. After Shakspeare, I can still read Voiture, and like him very much: only it is like coming from country to town, from tragedy to the ridotto. To tell you the truth, I am as fond of the better sort of those polite writers as any man can be, and feel my own strength to lie that way; but I pique myself on having something in me besides, which they have not. I am sure I should not have been able to write the epistle of Eloisa, if I hadn't. There is a force and sincerity in the graver love-poets, even on the least spiritual parts of the passion, which writers the most ostentatious on that score might envy.

*Mr. Walscott.* The tragedy of love includes the comedy, eh?

*Mr. Pope.* Why, that is just about the truth of it, and is very well said.

Mr. Pope's table is served with neatness and elegance. He drinks but sparingly. His eating is more with an appetite, but all nicely. After dinner he set upon table some wine given him by my Lord Peterborow, which was excellent. He then showed us his grotto, till the ladies sent to say tea was ready. I never see a tea-table, but I think of the Rape of the Lock. Judge what I felt, when I saw a Miss Fermor, kinswoman of Belinda, seated next Mrs. Martha Blount, who was making tea and coffee. There was an old lady with her, and several neighbours came in from the village. This multitude disappointed me, for the talk became too general; and my lord's wine, mixed with the other wine and the wit, having got a little in my head, and Mr. Pope's attention being repeatedly called to other persons, I cannot venture to put down any more of his conversation. But I shall hear him again; and I hope, again, again, and again. So patience till next week.

STANZAS FROM THE ITALIAN.

Love, through a crowd of guards one day,  
Gaily pressed to the bower of Beauty;  
Reason and Prudence he charmed away,  
And cast a veil o'er the eyes of Duty;  
But *one* potent rival still remained,  
More firm, more watchful than all beside;  
And when Love had a glance from Beauty gained,  
She was quickly checked by the frown of Pride.

Love with a smile his arrows hurled,  
Pride scowling bade her to surrender;  
Love talked of a sweet and sunny world,  
And Pride of a world of state and splendour;  
At length Love wove a rosy band,  
And woo'd the maid to its flowery fold,  
While Pride by his side, in stern command,  
Held a brilliant chain of burnished gold.

Beauty in praise of Love's roses spoke,  
But Pride waved his chain in the sun's bright ray,  
She bent her neck to the glittering yoke,  
And Love spread his wings, and flew away.—  
Now she wildly strove her chain to sever,  
She called him back, she wept, she sighed,  
But all in vain—Love has fled for ever,  
And she pines in the tyrant grasp of Pride!

M. A.



## LETTERS FROM THE EAST.—NO. XVI.

*Jerusalem.*

WE went one morning to see the hill of Engedi, distant about six miles from the city: the weather was beautiful, and the walk a very agreeable one. Engedi is low towards the north, but descends steep into the wilderness on the south, on which side of it, not far beneath the summit, is the cave where David and Saul reposed. It at first appears neither lofty nor spacious, but a low passage on the left leads into apartments where a party could easily remain concealed from those without. The family of an Arab resided in it at this time; the face of the hill around it corresponds to the description "he came to the rocks of the wild goats." On these rocks we sat down, and took a repast; and though a coarse one, no luxuries of the table could gratify like the magnificent view before and around us. In the distance in front, at the end of the wilderness of Ziph, was the Dead Sea glittering in the sunbeams, amidst its mournful shores.

The governor had continued to refuse us a guard, or permission to go to this famous spot, on account of the dangerous state of the roads, in consequence of the war of the Pachas: we had no alternative; it was heart-breaking to quit Palestine without visiting the Dead Sea, and we resolved to attempt it by traversing the wilderness of Ziph on foot. Antonio, the guide from the city, protested the route was impracticable, not only on account of the sands and difficult tracts to be crossed, but the wild and lawless Arabs who infested it;—and he refused to accompany us. The greatest loss was, however, the being deprived of the company of Mr. G. whose delicate state of health rendered so toilsome a route impossible. Antonio at last consented to make the attempt; yet our subsequent safety was entirely owing to Ibrahim, an Arab, whose family inhabited the cave, and who chanced to arrive as we were on the point of departing. On the assurance of being well rewarded, he agreed to be our guide.

Having disguised ourselves as well as we could, and consigned our money to G., who with his servant went to Bethlehem, we descended the declivity of Engedi into the wilderness. It was about mid-day, and extremely hot. The way was very wild and interesting; the hills, over which it chiefly led, were in general covered with a coarse grass, and in some parts composed of sand; they were intersected by deep and narrow valleys or ravines, filled with a wild verdure, in the sides of which were several caverns. The place was well calculated to afford secure concealment from pursuit amidst its recesses, as it did to David when followed by Saul.

In a few hours, we came in sight of the convent of St. Saba; its situation much resembled that of Sinai, being built amidst precipices, on the brink of a deep glen, at the bottom of which the Kedron flows, and surrounded with walls and buttresses of immense strength. With some difficulty the fathers admitted us, as we had rather a suspicious appearance; the heat beneath the rocks without was almost insufferable, and to our no small relief the convent gate was at last opened. A heretic deserves tenfold blame if he finds great fault with the Greek and Catholic fathers; although they do in general consign him over to a hopeless state hereafter, their convents are the greatest blessing and

comfort earth can have to offer him, in many situations, where else he would find nothing but a burning and thirsty desert. The church is a very ancient one, and adorned by the most grotesque figures of old male and female saints; you then step into a small paved court, in the middle of which is a dome, containing the tomb of the holy St. Saba: it is gilded and adorned in the usual tawdry manner of the Greeks. Michel, who was all things to all men, and in his long travels had learned the different forms of worship of almost every faith, was here full of crossings, mumblings, and devout looks, till the good fathers regarded him as a very devout son of the church. The Catholics used to do the same: he could get over the Turks very well, and talk solemnly of the prophet; and the Jews he delighted by conversing on the grandeur and riches they were to attain, as prophesied in the Scriptures, with which he was well acquainted.

Hence we passed by a flight of steps into a small church, hewn out of the rock: it formed one lofty and spacious apartment, in which divine service was sometimes performed by torch-light. The industry of the monks was very conspicuous; flights of stone steps conducted to several small terraces, one above the other; and from below, they had conveyed a portion of the soil, and grew a variety of vegetables on these terraces for the use of the convent. About thirty monks of the Greek persuasion reside here; the monastery is supposed to have been founded about twelve hundred years ago, but the ascetic life was instituted earlier by St. Saba. In a dark and cavernous apartment, is a very extraordinary spectacle:—the opposite sides of the precipices are full of caves; a great number of Christians were slaughtered here by a body of soldiers sent by one of the caliphs; the skulls of those martyrs have been collected, and are piled in small pyramids in this chamber, to the number of two or three thousand. Still ascending, for flights of steps and passages continue, you enter two or three delicious little cells, which might tempt a traveller to a month's residence at St. Saba. They were carpeted and cushioned in the oriental manner, and provided with a few books. We sat down and took some fruit, and a kind of cordial kept there, and gazed on the prospect which the small window afforded, with infinite pleasure: the deep glen of the Kedron was far beneath, the wilderness on every side around, and the Dead Sea and its sublime shores full in front, illumined by the setting sun. A narrow wooden tower, ascended by a flight of steps from the convent roof, overlooks the desert to a great distance. Here a monk is often stationed, to give notice of the approach of any of the wild Arabs who dwell there. As at Mount Sinai, these fellows come to the foot of the walls, and set up a loud clamour for bread. A large quantity of small brown cakes is always kept in the tower for these occasions, and they are thrown out of the window to the Arabs, who then take themselves off. A Greek, a hundred years of age, a fine old man, lived in an apartment of the building, beneath the surface of the desert; he had passed fifty years of his life in travelling, and, being now quite blind, had lived several years in the monastery, to which he had given his property. He had earth from the shores of the Jordan brought him, and his only amusement, was colouring, and drying in the sun the shapes he had moulded them into; and then stamping Scripture figures on them, which were prized by the pilgrims. We walked for some time on the

walls, which hung over the precipitous glen; several foxes were peaceably running about at the bottom.

The sight of any thing that has life amuses the good fathers: and we deeply deplored a circumstance that took place in a subsequent visit to St. Saba, through that unhappy German whom we had met at St. John's monastery, and who requested to accompany us. Being on the hills opposite the convent, we observed two very large birds, of the size of vultures, hovering about: the German shot one of them. The monks almost shed tears when he returned with it to the convent, and with real sorrow told us these birds had for a long time come every day near to the convent, till they at last became attached to them, and they considered the death of one as a bad omen.

We now adjourned to the convent parlour, a long low room, neatly furnished, and lighted by a single lamp; and supper was served in the Greek style. The conversation of the superior was very intelligent; it turned chiefly on the subject of the Dead Sea, of which he related some singular circumstances. About fifteen years ago, a human body, or what had the form of one, was discovered floating not far from the shore, and on taking it out, it was found to be encrusted all over with a thick and hard coating of bitumen and salt, caused, no doubt, by having lain a long while in the lake. It happened to be the time of Easter, and the pilgrims, hearing of it, broke the body into innumerable pieces with infinite eagerness, believing it to be one of the ancient inhabitants of Sodom who had risen from the bottom. It was probably that of some unfortunate Arab who had fallen in. We now sought repose on the divan for two or three hours, and at midnight were awoken by the superior, who conducted us by a long passage to a window; through which making our exit, we descended by a ladder into the wilderness. To have proceeded during the day would have been little less than certain destruction, in consequence of being exposed to the observation and attacks of the Arabs. The height of the precipices for some time threw a gloom over our path, till we ascended a hill, and enjoyed a brilliant and unclouded moonlight. Our little party was only four in number. Ibrahim, the Arab; the young Antonio, who though an excellent guide around the city knew nothing of the paths he was now treading; Michel, who was in his element, in a journey of this kind. We were all armed save Antonio. The night was charmingly cool, and the scenery wild and romantic, and nothing broke the utter stillness of the hour, save that once or twice, some bird of the desert, started by our footsteps, broke from her nest in the rocks above with a shrill cry, and sweeping rapidly away, all was hushed again. Many of the hills amidst which we passed were of white stone, and had a singular appearance in the moonlight. On entering on a more open tract, Ibrahim, who led the way, made a full stop, where two paths opened to the right and left, and one, he said, was as bad as the other. It proved so, for in a quarter of an hour more, the Arab tents were before us, glimmering in the moonlight, and we were obliged to pass within two hundred yards of them. The dogs which these people, like those of Egypt, always have round their habitations, perceived us, or heard our footsteps, which were light and quick enough; for they set up a loud barking all through the camp. No Arab, however, awoke, which was not a little surprising, and with infinite pleasure we soon left the camp behind us; but in the

course of twenty minutes we were confounded at seeing a line of tents again on the left. To retreat was worse than to advance,\* and we had nothing left but to keep the path at a small distance in front of them. To escape now seemed scarcely possible, as the loud barking of the dogs again warned the camp of our passage; yet fortunate once more, we pressed on, and soon saw the tents lessening behind us. At last we reached the brink of the precipices which hang over the Dead Sea. The dawn was now appearing; and in the grey and cold light, the lake was seen far beneath stretched out to an interminable length, while the high mountains of Arabia Petraea opposite were shrouded in darkness. The descent of the heights was long and difficult; and ere we reached the bottom, the ruddy glow of morning was on the precipices over our heads. The line of shore at the bottom was about two hundred yards wide, and we hastened to the edge of the lake; but for several yards from it the foot sunk in a black mud, and its surface was every where covered with a greyish scurf, which we were obliged to remove before tasting it. There was not a breath of wind, and the waters lay like lead on the shore. Whoever has seen the Dead Sea, will ever after have its aspect impressed on his memory; it is, in truth, a gloomy and fearful spectacle. The precipices, in general, descend abruptly into the lake, and on account of their height, it is seldom agitated by the winds: its shores are not visited by any footstep, save that of the wild Arab, and he holds it in superstitious dread. On some parts of the rocks there is a thick sulphureous encrustation, which appears foreign to their substance; and in their steep descents, there are several deep caverns, where the benighted Bedouin sometimes finds a home. No unpleasant effluvia are perceptible around it, and birds are seen occasionally flying across. For a considerable distance from the bank the water appeared very shallow; this, with the soft slime of the bottom, and the fatigue we had undergone, prevented our trying its buoyant properties by bathing. A few inches beneath the surface of the mud are found those black sulphureous stones, out of which crosses are made and sold to the pilgrims. The water has an abominable taste, in which that of salt predominates; and we observed encrustations of salt on the surface of some of the rocks.

The mountains of the Judæan side are lower than those of the Arabian, and also of a lighter colour; the latter chain at its southern extremity is said to consist of dark granite, and is of various colours. The hills which branch off from the western end are composed entirely of white chalk: bitumen abounds most on the opposite shore. There is no outlet to this lake, though the Jordan flows into it, as did formerly the Kedron, and the Arnon to the south. It is not known that there has ever been any visible increase or decrease of its waters. Some have supposed that it finds a subterraneous passage to the Mediterranean, or that there is a considerable suction in the plain which forms its western boundary. But this plain, confined by the opposing mountains, is partially cultivated, and produces trees, and a rude pasture used by the camels of the Bedouins; although in some parts sandy. It has never been navigated since the cities were engulfed; and it is strange that no traveller should have thought of launching a boat to explore it, the only way that promises any success. Mr. H. travelled completely round it, but the journey was a very tedious and expensive one, as it occupied several weeks,

and he was obliged to take a strong guard. He made no discovery. The superior of St. Saba related that the people of the country who had crossed it on camels, in the shallower parts near the southern extremity, had declared to him they had seen the remains of walls and other parts of buildings beneath the water : this is an old tale, although the waters have the property of encrusting and preserving most substances. Some stunted shrubs and patches of grass, a mere mockery of verdure, were scattered on the withered soil near the rocks : the golden and treacherous apples will be sought for in vain, as well as fish in the lake, which have also been asserted to exist. Its length is probably about sixty miles, and the general breadth eight : it might be six miles over where we stood. The sun had now risen above the eastern barrier of mountains, and shone full on the bosom of the lake, which had the appearance of a plain of burnished gold. But the sadness of the grave was on it, and around it, and the silence also. However vivid the feelings are on arriving on its shores, they subside after a time into languor and uneasiness, and you long, if it were possible, to see a tempest wake on its bosom, to give sound and life to the scene. We had now passed some hours at the lake, much to the discontent of Ibrahim, who, pacing up and down the shore, and gazing at the caverns, and the summits of the cliffs, was incessantly talking of the probable approach of the Arabs, or their espying us from above. The passage over the wilderness of Ziph had given us a more complete and intimate view of the lake than the usual route to Jericho, which conducts only to its commencement, at the embouchure of the Jordan. The narrow beach terminated about two hundred yards below, where the cliffs sunk abruptly into the sea. We had now to walk to its extremity along the shores, and over the plain beyond to Jericho, in a sultry day ; and we took a last look of this famous spot, to which earth perhaps can furnish no parallel. The precipices around Sinai are savage and shelterless, but not like these, which look as if the finger of an avenging God had passed over their blasted fronts and recesses, and the deep at their feet, and caused them to remain for ever as when they first covered the guilty cities.

Towards the extremity of the sea we passed amidst hills of white chalk, and then entered on a tract of soft sand. Ascending a sand-hill that overlooked the plain, we saw Jericho, contrary to our hopes, at a great distance ; and the level tract we must pass to arrive at it, was exposed to a sultry sun, without a single tree to afford us a temporary shade. The simile of the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land" was never more forcibly felt. We pursued our way over the dry and withered plain ; the junction of the Jordan with the lake being seen far on the right. It was extremely hot, and I had thoughtlessly thrown away all our fresh water, to fill the leathern vessel with that of the Dead Sea. The route afforded no kind of moisture ; springs or streams it was vain to hope for ; and my poor attendants threw all the blame on me, and cursed from their hearts the infamous water that precluded the possibility of quenching their thirst. Once or twice I tried to drink it ; but its abominable flavour was much worse than the most parching thirst. The plain was often intersected by deep and narrow ravines, the passing which added to our annoyance and fatigue. It was near mid-day when we arrived at Jericho, and found our way into the single

stone tower, called the castle of the governor. A fountain stood in the middle of the court, and we were ushered into his presence, in a sorry little apartment, through the sides and roof of which the sun and rain could both find their way. He was much astonished at seeing us, and swore he had never known the passage of the wilderness, unguarded and on foot, succeed before, except in the case of some pilgrims, several of whom, however, had been slain by the Arabs; but they had attempted it in the daytime. About thirty soldiers are maintained here to keep the Arabs in awe. The situation is a wretched one, and the village of Jericho consists of about thirty miserable cottages: there are no ruins worthy of mention. Dinner was now served up; we had anticipated some pleasant wine and savoury viands; and having formed a circle of half a dozen round a low table on the floor, the party including two or three officers, a huge wooden vessel was placed amongst us. It contained not the exquisite *baklou*, prepared expressly for the Sultan's palate, or famed cakes of roses of Damascus; but a mass the aspect of which defied investigation. After a mouthful or two, however, it was found to be composed of warm cakes of bread, baked on the hearth, and broken into small pieces, hot water and melted-butter being poured over it: it was stirred about well by the hands of one of the faithful. A few mouthfuls were devoured by us with good grace, as we expected another *entrée* quickly. The Turks took enormous handfuls with extreme deliberation; and his excellency, the governor, having a fancy that a hard substance, bolted into the mouth, had a higher and more prolonged relish, compressed his handful with some skill into a large ball, while the moister ingredients streamed over his fingers. The wooden bowl being removed, we looked long and anxiously, but no viand came more, and water only was permitted to dignify this repast. We were too much fatigued to visit the Jordan this day, but in the evening walked to the fountain at the foot of the mountain Quarantina. It has ever been venerated as the same that the prophet Elisha purified, "whose waters were bitter, and the ground barren." It is a beautiful fountain, and gushing forth with a full rapid stream, falls into a large and limpid pool, whence several streams flow over the plain. The fruitfulness of the neighbourhood, which is covered with a rich verdure and many trees, and well cultivated, arises chiefly from the vicinity of this celebrated fountain, the waters of which are remarkably sweet. The "City of Palms" cannot now boast of one of those beautiful trees around it. The plain, about six miles wide, and inclosed by ranges of mountains, as far as Tiberias, a distance of three days' journey, has a rich soil and delightful aspect, the Jordān's course through it being perfectly straight. At present it is visited and dwelt in only by the Arab tribes. The rocky mountain Quarantina, that rises near the fountain, is pointed out as the scene of the Saviour's temptation in the wilderness; on what authority it is difficult to guess. The next day, accompanied by some of the governor's soldiers as a guard, we rode to the Jordan. About four miles across, the plain brought us to the banks, which were adorned with acacia and tamarind trees, and many shrubs and wild flowers. The sight of this verdure in such a spot was very pleasing. The river rushed by in a full and rapid torrent; its force would have swept away man and horse: this was the effect partly

of the rains. It looked rather discoloured from the same cause : its taste was perfectly sweet, and the stream was little below the surface of its banks. The soldiers were restless, and anxious to be gone ; for which there was no apparent cause : but they are fond of enlarging on danger from the Arabs. During the summer season the quantity of water in the river must be greatly diminished, but it never now overflows its banks. Tradition has not preserved the spot where the Israelites crossed ; and, what is strange, it is impossible to find out from Christian or Arab in what part Mount Nebo is to be found. The width of the river was about twenty yards, and it appeared very deep. We returned to Jericho, and endeavoured to amuse the evening in the governor's desolate tower ; but the resources were very scanty : and as he is seldom honoured by strangers' visits, he makes them pay handsomely when they do come. The rain fell in torrents in the night, and found its way through his excellency's roof, and fell in profusion on our beds ; and it was only after one or two experiments on different sites in the chamber, that we could close our eyes without being deluged.

The next day, attended by a few horsemen from the castle, we set out on our return to Jerusalem. It was a comfortless and pitiless journey, leading over a succession of dreary hills, far unlike the route through the fine and romantic wilderness of Ziph. The rain beating heavily in our faces, and swelling every mountain torrent, compelled us to proceed at a slow rate. Poor Ibrahim walked beside the horses the whole way, and looked as if he would rather have been in his native desert. At last we wound up the ascent to Bethany, descended the hills, and crossing the bridge over the Kedron, entered the city again. Father Giuseppé received us with uplifted hands and looks ; not quite so interesting as the sight of two or three warm dishes, attended by a good bottle of wine, which were quickly set before us, and made some atonement for penance at Jericho. Ibrahim also got accommodated, and, for the first time in his life, feasted in a monkish cell, and seemed so much taken with it, that it was doubtful if he would not have forsaken his cave at Engedi, and turned Catholic, to have tasted such luxury always. The governor was much enraged with the poor fellow for undertaking to guide us on the journey, and threatened to punish him ; we begged him off, however, and sent him home to his cavern, well rewarded.

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#### THE CORONATION AT RHEIMS.

KING-CROWNING City of Rheims, rejoice !

Your banners be waved from each steeple ;  
Let your bells be rung, and the cannon's voice

Unite with the shouting people,  
And the trumpet, the drum, and the cymbal make  
Your time-worn walls to their basement shake !

Kings in the Cross and the Gospels right,\*

Sultans upholding the Crescent ;  
Let a Moor, and a Turk, and a Christian knight,

From each as a pledge be present ;  
For when monarchs are crown'd, ye should all combine,  
And every creed own his right divine.

Bishops and priests in your mitred array,  
By the cardinal legate recruited,  
(Finger-posts pointing to Heaven the way,  
While your feet in the earth are rooted,)  
Rebuke other idols, pour oil on your own,  
And teach us to worship the god of the throne.  
Nobles and chiefs whom your monarchs have made  
Their puppets to brighten the pageant,  
Boastfully blazon your pomp and parade,  
And ennoble the act by the agent ;  
For your pride to your fellows will better accord  
With the meanness that kneels to its sovereign lord.

Frenchmen, who rivet the crown upon one,  
That millions may grovel dependent ;  
Strangers, from far habitations who run  
To gaze at a bubble resplendent,  
What is the glory that dazzles your eyes,  
And what is the deed that ye solemnise ?

Charles ! thou art crown'd as a sovereign dread,  
O'er the realm of France appointed ;  
'Thy brother was such—yet they cut off his head—  
'The head of the Lord's Anointed !  
Learn from his fate that "legitimate" might  
Is vain when it wars with a nation's right.

Ye rulers ! Dey, sultan, king, emperor, pope,  
United in holy alliance,  
Who see in this act an additional hope  
That the world may be held at defiance,  
Remember, 'twas this single people of Gaul,  
When roused by oppression, that humbled ye all.

Bishops and priests who have lavish'd your oil,  
And given the Bourbon your blessing ;  
Such were your prayers, and your oaths, and your toil,  
When his Corsican rival caressing ;—  
'The God ye dishonour your mockery loaths,  
When ye consecrate kings with such prostitute oaths.

Frenchmen who smote from one monarch his head,  
To install him a canonized martyr,  
And took back the brother to reign in his stead,  
Who broke both his oath and the charter ;  
This is a Bourbon, a brother :—beware !  
And uncrown him at once if his oath he forswear.

Ye chosen of chivalry, noble and great,  
Who grace this august coronation ;  
Ye beauties whose splendour confers on the fête  
Its brightest and best decoration ;  
Ye numberless crowds who are hailing your king,  
Ye troops whose reply makes the firmament ring—  
Like quick-falling stars shall your glories die,  
When time is a little older ;  
The head ye have crown'd in the sod shall lie,<sup>d</sup>  
And your own beside it moulder,  
And all that is left of this proud array,  
Shall be dust and ashes, and bones and clay !

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## THE JOINT-STOCK COMPANIES.

It is difficult while watching those excitements which stir up at times certain classes of the community, often uncontrollable in force, and undefinable in their effects at first, to assign them their due measure of good and evil. They must be judged of in their totality; and yet to try them all by the example of one which may have casually come in our way, whether good or bad of its kind, is manifestly wrong. It is necessary to bring the most impartial feeling to the investigation, and to separate every thing extraneous from the question; for in such out-breakings something good is always found. We must not suffer previous notions to interfere, nor the idea that the abandoning preconceived opinions upon the subject, is for a moment to be considered disgraceful to us, when on being put in competition with sound reason and simple principles they are found erroneous. The great desideratum is to get at the truth; and we must not be afraid of visiting her even at the bottom of her well. Still less must the prejudices of the past be suffered to blind our eyes to future benefits; we must boldly sacrifice them all. That the world can never get beyond infancy in foreknowledge, is a law of nature; things therefore which now appear of small importance, time may change into enterprises "of great pith and moment"—into matters of infinite concern to the industry of the country, and to the accumulation of the means of national prosperity.

The impulses from which national benefits frequently accrue, arising from certain passions in the body politic, like those in the individual body, can seldom be duly regulated at the moment. By and by, however, they subside, and begin to shew that they do not exist in vain. The rage for joint-stock companies has made this apparent in a remarkable manner. Not only the schemes of monied and respectable men have been speedily seconded, but new ones of all sorts formed, many of which have no other object than to entrap the unwary, and supply means for supporting a system of gambling by which enormous sums are gained and lost. As long as attorneys could grasp the costs of a new scheme, it was brought into the market, and then they prowled around for more prey. The shares were bought and sold to the cost of the speculatist and the profit of the wary planner of the system of plunder—the bubble of the moment. Those who belonged to the old and blind school of political economy, cried out for the legislature to interfere,—that legislature which had just emancipated itself from the trammels of our former financial dotage, and begun a new career upon sound principles and a more enlightened policy. The Lord Chancellor in particular was loud in his reprobation of these companies; but their constitution and the peculiar circumstances attending them, required, if they were to be regulated by the legislature, some one to take them in hand better versed in political economy than his lordship.\* His lord-

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\* His lordship proposed that two-thirds of the money should be lodged as a security at the time of obtaining a legislative enactment for the establishment of a company. But his lordship should have known that such a proceeding, in mining companies in particular, would be highly mischievous. When the sum wanted could be pretty nearly estimated, as in railway and canal companies, &c. &c. much inconvenience might not arise by locking up the capital at once; but in mining, a share-holder is called upon for small sums only at a time, and the ultimate outlay

ship's declarations respecting them had, however, one good effect, namely, that they in some measure kept back many daring adventurers from appearing with their bubbles, by the fear of a scrutiny; and they caused persons who wished to be purchasers of shares in new companies, to enquire more closely into their respectability;—thus far they did good. Messrs. Robinson and Huskisson, however, with more sound discretion, while they lamented the evil arising from the excessive stimulus abroad, preferred leaving things to find their own level; and they accordingly bid fair to do so, without any very fearful consequences to the community. A few speculatists will suffer, and some persons dip pretty largely into their superfluous capital, which has been thereby put into circulation before it otherwise might. The bulk of the public can sustain no injury by its shifting hands a little, and the real and *bonâ-fide* companies will be of considerable use to the industry and commerce of the country. The bubbles will explode—the spring, the elasticity of which had forced it out of form, will soon return to its proper shape.

If, however, unprincipled men sought in many cases to swindle the too eager speculatist, it must be granted that the fear of those who looked on the exacerbation of the speculative spirit was excessive. They were wedded to old things; and, like the Lord Chancellor, had a pious horror for what was out of a jog-trot pace over the old beaten track: they were grossly ignorant of the true state of the modern principles of trade and commerce; and when they endeavoured to draw a comparison between the South-Sea bubbles and the bubbles of 1825, they exhibited a deplorable ignorance of facts with which at first they might easily have made themselves acquainted. The character of joint-stock companies and the South-Sea adventure differ *ab origine*. The present speculations are made with surplus unemployed capital, which no period of our history has shown we ever before possessed to a fraction of its present extent. In the South-Sea adventure people of all classes ventured, as in a lottery, their entire fortunes and means of subsistence, led by two or three besotted persons. They were destitute of any medium of acquiring a knowledge for themselves of remote points connected with the speculation in which they hazarded their all. In our day, every individual not only possesses channels of correct information, but uses them before he *trades*, for trading is more the term for the present proceedings as in contradistinction to the South-Sea adventure. The speculators at present have superfluous money, of which they seek to make a profit. This superfluous cash would else lie idle,

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may not amount to more than one-third or one-half of the capital proposed. It is hard, therefore, that the adventurer's money must be kept almost profitless for years, when he may make it return him fifteen or twenty per cent. in trade. In mining, the largest possible sum is always named to secure the undertaking against contingencies. One of the Mexican mining companies, before expending a fourth of the sum allotted for one of its mines, is not only paying all the current expenses, but realizing a large sum from it by the discovery of an accidental vein. Would it not be hard that the remainder of the capital should be laid by unproductive? The care which is shown for the property of speculators in these concerns is misplaced. When have City men, and men of business in general, been incautious in looking after their gold? They certainly do not need in this respect the protective and sympathizing guardianship of the opponents of free trade principles!

or be locked up in the funds at a very unprofitable rate of interest. The present therefore has the character of a speculation in a superfluous commodity, or at most an adventure of the money the speculatist possesses unemployed. The objectors to them seem never to have objected to foreign loans. Now railways, canals, and mining in England or America, are objects that expose to less risk of ultimate loss than loans to the despots of the Continent. Austria shuffled us out of part of 17,000,000*l.* which she got as a loan of the nation. Now in the event of war with these powers, where is the interest to come from, when most needed? The money is locked up until a peace, and then a few shillings in the pound are all that in human probability would ever be recovered. So drained are the great States of the Continent after a war, that if they had the inclination, and were not given to cheat and evade, and appoint commissions to sit half a century to examine debts which they feel are just, they have not then the means to pay.\* Joint-stock companies for foreign objects (always of course including the idea of their being *bond-fide* what they pretend to be,) employ their capital among States with which we can have little cause to fear a rupture.

But passing by these topics, and the fallacious projects that like weeds have grown up with the crop, it is proper that we proceed to make some enquiry into the principal object of our research. It will be granted that some half dozen of the companies formed in the City, which are headed by and divided among men of respectability and property, will be really carried into effect to the full extent of the proposed means. The present paper is penned merely to show that in all those impulses which chance, unemployed capital, or new adventures in manufactures may give, when sobered down, that they seldom fail to produce beneficial consequences, and with this view to endeavour, as generally and briefly as possible, to examine whether we should gain by the success of schemes too extended for individual capital to undertake, but easy of performance by a union of the means and power of many. Those who are of the old school in trade and politics, may style such an enquiry theoretical. Like his Highness of York, they may stand in the breach the champions of past prejudices, and still obstinately keep their position when all the world has abandoned them. The best reply for such persons is, to point to the effects of candid exposition, liberal action, and sound judgment in our financial affairs, and contrast them with the mean, shuffling and capricious measures of the "good old times" gone by for ever, even in imitation, it is to be fervently hoped.

Let us then beg a question, and suppose half a dozen of these companies to carry their intentions honestly into action. Let us suppose one a railway company at home, (or any thing but Sir Thomas Lethbridge's Utopian canal,) that is of magnitude too great for individual enterprise; and another a mining company abroad; and that these are prosecuted diligently to the object in view, with all the care and frugality, and all the effective force necessary. It will not be denied that, if a railway can be so constructed as to convey goods eight miles, and

\* We have already seen in the newspapers that on a decline in the foreign funds, the adventures in the New World have uniformly risen.

passengers twelve or fifteen miles an hour,\* another step in social improvement is obtained, and that the present has gained a fresh triumph over the past. The money employed in the rail-road would have remained idle, but for the project to which it has been applied. The shareholder gains eight or ten per cent. for his money, which places so much the more in his hands to employ in some new source of emolument. The traveller gains time and saves money in like manner with the speculatist to lay out elsewhere, and the ironmaster and mechanic reap a profit also in their branches. It is evident (it is almost too common to remark it here again,) that the more time is saved, and profit made, the more profit will again be made of both. The bulk of the national wealth will be constantly receiving fresh accessions or rather reiterated circulations, to be applied to fresh labours of industry—money and time making more money and time. Now this could not happen in any thing like an equal degree, if the cash of the capitalist lay idle, and if he, without employing others, and pushing things on *en masse*, contented himself with a low and uniform rate of interest. Let us say what we may on the subject, the establishment of any new branch of trade, or the setting on of a manufactory, partakes in no small degree of the character of a speculation; indeed, commerce itself can be deemed little else. By increasing the national activity, we increase the aggregate wealth, and it cannot be denied that joint-stock companies are so far beneficial. But they must be confined to great things to be so. Mining, roads, railways, canals, bridges, and in short, works that kings and Governments formerly undertook, seem to be their legitimate objects. They must not *grasp at or interfere with what the means of individuals, separately, can easily master*: in that case they will be pernicious.

The activity of the bulk of the people, the bustle and occupation of all in every corner of the land, may not be an object in a country that is contented to stand still in prosperity, or to increase by imperceptible degrees, careless whether a rival or a neighbour overtake it in its career; but for this country, every energy—every muscle of the public frame must be kept in exertion, until a preponderating access of wealth and power be acquired, sufficient to make the overtaking us a hopeless task. We must do this before we rest upon our oars. It is essential to the preservation of our high character among nations, which we must not merely maintain, but continue to raise higher. The joint stock company mania raised the spirits, and set in accelerated motion the life-blood of the commercial body; and when it becomes sobered down, it will be productive, (in the schemes which survive and were properly planned,) of additional profit to the nation. As to the gambling part of the affair, unhappily it is no novelty; the funds foreign and domestic have been, and will, in bargains for account, continue as heretofore a regular play at hazard. Adventurers in them clamour loud enough at rivals, and, as in the case of De Berenger,\* when an attempt is made to hit them with their own weapons, will barefacedly bring men into courts of law upon charges of which they themselves have a hundred times before

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\* A greater speed is believed to be practicable, but the enormous increase of the price of iron has for a time paralyzed those rail-road undertakings that are engaged in—may not good be, *bonâ-fide*, reasonably expected from this mode of carriage united with steam, of which it is impossible to foretell the extent?

been guilty. Besides, in the present case, this adventuring excess arises out of the abuse of joint stock companies, and not from the character of the things themselves. A "merchant's venture" is an old phrase, and the chance of profit and loss is connected with the larger part of all mercantile transactions. When a capitalist ventures his idle capital therefore in a *bona-fide* joint-stock speculation, he calculates that he may lose as well as gain; and naturally imagining that as such undertakings, if conducted with integrity and honour, could not be carried on without data of probable success to proceed upon, he feels that he runs as little risk (always supposing the honourable nature of the concern in which he ventures, and excepting bubbles and cheats) as he would in a speculation of merchandise to pass across the seas.

In respect to joint-stock companies in foreign nations, and the employment of capital out of the control of our own government, a great deal more may be said than I can afford space for here. Much must depend upon the political aspect such countries hold. Those which are independent and free in government, that have every thing to fear and nothing to hope in a contest with Great Britain, and are bound to her in a certain degree by a sympathy in their free institutions, while they regard her as a support or rallying point for nations that have rent asunder the chains of despotism, are undoubtedly the most honourable in character, and the safest with which to be concerned. In France, the most enlightened and powerful of the European states, the interference of a capricious government, directly or indirectly, in works of magnitude paralyzes every thing. Utterly ignorant of the true principle of trade and manufacturing prosperity, every person who proposes a new undertaking and ventures his capital in it, may be ruined by the intermeddling of authorities in one way or another; for though the property be safe, if the channel to a market be shut up, or fanciful rules prescribed for the manufacturer cramping him on every side, the principal of such an adventure must be for ever in jeopardy, and the profit precarious. Add to this the chance of war, which may be protracted for a series of years, and no return ever more arise. In the other European Governments, the caprice of the tyrant is the law, and property is at best in such cases only held by sufferance. Where property is held sacred, and right and law paramount, which only happens under popular Governments, commerce is tenfold more flourishing than it ever can be under despotisms; there, and there alone, can safe adventures be made.\* Europe is not therefore so safe, and the States of this quarter of the globe, approaching so near to ourselves in power, and being so formidable to us in influence over their neighbours, it is not so politic to add to their means of offence, by risking property, of which the will of one man may at any time bereave us. In America, the northern States have free institutions, and no one would impugn the security of property under their laws; and this is (as far as it yet can be) the case with the southern. These new southern republics have every thing to hope from us, and could gain nothing by a contest. A long series of years must elapse before they can become formidable as enemies; while as friends and allies the in-

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\* Tyre and Carthage in ancient times, and even Greece, as well as Venice and the Italian States in modern, show this—to say nothing of Holland, England, and America.

terest of both countries is simultaneous. We would see England the heart of free nations; they deriving support in time of infancy from her protecting power, and linking their future destinies with hers. We rejoice to observe her late approximation to friendship and alliance with such, and her standing aloof from the besotted and criminal objects which the vices and tyranny of the arbitrary governments of Europe are ever leading them into. The past interference of England in these unprincipled quarrels impeded the march of her power, and kept her down until the late fortunate change in the cabinet emancipated her from the old and slavish policy, and taught the advocates for the old system, that while she might be friendly with every state, she possessed strength and spirit enough to act in "her own orbit," and to enter into friendly connexion with nations whose governments assimilated more in freedom to her own. What has been the result but continued prosperity? What would be the result of returning to the late policy, but impoverishment and discontent? Free states are those, then, in which, if it be advisable to adventure at all, property is more secure, and likely to accumulate in a rapid ratio. It is probable that the employment of the immense superfluous capital of England, which is not needed at home, will give her a strong hold in those countries where it acts to any great extent. Thus some of the companies in America have taken her mines to share half the profits: these mines, if abandoned in consequence of a contest with Great Britain, would again fill with water, overpower the unscientific native managers, and be idle, impoverishing the natives equally as much as their late revolution did, and throwing thousands out of employ. Here then is a link of interest, binding directly and indirectly a state to Great Britain; while the latter, in exports to her advantage, and an influx of the produce of the industry of the members of her community abroad, no matter in what shape, whether in goods or gold, must feel a reciprocal tie to peace on her part.

Freedom in trade is the true source of its prosperity, as liberty is of the prosperity of a nation and her advance in knowledge. Let it be free in every shape—a chartered libertine, like the air. If but one-fourth of the joint-stock speculations are effected, they will be sources of new branches of industry and wealth, and the bubbles and fraudulent schemes of the unprincipled will be soon forgotten. We must not confound them together. There are some seriously carrying into effect with the best prospects; and as far as the foresight of the experienced can go, and the opinions of men duly qualified to judge have weight, they are as likely to succeed as similar undertakings, and have a chance of giving returns, in all events, above those of Waterloo-bridge. In considering the present question as is often the case, joint-stock companies have been censured too indiscriminately; the want of precedent to judge of them sadly astounded the grey beards. A deliberate examination of the subject, the dismissal of prejudice, and the separation of fraudulent bubbles from the sound and reasonable class of adventure, is the only way to form a correct judgment respecting them. Even now it appears that while the fraudulent schemes are dissipating or fallen in the market, those of real value keep firm. The passion for such speculations is subsiding. Those who have suffered have only themselves to blame for their credulity in not making, as they might have done, due

examination into the plans in the support of which they are sufferers ; while those who scrutinized them as they should have done, and made precautionary calculations, cannot have exposed themselves to very great loss ; and even then the community may reap considerable benefit. Our monied men, ere they hazard their superfluous cash, have never been before told in our day, that even their lynx eyes require to be sharpened in pursuit of their own interests ; and this class composes nine-tenths of the gainers and losers by the joint-stock mania. L.

#### THE TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE.

I DREAM'D I stood beside the sea,  
At evening when the heavens were bright—  
The moon, in vestal purity,  
Look'd through the veil of day's last light—  
The wave lay calm, the breeze had fled,  
And elemental life was dead.

None could believe deceit so fair—  
That ocean ever false could be ;  
For stars in beauty slumber'd there  
As 'mid their heaven's tranquillity.  
At last I thought if thus the deep  
Were wrapp'd in everlasting sleep !

And what the mariner could do  
Whose ship lay stagnant far from shore,  
With dark Atlantic depths below,  
And sails that should be fill'd no more,  
His eyes uplifted in despair,  
And lips that moved in fruitless prayer.

Not a lone sea-bird wheeling near,  
Nor vulture snuffing gaunt decay,  
Whose scream of discord would be there  
Music to break the agony  
Of suffering nature in an hour,  
When silence held destruction's power.

Day following day—Hope's little shine  
Faint growing till his last hour came,  
And on his decks he dropp'd supine,  
And famine quench'd life's wasting flame ;  
While where he fell his bones would be,  
Till his ship rotted on the sea.

Years pass, and there the fragments stay,  
Floating just where they part and fall  
Upon the slumbering ocean—they  
Man's gaze might to their story call ;  
But man must never spread again  
His sail upon the sullen main.

Where died the mariner, his tale  
Would perish with him fathoms down ;  
To grasp his name, would memory fail,  
Oblivion burying his renown  
In depths more deep and seas more wide  
Than those in which the seaman died !

'Twere better meet the storm to me,  
Than thus to perish :—rock and shore  
May wreck the few, but none could flee  
Their doom if ocean ceased to roar,  
Of those who with the wild winds sweep,  
And bear glad tidings o'er the deep.

As thus I thought, I scarce could brook,  
Without a thrill of fear, to see  
The shining sea so calmly look,  
Answering the night's serenity—  
When sudden, with a hollow sound,  
A ripple curl'd the ocean round.

Upheaving o'er her head the wave,  
A female form of beauty rose ;  
Nought seem'd to break, of grave or gay.  
The majesty of her repose ;  
Her tresses on her shoulders set,  
Seem'd not with wave or sea-foam wet.

Her eye was mild, her forehead high,  
A glory flash'd around her brow ;  
She seem'd a being of the sky,  
Of air, and of the deeps below :  
There was a character of all,  
Breath'd on her form erect and tall.

Her hand a letter'd scroll contain'd  
In unknown characters of gold,  
With rings enwreathed that perhaps explain'd  
Her immortality, and told  
That she would live and wing her way  
To heaven when earth should pass away.

'Twas Science, and she bade me see  
The wonders that her wisdom plann'd ;  
And there was many a mystery  
Reveal'd of ocean, air, and land—  
Of worlds where thought can scarcely range,  
Orbit, and period, full, and change.

"The ocean-depths are mine," she said,  
"I mount the air, the earth descend,  
By me the lightning's flash is led,  
My arm can rocks and mountains rend ;  
The strength of millions to my hand,  
Comes at the signal of command.

"Nor calm, nor storm, nor rock shall more  
Arrest the hardy seaman's course ;  
The elements my power adore,  
And man I've taught to curb their force,  
With vapour over storms prevail  
And mock in calms an idle sail !"



## JOHN KEMBLE AND THE BRITISH STAGE.\*

THERE is something peculiar in the interest with which we regard the personal history of actors. If it is less refined and exalted than that sentiment of admiration which is excited by high and permanent works of art, it is more cordial and endearing. The masterpieces of poetry and painting may convey no idea of the individual by whom they are produced ; but the actor is inseparable from his works. His form, his countenance, the tones of his voice, the temperament of his moral nature, those very circumstances which create friendship, or which friendship chooses as its favourite symbols, are presented to us on the stage. We sympathise not only with the artist but with the man, and contract with him an imaginary acquaintance, which has all the agreeable sensation of gratitude without the humiliating idea of obligation. The very transitory nature of his successes, enduring only while his bodily vigour lasts, affects us who are also passing away, and disposes us to do him ample and unsparing justice. He does not mock the creatures of a day by productions which are to last for centuries, and which have already the cold and marbly air of duration beyond the span of human life. He appeals to the mortal part of us ; to all the social affections which cleave to our earthly home ; and sets " a fond reflection of our own decay " touchingly before us. As there is no record of his triumphs but on the fleshly tablets of the heart, we yield those to him with affectionate liberality, and eagerly retrace the vestiges of his greatness, which were imprinted there in our gayest or serenest hours. We try to make up to him by the intensity of our approbation for the shortness of his course, because he has no appeal from our judgment to that of generations unborn. His most triumphant hours have been our happiest ; and we cherish the thoughts of our own youth, while we bear witness to his fame. Hence there are few light biographies so interesting as those of actors ; few personal narratives so enchaining as " the trivial fond records " of their bright and joyous career.

It may be inferred from this confession of a taste for theatrical biographies, that we looked forward with pleasure to the appearance of Mr. Boaden's *Life of Kemble*. The subject of the work was not only himself an original and impressive actor, but the centre of a brilliant circle of popular favourites, over whom he presided for many years. He was also the brother of the mighty actress, who not only realized the stateliest dreams of the imagination, but surpassed them, and gave an idea of dignity, of grace, and of passion higher and more exquisite than even poetic enthusiasm had conceived. Mr. Kemble's biographer, therefore, undertook the delightful office of leading his readers not only along one radiant line of existence, but of introducing them to many a gay or solemn group, reflecting the choicest varieties of many-coloured life, and of unveiling the scene, where Mrs. Siddons presided in lonely pride, over the mysteries of tragedy. To the perfection of such a work it is necessary that the actor himself, who is the subject, should also be the writer, enchasing the pictures of his compeers with his rich associations and fancies, and celebrating his own exploits and rewards

\* *Memoirs of the Life of John Philip Kemble, Esq. including a History of the Stage, from the time of Garrick to the present period. By James Boaden, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.*

with vivid consciousness, and with blameless vanity. This is the great excellence of Cibber's *Apology*, which is as full of the author and of his art, as the lover of human nature and of the stage could desire. A similar developement was not to be expected from the stately tragedian of Covent Garden, who was too proud to be vain, and who stood aloof, in conscious scholarship, from the delights of his profession, while he aspired successfully to its honours; and who respected himself too much to expose his feelings and thoughts to public scrutiny. Mr. Boaden is perhaps as good a biographer as we could reasonably expect, for he has been an attentive observer of the stage for many years, and obviously possesses that strong regard for theatrical matters, without which such a work must be vapid and lifeless.

In the opening of this book we have sketches of the old actors, whose names have hitherto been to us only pleasant sounds, but who are now set palpably before us. Though they are less finished than those drawn by Cibber of his contemporaries, they have an air of fidelity to which we can trust, and which makes us half fancy we can remember the originals. We yet see, in our mind's eye, Palmer, the luxurious, and negligent, "throw up his eyes with astonishment that he had lost the word, or cast them down with penitent humility, wipe his lips with his eternal white handkerchief to smother his errors, and bow himself out of every absurdity that continued idleness could bring upon him." Dodd, the fopling of the drama, "totters before us in all the protuberance of endless muslin and lace," and "takes his snuff or his bergamot with a delight so beyond all grosser enjoyments, that he leaves no doubt of the superior happiness of a coxcomb." King's neat, terse, epigrammatic, giving a flavour to the keenest satire, yet tingles in our ears, and his delirious ecstasies yet shine through the feebleness of *Lord Ogleby*, as in days of yore. Lewis glitters before us the harlequin of comedy, and bustles through tragedy so fast, that the critics cannot fix him to ascertain his faults. We are seated in the pit to enjoy Edwin's Peeping Tom, and follow him where, in his mind's eye, he sees the whole procession of Lady Godiva pass before him—a thing of pure fancy. "You would have sworn to the succeeding images of the procession—the distant view of the Lady Godiva—her approach—'her unadorned charms' at last brought fully before the eye—and the burst of commentary 'Talk of a coronation' convulsed the spectator." But of all the actors of this time, we are made most intimately acquainted with Henderson, whose extent of range seems almost incredible to those who are accustomed to see modern actors confine themselves to a few parts, and play even these nearly alike. Mr. Boaden speaks of his comedy as most perfect; but he produced tremendous effects in tragedy. Thus, in *Horatius*, where Valeria relates the flight of Publius before the three Curiatii, and asks "What could he do, my lord, when three opposed him?" he substituted, for the prosing of the poet, ("He might have died, O villain, villain, villain,") the single monosyllable, "Die!" which he uttered with an energy which transfixed the house. And this was the actor in whose Benedict "a thousand little traits of whim and pleasantry sparkled," and whose Falstaff was the richest and most voluptuous thing in the world!

Due honour is given to the ladies in these pages, especially to Miss Farren, Miss Pope, and Mrs. Abingdon. The first, tall, with expres-

sive beauty, and thinness of voice and style, charmed by the singular delicacy and purity of her acting; the second was "the paragon of chambermaids;" and the last, gay, joyous, and triumphant, revelled in the scene, the most brilliant satirist of her sex. The following "picture in little" of Mrs. Crawford, in *Lady Randolph*, who returned to the stage for a short time to rival Mrs. Siddons, is very vivid.

"She looked still a fine woman, though time, while it had taken something from the elegance of her figure, had also begun to leave its impression on her features. Her voice was somewhat harsh, and what might be termed broken. In level speaking it resembled the tone of passion in other speakers. It was at no time agreeable to the ear; but when thrown out by the vehemence of her feeling, it had a transpiercing effect, that seemed absolutely to wither up the hearer;—it was a flaming arrow;—it was the lightning of passion. Such was the effect of her almost shriek to old Norval, *Was he alive?* It was an electric shock, that drove the blood back from the surface suddenly to the heart, and made you cold and shuddering with terror in the midst of a crowded theatre."

If Mr. Kemble is the hero, Mrs. Siddons is certainly the heroine of these volumes; and to her, on every account, our first attention is due. The language of eulogy has been exhausted upon the terrific grandeur of her later efforts, without doing justice to the feelings of those who have used it; but in the contemplation of these, the memory of her pathos, her tenderness and youthful grace, has been too often lost. Here, the serious intensity of her Juliet, the conjugal purity of her Imogen, and the noble tenderness of her Desdemona, are fitly celebrated, and, as far as possible, described. In the last, Mr. Boaden gives an instance of her feeling and power, which seems to us one of the very highest triumphs of the scenic art.

"The second scene of the third act had a beauty of expression in the countenance that offered one of the most striking and variable pictures ever contemplated; it was where Othello, holding her hand, exclaims—

This hand of yours requires  
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,  
Much castigation, exercise devout;  
For here's a young and sweating devil here  
That commonly rebels.

The surprise arising to astonishment, a sort of doubt if she heard aright, and, that being admitted, what it could mean, a hope that it would end in nothing so unusual from him as an offensive meaning, and the slight relief upon Othello's adding, 'Tis a good hand, a frank one'—all this commentary was quite as legible as the text."

To us who recollect this astonishing woman only in her later days, it is difficult to imagine her in *Rosalind*; but our author assures us that the feminine sweetness and delicacy with which she performed the part, more than compensated the audience for the absence of rude and boisterous mirth. Nothing could exceed the beauty of her first address to Orlando after the wrestling—"My pride fell with my fortunes;" or the modest tenderness with which she gave the line—"And overthrown more than your enemies." The ladies and gentlemen of the green-room who, at the present day, hold it a point of honour to insist on performing none but first-rate parts, will think her strangely

remiss in asserting her dignity, when they find her, in the very bloom of her popularity, playing the Queen in *Richard the Third*, and Mrs. Lovemore in *The Way to keep Him*. To us, however, these condescensions, not offered nor felt as such, but freely rendered as tributes to her art, serve only to show a noble confidence in her own fame, and a disdain of the littleness of envy. They relieve delightfully that magnificent series of triumphs which are recorded in these pages—the maternal dignity and love of her Lady Randolph—the rage and agony of her Zara—the majestic sorrow of her Constance—the moral grandeur of her Isabella, in *Measure for Measure*—the delicate bewilderment and glimmering sense of her Ophelia—the triumphant heroism of her Euphrasia—the meek suffering of her Shore—the towering passion of her Alicia—the repentant grace of her Mrs. Haller—the regal sublimity of her Lady Macbeth, and her Volumnia, in which the true genius of old Rome seemed embodied in the form of woman.

Mr. Kemble, as his biographer unreservedly acknowledges, did not, like his sister, burst on the town in the full maturity of his powers. He was a gentleman and a scholar, with signal advantages of person, and with almost equal defects of voice, who determined to become a noble actor, and who succeeded by infinite perseverance and care, assisted doubtless by the reputation and the influence of Mrs. Siddons. He formed a high standard in his own mind, and gradually rose to its level. At his very last, in all characters which were within the scope of his physical capacity, he played his best, and that best seemed absolute perfection. His career, therefore, may be reviewed with that calm and increasing pleasure, with which we contemplate the progressive advances of art; instead of the feverish admiration and disappointment which are alternately excited by the history of those who have played from impulse in the first vigour of youth, and in after-days have been compelled languidly to retrace the vestiges of their early genius. At first he had but a limited choice of characters; he was opposed by Henderson, to whom he was then unequal, and rivalled by Smith, who held possession of the chief parts in tragedy as well as comedy till he left the stage. For a long time, Holman and even Pope divided public favour with him; but the seeds of greatness were deeply implanted in his nature, and the determination to cultivate and mature them. Even after he became manager and obtained an uneasy and invidious power, there were not wanting accidents to retard his progress. Cooke, in spite of his imprudences, perhaps by the aid of some of them, beat him on his stage in the estimation of the vulgar; Master Betty obscured him for a season; and the O. P. disturbance, ungenerously begun by the people, and imprudently resisted by the managers, set him in painful opposition to the town, and fretted the haughty spirit which it could not subdue. But resolution prevailed; he went on calmly studying the principles of his art, and succeeded at last in presenting the stateliest pictures of Roman greatness, and giving the most appropriate expression to philosophic thought that it had entered into modern imagination to conceive.

It has been of late the fashion to charge the style of Mr. Kemble as deficient in nature, and to extol certain occasional familiarities of manner in his rivals as characteristic of a better and purer school. A great deal of the controversy on this subject has arisen from confusion of

terms. An exact imitation of life can never be reasonably demanded of an artist who is bound to represent the growth and contest of the passions in a few short scenes, and who is to speak blank verse. Tragedy is not a piece cut at random out of the great succession of human affairs, but an epitome, or condensed expression of passion and suffering, in which individuals represent whole classes, in which the progress of time is hastened and consequences are forestalled, and in which agony and death itself are glorified and rendered sacred. It has no room for the petty trifling of common existence, and must be realized not to the vulgar sense by assimilation to ordinary habits, but by its fitness to the imagination, and the feeling of moral grandeur. It is true, Mr. Kemble did not succeed in representing the immediate contest of opposing passions; but his acting was noblest when most simple, and most affecting when it was retrospective in its tone. He could not pourtray the ecstasies of love, but he could admirably exhibit affection mellowed by time; he did not give the fury of disappointment, but the depth of settled despair; his acting reflected times past, and his mind seemed to brood over the relics of greatness and joy—"a noble wreck in ruinous perfection!" Were the softenings of the recluse in *Penruddock*, when the son of the mistress of his youth revived her image; or the heart-broken tones of his *Stranger*; or the pensive retrospection of his *Macbeth* "fallen into the sear and yellow leaf;" or the meditative gentleness of his *Hamlet*, when his voice floated over the grave "the still, sad music of humanity," less natural than the sudden changes of attitude and jerks of voice admired in others? To assert that his "*Cato*," his "*Coriolanus*," and his "*Brutus*" were not natural, by way of censure, is to sneer at the whole world of classical associations as valueless.

The benefits which Mr. Kemble conferred on his art, by the introduction of appropriate scenery and costume, are traced out in these volumes with a minuteness which we cannot follow. Of the general result there can be no doubt; or of the great addition which it has made to our pleasures. Independent of the physical enjoyment thus conferred on the spectator, and the harmony produced in the scenic representation, the art itself was raised by the engagement of so much research, learning, and taste in its service. The dignity of the studies in which the manager was an adept, was infused into the gratifications of the audience, and gave an antique air to the gaieties of the age. Nor was the profession less indebted to his personal manners and demeanour, and to the conduct of all the members of his most respectable family. With a certain degree of formality and stiffness, which perhaps assisted in preserving entire his consistency in the dangerous sphere within which he was destined to move, there was a real sociality of disposition, which as it was independent of mere constitutional vivacity, was unimpaired by years. His studies gave a learned colouring to his discourse, which well became him. The kindness of his nature shone out in his performances on the stage; for he never failed to relieve the most repulsive of his parts with little touches of tenderness, as when he gazed with fond admiration on his daughter in *Sir Giles Overreach*, and dallied with the children in *Richard*. A certain grave humour enlivened his convivial hours, and occasionally lightened his performances in tragedy. In his youth, emulous of the versatility

which was then expected even from veteran actors, he played comedy with fair success. It is hard to imagine him in Charles Surface or Ranger; but his Valentine was highly praised; and we doubt not that the wit and sense of Congreve, for which he had an obvious relish, were given by him with a brilliancy and neatness which made up for any want of constitutional gaiety and lightness.

Of the talents of Mr. Kemble as a writer we cannot speak highly; but such was his power of application, and such his general acuteness, that it is probable he would have excelled in any department of literary occupation to which he would devote his energy. There are several letters preserved by Mr. Boaden, written by him while travelling on the Continent, which shew considerable tact of observation, and which amply confirm all that his biographer has said of the warmth and rectitude of his social affections. The following letter is from Paris, addressed to his brother Charles, for whom he always felt the strongest regard.

*"Paris, July 23, 1802.*

"My dear Charles,—How does my mother do? Is she in the country, or does she prefer staying in town? Tell me every thing about her health, and give my duty to her and to my father.

"After a circuit, Lille, Douai, and Arras, I arrived here safe and sound a few days ago. You know, perhaps, that we were detained a whole week at Lord Guildford's, who was inexpressibly kind to us, by poor Heathcote's illness. Every thing in Douai is in a state of ruin, poverty, and desolation not to be described. I had not the heart to go up to my old room. The neighbours, with whom I talked, have a notion that the English are coming back, and are overjoyed when they tell you so.

"This place (Paris) is such a scene of magnificence, filth, pleasure, poverty, gaiety, distress, virtue and vice, as constitutes a greater miracle than was ever chronicled in history. The plays I have seen are, *Iphigénie en Aulide*, by Racine; *Oreste*, by Voltaire; *La Mère Coupable*, by Beaumarchais; and a farce or two. I will not pretend to say any thing of the actors or the theatres, till I have seen a little more of them. Talma and I are grown very well acquainted; he seems an agreeable man. Last night I was presented to Contat, who is not what she was. I know Michot, Fleury, Dazincourt, Baptiste, and one or two more of the *Comédie Française*, a little. I should have told you, that I have seen l'Abbé de l'Épée. Monvel acts the Abbé as well as possible; the other characters were very much inferior to the English. There cannot be a more kind reception than I meet with here. My Lord Egremont, Lord and Lady Holland, who live most splendidly, insist on our dining with them every day, and with one or the other we do dine every day, and then you know comes the spectacle.

"I have promised Talma to procure a copy of Pizarro, that he may see whether it can be adapted to the French stage. Buy a book of it, make it up in separate packets, and send it me by the next post. I am afraid they will not be able to turn it to any use. Texier told me he would give me a letter or two to some persons of his acquaintance here, who he thought might be useful and pleasant to a stranger. Pray upbraid him with having forgot me. He may send them still, if he pleases. God bless you, my boy! Don't forget to tell me how you do, and be sure to remember all the news. You are to direct to me, Hôtel de Courland, Place de la Concorde, Paris. Remember me to every body I ought to remember. Yours,

*"J. P. KEMBLE."*

The following is from Madrid.

"After wishing you many, many new years, each happier than that which went before it, I will give you the satisfaction of knowing, that I am safe and well here, after only two overturns on the way. I believe you know all the

places I have seen a great deal better than I do ; yet of Madrid I will tell you, that it is a village to any one who has lived in London. A town that you may easily walk round in an hour and a half, and whose population does not probably exceed a hundred and fifty thousand souls, does not convey a very lofty idea of the metropolis of a great monarchy. Seen from some points, however, this village, as I have ventured to call it, is beautiful, and even magnificent. The old spires and towers of the convents and churches, the gay fronts of the public buildings, and the extensive mansions of the nobility, give it at once an air of gaiety and grandeur. I speak only of four or five particular streets ; for the rest of them, in general, are too narrow for carriages to pass each other without danger ; and they are latterly grown so dirty, that I wonder, considering the intolerable heat of their summers, that the plague is not as common here as at Constantinople.

"There are here two theatres. Senor Mayques, who manages that called 'Los Canos del Peral,' has been in France ; he is an intelligent actor, and certainly the best in the company. In this theatre they principally act translations of French comedies and vaudevilles. In the other, that called 'de la Cruz,' an actress, who is styled La Senora Rita Luna, by her sole and superior merit sustains the fame of the old and celebrated authors of Spain. The discernment and natural good taste of this lady show to her with exactness the idea of the character she has to represent. Her countenance, from the amazing flexibility of her features, displays every thing that passes in her mind. The action of ordinary performers fails simply because they know not how to dispose of their lifeless frames : that of la Rita Luna adds the most speaking graces to a voice so musical, that, in Spanish expression, her mouth might be styled the shell of Apollo. In a word, I have only seen one actress to whom I think la Rita Luna inferior in the art. Highly distinguished as she is by Melpomene, la Rita Luna is yet more decidedly a favourite of Thalia ; and she told me herself, that she never, with perfect goodwill, set herself about any tragic studies. But it is difficult to conceive how that can be done reluctantly, which is so transcendent.\*

"You know what bustle they keep in England about the pride, pomp, and circumstance of a Spanish bull-fight ; by the best good luck in the world there has been one since I came to Madrid ; it is exactly like all the rest of the exaggerated descriptions of too many travellers. I do assure you, that it is so far from being a splendid or interesting spectacle, that if I lived in Spain for the rest of my life, I hardly believe I should have the least desire to see another.

"The King and Queen are expected to return to Aranjuez in the course of next week, when the greatest part of the immense train of the nobility, who have attended their Majesties in their tour, will, it is supposed, be very well contented to come back to their own houses, and restore some spirit to Madrid, which, they say here, is very dull for want of them. If they would bring some *fire*, as well as spirit, with them, I should be among the foremost to bid them welcome. Will you believe it ? I am in what is called a very good lodging, and am at this present writing hercof absolutely freezing. What do you think of the month of January, and colder than it is in London, joined with a great square bare white-washed room, and not a possibility of having a morsel of fire ? There is hardly such a thing as a chimney in Madrid, and the pans of charcoal, over which the Spaniards crouch and coddle themselves, turn me so sick in ten minutes, that I dare not go near them. There is no such thing as a window-shutter, that closes within half a foot—and the frames gape so wide from all the doors, that you may almost walk into any apartment, without the trouble of opening them.

"Well, never mind all this. I like the Spaniards very much, and shall be glad, as long as I live, that I have seen them. The French have managed

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\* The passage relative to the theatres, Mr. Kemble wrote in the Spanish language, which he was learning diligently at the time. He read the authors currently before he left England.

matters so as to be a good deal unpopular in Spain : the English, on the contrary, are in high favour; and would be received everywhere on a footing more easy and familiar even than they already are, were it not that the Spanish gentry are a little out of humour, and, indeed, I must say, not unreasonably, with some of our countrymen, who, after having been most hospitably admitted to their tables, parties, &c. have acted more like spies than liberal travellers, by ridiculing, in their publications, those manners and customs for the knowledge of which they were beholden to that *GENEROSITY*, which ought to have made its errors *sacred* from their *MOCKERY*."

Of the general contents of these volumes, embracing the theatrical anecdotes of forty years, it is obviously impossible for us to convey any idea to our readers. They will find them entertaining, and peculiarly fit for desultory perusal, for they may be opened any where without injury to the effect, and laid down without even the trouble of marking the page where the reader pauses. They smack somewhat, we must confess, of age;—there is a little prosing, and an occasional feebleness; but these serve to give a sort of character to the book, which naturally belongs to a subject to which no young man could do justice. We are disposed to smile now and then at the importance attached to prologues and epilogues, which were never worthy of *grave* criticism, and have long been forgotten, and at the modest introduction of Mr. Bôaden himself with dramas which no one but himself remembers. But, on the whole, the agreeable office has been well performed; and we seem as we read to listen to the unconstrained talk of an old lover of the drama, who recounts with enthusiasm the happy evenings of his life, and gives us vivid pictures of the great artists who have left us, and who can survive only in the descriptions of their early admirers.

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STANZAS.

*The Home-bound Ship.*

THE ship was homeward bound—the thrilling cry  
 Of "Land! our native land!" from tongue to tongue  
 Had been proclaim'd, and hearts were beating high  
 With hope's wild tumults, as its echo rung—  
 And rapture smiled, or wept in many an eye,  
 Whilst in the shrouds aloft the sea-boy sung  
 Snatches of songs, which bring to those who roam  
 The thoughts of welcome, and of home, sweet home!  
 And gallantly before the favouring gales  
 She moves in all her pride, a pageant fair;  
 The breezes wanton in her swelling sails,  
 And her gay fluttering pennons fan the air;  
 While music is on deck, the dance prevails,  
 And every shape of gladness revels there,  
 Through the far-wasted night, as with her store  
 Of Indian wealth, the vessel nears the shore.  
 But hark! e'en now, with awful change of cheer,  
 The billows fave, the giddy whirlwinds blow,  
 And breaks the dismal sound on every ear  
 Of crashing contact with dread rocks below;  
 And the wild shriek of agonizing fear  
 "The ship is sinking!" in deep tones of woe,  
 Bursts from the lips of all, with piercing cries  
 For succour, as the gurgling waters rise.



And hues of death were seen on every face,  
 And signs of terror e'en among the brave,  
 And lovers folding in a last embrace  
 The trembling forms of those they could not save !  
 Then for the lower'd boats, the frantic race,  
 And desperate struggle, while the ocean wave  
 Grew level with the deck, and kiss'd the feet  
 Of those for whom remain'd not a retreat.

There was the sob, the sigh, the whisper'd prayer,  
 From some, with outcries borne the billows o'er,  
 While others wrapt in silent grief were there,  
 Who breathed no plaint, but gazed upon the shore  
 With the fix'd glances of intense despair,  
 And thought of those they should behold no more,  
 With whom was fondly twined each tender tie  
 That knits life's cords, and makes it hard to die.

That pause of bitter agony is past,  
 And the still agitated waters glide  
 O'er the last vestige of the buried mast ;  
 But striving stoutly with the eddying tide,  
 The greedy billows, and the roaring blast,  
 (In furious and tempestuous wrath allied)  
 And rising o'er their mingled might, is seen  
 A gallant stripling with undaunted mien.

His widow'd mother's hope, the aid and joy  
 Of orphan sisters—on the treacherous main,  
 With firm resolve no hardships could destroy,  
 For these life's needful comforts to obtain,  
 Had early ventured this heroic boy,  
 Deeming all sufferings light, and terrors vain,  
 That frowning Fortune sternly might oppose,  
 To cross the stormy path he nobly chose.

And must that glowing heart be whelm'd beneath  
 The raging waters of the restless deep?  
 And that fair form untimely chill'd in death,  
 Unshrouded in its gloomy caverns sleep?  
 E'en now with fainting limbs, and labouring breath,  
 He strives—while thought of those who soon shall weep  
 In cureless anguish for his fate, comes o'er  
 His soul, and nerves his failing arm once more.

His reeling eye grows dim, though from the strand  
 The fishers cheer him, and, intent to save,  
 The life-boat launch'd by her determined band  
 Of dauntless heroes, dances o'er the wave.  
 He sees not, feels not, does not understand  
 His own deliverance from a watery grave,  
 Till his fond mother's joyful sob he hears,  
 And reads his recent peril in her tears.

A. S.

## PRESENT FRENCH PROSE LITERATURE.

SAADI the Persian poet relates, in one of his charming compositions, that an Indian prince, who reigned over a wide extent of territory which was cursed with barrenness, applied to one of the good Genii, who told him that on the summit of a lofty mountain which rose in the midst of his parched and sterile domains, was a deep lake, the waters of which, if conducted into the plains by subterraneous canals, would remedy the evil of which he complained. The prince did not fail to follow the sage and friendly counsel. The mountain lake was soon diminished almost to exhaustion, while its waters meandered in countless streams through the hitherto arid districts.

This Oriental fable offers an apt illustration of the history of French literature. The great men of the age of Louis XIV., with their profound intellects, may be compared to the deep and capacious lake of which the Persian poet speaks; but whilst Corneille, Pascal, Moliere, La Bruyere, Racine, and La Fontaine wrote with a concentrated intensity of talent, and gave to the public in a few sheets the result of the reflections of a whole life, the rest of France, in a literary point of view, was as unproductive and arid as the sterile domain of the Indian prince. Voltaire at length came, and rendered literature popular in France; which popularity has so rapidly increased since his time, that at present there is scarcely a green-grocer in Paris who does not possess La Harpe's Course of Literature; and who, by constantly reading this narrow-minded critic, is now enabled to string together certain conventional phrases sufficiently correct and apparently *spirituel*, by means of which he will ring you the critical changes upon all the writers of the universe, from Homer and Milton, down to Marivaux and the author of Werter. Didot the printer is not altogether guiltless of this wide-spreading of the waters of literature; for his stereotype editions enable the most slender-fortuned youth to acquire, for a matter of 70 or 80 francs, the *chefs-d'œuvre* of all the celebrated writers. Voltaire, the Revolution, and the stereotype editions, have thus rendered literature and literary judgment almost as common as the air we breathe; so that you cannot venture to make the shortest journey in a public coach without running the risk of hearing, from the veriest vulgarian amongst your fellow passengers, a learned comparison of the respective merits of Corneille and Racine, or a long-drawn parallel between the *Henriade* of Voltaire and the *Æneid*.

If, in the time of Louis XIV., one had spoken to a provincial Countess of *Martial*, she would have answered, like the Countess d'Escarbagnos in one of Moliere's comedies, that indeed she bought her gloves from *Martial*, confounding the Roman poet with the fashionable perfumer of the day. But to console one, and that most sufficiently, for the gross ignorance of the provincial Countess, one would have met in Paris with such a thinker as Pascal—such a preacher as Bossuet, and such a painter of manners as Moliere. All at present in France—and even in the south, the least enlightened part of the kingdom, every one has read Voltaire; but, as a drawback, you will find in Paris such a thinker as M. Ronald, such a sacred orator as M. de Boulogne, and such a painter of manners as M. Etienne. The French men of letters of the present day are *des hommes à la mode*, whose chief ambition is to

sparkle and create a sensation in a drawing-room, to be pointed out on the public promenades, to sport a tilbury at the *Bois de Boulogne*, and to get, by intriguing in the ministerial antichambers, a first clerkship in a public office, or some other lucrative situation. When, therefore, gentlemen can contrive to snatch a moment from their unintellectual occupations to write, their attention and labour are almost exclusively directed to polishing and arranging their style, lest ridicule should be thrown upon them by the journals for some hardy or unusual expression. Their minds, filled with the fear of this so dreaded ridicule, and occupied in endeavouring to eschew it, become incapacitated for laying that foundation of thought and sentiment, without which a literary production is little better than a fragile frost-work, that may dazzle for a moment, but which soon melts away under the strong light of examination. It is for the above-mentioned reason that modern French *litterateurs* deal so abundantly in generalities, and puerile and vapid declamation, "full of sound and fury, (not the *furor divinus*) signifying nothing." To the greater part of the productions of the most popular writers of the day, may be applied the celebrated remark of Montesquieu, *Le lecteur se tue à abréger ce que l'auteur s'est tué à allonger*. Almost every one in France has the *science* of literature, but few have a talent for it. No literary productions can appear, from Naples to Edinburgh, of which a crowd of writers are not ready to render an account according to all the rules of La Harpe, and in the critical and conventional cant of the day. But venture, if you dare, to read any of the original (so called by courtesy) works of these universal critics themselves, and you will find nothing but ideas, sentiments, and turns of expression that have crossed your mind's path a thousand and a thousand times. It is in vain that you seek, amidst this literary lumber, for any thing even original or striking.

Having devoted a portion of the last number of our work to a sketch of the existing state of French poetry, and meaning still to give our readers a view of its dramatic department, we will here throw a rapid glance over the various branches of prose literature, and point out, *en passant*, those men who form, or seem to form, exceptions to the sad truths we have just ventured to announce.

The best of the prose writers has the advantage, if such it be, of being the most finished hypocrite in France. Viscount Chateaubriand does not, probably, in the course of a year write a single phrase which is free from a fallacy either in reasoning or sentiment; so much so that while reading him you are incessantly tempted to cry out "Just heavens! how false all this is! but how well it is written!" A few years ago M. Chateaubriand was a poor and unknown writer, until the thought struck him of bringing religion into fashion, and rendering piety agreeable to "ears polite." In this he succeeded; and the result to him has been a blue riband and the department for foreign affairs during two years. 'It was M. Chateaubriand who, in 1804, performed a true miracle, in rendering it possible for a fashionable equipage to draw up to a church door. He made the noble and the wealthy comprehend that hypocrisy was the shortest cut to consideration. An ambitious mother, who has her carriage and servants in waiting opposite some church *à la mode*, such as St. Roch or the Assumption, finds it an almost certain means of providing splendidly for her daughters; and this pious

method of match-making is now known to be so efficient, that there is to be seen every morning a file of ten or a dozen equipages drawn up before the above-mentioned churches. The masterpiece, as to style, of M. Chateaubriand, is the first seventy or eighty pages of a pamphlet entitled *De la Monarchie selon la Charte*." His *chef-d'œuvre*, in a purely literary point of view, is a little romance yet unpublished, called *Les Abencerrages*. A short time after his disgrace (as they call in France dismissal from office) a noble duke, one of his friends, asked him when he should publish the *Abencerrages*; to which he replied, "When I have a great deal of leisure, and not a crown in my pocket." His *Genie du Christianisme—Itinéraire à Jerusalem—and Martyrs*, are still purchased, but not read. This clever writer is a hypocrite only while holding the pen or speaking in his public capacity, as a peer or a minister. In society he is a highly intellectual man, of the very best *ton*, and who would repel the imputation of being devout as a slur upon his rank and acquirements; and in the confidence of familiar intercourse he does not hesitate to make free with the pretensions of priests and princes. M. Chateaubriand was not intended by Nature for a statesman. He has too much of the generosity, prodigality, and recklessness of genius; and it is only amongst a people so light and laughter-loving as the French, that such a man could be turned into a minister.

After M. Chateaubriand, should be named a man, probably almost unknown in England, Paul Louis Courier, who was formerly a captain of horse artillery, and served in Egypt against the English, whom he detests. This excellent and original writer is considered in France as a second Pascal. It will be remembered that the "Provincial Letters" of Pascal, which, by their keen and biting satire, inflicted such incurable wounds upon the Jesuits, were published in detached sheets from month to month. After a like manner, and in a clear, rapid, popular, and humorous style, M. Courier has from time to time given to the world a *brochure* of a few pages. But for the last year we have had nothing publicly from him, as no bookseller could be found to hazard the publication. His masterpiece is an ironical letter from Louis XVIII. to the beloved Ferdinand of Spain. Next to this, for piquancy and *naïveté*, may be cited his petition for the peasants who were forbidden to dance, of which there were 10,000 copies sold in a very few days. His letter for the subscription for the Chateau of Chambord, conducted the author to the strong holds of St. Pelagie for two months. M. Courier's style, which is rapid, concise, humorous, *naïf*, and equally intelligible to the humblest as well as the loftiest capacity, offers a singular contrast to the ambitious, academical, and sometimes unluceid manner of Chateaubriand. Besides his talents, as an original writer, M. Courier has also the reputation of being one of the best Greek scholars in France. That part of his translation of Herodotus already published is highly esteemed.

M. de Jouy, is what is called in that country *un homme aimable*. In his earlier years he was what is termed a lady's man, and though time has now thinned his flowing hair, he is not altogether without pretensions in that way. In his literary career he has shewn more adroitness than genius, more *savoir faire* than originality or acquirements; for as a professed man of letters, and as an academician, he is singularly ignorant. M. Jouy, who was a fine-looking young man, made several cam-

paigns in India, to which country he went at the early age of twelve years. His real name is Etienne. That of Jouy he has taken from the little hamlet near Versailles, where his family resided. His sketches of Parisian manners, entitled "*L'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*," are well known all over Europe. There is certainly some resemblance in them to the originals meant to be described; but they are in general too superficial. M. Jouy's observation has skimmed lightly the surfaces of things, and wants profundity of research and strength of colouring. Besides, there is no little degree of affectation and mannerism in his style. Incompetent as these sketches are, they are still, however, valuable; and we should deem ourselves most fortunate to have a similar picture of the social habits of the Romans under Augustus, or even of the French under Louis XIV. M. Jouy concurred with his namesake M. Etienne, the author of the comedy of "*Les Deux Gendres*," in founding three or four literary and political journals. Two of these, the *Constitutionnel* and the *Miroir*, have had the most wonderful success; and the first use to which this success was turned, was to puff off, in the most extravagant manner, the never-ending productions of their founders, and afterwards of other writers who modestly condescended to act as their literary *aids-de-camp*.

From 1816 to 1824 this powerful faction has dispensed or withheld every species of literary fame in France. At present a counter-faction has started into life. A dozen men of letters, the greater number self-styled poets, have formed a combination, each member being bound to laud at all times, and in all places, in prose and in verse, the works of the other eleven. These writers, feeling the necessity of some distinguishing style, have taken the misanthropical character of Lord Byron's works, and the melancholy musings of Young, as the models for their lucubrations. But these gentlemen, though but indifferent poets, being men of the world, amiable in society, many of them rich, and thus acting in concert, exert not an inconsiderable degree of influence on the public taste. They have entered the field of literary contention in serried files; and like the Macedonian phalanx, are a body not easy to surprise or overthrow. The fact of the existence of these two literary factions is an important truth, of which few foreigners have cognizance, and which is thus publicly revealed, probably for the first time. The faction Jouy, Etienne, and Co. being liberal, their opponents have consequently declared themselves Ultra. The latter not having the ability to write well in prose, envelope their mystic and moody musings in tumid and bombastic verse; and compose what is designated in France, and what we have formerly noticed, "*The Romantic School*."

It has been necessary to dilate a little upon the history and composition of these two factions, as the knowledge of their existence and character may be important to foreigners, who have no means of judging of the majority of the works that issue from the Parisian press but by the accounts rendered of them in the journals. In French criticism there is so little integrity, that a very frequent practice is to allow an author to write an account of his own work, which is inserted in the journals of the rival factions, according as the author is a partizan of the one or the other; and this spirit of *coterieism* is so prevalent and so acknowledged, that our statement would no doubt be confirmed, without

being blushed at by the literary circles of Paris. The newspapers thus controlled by authors and their friends, are supreme in criticism, for the public invariably judges by these oracles; and literary success depends altogether on the articles inserted in the *Constitutionnel*, which has 18,000 subscribers, or in the *Journal des Debats*, which musters about two-thirds of that number.

There are only two periodical works in France which approach within any measurable degree of comparison with our leading reviews or magazines. These are the *Revue Encyclopédique* and the *Revue Européenne*, which latter, having only started within the last few months, and being also printed in English, we shall not further mention in this place. The *Revue Encyclopédique* enjoys a considerable reputation in the French provinces and in foreign countries; but its pages are rarely opened in Paris, where the *piquant* style of the daily journals is more suited to the public taste.

The coterie of Jouy, Etienne and Co. have launched another literary journal, entitled "Le Mercure du Dix Neuvième Siècle," which is more dull and infinitely less instructive than the *Revue Encyclopédique*. But the fact is, that the crying sin of French criticism, the want of literary conscience, is the chief cause that France, which possesses such a countless multitude of professed *hommes de lettres*, cannot boast of a single periodical work of any weight or authority; and for this state of things it is to be feared there is no remedy. There are few men of talent foolhardy enough to create for themselves half a dozen mortal enemies per month, by denouncing to the public the utter worthlessness of as many pretended *chefs-d'œuvre*, puffed off in the daily papers; for it must be known that French critics make it a point of honour to put their names in full length, or avowed signatures, to the foot of their articles, which easily accounts for the low ebb of their criticism. But to preserve an *incognito* would be next to impossible. Discretion is not the favourite virtue of a Frenchman; and it would be a miracle indeed to find an *éditeur-en-chef* in Paris who could keep the secret of his contributors' names. Such being the case, it is worse than useless for foreigners to seek for an account of French works in French reviews.

Romance-writing is almost a dead letter in France at the present day. The bombastic extravagance of Viscount d'Arlincourt and others of his school, seems to have banished, with few exceptions, all rational writers from the field of competition. M. Picard, author of *La Petite Ville*, and ten or twelve other sprightly little dramatic pieces, has, it is true, turned his pen to the writing of romances. His delineations of modern French manners are extremely correct, but the plots of his novels are not so happy. However, they well deserve the attention of foreigners, who, after reading "Eugene et Guillaume," "Jacques Fauvel," and "Desodry, ou l'Exalté," will have a very sufficient idea of the habits and manners of the French people during and since the Revolution. It will not be necessary to enter into any detail upon Pigault la Brun, the gayest and most popular of French novel writers, whose works are known to all Europe: and amongst the female novelists it is enough to state that Madame de Cubieres, author of "Marguerite Aymon," and "Les Trois Soufflets," merits the first place.

But the most brilliant part of French literature at present is decidedly its historical branch; and there exist several names most justly entitled

to high commendation for their labours. Among these is Count Daru, who has given a very complete and judicious history of the republic of Venice, a little elaborate and heavy, but bearing the impress of the strictest impartiality and truth.

The Baron de Barante, a peer of France, has just published the first four volumes of a History of the Dukes of Burgundy of the house of Valois. These volumes are written, in some measure, in imitation of the style of Sir Walter Scott's historical romances. The author, who has been Under-secretary of State, and who is not yet cured of ambition, has wisely (for himself) abstained from all philosophical reflections, and moral and political deductions, and confined himself to narrating facts, in a very detached and often picturesque manner. By this cautious proceeding the Baron avoids irritating those in power, and leaves himself a chance of once more getting inside the door of the cabinet.

M. Thierry, a man of independent mind, has pursued a contrary plan in his history of the conquest of England by the Normans (not yet published), which is written with the most conscientious philosophy.

But the most eloquent historical composition, without any comparison, that has appeared in France for the last twenty years, is the *Memoires*, dictated by Napoleon at St. Helena to Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud. From their literary merit alone, independent of the name of the writer, these interesting pages must make their way to posterity. Though it is clear that Napoleon was acting a part before Count Las Cases, that affectionate chamberlain, who, full of honour but void of talent, listened with open-mouthed admiration to all that fell from his hero, yet the Memorial of St. Helena is nevertheless one of the most useful books that has appeared in recent times. This work has penetrated into the library of every prince in Europe, and has laid before them certain truths, that probably without the *prestige* of the author's name would not have met royal eyes for another century to come. In his desultory conversations Napoleon touched upon all subjects, questioning with imperial daring the most generally received maxims, discussing all manner of questions, from the ridiculous treaty of peace signed by Lord Castlereagh in 1815, to the literary merit of the *Nouvelle Heloise* or the *Corinne* of Madame de Staël.

Before concluding this sketch of French prose literature, we must not omit to remark that Messrs. Cuvier and La Place have written with considerable elegance, the former upon natural history, and the latter upon astronomy, and the abstruse doctrine of probabilities. These two individuals, estimable as *savans*, have, as politicians, changed sides and opinions with the various phases of the government or dynasty; and they are generally cited in Paris as equally finished models of talent and subserviency.

M. Humboldt also, who may be considered a Frenchman, takes special care to publish only those opinions which may prove agreeable to the reigning powers. Those writers are of course supereminent favourites with the *Société de Bonnes Lettres*. The same subserviency may be laid to the charge of the learned oriental M. de Sacy, a man of considerable adroitness, a skilful courtier, and who, to ingratiate himself with those in power, leaves no effort untried to deprive of academical honours those young writers, who pursue their researches, guided alone by a fearless spirit of truth and sound reasoning.

M. Couchy, a lay Jesuit of the Institute, is now charged with the *honourable* mission of persecuting the science of physiology, a branch of learning which has recently been carried so far by the experiments and discoveries of Messrs. Flowers, Majendie and Edwards. Count de Tracy's Commentary upon the *Esprit des Lois* of Montesquieu and M. Douan's *Traité des Garanties* are in every one's hand. For the last ten years the *Ideologie* of M. de Tracy has formed the basis of the education of the French youth, that is to say, of that after and better education which they give themselves upon leaving college; for the book alluded to is so far from being in favour with the dominant party, that the journals under their influence are expressly forbidden to make mention of it in any way.

The Abbé de la Menais, one of the leaders of the Jesuits, has formed his style upon the best models, and it is consequently often imposing, though sometimes tiresome. The diction of his *Indifférence en Matière de Religion* has been much, and not undeservedly praised. This book has been fiercely attacked by M. Benjamin Constant in *his* work upon religion; but as the public are strongly inclined to doubt the good faith of both one and the other, the controversy has excited but a very slender portion of curiosity.

STANZAS.

“ Sweet Spirit of the forest wild !”

SWEET spirit of the forest wild !  
Now hush'd in silence deep,  
Woods, wind, and waves are as a child  
Still smiling though in sleep.  
I feel thy breathings on my brow  
Like whisper'd music fall,  
And thoughts and feelings all avow  
The sweetness of thy thrall.

I see thy hues on yonder sky  
In living blushes spread,  
And dim the soft star's golden eye  
With changing tints of red ;  
Thy voice, an echo from the cave,  
Low murmurs through the bower,  
Thy printless foot is on the wave,  
Thy freshness in the flower !

The dew-drops 'mid the leaves of green,  
Like twinkling gems I see,  
Methinks from beauteous eyes unseen,  
They tears of bliss may be :  
Oh ! would that one upon my heart  
Might drop thus brightly fair,  
And like youth's fabled fount impart  
New life and feeling there !

Sweet Spirit ! wherefore should we not  
Thy form of love behold ;  
And hear from dell, or stream, or grot  
Thine oracles unfold ?  
Then glad might we forsake the throng  
Where hearts but ill agree,  
And find, far lovelier scenes among,  
Companionship with thee.

D.



PROJECT FOR A NEW JOINT STOCK COMPANY FOR  
BINDING BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—How could you be so much out in your calculations, as to set your face (I mean your pen) against the new joint stock company for the encouragement of “early genius?” Of all the schemes that ever were schemed in this age of projects for the propagation of the spirit of speculating, none has afforded me so much delight as this very reprobated project, which bears on its surface such clear evidence of success, wanting to all other “exploitations” (excuse the gallicism) whether “in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.” It is all very fine talking for you, Mr. Editor, who sit at your ease, surrounded by long rows of elegantly bound books, in your comfortable study, well carpetted and curtained, writing when you please, and what you please, while half the booksellers in London are fighting the other half to gain possession of your manuscripts. But have you “no bowels for your poor relations,” no regard for those “honest and pains-taking” members of the confraternity, who cannot afford to print for themselves, and can rarely persuade any body else to print for them? or rather (confess the truth) are you not a little jealous of the public taking a fancy to the “unknown merit,” which would be dragged to light by the labours and patronage of the proposed company? You state that booksellers are the best judges of literary worth, and can tell to a fraction the value of a lucubration: but if you consider that (magazines, reviews, reprints, piracies, pamphlets, and twopenny trash, annual, quarterly, monthly, weekly, daily, and hourly, all included) there is published, at least one volume in every five minutes, “eating, drinking, and sleeping hours, (as Touchstone says) excepted,” will you believe, or pretend to make others believe, that a bookseller reads even a tithe of what he prints? Indeed it is (in a parenthesis) my fixed opinion, that this is reserved as the especial punishment of “the trade,” in that bad region which must not be mentioned to ears polite; and that “here upon this bank and shoal of time,” a bookseller would as soon be hanged, as think of such a thing. But if this calculation of mine does not please you, why then please to open the first half dozen of volumes offered to you for criticism, and which lie uncut on your table, and then answer me, as an honest man, whether there is not in them internal evidence of the truth of my objection. Nay, I will put the matter more home to your own feelings: During the last ten years of your life (I speak modestly) did ever a bookseller ask to read a single MS. page of yours, when you offered it for sale?

But admitting your position, and conceding, for the sake of argument, that the true organ of criticism lies in a publisher's breeches pocket, I am not prepared to allow your consequence. The booksellers, you would contend, buy all the good books, and the joint stock company must take up with the refuse of the market, and so of necessity be out of pocket by their speculations. Well, Sir, what is that to you or to me? or if it were, is there any thing in the contingency peculiar to the scheme in question? “Buy and sell, and live by the loss,” is the motto of a great many joint stock companies—*Ceteris paribus*, men

can carry on their own business much better than the best set of directors that ever existed; and not all the influence of their majesties of Leadenhall-street, nor the collective wisdom of the Board of Control to boot, would persuade me to the contrary. However, to set your heart at ease upon this point, and at the same time to let you into a great secret, the society have two plans on foot. First, they intend to sell their books by a steam-engine, which every body knows will do a hundred times as much work as can be done by hands; and in a little time it is expected, that when the public are accustomed to the diet, they will swallow the new article with the same avidity with which they now swallow any crude and insipid piece of confusion which passes current under the name of a tragedy or comedy, on the faith of a manager's word, just as they used to take a bank note and a shilling for a guinea, on the faith of the political Elliston of that day. But should this scheme fail, which is about as much as to say "should the sky fall," they have in reserve another, which consists in getting inserted into their act of incorporation a clause to compel every house-keeper to take of the company a certain number of books per annum, at the market price, "be the same more or less." This indeed offers such manifold advantages that I am only surprised that it was not made the main object of the prospectus. The directors of the company being naturally monied men, we have the best security for their religion and loyalty; and therefore *inclusive* for their critical acumen also. They will accordingly, as a matter of course, print no books which are not of the very purest purity as to "social order" and all that kind of thing. No doctrines which are hostile to any existing interest or vested right will by them be permitted to see the light, while the people, forced to lay out their money in the new market, will have no cash left to purchase the pernicious writings of a Byron or a Bentham. This will not only save the Government a mint in the payment of laureates, but will cut off the whole expense of orthodox reviews at present in action, to teach the people to see things in a proper light. The profits of the concern will of course be proportionate to the powers conceded by Parliament; and I have no doubt that if this part of the scheme be carried into execution, it will "work so well," that even the emperors of Austria and Russia will become suitors to the company for the establishment of a branch association, for the exclusive benefit of their respective dominions.

But the main purpose of this letter is not so much to apologise for this "authors' friends society," which most assuredly can take good care of itself, as to propose to your readers a subsidiary, auxiliary, supplementary association, which appears to me no less useful, necessary, and lucrative, than the parent scheme: I mean a joint stock company for binding books. There are few genuine lovers of books who will not allow that the binding constitutes a large portion of the value of a work: a true bibliomaniac, which is quite the same thing as a man of sense, is always prepared to give more for an uncut volume, than for one which is at once accessible to perusal,—a sure proof that the outside of a book is the most important part about it. But not to speak merely of the select, few, book-buyers in general take little trouble in reading what they purchase, and are more solicitous about

the "cut of a book's jib," as it stands on their shelves, than about the intrinsic worth of the volume itself. Now, touching the matter of book-binding, the ordinary tradesmen perform their duties to the public in a very inadequate and unsatisfactory manner. To omit other particulars, it is notorious that they work merely for show, and by no means suit their bindings to any scale of moral fitness or allusive propriety—an essential desideratum in the art. But if the process were placed under the supervision of a board of directors, it would be easy to have our volumes so put together as to form a complete course of criticism, and to exhibit a sort of abridged table of contents consultable without removing the volume from the shelf. Thus, for example, the memoirs of "*La belle Harriette*," and such other loose publications, might be so carelessly stitched as to exhibit in the irregularity of their leaves a type of the disorderly nature of their subject-matter. Royal and noble authors might be rendered cognizable by extra gilding; orthodox divinity might be cut with a square and compass; while sectarian heresies might demonstrate by the inequality of their angles, the falsehood of the doctrines they teach. Books of rarity and unpurchasable curiosity, being ordinarily valued in proportion to their inaccessibility to the vulgar, might be so bound as not to open at all. Medical works might be indicated by steeping the leather of their bindings in *assa foetida*; law books, as at present, by their sheep-skin coverings, so allusive to the condition of the client. Illustrated works should alone be conspicuous in party-coloured fancy bindings. Libels and seditious works, and in general all writings calculated to disturb existing establishments, by advancing civilization and benefiting the condition of man, might be tooled with a gibbet or a faggot on their backs; while works of a sober and proper nature, might be marked by a crown and Bible, thus superseding the necessity for an "*index expurgatorius*." The effusions of the saints, lay and clerical, should be dressed in a plain, Quaker-like binding; and instead of boards, might have their covers made of sole\* leather; military books might be bound in russia, in compliment to the greatest military power of Europe; and the writings of French ultras, in morocco, to indicate the attachment of the party to a pure system of Moorish despotism.

These advantages can never be obtained while binding is entrusted to the passions, the interests, and the caprices of insulated tradesmen; and this is the great reason for which I propose the formation of a loyal joint stock company. Finally, it is quite evident that all the benefits proposed to be derived from a joint stock printing company, are equally to be expected from a joint stock binding company. No one knows the number of poor neglected authors, who, having atchieved printing, can never arrive at the honours of being, what a grave professor is in the habit of terming, well constipated, but are daily sent to the trunk-makers, the pastry-cooks, and the other dealers in *quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis*, for the want of a stout pair of boards and a few inches of calf-skin. All these cry aloud for relief: and if it be desirable that bad books should be printed, it is equally desirable that they should be handsomely bound. Nay, a well-bound book will "become a shelf"

as well as better volumes, and is always worth something; while a loose dog's-eared volume is of no use to "man or baste," being good for nothing on the "floor of God's creation," as Padſy has it. If "early genius" stand in need of incorporated assistance, to wing its airy flight, the printing society by itself is but one wing; and the most promising volatile never was able to soar without the aid of two. But if my project be adopted, I do not despair of seeing "merry England" a complete nation of rising geniuses, and of viewing the whole population on the wing like the people of Peter Wilkins's island; so that Diogenes would have more difficulty in finding amongst us a "virgin muse" than a man. So I beg you will take this into serious consideration, if you have any regard for your attached admirer and friend

M.

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OLD PAGES AND OLD TIMES.—NO. IV.

WHATEVER may have been the increase in the salary of our civic chief magistrate, or the aggrandisement of the City over which he presides, certain it is, that the glories of his state establishment have for many years been lamentably on the wane. The City-laureate, whose duty it was to sing the splendours of the Lord Mayor's show, has been long suppressed:—the City fool had already preceded him in abolition, though the duties continue to be divided among the court of aldermen: the kennel and the great hunting establishment in Finsbury would be forgotten, but that their memory is preserved in the name of the sole remaining officer—Mr. Common Hunt:—and the annual show itself has dwindled to a sorry tattered remnant of former magnificence. Within these few years, we remember to have seen stout wooden booths, forming a double row down the middle of Cheapside, within which sate the common councilmen smoking their pipes, with their wives and daughters beside them, and the procession moving along in slow pomp before them. But alas!

"The glories of our *civic* state  
Are shadows, not substantial things:"

the booths and the greater part of the procession have passed away, leaving no more traces behind them, than the smoke of the pipes when it mingled with the air. The City Waits would be hardly known to linger out their declining days, but for their annual application for Christmas boxes, an appeal which few perhaps would resist, if, like the writer of this article, they had been repeatedly awakened from their dreams in the dead silence of night by the melodious swellings of music, confounding their waking impressions with the wild visions of sleep, as if under the influence of some dulcet enchantment. Youthful reveries of lovers' serenades, the midnight hour, the season hallowed by religion, all combined to render the visit of these invisible musicians inexpressibly delightful to the mind of the writer. Had the mystery been dissolved by his seeing them, the charm would probably have been broken; for they are no longer "the topping tooters of the town," nor do they present themselves in uniform, or boast the gowns, silver chains, and salaries, which by the following extract from an old perio-

dical, they appear to have enjoyed at the latter end of the century before the last.

"We blundered on in pursuit of our night's felicity, but scarce had walked the length of a horse's tedder, e'er we heard a noise so dreadful and surprising, that we thought the devil was riding a hunting through the City, with a pack of deep-mouthed, hell-hounds to catch a brace of tally-men for breakfast. At last bolted out from the corner of a street, with an Ignis Fatuus dancing before them, a parcel of strange hobgoblins, covered with long frize rugs and blankets, hooped round with leather girdles from their croopers to their shoulders; and their noddles buttoned up into caps of martial figure, like a Night Errant at tilt and tournament, with his wooden head lockt into an iron helmet: one armed, as I thought, with a lusty faggot-bat, and the rest with strange wooden weapons in their hands. Of a suddain they clap'd them to their mouths, and made such a frightful yelling that I thought the world had been dissolving. Under these amazing apprehensions, I asked my friend, what was the meaning of this infernal outcry. 'Why these,' says he, are the '*City Witches* who play every winter's night through the streets. These are the topping tooters of the town, and have gowns, silver chains, and sallaries for playing Lilly Burlera to my Lord Mayor's horse through the City.' 'Marry,' said I, 'if his horse liked their music no better than I do, he would soon fling his rider for hiring such bug-bears to affront his amble-ship.'"

Such of our readers as are in the habit of recreating themselves or their children with the pantomimic humours of Sadler's Wells, may contrast its present with its former state, when it was merely an eating house, where the guests were entertained with organs and fiddles. The following is extracted from an old pamphlet entitled

"A walk to Islington, with a description of New Tunbridge Wells, and Sadler's Musick House. London, printed in the year 1699.

"Being surfeited now with this dull recreation,  
Our fancies inclined to some petty collation,  
Of cheesecakes and custards, and pigeon-pie puff,  
With bottle ale, cyder, and such sort of stuff.—  
Thus being resolved, I consulted my dear,  
And ask'd if she knew any place that was near,  
Would yield us some pastime, as well as good cheer;  
Who after a little debate made a bargain  
To turn into Sadler's for sake of the organ,  
The kind part of females being always advancing  
(For pleasure) the int'rest of musick and dancing.—

We enter'd the house, were conducted up-stairs,  
Where lovers o'er cheesecakes were seated by pairs.  
The organs and fiddles were scraping and humming,  
The guests for more ale on the table were drumming,  
And poor Tom, amaz'd, crying coming, Sirs, coming;—  
Whilst others, ill-bred, lolling over their mugs,  
While laughing and toying with their Joans and their jugs,  
Disdain'd to be slaves to perfections or graces,  
Sat puffing tobacco in their mistress's faces."

When the meanest of the King's subjects may travel to Windsor as fast as himself, galloping through the once formidable defile of Slough, without other evidence of its former bad ways, than what is retained in its name; when the citizen who leaves town in an opposite direction, may take a comfortable nap as he lolls towards Stratford in his sleek

vehicle, neither of them would easily credit the sufferings endured by our ancestors, when they desperately braved the perils of a similar undertaking. We know that Queen Elizabeth often stuck fast in the mud upon her different progresses in the country; but that we may be fully aware how much we ought to thank heaven for Macadamised roads and well-poised stages, we should peruse the following account of a trip from Stratford to London so late as the time of King William.

"When our Stratford Tub, by the assistance of its carrionly tits of different colours, had out-run the smoothness of the road, and entered upon London stones, with as frightful a rumbling as an empty hay cart, our leathern conveniency being bound in the braces to its good behaviour, had no more sway than a funeral Hers, or a country waggon, that we were jumbled about like so many peas in a child's rattle, running at every kennel jolt a great hazard of a dislocation. This we endured till we were brought within White Chappel Bars, where we lighted from our stubborn caravan, with our elbows and shoulders as black and blew as a rural Joan that had been under the pinches of an angry fairy. Our weary limbs being rather more tired than refreshed by the thumps and tosses of our ill-contrived engine, as unfit to move upon a rugged pavement, as a gouty sinner is to hault o'er London Bridge with his boots on. 'For my part,' said I, 'if this be the pleasure of riding in a coach thro' London streets, may those that like it enjoy it, for it has so loosened my joints in so short a passage, that I shall scarce recover my former strength this fortnight; and indeed of the two, I would rather chuse to cry mous-traps for a livelyhood, than be obliged every day to be drag'd about town under such uneasiness; and if the Quality's coaches are as troublesome as this, I would not be bound to do their penance for their estates.' 'You must consider,' says my friend, 'you have not the right knack of humouring the coaches motion, for there is as much art in sitting a coach finely, as there is in riding the great horse; and many a younger brother has got a good fortune by his graceful lolling in his chariot, and his genteel stepping in and out, when he pays a visit to her ladyship. There are a great many such qualifications among our true French-bred gentlemen, besides the smooth dancing of a minuet, the making of a love song, the neat carving up a fowl, or the thin paring of an apple.'"

Old plays and novels have ennobled the Mall and St. James's Park with such pleasant associations, that in spite of its dismantled and sombre appearance, its neglected decaying trees, its time-worn broken benches, and melancholy looking stagnant canal, we can find in its forlorn walks more food for pleasant thought than in the greener and more fashionable promenades of its rival parks. Charles the Second, as Colley Cibber tells us in his Apology—"even in his indolent amusement of playing with his dogs and feeding his ducks in St. James's Park, which I have seen him do, made the common people adore him, and consequently overlook in him what in a prince of a different temper they might have been out of humour at." Upon this spot formerly stood Duck Island, which was erected into a sort of jurisdiction, that it might afford a handsome revenue to M. de St. Evremond; and the place where numerous birds were suspended from the trees in cages, is still known by the name of the Bird-cage Walk. In reading the following description of sylvan scenery, embellished with the meanders of a "fluminous labyrinth," it is difficult to persuade ourselves that the writer has fallen into such a pastoral enthusiasm in delineating the beauties of St. James's Park.

"From thence we walked up to a canal where ducks were frisking about,

and standing upon their heads, showing as many tricks in their liquors as a Bartholomew fair tumbler. Said I to my friend, 'his Majesty's ducks are wondrous merry;' he replying—'well they may, for they are always tipping.' We then took a view of the famed figure of a gladiator, which indeed is well worthy of the place it stands in, for the exactness of its proportion, and the true placing and expression of the exterior muscling veins and arteries. Behind this figure, upon the foot of the pedestal, my friend and I sat down to please our eyes with the prospect of the most delightful aqueduct, and to see its feathered inhabitants the ducks, divert us with their sundry pastimes. We arose from thence and walked up by the decoy, where meanders glid so smoothly beneath their osier canopies, that the calm surface seemed to express nothing inhabited this watery place but peace and silence. I could have wished myself capable of living obscure from mankind in this element, like a fish, purely to have enjoyed the pleasure of so delightful a fluminous labyrinth, whose intricate turnings so confound the sight, that the eye is still in search of some new discovery, and never satisfied with the tempting variety so artificially ordered in so little a compass.

"We turned up from thence into a long lime-tree walk, where either art or nature had carefully preserved the trees in such exact proportion to each other, that a man would guess by their appearance, they all aspire in height, and spread in breadth to just the same dimensions, and confine the leaves and branches to an equal number. The termination of this delectable walk was in a knot of lofty elms, by a pond side, round some of which were commodious seats for the tired ambulators to refresh their weary pedestals. Here a parcel of old worn-out cavaliers were conning over the civil wars, and looking back into the history of their past lives to moderate the anxiety and infirmity of age with a pleasing reflection of their youthful actions. Among the rest a country curmudgeon was standing with his back against a tree, leaning forward on his oaken companion, his staff, and staring towards the top of a high adjacent elm. 'Pray,' said I, 'friend, what is it you are so earnestly looking at?' Who answered me—'at yonder bird's-nest.' I further asked him—'what bird's nest is it?' Who replied—'what a foolish question you asken me! Why, did you ever know any thing but rooks build so near the King's palace?'—whose innocent return put my friend and I into a laughter. I asked if he did not think they were very noble trees. 'Yes, zure,' said he, 'if the King's trees should not be noble, pray whose should?' 'I mean,' said I, 'dout they thrive and spread finely?' 'They have nothing else to do,' says he, 'as I know on: every thing thrives that stands upon crown land, zure.'"

For the present we shall conclude our citations from old periodicals, with an article from the *Country Journal*, or the *Craftsman* of Saturday, May 20, 1732. It would have been of special service to M. Polydori, had he prefixed it to his *Tale of the Vampyre*, which it was attempted to palm upon us as Lord Byron's.

"Extract of a private letter from Vienna.

"We have received certain advice of a sort of prodigy lately discovered in Hungary, at a place called Heyducken, situate on the other side of the Tibiscus, or Teys; namely of dead bodies sucking, as it were, the blood of the living; for the latter visibly dry up, while the former are filled with blood. The fact at first sight seems to be impossible, and even ridiculous, but the following is a true copy of a relation attested by unexceptionable witnesses, and sent to the Imperial Council of War.

"Madreyga in Hungary,  
January 7th, 1732.

"Upon a current report that in the village of Madreyga, certain dead bodies (called here Vampyres) had killed several persons by sucking out all their

blood, the present enquiry was made by the honourable commander-in-chief; and Captain Goschutz of the Company of Stallater, the *Haderagi* Bariacrar, and the senior Heyduke of the village, were severally examined; who unanimously declared that about five years ago, a certain Heyduke named Arnold Paul, was killed by the overturning of a cart-load of hay, who in his life-time was often heard to say that he had been tormented near Caschaw, and upon the borders of Turkish Servia, by a Vampyre; and that to extricate himself he had eaten some of the earth of the Vampyre's graves, and rubbed himself with their blood.

"That twenty or thirty days after the decease of the said Arnold Paul, several persons complained that they were tormented, and that in short he had taken away the lives of four persons. In order therefore to put a stop to such a calamity, the inhabitants of the place, after having consulted their Haderagi, caused the body of the said Arnold Paul to be taken up, forty days after he had been dead, and found the same to be fresh and free from all manner of corruption; that he bled at the nose, mouth and ears, as pure and florid blood as ever was seen; and that his shroud and winding sheet were all over bloody; and lastly, his finger and toe nails were fallen off and new ones grown in their room.

"As they observed from all these circumstances that he was a Vampyre, they according to custom drove a stake through his heart, at which he gave a horrid groan, and lost a great deal of blood. Afterwards they burnt his body to ashes the same day, and threw them into his grave.

"These good men say further, that all such as have been tormented or killed by the vampyres, become vampyres when they are dead; and therefore they served several other dead bodies as they had done Arnold Paul's for tormenting the living.

"Signed, Batruer, First Lieutenant of the Regiment of Alexander.

Hickhenger, Surgeon Major to the Regiment of Furstemburch.

Three other Surgeons,

Gorschitz, Captain of Stallater.

## SONNET.

*To the Mocking-Bird.\**

WING'D mimic of the woods! thou motley fool,  
 Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?  
 Thine ever-ready notes of ridicule  
 Pursue thy fellows still with jest and gibe;  
 Wit—sophist—songster—YORICK of thy tribe;—  
 Thou sportive satyrists of Nature's school,  
 To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,  
 Arch mocker, and mad Abbot of misrule!  
 For such thou art by day:—but all night long  
 Thou pour'st a soft sweet pensive solemn strain,  
 As if thou didst in this thy moonlight song,  
 Like to the melancholy Jacques, complain,  
 Musing on falsehood, violence and wrong,  
 And sighing for thy motley coat again.

\* We conjecture that this comes from a transatlantic friend, and should be glad to have more of his correspondence.



HINTS FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF BREVITY IN SPEAKING  
AND WRITING.

GOING the other night to the theatre very late, and finding it crowded, I was obliged to mount up to the pigeon-holes for want of a seat. The reader knows this situation. Standing-room is nothing to it. In standing-room you have the scene before you ; you are in the secret of all that is going forward ; there is no necessity to hazard your neck in order to catch a good thing ; and besides, (if you are a man) you may chance to get the ninth part of a seat. But in the pigeon-holes ! There is a bench, it is true, if you wish to sit down, and count the opposite sufferers—though not always that. Furthermore, you may go out, and look vainly in at every other door ; or you may stay, and see love made in a style that might edify a footman. The other night, there was a gay fellow with his hat on one side, and a diamond on his finger, playing the rake towards a poor giggling damsel, with all the patronizing airs of a lord. I gave a look at him, when I had the face, and recognized (by all that's brilliant !) my glazier ! But if you wish to hear or to see,—first, there are the horrible previous comers, who have anticipated your seat ;—then you lean over, to the detriment of some gentleman's or lady's head, making apologies for permission to risque your life ;—thirdly, you hear nothing but the noisy part of a song, or the undistinguishable joke that sets every body else laughing ;—and fourthly, you have the satisfaction of discerning the top of some actor's head, or making acquaintance with the lion and unicorn, or reflecting on the exalted adversity that has set you on a level with the gods.

The gods and Jenkins did in this divide ;  
They chose the seeing, he the paying side.

Did nobody in the pigeon-holes ever long to crack a few skulls in the pit, especially when they were laughing ? I used to wonder how any one could throw a bottle from the galleries ; but it must have been on some such provocation. I could scarcely go as far as that ; but an orange or a hard apple, particularly on a bald head (which always appears eminently snug in company) I could with difficulty resist. One ought to be paid somehow for being put to such a disadvantage. The very height has something distressing ; the more so, as the front is provided with a safety-rail, to remind us of it.

Half-way down  
Hangs one has dropp'd a play-bill,  
Methinks he seems no wiser than his head.  
The player-men, that walk upon the stage,  
Appear fore-shortened ; and yon ranting voice  
Diminish'd to a bark ; the bark a cough,  
Almost too small to hear. The murmuring joke,  
That makes the unnumber'd idle pitmen laugh,  
Cannot be heard so high. I'll try no more.

The worst of all is, when you catch the burthen of some jovial song, or seem to catch it ; for the sound is ambiguous. At the farce the other night, there was a noisy little fellow, who had the stage to himself, singing with great pomp and satisfaction some gallant common-place, the burthen of which sounded in my ear like the words " Little old

boy." Doubtless it was no such thing ; but the effect was as good as if it had been. There he stood, master of that large field of boards, with every other corner of the house crowded to suffocation, running his quips and flourishes in the most received style upon the cadence, and so coming to his eternal conclusion—*ti-diddle-iddle-iddle*—Little—Old—Boy. On *ti-diddle* he was affectionate, yet easy ; but at *little* he always resumed his pomp and loudness, and finished with dignity and decision on the words *old* and *boy*. I think I hear him now, his *aw*'s and his *oi*'s, and an occasional thrust out of an arm. I say, hear an arm, because you have only to hear the sound, to be certain of the gesture.

I longed to have my revenge of this fellow ; and was glad afterwards I was not a critic, or it might have gone hard with him. The insolent excess of his elbow-room, his perfect content with both song and house, the satisfaction of the audience, and my own close, unhearing, unseeing condition, with the gods in their divine perceptions, giving shouts of acknowledgment, and my friend the glazier cocking his hat and eye in an amorous abstraction, presented a conspiracy of contentment not to be endured. I devoted the Little Old Boy to the Old Gentleman, and closing the door after me to shut the house upon itself, came away, not the better pleased for the box-keeper, who asked me with an equivocal air, if he should take my coat.

As I walked home, I reflected upon the advantage which the rest of the audience had over me, not excepting my fellows of the dove-cote, in being content with what they could get, and patronizing my friend the Little Old Boy, though perhaps three-fourths of them did not hear the words of the song a bit better than myself. I am jealous of an advantage of this sort, piquing myself much on those helps to satisfaction, which are created by imagination and good fellowship : and to make amends for my want of philosophy, I resolved upon pushing my reflections further, and getting what good I could out of them, both for myself and the public.

Considering therefore the good nature of audiences, and the trouble they are disposed to save their entertainers individually, provided they can be entertained somehow, I began to cast in my mind under what other circumstances people might be spared a superfluity of endeavour ; how often sound might be taken for sense, and a hint or reference for unnecessary detail. The first thing I thought of was a speech in Parliament ; but as I studiously avoid politics in my penmanship, I shall say nothing on that head. For the same reason I suppress a speech from the throne, and even a long oration on the hustings, though comprised (in my version) in half a dozen words. I shall only notice a curious circumstance connected with those orations ; which is, that the very longest are generally made by little men ; doubtless with a design to extend themselves that way, and make up in height of argument what they want in stature.

Dinner speeches are extremely to our purpose. There might be patterns for them, as easily as for the plates. Take the following one, for returning thanks. Instead of humming and hawing, and drawing out an unnecessary chain of sentences, what should hinder a person of any gratitude from showing a proper sense of his audience's

time and attention, by delivering himself with a pregnant brevity ; as thus :—

“Gentlemen—Feel it impossible—Proudest day of my life—Honourable gentleman who—Those feelings which—Extremely obliged—Happiness—All your healths in return.”

If the company meet on purpose to make speeches, or to compliment one another (pretty nearly the same thing) something longer must be allowed, for the sake of all parties. The little Old Boy must here be a little more distinct. The following patterns would do.

*Chairman's Speech.* Totally inadequate—Some other more worthy—Your pleasure—My modesty—Will for deed—Inspiring occasion—Illustrious friend—Head and heart—Thoughts which—Considerations which—Those feelings which—All, I'm sure—When I name the name of Jenkins (*shouts of applause*)—Hasten to conclude—Happiness to propose—Health, gentlemen, of our worthy, illustrious, eloquent, independent, loyal, interesting, agreeable, modest, and consummate friend, Sir Thomas Jenkins.—(*Cheers—three times three.*)

*Speech of Sir Thomas Jenkins.* Quite overwhelmed—Most unaffectedly say—Proudest day of my life—Latest day of my life—Heir-loom—Honourable and admirable friend who—Flattering things which—Those things which—Those other things which—Defy any man to say—Can safely say—When I look round me—Rank and talent—Illustrious friend on my right—Incomparable friend on my left—Worthy chairman—However unworthy myself (*cheers*). All of you perfect (*deafening applause*). Cannot conclude better—Propose the health of our worthy, excellent, pure, upright, downright, indefatigable, simple-minded, inimitable friend, Sir George Tomkins. (*Vociferous applause—three times three.*)

*Speech of Sir George Tomkins.* Cannot express—Feel it here—Doubly welcome—Grace this meeting—After eloquent speech—Humble endeavours—Proud sensations—Those persons who—Questions which—Insinuations which—Times like ours—Understandings like yours—Common, if I may use the expression—Immortal bard—Challenge any person—Gallant officer—Words of my illustrious friend—Cannot conclude better—Propose the health of our truly noble, fine-hearted, fine-headed, graceful, useful, ornamental, high-minded, example-giving, facetious, and superior friend, Earl Hipkins. (*Cheers—long applause—three times three.*)

*Speech of Earl Hipkins.* Totally want words—Highly honoured—deeply affected—Bosom—Carry it home with me—Children—Posterity—Celebration—Displays of talent—Worthy chairman—Illustrious friends—Gallant officers—Brilliant assembly—British nation (*cheers*)—Fair sex (*continued cheers*)—Under the rose (*a laugh*)—Moral order—Arguments which—Events which—Things which no man that—That which, I'm sure, no gentleman that—Effects of this day—Will not take up your time—One word more—Presume to differ—Delight to agree—Sorry to be informed—Happy to hear—Long pull and strong pull—Immortal bard—Distinguished living writer—Homely but acute proverb—Valuable time—Found at my post—Words unnecessary—English hearts—Bumper at parting—Health of our worthy, solid, polite, thinking, drinking, impartial, indefatigable, paternal, private, public, plain-hearted, and prodigious chairman. (*Riotous applause—three times three.*)

*Chairman returns thanks — New chairman — Songs — Festivity — Late hours.)*

Now here is a saving to the newspapers, of at least three columns.

In other periodical works, in pamphlets, and particularly in books, the inestimable advantage of this mode of compression "must strike every impartial mind." I have heard of a learned person, who, having set himself the task of reading Shakspeare, used to come down to breakfast, rubbing his hands, and exclaiming, "Well—tossed off another play, and shaved besides." This I confess to be a rapidity of perusal beyond me; nor do I well see how Shakspeare is to be despatched according to the mode in question. Much might be done with Churchill, and a great deal with Young. But it will do admirably for books in ordinary. Short hand would be nothing to it. The longest hand would here become shortest. A reader of any powers might despatch fifty novels in an hour; and as many pamphlets and controversies in the same space of time. Theological controversy would consist chiefly of reference to Scripture; looking like books of arithmetic, interspersed with the names of Matthew, Mark, and Daniel. Conceive the pleasure of thus having all the real arguments, and saving infinite heat and vexation (not always of the most edifying sort) to the worthy disputants. The tears almost come into my eyes for joy, when I think how short and sweet a variety of other questions might become,—that of paper-money for instance; what a heap of pamphlets we should have consisting of one paragraph; and how many more would shrink up into easy and piquant repetitions of the words *Yes* and *No*. Oh innocent, battle-door and shuttle-cock times of controversy, why come ye not? The title page would often be the longest part of a book. Think of that. We might read by advertisement; and grow learned with a table of contents. Stationers might then almost absorb the bookselling business; and sell writing books, and books written, bound up together,—a good thick copy-book of a hundred pages, prefaced by an elaborate printed dissertation consisting of a couple. Take the following specimen of the dissertation:—nay, the reader shall have three or four volumes of controversy at once. After the proper advertisements of "Mr. Gibson's new work."—"Gibson on the State of Affairs," &c. the work appears.—The following is the whole of it:

"An Enquiry into the Present State of the Affairs of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with Remarks on our Foreign Policy and the Holy Alliance; preceded by Observations on Bullion and the Corn Laws, together with Hints for the Gradual Amelloration of the Condition of the Working Classes; the whole interspersed with Considerations on the Question now pending between Spain and her Colonies, and Brief Reflections on the Utility of the Tread-Mill. In a Letter to a Noble Lord. By a late Member of the University."

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.

Hor.

London:

Printed for WILLIAM GREEN, BLACK-SMITH, WHITE-FRIARS.  
1825.

Enquiry into the Present State, &c.

"My Lord,

"It is a very frequent observation.—In short, my Lord, I

agree with the numerous pamphlets already written on your Lordship's side of the question.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ With the greatest respect,

“ My Lord,

“ Your Lordship's most obliged,

“ Most obedient and most humble servant.

“ JOHN GIBSON.”

Finis.

Printed by WISE and SON, LITTLE BRITAIN.

This work produces several answers, one of which will serve as a specimen of the rest. GABSON'S ANSWER TO GIBSON. On Friday the twenty-seventh instant, was published An Answer to the Enquiry of John Gibson, Esquire, by Thomas Gabson, Esquire. *Respondere paratus*. VIRG. Foolscape octavo, price one halfpenny. On common paper, one farthing. (See how cheap we should get them.)

GABSON ON GIBSON.—“ An Answer to the Work entitled, An Enquiry into the Present State of Affairs, &c., in which the Author's Mistakes on the Subject of our Foreign Policy are pointed out ; together with Remarks on the Observations on Bullion and the Corn Laws, in which the whole of that question is settled ; and an Examination of the Proposition respecting an Amelioration of the Condition, &c. ; the whole interspersed with Considerations on the Style fit for Political Investigations, and an Attempt to reduce them to Practice. By an Eye-Witness.”

*Respondere paratus.*

Virgil.

London:

Printed for WILLIAM LONG, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONG ACRE.

1825.

“ An Answer to the Work entitled An Enquiry,  
&c. &c. &c.

To the Author of the Enquiry.

“ Sir,

“ Among the various vicissitudes of the human race—In a word, Sir, you are altogether in the wrong.

“ I am, Sir,

“ With great respect,

“ Your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS GABSON.

Finis.

Printed by SMALL and SONS, WESTMINSTER.

Gibson's Reply to Gabson. Crown octavo, price one halfpenny. On Saturday the 28th instant, was published the above gentleman's refutation of the above gentleman, in a pamphlet entitled, “ Reply to a Pamphlet entitled, an Answer to the Work entitled “ An Enquiry, &c.

GIBSON ON GABSON.—Reply to a Pamphlet entitled, an Answer to the Work entitled, “ An Enquiry into the Present State of Affairs ; being a Refutation of the Charges of Mistake on the subject of Foreign Policy,

&c. together with an Overthrow of the Remarks on the Observations on Bullion and the Corn Laws, in which the whole of that question is fairly re-stated and put beyond controversy; the whole preceded by an Examination of the Examination of the Consideration on Amelioration; and followed by a Criticism on the Author's Propositions respecting style, in which a new System is proposed, and the other proved to be crude and impracticable. In a Letter to the Author. By John Gibson, Esquire, Author of an Enquiry into the Present State of Affairs.

“ Non deficit alter.

*Virg.*

“ London:

“ Printed for RICHARD HEW, GREEN-STREET, BLACK-FRIARS.”

“ A Reply to a Pamphlet entitled An Answer,  
In a Letter to the Author.

“ Sir,

“ There are few observations more common. In short, Sir, *you* are altogether mistaken, not to say a little absurd and criminal; and there is an end of it.

“ I am, Sir,

“ With the greatest submission,

“ Your most obliged and obedient humble servant,

“ JOHN GIBSON.

“ Finis.

“ Printed by WISE AND SON, LITTLE BRITAIN.”

Gabson's Reply to the Reply.

“ To JOHN GIBSON, Esquire.

“ Sir,

“ You're a fool; not to say a knave.

“ I am, Sir, &c. &c.

“ THOMAS GABSON.”

Gibson's rejoinder to Gabson.

“ Sir,

“ *You're* a fool, and a knave too; besides being a scoundrel, beast, devil, thief, and liar.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Yours,

“ JOHN GIBSON.”

*Article on the above controversy in the Moral Review, or Worthy Magazine.*

Art. 1.<sup>o</sup> XX. An Enquiry into the Present State of Affairs, &c. By John Gibson, Esquire.

2. An Answer to the Enquiry, &c. By Thomas Gabson, Esquire.

3. A Reply to the Answer.

4. A Reply to the Reply.

5. A Rejoinder with Reply to the Reply.

“ Of all the questions that agitate a reflecting community. But to hasten to the pamphlet before us, and the conclusion of this long

article. Mr. Gibson is a most excellent person, a friend of ours, and quite in the right. Of Mr. Gabson we know nothing but ill, for we know nothing at all, except that he differs with us in opinion, and therefore is undoubtedly a most absurd person, not very moral, and we shrewdly suspect, poor. We have done with him. We are sorry he is not a better man, for he would have been a happier: but that is not our fault. The reader is exhorted to buy only the Reply, which will put him in possession of the whole controversy, and is written in a spirit worthy of the worthy author. Gabson is gross and vulgar. But no more of him."

#### A Modern Novel.

"Georgiana Villars was a most charming young creature. Montague Danvers was a most interesting young man. They lived in Portman-square, and fell in love. A misunderstanding arises, not very probable, but extremely necessary. He (with agony of mind) thinks her unworthy. She (with anguish still more exquisite) is too modest to explain. At length chance befriends them. She flies on the wings of love. She is reserved, but does not drive him to despair. A perfidious rival is unmasked; friends are reconciled; parents consent; and Montague leads his Georgiana, a blushing bride, to the altar of Hymen. Thus virtue, &c. while, on the other hand, vice, &c. Finis."

#### A Romance.

"See novel, with the addition of a ghost, a corridor, or an Italian Marquis."—(By the by, an Italian Marquis is the most unromantic of human beings, and not the richest, or highest of rank. But that is in Italy, not in England.)

#### Treatise in Philosophy.

"MAN, &c."

#### A Volume of Love Poems.

"WOMAN, &c."

But the subject of being compendious in poetry has been treated before; and I must say the treatise has been handsomely followed up, the rhymes of several admired productions, particularly of the exotic species, looking as if they designed to render all the rest of the versification superfluous, provided the reader should wish to dispense with it. I could produce delightful specimens; but this might be thought by some mistaken persons invidious; and I fear I have already been a little too critical for the urbane character of this magazine. The reader will allow me to take the taste of criticism out of our mouths, with a Greek epigram. It has nothing to do with our subject; but this will only make it answer its purpose the better.

#### THE TRUE CUP FOR THE LIP.

*From the Greek of Meleager.*

Delicious draught! It seem'd as if the wine  
Knew that her lovely lips had kiss'd the bowl:  
Gods! were she lip to lip but under mine,  
I'd not take breath till I had drain'd her soul.

THE CANADIAN CHIEFS.

"PRAY, me'm, may I ask you, who know every thing, whether it is really true that the F——s mean to outrage our feelings of female delicacy by bringing down among us those nasty North American savages?—Well—I had hoped, for the credit of the "Our Village," (to borrow the title from the work of an accomplished lady,) that it was not true, me'm.—Why, me'm, I hear they are no better than so many wild-men-of-the-woods. It's really shocking to think of introducing them into genteel female society: there's no knowing what may be the consequences. For my part, me'm, I should as soon think of going to one of those horrible prize-fights, as of going to meet the monster? Not that I've been asked, as yet—which, by the by, I take as a very unaccountable slight on the part of Mrs. F——; for I hear that all the A——'s are going—young ladies and all; Mr. and Mrs. B——; the C——s—the D——s—and I don't know who besides. It's really very rude of Mrs. F——, not to have *asked* me, at least—though she might be sure that I should n't go. I go into the same house (for I hear they actually mean to have them into the house!) with filthy male monsters that paint their faces in streaks, and wear beads instead of breeches! The very idea horrifies me. But Mrs. F—— *might* have asked me, notwithstanding."

"Well, my love,—so I find that the F——s are actually going to have those dear delightful savages to dine with them to-morrow. How very romantic! I suppose you are going. Well—I do envy you—that's the truth. Don't you think, my love, you could contrive to smuggle me in, somehow? Do you know I'd give all the world to be there—nay, I'd give up going to the next assembly!—So I hear the dear creatures rowed themselves all across the Atlantic Ocean in one of their own canoes. How very interesting! But then how very fatigued they must have been!—I wonder whether they're so *very* savage. I hope they won't do much mischief. Are not you almost afraid to trust yourself with them, my love?—How very oddly they must be dressed! for I suppose they *are* dressed. Well, I *should* like to be there."

"Why, they tell me that the F——s have invited some wild Indians to dine with them, and that they give a great party in the evening, to meet them. Really, this is what I did not expect of the F——s. But the fact is that people who have been in India themselves, think they may do any thing. Well—I hope they'll give them plenty of *dinner*—that the company may be in no danger afterwards!—though of course they'll take care to have them properly *railed off*, to guard against accidents. I confess, if I could be sure that proper precautions had been taken, I should have no objection to let the children go and see them fed; for the 'feeding-time' at Exeter-change is so late that I haven't been able to let them go *there*, and they've been teasing me to death all this Easter to let them see something of the kind!"

I suppose, Mr. Editor, your readers will be more than satisfied with these specimens of "Our Village" table talk. I shall therefore spare them any thing more in the shape of conjecture; however apposite or ingenious, and confine the rest of my narration to fact and description. Let them suppose, then, the invitations sent, the preparations made, the eventful day and hour arrived, and the dinner-party (consisting of a select few) met and seated at table; for at table they *were* seated, notwithstanding the malicious sarcasms just reported. And really the



mere sight of the dinner-table, with the party so seated at it, was sufficiently singular to almost excuse the curiosity that had been previously excited about it. Conceive an elegant dining-room, set out with a table supplied with all modern appointments for a dozen persons, and graced at due intervals with fashionably dressed females—the master and mistress occupying their usual places at the top and bottom—and in short the whole differing in nothing from the usual routine of good society on such occasions, with the sole exception that the *male* portion of the visitors consisted of four beings more outrageously fantastical and *far-fetched* in their outward appearance than was ever imagined by a romantic school-boy, after reading Cook's Voyages, or invented by an unromantic manager of a minor theatre in dramatising the same. On the left of the lady of the house sat the "Grand Chief," as he is called, or Captain of the Huron nation—by name Tsawanhonhi; on her right Aharathaha, one of the chiefs of his council, and his principal physician; and opposite to each other, towards the middle of the table, each between two ladies, Tsioni Téacheandahé, chief of the warriors, and Tsouhahissen, another of the council. In figure, each (except the warrior) was above the middle height, and sufficiently stately in deportment; and as all were attired pretty much alike, a description of one may serve for all in this particular. Fancy, then, a head of coal-black and perfectly strait hair, clipped close on the top and over the forehead, like a charity-boy's, but hanging down in strings over the shoulders behind, and in length and thickness, as well as colour, exactly resembling the tail of an undertaker's horse. Beneath this *coiffure* fancy a face of the colour and texture of Russia leather, where you could distinguish its natural state, but for the most part covered by broad streaks, about a finger's width, of bright red paint, running in a direction of from ear to mouth, and with intervals between each of about their own width—like the skin of a zebra. The only additional ornament to this was a pair of ear-rings of burnished silver, of the shape, and about the size, of the musical instrument called the triangle; and a bunch of detached pieces of the same metal (of about the form and size of the *tags* that footmen used to wear at their shoulders) dependent from their noses. The neck was entirely open, and each of these personages being about sixty years of age, it presented an appearance not unlike a roll of ancient parchment that had been saved from a fire. Their attire (for they were attired, quite as much as the uninvited lady whose opinion I have above reported could have wished) consisted, in the upper part, of two woollen vestments, which seemed to have been constructed from some *description* which the maker had received, of what we call a coat and waistcoat; but they resembled those garments quite as little (and as much) as they resembled anything else. And round each arm were tied, with pieces of narrow ribbon, two enormous collars of silver, each of which, but for the honest looks of the wearer, one might have fancied to have been purloined from the neck of some favourite Newfoundland dog. Round the waist was twisted, what seemed at a little distance to be a sort of shawl, but which was a band or sash formed chiefly of different coloured beads; and in this band was stuck a bag for tobacco, a wooden pipe, a flint and steel to light it with, and a sort of reticule, or pocket, formed out of a martin's skin complete—the body being the receptacle, and the head, tail, and legs, forming the assels, strings, &c. From the waist to the knees the dress consisted

of what I believe, the Scotch call a kilt; the legs were covered, from knee to foot with *moccasins*; and on the feet were a sort of soleless shoe, exactly the size and form of the foot, and covered entirely over with various coloured beads. In order that I may give you the best notion I am able of the outward appearance of these singular persons, I can only add, with respect to the characters and expressions of their faces, that the grand chief's was in some degree European, and bore a remarkable resemblance to the portraits of our late king, George the Third, having the same retreating forehead and chin, and the same mild benevolence of expression; that those of his two chief councillors were singularly calculated to remind one of the expression of Sir Oran Hutton's, in one of Mr. Peacock's novels; and that the chief warrior's was, to do him justice, and barring the barbarous effect of the red paint, one of the most entirely pleasing that I remember to have seen—full of a mild and graceful sweetness, and free from the slightest tinge of either craft or cruelty.

So much, sir, for the mere outward appearance of these new denizens of an English dinner-party; uncouth enough, it must be confessed; and which uncouthness was rendered ten times more striking than it would otherwise have seemed, by the contrast in connection with which it was seen; for one of them, in particular, was seated beside the belle of our village,—a fine young girl, dressed in the very extreme of English simplicity—without an ornament about her, but her own unaffected graces. Your readers will probably expect to hear that the behaviour of these personages under the new circumstances in which they were placed, was still less “*selon les règles*.” I know not, however, whether they will be as gratified as I was, to find that, so far from this being the case, if these “savages” had forgotten to paint their faces, and had borrowed each a suit of their host's apparel, they might not only have passed muster among any number of ordinary “diners-out,” but might actually have been mistaken (barring their colour) for persons of excellent tact and breeding; at least if good-breeding consists in saying and doing naturally and properly what it is natural and proper to say and do. In fact, sir, having after some few struggles with pride and prejudice, succeeded in persuading myself into a theory that whatever is natural *must* be proper and good, I cannot express to you my gratification at finding my theory so fully and strikingly confirmed, in the behaviour of these most natural, and, notwithstanding their appearance, most agreeable and *well-bred* persons—savages in nothing but the colour of their skins, and uncultivated in nothing but the cut of their clothes. Speaking generally of their mode of conducting themselves during dinner, and indeed all through the evening, I will venture to say that they did nothing, and left nothing undone, which would have seemed particular in any one bearing the character of an English gentleman—nothing, with the exception of one or two instances, where they violated certain established usages which, unlike most of those prevailing in the present day, have *not* their foundation in either good feeling or good sense, but on the contrary, are either perfectly arbitrary and without meaning, or have originated in some conscious defect or failing in the first introducer. It is true Mr. Theodore Hook will be horror-struck at hearing that they actually ate their fish with a knife, though to do so is much more convenient, and at least as graceful, as eating it with a fork; and Mr. Brummel would

have blushed (in his sleeve) at seeing them, in handing wine to a lady, approach their fingers to the brim of the glass, as if they were quite unconscious of soiled hands or unwholesome flesh. But I question whether either of these fastidious observers of distinctions and differences, could have detected a single tinge of real coarseness or vulgarity in any part of their behaviour. I have neglected to mention to you what had perhaps the most singular effect of all, in contrast with their barbarous appearance—namely, that they all spoke French fluently, and all with much less accent than any Europeans do: so that nearly all the company (about fifty in number) were able to converse with them occasionally during the course of the evening. Yet in all the circumstances in which they were placed (some of them not a little trying to the patience of persons evidently not unconscious of a certain degree of dignity in regard to their comparative station in their own country) they never for a moment lost their perfect self-possession, or departed from that mild composure of mien, and that modest gravity of deportment, which characterised them on their first entrance into the company. At dinner they ate very moderately, and chiefly of fish; and took wine with most of the ladies present—though not without an intimation, either from their host, or from the lady herself, that it would be agreeable:—conversing occasionally during the whole time, with a natural ease and grace, as far removed from any thing like assurance, as from that spurious politeness which is called forth by hypocrisy and expressed by grimace.

The most talkative of the party during dinner was Aharathaha, who spoke French with the fluency of a native, and almost entirely without accent; and though apparently the oldest of the four, was by far the most lively, animated, and observant. I have heard, Sir, that the famous John Wilkes used to boast that, ugly as he was, the handsomest man in the room never had more than ten minutes advantage over him, even in the estimation of the ladies, provided he chose to “do the agreeable” in the way of talk. This is one of the handsomest testimonies (for I will not call it a compliment) that has ever been paid to the good sense of our sex; and if I had ever doubted of its truth, I should do so no longer, after spending an evening with the person I have named above. I think I never remember to have seen any countenance so repulsive, even in itself, and without any of the “adventitious aid of ornament.” It reminded one, as I have hinted before, of that of a huge antiquated monkey, so overgrown, and at the same time so withered, as to have lost all that comic expression which the face of a monkey usually includes, without acquiring anything in its place but a sort of half ridiculous air of melancholy; and yet without a single expression appertaining to humanity. Fancy a face like this, half covered with great streaks of brickdust-coloured paint, and hung with silver tags at the nose, and ear-rings big enough to form the wheels of a baby’s coach. And yet, in less than half an hour from the time this face was presented to us, every one seemed to turn to it with pleasure, and address themselves to its owner with feelings almost amounting to regard.

The other three chiefs spoke but little during dinner, and that only when addressed: except that the warrior had occasion to excuse himself from taking wine, and also to make enquiries (which would have shocked a rigid observer of the mere arbitrary rules of modern polite-

ness) as to the composition of one or two of the dishes;—for it appeared afterwards that, in consequence of his having once been intoxicated, he had made a solemn religious vow never again to touch spirits, or any thing which contained them.

Soon after dinner the evening company began to arrive, and the ladies left the dining-room;—the chiefs, however, having been first prevailed upon to sing one of their own “national melodies,” accompanied by words in their own language. The grand chief sang each division first, and then the others joined in a sort of chorus; and though the harmony was not the most perfect possible, nor the melody very elegant, there was a marked character about the whole which was at least curious and striking.

After a short interval (which was passed in the now full drawing-room chiefly in enquiries and anticipations, with which I shall not trouble your readers, as to the expected exhibition) the chiefs were again introduced; and though the party now included a large assemblage of elegantly dressed females, several of them not without considerable pretensions to personal beauty, and all of them prepared on this occasion to lay aside the usual inobservant and *procurante* air of good society, and gaze “with all their eyes,” as the phrase is, on the extraordinary looking strangers,—the latter never for a moment lost that perfect ease and self-possession which many are disposed to consider as peculiar characteristics and criterions of good breeding, but which, in point of fact, are nothing more than evidences that the parties exhibiting them neither feel anything ridiculous about themselves, nor fear any “odious” comparisons to the detriment of pretensions which they have no claim to set up. If a city beau by accident finds himself in a company of west-end exquisites, he feels in a perpetual fidget of fear, lest the cut of his coat or the set of his neck-cloth should not satisfy the seemingly careless, but in fact scrutinizing eyes of those to whom he is bound (by habit) to look up as the only models of what man in the nineteenth century ought to be. But these inhabitants of another world would no more feel an inferiority in such a company, than a wild Arabian horse would in that of a herd of docked and well-trained English ones,—simply because it is not *natural* to feel it.

After the general bustle consequent on the entrance of the chiefs had a little subsided—for that there *was* a bustle among the English part of the company, I am bound to confess, the latter being the only persons who were at all *put out* by the novel introduction which had just taken place,—after this had a little subsided, and a few particular presentations had taken place to the grand chief, who received the attentions thus paid him quite *en Prince*, tea and coffee were introduced; and then commenced those thousand little colloquies, touching the dress and appearance of the persons present, which make up the sum of the *conversation* that usually takes place at an English evening party, as for example:—“What very odd looking people! I declare I never saw anybody so strangely dressed in my life. And then to think of men painting their faces! How very effeminate!”—“La! Mamma, I wonder how that gentleman contrives to blow his nose, with all those silver knobs hanging to it.”—“Hush my dear.”—“Poor creatures” I dare say, now, they don’t feel that there’s anything in the least degree ridiculous about them. I shouldn’t wonder, now, if, in their own country, they would be looked upon as very well dressed people. But habit

is everything."—"Well, I really do think that they behave very decently, *considering*. You know they are but poor savages, after all; and what can one expect from persons so little accustomed to genteel society?"—"How very odd! Do you know, I had no idea that savages spoke French."

But I must prepare, sir, to conclude my narrative. After the first movements of curiosity had in part subsided, music was introduced, and one of our village belles sang several of the favourite airs of the day, with which the chiefs seemed singularly delighted. Indeed the singing of this young lady was the only occurrence of the day which seemed capable of moving them from that perfect *nonchalance* which would have done honour even to a modern exquisite. As she sang the delightful air of "Home, sweet home" in particular, their countenances fairly beamed with delight. Indeed there was something very striking and even poetical in the sight of this fine young creature, sweeping her harp like a muse, while the sweet tones of her voice seemed to penetrate the rugged bosoms of her auditors, as they stood round her like votarists round an inspired priestess, and "lap them in Elysium." Delighted as they evidently were with the singing of this young lady, and almost entirely novel as the effect of it must have been upon them, I cannot but regard it as a remarkable instance of natural good-breeding that they were able, without the least appearance of effort or restraint, to confine the outward evidences of their feelings to the most expressive looks, and the most bland and even graceful expressions of thanks and gratitude.

They were now, in their turn, called upon to entertain the company by the exhibition of one of their national dances; and though it was evident (to me at least) that they had no disposition to an exhibition of this sort, and felt that a compliance with the request would include something like a compromise of their dignity, they did not let this feeling be observable in any thing but a sort of hesitating and deprecating exchange of looks with each other. The dance which they performed, was, as every thing of the kind must be, quite unintelligible in its movements, to any but the initiated, and was in fact the only part of the evening's exhibition which excited feelings any other than agreeable: for, spite of my sex, I must be allowed to say that dancing of any kind, however from various causes it may be *partaken in* with pleasure, can never be *witnessed* without feelings allied to disgust, except when the performers of it are in extreme youth, and it can (as it may in that case) be looked upon as the spontaneous movement of animal vivacity.

I must now, sir, close my record of this memorable event of "Our Village," by adding that the principal subjects of it remained till nearly all the rest of the company retired, and thus imposed upon themselves the task of taking a formal leave of every body, which they did with the same natural ease and grace that they had maintained throughout the evening; and I do not believe that a single person, even among those (if any), "who came to laugh," left the house without being impressed with a kind of respectful regard for all the four extraordinary strangers, unless it was the dandy of our village, who made a point of observing, to everybody to whom he condescended to address his attentions, that "he never saw persons so very ill-dressed in the whole course of his life." I had a great mind to have asked him, in reply to this observation, whether he had chanced to look in a mirror that evening.

## GRIMM'S GHOST.

LETTER XXV.

*Men of the Middle Ages.*

MY last letter left Sir Mark Medium rising from the dinner-table of Colonel Nightingale, in Albemarle-street, ready to adjourn to coffee, and intending to do execution upon the hearts of the numerous young ladies, of whose advent the street-door knocker had recently given audible notice. Hardly had our bosom piercer reached the half landing-place, when the sound of the pianoforte struck upon his ears. "Ah! luckless Damocles!" ejaculated to himself the compassionate baronet, "little dreamest thou of him who is upon the stairs! The arrow of Cupid is suspended over thy heart by a single thread. Open the door and thou diest! Let me consider—shall I be merciful to thee, and merely take the base of 'When shall we three meet again?' Shall I slightly wound thee by taking a second in 'The Manly Heart?' Shall I enveigle thy youthful affections beyond hopes of extrication by 'Believe me if all these endearing young charins?' or shall I drop a mildew upon thy opening expectations by 'I have sworn to love no more?'" Thus pondering between mercy and justice (like Richardson doubting whether he should slay Lovelace or let him live to repent—vide Mrs. Barbauld's Letters of that voluminously self-satisfied printer,) Sir Mark Medium reached the first floor of Colonel Nightingale's dwelling.

Every landing-place of every first floor of every mansion in decent repute, amid the votaries of ton, from York-gate, Regent's-park, down to Welbeck-street, ("And really, gentlemen, I can go no lower,") exhibits to the evening visitor, as he swerves slightly to his right, two white painted doors, that on his right conducting him to music and juvenility, in the back drawing-room, and that on his left to cards and the middle ages, mixed with antiquity in the front drawing-room. The Mantuan bard has hit it to a T.

Hic locus est, partes ubi se via findit in ambas :  
 Dexterâ, quæ Ditis magni sub mœnia tendit :  
 Hæc iter Elysium nobis : at læva malorum  
 Exercet poenas, et ad impia Tartara mittit.

The baronet was too intent on slaughter to consider what he was about. He therefore took the "læva malorum" path, and was in the impious Tartarus of clubs, odd tricks and rubbers before he knew where he was. "What, one of us at last?" exclaimed old Mrs. Griffiths, "come, cut in, you're just in time. Well now, Sir Mark, that's comfortable, that's rational; leave the young ones to amuse themselves, and let us amuse ourselves. Only conceive two card-tables are all we can muster. Ah! you and I remember the time when evening parties were something like."—"Something like what, madam? Every thing is like something."—"I mean something like what they should be. When Mrs. Fitzherbert lived in Pall-Mall, let me see! about the year 95, ay that was about the time, you and I might count twenty card-tables in the two rooms. Young women then amused themselves rationally, by sitting at the edge of the table and seeing their man deal; but now-a-days away they whisk to the piano-forte, or set up a

quadrille, and put the whole house into such a see-saw, that it's actually enough to make us old ones as giddy as themselves."—"Heavens! what a spiteful old hag," muttered Sir Mark to himself, as with a polite bow and a smile he declined the proffered nine of diamonds, and walked into the land of harmony. Miss Boodle had just been prevailed upon to draw off her gloves. Her father was rich enough to afford Garcia: nobody therefore could doubt her abilities. Much music was in due course turned over before the proper article could be pitched upon. She should be very happy, she was sure, to sing any thing—any thing in the world: that was to say, any thing not English: *Il maestro* would never forgive her if he heard of her singing English. "And hear of it he undoubtedly would, my dear," said the wife of the man who was rich enough to afford Garcia. "Don't you remember, Harriet, when Sir Mark Medium prevailed upon you to take a part in 'Fair Aurora?' your mouth did tolerably well, considering the language it had to articulate, till you came to 'Think what anguish!' when that unhappy final syllable *guish* gave your mouth such a wrench, that it required six Roman love-songs and two Venetian canzonettes to put it strait again."—"I remember it well, madam," said Sir Mark Medium: "unfortunately when *Artaxerxes* was written, our poetry went along bumping like Brentford pavement. The author of the *Irish Melodies* has since Macadamized our metre in a very masterly manner. He has picked out the big consonants and broken the five vowels into little bits, so that the voice now runs over them like a Stanhope down Portland-place. If Miss Boodle could but be prevailed upon to try 'Go where glory waits thee,' I shall be too happy to——"—"Oh no," interrupted the daughter of the man who was rich enough to afford Garcia, "if the Signor were to catch me at English a second time, I am sure he never would enter the house again." Many music books were again tumbled over, until "*Di piacer*" was fixed upon, and Miss Boodle squared her elbows for action.

Sir Mark Medium was no particular admirer of Italian music: his taste did not extend beyond the *Irish Melodies*: by their aid he had for nearly twenty years been slaughtering the sex; and he loved his lyric auxiliaries even as the generalissimo loves the ancient charger that bore him in the battle. The baronet, however, had heard Madame Ronzi de Begnis sing "*Di piacer*," and had been elevated to delight (as who has not) by her delicate yet impassioned delivery of it. "Enough," said Sir Mark to himself, when the formal and frigid daughter of him who was rich enough to afford Garcia, had concluded her *brevura*, "I suspected it before she began. Whenever I see a girl with freckles and flaxen eyelashes attempt to do any thing, I know beforehand that it won't do." The daughter of the man who was rich enough to afford Garcia now descended from her red-morocco throne, and straitway a dark hollow-chested daughter of Euterpe seized the reins of empire. Any want of strength or spirit which might have been exhibited by her predecessor was now amply compensated by the muscular organ of Miss Simms. "Home, sweet home," was dwelt upon most emphatically. "I never knew the value of domestic felicity," said Mrs. Lumm, "until I heard that song. It is always sure to make me wish myself back in Bruton-street, or indeed any where but where I am when I hear it."

He of the middle ages now thought it high time to commence his murderous career. But how to begin, and what to begin with,—that's the rub. The adage of putting our best leg foremost does not always apply to one's best song. It's all very well if you are not called upon for another; but if you are, heavens! then where are you? It's a dead anti-climax, and Butterworth after Wilberforce is but a type of it. The baronet dived amid music, consigned by its modish proprietor to the vault of all the Capulets, and drew forth a dusty copy of "Spirit of my Sainted Sire." This he, as if casually, put upon the top of the instrument, and in a few seconds happened to cast his eye upon it; then, with all the seeming carelessness of Mathews asking the price of a portrait of Mrs. Bracegirdle, half hidden by a wash-hand stand in a broker's shop, he took up the deposit, and insinuated it half-way toward Miss Simms, who was now battling with Beethoven, totally unable to find a rest for the sole of her tune. "That's not a bad thing," cried Medium, protruding his song, after the conflict was ended. "Poor Michael Kelly used to give it with considerable effect."—"Ay! that he did," interrupted the remorseless Mullens. "You and I, Sir Mark, came up from Pembroke the first season of the Haunted Tower, to hear him sing it. Was it in eighty-nine or ninety?" Miss Simms gently took "Spirit of my Sainted Sire" in hand, and after a momentary perusal, threw it back into the vault of the Capulets. "That's so like a girl with freckles," said the baronet to himself. Little daunted, however, by his failure, Sir Mark again took advantage of a Der Freischutz din to fish among the tweedledum of other days, and drew forth a bound number of the Irish Melodies. "Come," thought he to himself, "the devil's in it if this won't do—here's 'Go where Glory'—'The harp that once'—'Take back the virgin page'—'Oh haste and leave this lonely Isle'—Oh I must hit them now." Sir Mark in about ten minutes put "Go where glory waits thee," before Miss Simms. Glory went where the "Spirit of my Sainted Sire" had gone before it. Sir Mark insinuated "The harp that once" into its place. "The harp that once" did such wonders was fated not to do them twice. Sir Mark manfully opened "Take back the virgin page," and Miss Simms made him do as the poet directed. By way of final effort, Sir Mark struck up Sir Saint Senanus and the lady; but no sooner had he ejaculated "Oh haste and leave this lonely Isle," than Miss Simms did what the Saint desired, and jumped from her red morocco throne as rapidly as if Saint Senanus himself were at her elbow. "That's so like a girl with flaxen eyelashes," said the baronet to himself. "Well! I see how it is—Love himself no longer lords it over the sex; that infernal Der Freischutz has bedevilled them all; all the terrors that used to be confined to the addled skulls of the Germans are let loose upon London, and are suing a candid and enlightened public under the copartnership firm of imps, toads, bats, gunpowder, bullets, and bones. This, Mullens, is enough to try a man's fortitude." "It should have done that ten years ago," answered the tormenter. "At present it must try your fifty-tude. Come, Medium," continued Mullens, "let you and I shew them what music is;" so saying, off the two semi-centinarians started with a duet. I cannot speak highly of either of their voices. Sir Mark, however, helped out his tenor by wrinkling his forehead, and



Mullens strengthened his base by making a double chin. The duet ran as follows:—

With a friend and a wife,  
Those blessings of life,  
What on earth can our envied condition amend?  
Should sweet offspring be ours,  
Grant this, O ye powers!  
Be the girls like my wife, and the boys like my friend.

"And the boys like your what, sir?" asked old Mrs. Griffiths, who had now quitted the card-room fifteen shillings the better. "Like my friend, ma'am," answered Mullens. "Humph," ejaculated the lady; "it will occasionally happen in the best regulated families; but it's an odd thing to pray for."

Colonel Nightingale, the lord of the mansion, now made his appearance from below with the few remaining Bacchanalians whom he had at length estranged from the glass-handled decanter. Straitway all was Italian, and Sir Mark Medium and his Irish Melodies were voted *hors de combat*. The baronet accordingly sauntered toward the other drawing-room; but, disdaining the imputation of whist, sat in the door-way, suspended in the manner narrated in my last epistle. Several lions now made their appearance, whom Mrs. Nightingale, *leonum arida nutrix*, had summoned on the occasion, consisting of a North-West voyager, a Scotch writer on the corn-laws, a physician who knew all about magnetism, a piping bull-finch, and an abolisher of negro slavery. Mrs. Lumm took this opportunity also of opening a new edition, by Mr. Roscoe, of the works of one Alexander Pope, an obscure poet of the last century, and began to entertain the company by reciting the Dunciad: and Mrs. Willoughby, the evangelical anti-breeder, talked of a discourse at which she had been present at the Rotunda in the Blackfriar's-road. Sir Mark Medium, from his central position, was like the Public Ledger, "open to all parties, but influenced by none?" His ears in consequence drank in the following sounds. "Doubly single, and the rubber! Well I never saw such a run since I first beheld the Great Mogul."

"See how the world its veterans rewards,  
A youth of follies an old age of cards."

"Who led the club?" "Batti, batti, o bel meselto!" "I can assure you, ma'am, Rowland Hill gave us a most excellent sermon."

"Still break the benches, Henley, with thy strain."

"I never knew a man with half his humour!" "Humour, madam, in a preacher?" "Yes; he set a psalm to the Irish air of 'Drops of Brandy,' saying that he did not see, for his part, why the devil should have all the good tunes."

"Besides the directive power of the needle in azimuth, it has also a certain direction of inclination called the dip."—"Dear me! pretty creature. See how it draws up its own little bucket of water."—"The average price of wheat would therefore be reduced eight or nine shillings a quarter by opening the ports."—"Certainly—remarkably warm—Desdemona—Von Weber—Devil and Doctor Faustus—"Madame Pasta!" "A negro is God's image carved in ebony."—"Very

true, ma'am, and very new, ma'am."—"One's own sufferings ought to teach one sympathy with those of others."—"Admirably observed, madam: I for my part practice what other people preach. I have, whenever I met with a neat's tongue at table, chewed it with peculiar tenderness, ever since I happened to bite my own."

Not a little annoyed by a Babel, of which not a single brick was his own, Sir Mark Medium now made a sullen and sudden retreat. He has lately been paying his addresses to a young woman of eighteen, tall, well-shaped, and in quest of an establishment. Ghost as I am, I expect before I am resummoned to Phlegethon to see him united in the bands of wedlock—the cradle-rocked Tithonus of a Guildford-street Aurora. Till then I bid him farewell.

#### A LADY'S ALBUM.

IN this age of reviews, when every author who puts forth his book, and every painter who exhibits his picture, is sure of the gratification of reading his character wherever he goes, it appears peculiarly hard that a very important description of work, which unites the beauties of them both, should be altogether neglected. I mean those excellent establishments for the encouragement of literature and the fine arts called Ladies' Albums, the rapid increase of which has done such visible wonders for the benefit of polite society. How many of the choice geniuses of the age are here indebted for their first inspiration! How many, but for this, had been compelled to remain on their perch for want of a fair field to try their wings, and how greedily will posterity scramble after gilt-edged books with golden clasps to trace the germ of the great works which have descended to them! Alas! had our grandmothers—but it cannot be helped, and every happy undertaking like the invention of Albums may cause us to lament that the world has gone on so long without it. All that we can do is to perpetuate our blessings for our children, and with this view I can do no less than encourage my fair friends in their new pursuit by reviewing all the Albums which fall in my way. I do this with the greater satisfaction as it is partly in payment of a debt of gratitude, seeing that it was in them that I myself commenced fluttering my wings, and I feel that, like the lark, whatever height I may soar I shall still look with an eye of affection to the nest from which I sprang. Most fortunately does it happen, that I have not soared too far to describe it with becoming exactness, for, if the truth must be confessed, the secret of my ability was only communicated to me last week, and the admiring reader is now gazing on my first adventurous flight.

My nest—blessings on it! It was the prettiest nest that ever was made, and the bird that fostered me was a bird of Paradise. Its eyes were as blue as the heavens, and its voice was sweet as any within them. "Dear Mr. —," it sung, "I am sure you are a poet, and therefore you must write in my Album." Alas, how could I doubt? Had such a voice assured me that I was Apollo himself I should have believed it. To drop the metaphor, which is not convenient, I took the book which was locked, as well it might where there was so much to steal, and began seriously to be daunted by its costly appearance of red morocco and emblazoned Cupids. I felt that it was only meant to

receive first-rate treasures, and submitted that it was hard to expose my first attempt to such a dangerous comparison. The appeal, however, was in vain. My beauty assured me that I need fear no comparison there, and gave me, as a reward for my labours, the enviable privilege of turning over as many leaves as I pleased. I will not deny that this examination gave me a good heart, for I thought it was not impossible, after all, that I might maintain my credit respectably enough; not that the articles were indifferent, but rather that the perusal of them lighted me up with unwonted fire.

It would be difficult when staring upon the noonday to say which ray is the most beautiful or the most dazzling; and if I instance a few of my brother-contributors I must not be understood as doing it with any view of settling their claims to superiority. I merely go upon the judgment of my pretty friend, who seemed anxious to direct my attention to the lucubrations of a young gentleman who screened himself from fame under the pathetic name of Alphonso. I rather suspect he was her lover, for she described him very affectionately as a melancholy youth, who had an opinion that geniuses were not long-lived, and had made his will the moment after he had composed his first stanza. I do not wonder that the piece made him low-spirited. It ran as follows:

When I am dead and wafted o'er the billow,  
To wail thine absence as the death-watch ticks,  
I'll plant the spirit of a weeping willow  
To shade my ghost, and kiss the limpid Styx.

There will I strike my visionary chord,  
In tones of pity if they may but sound  
And mourn my body was not placed on board  
To sink the bark and let my soul be drowned.

Poor Alphonso! I doubt very much if his plan would have succeeded, for his mistress hinted that he had been so long and so deeply in love that he was not much more substantial than a ghost as it was. To complete the interesting picture, she gave me to understand that she was sure he was a genius and wrote well, for it was generally suspected that he was a little beside himself. Indeed, what I afterwards saw seemed to bear her out in this surmise, for his sentiments were occasionally inclining to be watery, just as though they had slipped through the crack in his head, and his numbers were apt to ramble with a true maniac unsteadiness; but, as he wrote upon nothing that was not either dying or dead, the latter circumstance was considered a great merit, as he imitated the last kick to perfection.

In the next page to Alphonso and the ghost of the willow-tree, my admiration was excited by a remarkably fine spashy dashy drawing, so boldly touched that I had some difficulty in penetrating the mystery of what it meant. I was told, however, by my pretty companion, that it was an assemblage of desolate rocks and rolling clouds, with the ocean far beneath and a rude grave in the foreground, bearing the initials of the artist, and intended as an illustration of some suicidal stanzas by the same hand. This star it appeared had likewise been shining a little too near the moon, though it was affected in a different manner. Alphonso was a gentle being, and was satisfied to fade away like a dying daisy, but the suicide man was a determined misanthrope of the Byron school, and kept his friends in a turmoil lest he should wring hi

own neck—a blood that would have laughed Charon's boat to scorn, and swam the Styx as lief as look at it. He had met with two or three disappointments in love, and had been choused out of happiness till he very properly learnt to despise it. Every thing he drew or wrote had a smack of bitterness, and was particularly fine for a bold indication of what is called free-thinking, but making designs for his grave, which were usually in cross roads, and his numerous epitaphs, of which I counted about twenty, were, out of sight, his most congenial occupation. Most willingly would I treat the reader with some of the former, but I have not yet been long enough apprenticed to my new avocation to be much of a hand at engraving, and the suicide's style is very difficult to copy. I will give him one of the epitaphs, however, and welcome

Ay, call me back to life again,  
And wash with tears my peaceful tomb—  
I cannot hear the hateful strain,  
And, if I could, I would not come.

There is something very striking in this obstinate determination expressed in such sullen brevity, and I could perceive a pensive irresolution in the eye of my young friend, as to which of her two heroes should be sacrificed. It no doubt requires much deliberation, and I hope and trust that she will not decide hastily. I enquired after the suicide yesterday, and found that he was still living.

It was quite a relief to turn from this intense study to a series of flower-drawings by a gentle young lady who had not been prevailed upon to exhibit without great solicitation. She was, however, one of my favourite's long string of bosom friends and confidants. The sweetest sympathizer in all her cares, and unhappily attached to Alphonso, who had doomed her, like himself, to a Stygian willow wreath. There was no doing without such a dear contributor as this, and, indeed, her performances were interesting to a degree. It was pleasingly melancholy to behold them. Her roses were as pale as if they had been in love themselves, and the butterflies which fluttered about them, were one and all, dying of consumptions. There was no positive colouring or touching—softness was her peculiar characteristic, and any appearance of vigour would have been rejected as absolutely indelicate. I was told that the bouquets were for the most part fashioned for the indication of some tender sentiment, or the exhibition of some beloved face which was formed by the outline of the flowers; and, after a diligent search, I found Alphonso peeping through a broken heart's-ease, and the fair artist, hard by, in a flower-of-love-lies-bleeding. There was an affecting simplicity in these conceits which perfectly atoned for the projectress's want of poetical talent. She had no particular knack at originality, though she was thought to select with great taste. She had copied all the performances of Hafiz and the Princess Olive from the *Morning Post*, and several privately circulated pieces, which were supposed to be the production of Lord Byron himself. I ventured to differ upon some of these, but my young friend satisfied me of their genuineness, by assuring me that they had been transcribed from an Album somewhere near Mont Blanc.

After this, I was introduced to some witty conceits by a middle aged rubicund *roue*, who cocked his hat and his eye, and set up for a wag.

He practised chiefly in the Anacreontic line, and would have been excellent had he not sometimes been "a little too bad." His rhymes likewise were apt, occasionally, to be faulty, and he was in the habit of taking great poetical licences to bring them to bear. His style, therefore, was pronounced to be ungraceful, and my lady of the Album wished the odious creature would leave her book alone. Before I had time to become better acquainted with him, she laughed and blushed, and slapped it together, with a vow that I should not proceed unless I promised to pass him over. I regret that this circumstance prevents me from favouring the public with more than one stanza.

Sweet maiden, when I you behold,  
 I care not *that* for all the world;  
 Then why should hearts like ours sever?  
 Forbid it love! O, never, never!

Now here it may be alleged that the inversion of the first line is not elegant, and the necessity of snapping your fingers at the word "*that*," in the second, is decidedly in bad taste. "*Ours*," in the third line, is strained, with great poetical violence, into a dissyllable; the sense of the fourth is not quite apparent, and the rhyme of "*world*" and "*behold*" is unusual. Altogether, this stanza is a very fair specimen of the faults and beauties of its author.

From hence I wandered through a great many pages of excellent riddles, with which I will not treat my reader, lest he should stop to puzzle them out. Numerous copies of Madonnas and children, of which the only defect was a trifling inclination to squint, it being very difficult to make the eyes match. Wonderous landscapes, by little persons of four years old, who never learnt to draw. Autographs of John Brown and William Williams, and many other celebrated gentlemen whom I did not know, but of whose families I had often heard talk. Fac-similes of the hand-writing of Bonaparte, imitated from specimens from recollection. Striking likenesses of notorious characters, cut out in coloured paper from imagination. In short, my progress was like a ramble through some newly discovered country, where every thing is rare and rivetting, and thrown together in the graceful confusion in which nature delights.

When I had come to a close, my pretty friend resumed her coaxing look, and besought me to take up my pen, for she was quite sure that I should not be eclipsed; and, moreover, that I should not be severely criticised. Her friends had the keenest eyes in the world for talent, and could spy it in every thing they saw; and, if her father chose to call them madmen and fools, it was a comfort to think that no one agreed with him. The command, therefore, was cheerfully obeyed, and I joined the throng of geniuses, by filling the title-page with the following appropriate dedication.

This little book, with all the prize  
 Its varied page imparts;  
 I dedicate to gentle eyes  
 And sympathizing hearts;  
 Then all who bring their smile or tear  
 May fearless drop the gem;  
 For common sense shall ne'er come here  
 To praise them or condemn.

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## END OF THE THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

## ERRATA.

Page 295, line 29, for "twenty" read "forty."  
429, — 4, for "nation" read "people."  
438, — 17, for "preserved" read "persevered."  
450, last line, for "Bowden's Life of Kemble" read "Boaden's Life."  
451, ditto, for "Tom Straitway" read "Tom straitway."  
607, line 19, for "procurante" read "poco-currante."









